

NIGHT OF THE RED PHANTOM

By

Eric Dickson

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A filth ridden back alley desecrated with trash and tumbling newspaper. The narrow passage softly lit by the casting light of a rear door's single bulb.

One of these ruffled papers lands face up: "GOLDEN GATE KILLER STILL AT LARGE". A hand snags it up.

ROY CARSON (40s), blonde, gruff, simple t shirt and jeans, walks into the light. He seems lost as he stares all around.

ROY

Hello?

A glance over his shoulder.

The other end stretches into an infinite darkness. No escape. Just a pitch black void in both directions. A strange and unsettling FOG hovers at ground level.

As Roy faces forward...

A HOODED FIGURE

...pulls a NINE MIL from under his coat --

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

POW!

Roy leaps into an upright position. Out of the nightmare.

Short of breath, he stares down at his urine soaked crotch. Not at all surprised by this turn of events, he tosses the bed sheet aside.

INT. ROY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Roy removes his stained sweats, tosses them in a bathtub full of other urine soaked boxers and pants.

He catches his reflection IN THE MIRROR. His eyes black, hair a mess and skin without color. An exhausted SIGH.

INT. REHAB CLINIC - DAY

A PHYSICAL THERAPIST, female, clipboard in hand, watches Roy use his left arm to stretch an elastic blue therapy band wound tightly to a steel nautilus machine.

THERAPIST

Remember. You wanna do nice, slow movements.

Roy's forehead beads with the sweat of a man feeling his age. His badly scarred shoulder twitches and strains to make the full range movement.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Good. Gimme ten more.

Completely fatigued, Roy takes a breather, starts another round with quiet protest in his eyes.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy sits quietly before DR. WALTER FINK (50s), tall, gaunt face, bone thin. The two seem to be engaging in an endless staring contest of sorts.

Rested atop of Fink's desk in plain view of his patients is a photo of him in his high school day's making a game winning lay-up in the state championship.

FINK

Are you still having nightmares?

ROY

Same dream. Every night.

Fink squints, bites his pen, intrigued.

FINK

You're still not sleeping. Why not?

ROY

You mean other than pissing myself like a baby?

FINK

Your mind's preoccupied. Tell me about it.

Roy incessantly opens and shuts his stainless zippo lighter. A nervous habit.

ROY

Don't know. Anxiousness maybe.
Getting back to the job. Getting
back the old mind set. Maybe I'm
scared there's a part of me that
won't be up to it.

FINK

Like the part that was almost
killed?

Roy shuts his zippo, annoyed, shoots Fink the look.

ROY

Tell me what you really think, Doc.

FINK

Roy, do you think that maybe your
not sleeping is due to your
avoiding the obvious?

ROY

Which is what?

FINK

Can't help but notice the closer
you get to returning to work, the
more often and more intense your
dream.

Roy is slightly confused but nods just the same.

FINK (CONT'D)

Think about it. When you first
began having this dream, your
attacker was faceless. A blank
slate. As if your mind was still
struggling to remember that night
more vividly. But then something
happened. As the dreams progressed,
so did your guilt.

ROY

What the hell do I have to feel
guilty about? I took three in the
chest from this asshole.

FINK

For being alive, Roy.

Roy scoffs at this. A sensitive subject.

FINK (CONT'D)

When you found out you were returning to work, the man in your dream revealed himself to you. You said it was the first man you ever killed in the line of duty. The next dream, it was your second kill. The third dream. So on and so forth...

Roy mumbles profanities as he stares out the office window. He's not buying what Fink's selling.

FINK (CONT'D)

Don't you see? With each dream, you're coming face to face with every man you ever shot. Every life you ever snuffed out. Imperfect lives but lives just the same. Someone's father, brother, husband or son.

ROY

I never put anyone down that didn't take a pop at me first.

FINK

We're not debating on whether those were righteous shoots, Roy. But it never made it any easier. Did it?

Roy slumps forward. A tired sigh.

Fink also leans forward, fights for Roy's undivided attention.

FINK (CONT'D)

Roy, you sat here for weeks telling me that if you died, no one would show at your funeral. How guilty you felt abandoning your wife and child for all those years working homicides. It's a miracle you're still alive and it's one you don't understand because, in your mind, you have no reason or right to still be here.

ROY

You're right. I was a lousy husband. Lousy father. All I have is the job.

FINK

And you lived to work another case.
Maybe that's the reason you pulled
through. I think the responsibility
of that is weighing on your mind
like a ton of bricks.

Roy walks to the window, stares out at a slightly obstructed view of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE curtailed by tall, dense shrubbery surrounding the hilltop office.

FINK (CONT'D)

But you can't let it keep you from
doing your job. You're here for a
reason, Roy. You can't argue with
destiny. Or with God.

Roy is locked in on the bridge. A true tension in his face suggests it holds some deeper meaning to him.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Roy steps in, holds open the door for A YOUNG LADY stepping out. He conceals the obvious pain in his left shoulder as he quietly winces in agony.

He sighs in relief as the door shuts behind him, walks to his nearby mailbox and unlocks. Grabs a thick stack of white envelopes and heads for the elevator.

With his back turned to the front door, he fails to notice A STRANGE MAN in a ball cap, hands pressed against the glass, peering in at him.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roy enters, mail in hand, tosses his keys on a nightstand near the door and flips through some bills. As he sifts through junk mail --

A POSTCARD hits the carpet. Facing up is a picture of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

After snagging it up, Roy flips it over. A message in bright red ink: *Glad you're back on your feet. See you soon - R.P.*

At the bottom, a circle and crosshairs. The SIGN OF THE ZODIAC.

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAY

It's afternoon rush hour. Vehicles in each of the six lanes trudge along at a snail's pace.

People rub their sore and tired necks, toy with their radios as various news outlets report the traffic.

In between all the HONKING and CURSING it's a melting pot of COUNTRY, ROCK, RAP and HIP HOP. The MUSIC almost drowns out the sound of --

A BLACK IMPALA

swerving in and out of the lanes, a real bat out of hell. The driver HONKS THE HORN over and over, barely avoids a series of almost deadly collisions.

Suddenly...

The passenger door SWINGS OPEN and A YOUNG WOMAN falls into oncoming traffic.

Her badly BLOODIED and MANGLED FACE lifts up just as --

AN ONCOMING CAR runs her down.

INT. CITY MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INSPECTOR JAMIE WELLS (30s), short hair, hard face, tough as nails, strolls a creepy basement hallway with a flickering overhead light.

The fluorescent glow CRACKLES and SPARKS as if death itself looms in the air. Jamie throws a glance upward, clearly uneasy by it all.

Walking towards Jamie from the other end is on duty coroner DAVE "SHEP" SHEPHARD (60s), grey hair, seasoned, due for retirement about five years ago.

With no tact at all, Shep chews what's left of a tuna fish sandwich as remnants speckle the tile.

SHEP

She's been waiting for about twenty minutes. Claims she's the vic's roommate.

Shep joins Wells as they head up the long hallway.

WELLS

She's already ID'd the body? How the hell did she get here so fast? We haven't even released a name.

SHEP

Saw what happened on the news and rushed over. Said she just had a feeling it was her. Turns out she was right. She made a pair of matching tattoos on her ankles.

WELLS

Who is she?

SHEP

Traci. Something. She didn't tell me.

WELLS

Not her. The victim.

SHEP

Nicole Brummel. Twenty two. Not sure if it's relevant, but judging by their choice of wardrobe, they look like pros. But who the hell can tell these days?

WELLS

Working girls?

SHEP

The roommate officially reported Nicole missing this morning. Had a date late Friday night and never came home.

WELLS

Could be one of her regulars.

Shep nods toward a lone bench at the other end of the hall.

TRACI (20s), tall blonde, big hair, heavy makeup and tight skirt, slumps in a chair by the exam room.

SHEP

There she is. Just give me a buzz whenever you're done.

Shep ducks down a side hall. With careful remorse, Wells approaches Traci who is still very much in shock.

WELLS

I'm Inspector Wells. I hear you and Nicole were roommates.

TRACI

So, you find this fucker yet or what?

Wells is taken aback by Traci's outburst. She takes a moment to gather herself.

WELLS

You have any idea who did this?

Traci shrugs.

TRACI

His name? Not really. Never actually saw him. But Nikki had this regular. Some super secret she refused to tell me about. All I know is he must've gotten rough with her because she's barely shown her face in the last two weeks.

WELLS

How do you mean?

TRACI

Always coming and going without saying a word to anyone. When she was around, she had on these black shades. All of the sudden she's wearing hats. Long sleeves. She's all quiet and not talking to anyone. That's when I knew this guy was into some kinky shit, ya know.

Wells jots down some notes on a legal pad.

TRACI (CONT'D)

The money must've been something special. Nikki didn't just go with anyone. She was real super careful like that. To put up with that, this dude must've had deep pockets.

WELLS

And she never mentioned this guy's Name? Nickname? His job?

TRACI

Like I said, I've barely heard from her in weeks. Guess she was sort of embarrassed by the whole thing.

Traci breaks down. Her caked on mascara runs like a purple river down stream. Wells nods, saddened for her.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

Wells enters a meticulously clean coroner's office with one lone examination table in the far corner. A simple white sheet covers the body of Nicole Brummel.

Shep in the midst of reviewing and signing off on his official examination report.

With the sound MUTED, a television features raw helicopter footage of stand-still traffic on the 405. Wells catches a brief glimpse of the report.

WELLS

The eyewitness report from the 911 call claim she jumped. Another report says she had a gun to her head. Either case they were in excess of fifty miles an hour when she hit the asphalt.

SHEP

Well. I'm pretty sure we can rule out an accident.

WELL

You got something for me?

Shep takes a breath, removes the sheet. Brummel face down with her bloody back fully exposed. The number 602-0499 carved deep into her flesh.

SHEP

That answer your question?

WELL

Yeah.

SHEP

Take a look at the wrists.

Wells spots a bright purple indentation around the victim's left hand wrist. She picks it up, gets a closer look.

SHEP (CONT'D)

She's got these same bruises on both ankles and freshly healed abrasions on her knees. With the severity of the road rash, I almost missed it.

WELLS

She was restrained.

SHEP

Hogtied. Like an animal. I also found minute traces of glass in the kneecaps and both shins. But nothing on the exterior of the clothing. Not one spec.

Wells inspects both ankle tattoos. On the left ankle is the astrological sign for Aries. On the right ankle is a more detailed ram's head.

WELLS

What are these tattoos on her ankles?

SHEP

Ram's horns. Brummel was an Aries. According to the roommate, she was kind of fanatical about the astral charts. Even did a little palm reading on the side. One of those that believes everything happens for a reason.

Wells walks closer to Brummel's head, now face down on the table. Her once pretty blonde hair matted down with blood.

SHEP (CONT'D)

I doubt she saw this one coming.

Wells once again refers to the strange number carved in Brummel's back: 602-0499.

EXT. TWIN PEAKS SUMMIT - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - DAWN

This historic hillside attraction offers the very best and most unobstructed, panoramic view of the sprawling metropolitan city in all of its splendor.

Just behind the long brick barrier that protects and surrounds this steep hill --

A CROWD OF CITIZENS gather behind yellow crime scene tape and gawk down at a FEMALE REDHEAD dead on the asphalt. The crowd is strangely quiet, in shock, saddened.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER examines the corpse. The face and hair are badly bloodied but the area itself is clean. No signs of a struggle or any other remnants of blood.

Just behind the body is a breathtaking view of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. A perfect photo op.

Posted on the brick wall is a TELESCOPIC VIEWER angled toward the rough waters below. SEA GULLS hover above the chaotic scene with playful curiosity.

Wells questions possible witnesses while --

ROY

ducks under the tape, flashes his badge to A UNIFORM COP.

Wells notices and quickly greets him.

WELLS

Excuse me. Don't know if you noticed or not but this is a crime scene. Specifically my crime scene. So why are you on it?

ROY

I was just driving by. Thought I'd see what the commotion was about.

WELLS

Yeah, you were just in the neighborhood.

Roy just stares at her. Not saying a word. He turns his attention to the redhead.

ROY

I hear you guys got a positive ID on the road kill. Any reason you're not going public with it?

WELLS

You're all heart, Carson. And where did you hear that?

ROY

Just because I'm not in the building doesn't mean I don't know what's going on.

WELLS

Yeah, well, it's not your guy so there's no need for you to worry about it, is there?

ROY

Okay, so my hunch was correct. It wasn't an accident. And being you've only been Inspector all of ten months, this must be the work of the same man.

WELLS

How did you draw that conclusion?

ROY

Because there's no chance in hell Muldoon is dropping more than one headlining case in the lap of an unproven rookie still wet behind the ears.

Wells is clearly insulted yet oddly restrained.

WELLS

What do you want, Carson?

ROY

You got an ID on this girl?

WELLS

Jane Doe.

ROY

Catchy name. Look, I know City Hall wants this one handled quietly. They figure I get involved, it may just encourage this guy to start killing again.

Wells can't answer. She turns her attention to a growing crowd behind the tape, now more interested in their conversation than the body on the asphalt.

WELLS

(to Uniform Cop)

You wanna keep those people back, please!

ROY

Let's just cut the bullshit and come clean, shall we.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Muldoon's using you to keep a lid on this thing so my name stays out of the press.

WELLS

And what if he's right? What if you coming back pushes this guy over the edge and he starts your little game again? Or maybe that's what you want.

Roy returns with a smug grin and a passive nod.

ROY

You're right. I apologize. You seem to have everything under control here. I'll leave you to it.

Roy heads for his car parked in the visitor's lot. Wells keeps a careful eye on him.

WELLS

Stay out of this one, Carson!

EXT. PARKING LOT - TWIN PEAKS SUMMIT - DAWN

Roy passes a black Toyota Turcel, checks to see if anyone's looking and opens the driver's door.

He gives the inside a quick inspection and spots a black object just under the passenger seat. He leans in, snags a smart phone from the rug.

The home screen shows a couple in their twenties, embracing.

A REDHEAD WOMAN and handsome BOYFRIEND.

Roy checks recent calls and spots the name CARRIE at the very top of a long list: 9:48 PM.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Roy steps from his car, pops his trunk. He snags up a pair of blue rubber gloves, throws them on as if they were living extensions of his hands.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT - MORNING

Roy pushes open a busted door frame to immediately see a message painted on a mirror in BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL...

He comes to the realization that the message is actually painted on the wall behind him. He slowly turns.

The same message written in reverse as if to give a perfect reflection in the mirror.

A SLIGHT WHIMPER from the other room.

Roy follows the quiet whimpers toward a --

BEDROOM

and cracks open the door. He immediately spots NICK BEYERS (30s), handsome jock, tough, on a plastic throw sheet. He is gagged, hogtied arms to feet.

A POOL OF BLOOD occupies the empty space next to him.

He squirms on the floor like a worm trying to break free.

INT. CAPTAIN MULDOON'S OFFICE - DAY

A not so glamorous office with chipped white paint, cracked venetian blinds and an external air conditioner installed sometime during the Carter administration.

Wells sits with CHIEF HAYES (60s), white hair, distinguished, and CAPTAIN MULDOON (50s), square jaw, cheap suit, bad tie.

Captain Muldoon hands Chief Hayes a folded white paper as he walks the room, full of stress and tension.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

This same letter was mailed to the Chronicle a little over an hour ago.

Chief Hayes puts on his cheaters and reads:

CHIEF HAYES

I can feel him closing in on me. I feel his rage on the back of my neck. His hate runs a cool chill up my spine. It won't be long now. The day of the Red Phantom is near.

(to all)

What the hell does that mean?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

The Zodiac once referred to himself as The Red Phantom in one of his earliest letters to The Chronicle.

CHIEF HAYES

Good God. Are you telling me we have a copycat on our hands?

WELLS

That letter wasn't all he sent. He also gave us a lock of red hair and a swatch cut from the victim's blouse.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Another trademark of The Zodiac Murders.

Chief Hayes sighs, rubs his tired eyes.

CHIEF HAYES

And what about The Chronicle?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Outside of the letter, I don't think so. Otherwise, our phones would be ringing off the hook. But the lab does confirm that it was written in the victim's blood.

Chief Hayes looks sickened by this news. He uses a handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his brow.

WELLS

The killer also left this at the scene.

Wells sets down an eight by ten glossy on Captain Muldoon's broken down desk.

A bloody message on Nick Beyers bathroom mirror: *I Like Killling. It's as easy as 1-2-3.*

Near the bottom of the mirror are the signature markings of The Zodiac Killer: A circle and crosshairs.

Chief Hayes holds the hand-written letter side by side with the crime scene photograph. The letter also signed with the circle and crosshairs.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The medical examiner did find several healed fractures on both Brummel and Sutter. As it turns out, both victims have extensive hospital records. Broken arms. Fractured jaws. Cracked ribs.

Chief Hayes tosses the letter on Captain Muldoon's desk, disgusted by it all and already tired.

CHIEF HAYES

Dare I to hope you have any other leads on this guy.

WELLS

Well, sir, we did find a cell phone in the vic's car. It belongs to Nick Beyers. The victim's boyfriend.

CHIEF HAYES

And?

WELLS

He does have a record of domestic violence. Nothing extensive but a record just the same. Took a bust four years ago for slapping his girl around. Also finished a court ordered anger management class some time after.

CHIEF HAYES

And do we like him?

WELLS

According to what we have on record the assault against Sutter was a one time thing. Doesn't exactly explain all those extra trips she made to the hospital. But more importantly, the phone puts him at the scene. In the victim's car.

Chief Hayes gives Captain Muldoon an unconvinced look.

CHIEF HAYES

I take it this is the same boyfriend who was found tied hands to feet like a wild animal in his own apartment?

WELL

Yes, sir. That's the one.

CHIEF HAYES

I see. And can we all come to the reasonable conclusion that the odds of this man tying himself limb to limb in any competent manner are slim to none?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HAYES

Then I suggest, Captain, that you and your team roll up your sleeves and find something else real fast. It's only a matter of time before the TV assholes get a hold of this letter and we got ourselves a whole new problem. And you know exactly who I'm referring to.

WELLS

Sir, about Inspector Carson...

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Stand down, Wells.

WELLS

It's just that the letter says specifically his hate runs a cool chill up my spine. His rage. As in Roy Carson.

CHIEF HAYES

I know damn well who he's referring to, Inspector Wells.

Wells swallows her words. Captain Muldoon gives her a stern look to back down.

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

That's why you're gonna keep him out of it. The last thing we wanna do is play this sick guy's game and fuel the fire. Do we understand each other?

Chief Hayes stands to leave.

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells. This man's already left a trail of breadcrumbs behind.

(MORE)

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

If I were you, I'd forget sleeping these next few days and start putting humpty dumpty together. If we're not one step ahead, we're one step behind. Wouldn't you agree? Inspector?

Wells fights a strong urge to slug him but refrains.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy stands at an open window, puffs on a cigarette, stares blankly into the city lights surrounding him.

A cruise ship ALL LIT UP drifts along the calm night waters of San Francisco Bay. A beautiful night. A perfect night to go hunting.

A TV plays some nonsense sitcom while a lazy dog watches from a footstool. Without warning, Roy's CELL PHONE GLOWS just under the immobile canine's ass.

He quickly retrieves:

ROY

This is Carson.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

Wells sits behind the wheel of her car, all eyes on the front doors of this modest condo. A phone to her ear.

WELLS

Inspector Carson. What are you doing up at this hour? Can't sleep?

ROY (V.O.)

Something like that. And you?

WELLS

Not much. Just chasing down serial killers. The usual.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy is strangely quiet and seems reluctant to talk as he methodically paces the carpet.

WELLS (V.O.)

What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

ROY
 Just a little surprised to hear
 from you, that's all. Where are
 you?

WELLS (V.O.)
 In front of Nick Beyers condo.
 Waiting for inspiration.

ROY
 Any luck?

WELLS (V.O.)
 I called you, didn't I? How long
 will it take you to get here?

Roy checks his watch, and then his dog who senses he's about
 to head out again and hangs his little head.

ROY
 Twenty five minutes.

Roy hangs up. His dog gives him the stink eye.

ROY (CONT'D)
 I don't wanna hear it.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

Roy's car parks next to Wells who is leaning against her
 squad car, awaiting his arrival. She stares down at him with
 a real coolness about her. As if she's got the drop on him
 and ready to hand him his ass on a platter.

Roy steps out.

WELLS
 You never asked.

ROY
 Asked what?

WELLS
 For directions. It's almost like
 you've been here before.

Roy plays stupid. His silly grin speaks volumes.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wells and Roy approach Nick's apartment door. A busted lock and splintered door frame. Roy takes a good look. Wells notices and hands him a pair of rubber gloves.

WELLS

So we don't have to go through the hassle of elimination prints. We wouldn't want anyone to think you were here that night.

Wells pushes open the door, enters. Roy smiles as he finishes putting on his gloves and follows behind.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells moves to the center of the main living room, turns to Roy who observes the message still in the mirror.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL...

Roy turns, stares at the message written in reverse on the wall behind him. His face still tense, returning to this once very grisly scene.

WELLS

Okay, Inspector. What do you make of the message in the mirror?

ROY

I'd say he's left you a clue.

WELLS

No shit. What does it mean?

ROY

First guess? There's something behind the mirror.

WELLS

There's nothing behind the mirror.

Wells moves closer to Roy, carefully tries to read her fellow officer's stone cold poker face.

WELLS (CONT'D)

But you already knew that.

Roy avoids Wells eyes as he strolls the room.

WELLS (CONT'D)

I checked the voice on that 911 call made from this apartment last Sunday morning. I thought maybe I heard it someplace before. Stop me if any of this rings a bell.

Roy takes a moment, stares back at her attempting to conceal his obvious guilt. He finally caves and pulls a postcard from his rear pocket.

ROY

I got this in the mail the day of the murder. It's from him.

He hands it over to Wells who gives it a closer look. The Golden Gate Bridge. She flips it over, reads:

WELLS

Glad to see you're back on your feet. R.P. Red Phantom.

Roy doesn't quite follow.

WELLS (CONT'D)

PD got a letter from your boy this morning. The Chronicle too. Written in the victim's blood. Lab made a positive match.

Wells pulls a copy of the letter from her pocket, hands it over to Roy who is surprised she has it.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now that we're comparing notes.

Roy smiles, takes a look.

WELLS (CONT'D)

If you ask me, it seems pretty personal.

Roy looks up at her.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You were right. They're keeping you out of this. But what I still don't know is why.

ROY

I told you why.

WELLS

I'm not buying it. There's gotta be more to it than that.

ROY

I don't know. I guess you could say there are those in the department that just assume I never woke up.

WELLS

Why?

ROY

I've been accused of some things. Some things I didn't do.

WELLS

Tell me about them. These things.

ROY

A few days after I pulled out of my coma, I get paid a visit from Internal Affairs. They start showing me all these pictures. Of women, beaten up. Black and blue all over. All working girls. My guess is they were paid off by our guy.

WELLS

I don't get it.

ROY

It was his way at finally getting back at me.

WELLS

For what?

ROY

For surviving. For not dying that night. Meanwhile, they got me seeing a shrink pending a full investigation.

WELLS

And PD can't have a guy accused of beating women to a pulp heading up a case involving mutilated women.

ROY

Exactly.

WELLS

Tell me what happened that night.
With him.

ROY

The Golden Gate case just made national headlines. A woman thrown in pieces off the Golden Gate Bridge. One garbage bag at a time. When I landed the case and ran the tag of our guy's getaway car, it turns out it was stolen. A few days later I got an anonymous tip on where he was holding up. His name, location, everything.

Roy grows upset as it all comes back to haunt him. Wells moves closer, at full attention, hanging on every word.

ROY (CONT'D)

Turns out this tip was a set up. When I tracked him down, I took two to the chest and one to the head from this guy.

Roy stares off into a trance.

ROY (CONT'D)

I wake up sixty three days later in a hospital room and I don't remember a damn thing. What he looks like, how I got there. But it all slowly started coming back to me. A little bit...here and there.

WELLS

Everything but his name.

ROY

I lay awake at night trying to remember his face. But the harder I try, the more fuzzy everything gets. Like my mind is trying to erase that night like it never happened.

Roy motions to the postcard in Wells hand.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just when I thought the Golden Gate case went cold for good, I get that in the mail.

Wells takes another look at the postcard.

WELLS

Back on your feet. He's been waiting on you to start the game again. The fact that you forgot him made him angry.

ROY

Saturday night he left me a reminder.

WELLS

Okay, Inspector. Our boy wants you to play then we'll play. We start right here. Right now. I want you to process the scene. Tell me everything.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Wells and Roy hover over the same spot where Carrie Sutter was murdered and Nick Beyers tied hands to feet.

Although both visibly distraught, Roy is particularly uneasy as he observes the pink floorboards stained with the blood of Carrie Sutter.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Besides pulling his own shoulder out of joint trying to break free of the clothesline, there's no sign of physical assault

ROY

Phantom never touched him. This was all about her.

ROY'S POV - A FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

-- of Carrie's blood spilled on the plastic throw sheet. Tiny droplets seem to be dropping one by one from above.

The killer turns to a bedroom mirror as we see the reflection of a man in a frightening RED DEVIL MASK carrying the body of Carrie Sutter.

Carrie turns her head, stares back at us from the mirror.

CARRIE

Help me.

Roy rubs his eyes and temples. Side effects of taking a bullet to the brain. Wells observes him.

ROY

He didn't kill her right away. He made it last as long as he could. Her cries were so loud you could hear them through the gag in her mouth. Scared of alerting the neighbors, he grabs the first blunt object he can get a hand on and crushes her skull.

WELLS

But why make the second trip to Twin Peaks to dump the body? It's a thirty minute drive. And an even longer walk back considering he didn't have a car.

ROY

Because it's part of the game. He wants us to know he's good at it. Games are only fun if you have an opponent equal to the challenge. He's testing us. Testing me.

Roy scans every possible corner of the room looking perplexed while Wells observes quietly.

WELLS

What're you doing?

ROY

It's gotta be around here somewhere.

WELLS

What does?

Roy stops his frantic pacing about the room, pinches the bridge of his nose, squeezes his eyes shut. Concentrates.

And suddenly...

Roy stares back at a giant mirror hanging just behind an oak armoire.

He edges closer to it, squints as he spots something in the reflection.

ROY

Do you see that?

Wells stares at the mirror as both of their images are now staring back at each other. She is clueless.

WELLS

See what?

Roy steps even closer to the mirror, leaning in close, pointing at what appears to be a SMALL RED CIRCLE painted on a wall across the room.

Roy and Wells both turn to the opposite wall. The small red circle barely visible from this distance.

He rushes around the bed toward it. As does Wells.

He reaches out and touches the RED CIRCLE and CROSSHAIRS OF A RIFLE painted in Carrie's blood on the wall.

They both turn to each other. And then slowly back to the mirror on the other side of the room.

ROY

Mirror mirror on the wall.

Roy races back to the mirror, grabs a hold of the left side edge and stares back at Wells.

ROY (CONT'D)

Come on.

Wells grabs the other end of the mirror with both hands as they carefully remove it from the wall and rest it on the nearby mattress.

Three images taped to the wall: A brunette, blonde and redhead.

All in their twenties.

ROY (CONT'D)

Who's the fairest of them all?

Wells carefully moves toward the pictures, touches the redhead's image with her fingers.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy back on the couch, heavy eyes, restless. This time in a wrinkled t shirt and jeans. Fink observes his slovenly appearance.

FINK

You look like you haven't had a wink of sleep in a week.

ROY
I guess I haven't.

FINK
I take it you haven't been taking
your meds.

ROY
I guess I'm tired of feeling so...

FINK
Tired?

Roy nods.

ROY
Yeah.

FINK
Or maybe you're afraid to go to
sleep.

ROY
Let's just say I have a lot on my
mind and can't afford the
interruptions.

FINK
You're back to work?

ROY
Yes and no.

FINK
I see. One of those cases. You
wanna talk about it?

ROY
Sorry, Doc. That's confidential. I
could tell you but I'd have to kill
you.

Fink sighs with irritation, jots down a few notes as a
confused Roy watches on.

FINK
Why do I get the feeling you're
digging around in the Golden Gate
investigation?

ROY
You found me out.

FINK

You know you'll never make progress if you insist on re-playing this part of your life.

Roy rolls his eyes.

FINK (CONT'D)

If you wanna make progress, real progress, you've got to learn to let go. Let the other officers assigned to this case do their job. Take things easy for awhile.

Roy stands, throws in a new smoke, lights up. He paces the room, ends up at his usual spot by the window.

ROY

Easy for you to say, Doc. You weren't left for dead in that alley. Yeah, I don't have any family left. No life and I'm way too obsessed with the job. I'm just a dumb ass cop. I'm always gonna be a dumbass cop.

Fink wilts in his chair, drops his pen in defeat.

ROY (CONT'D)

And as long as that sonofabitch is out there, I'm gonna see the lousy bastard in my sleep until I put his ass in the ground.

FINK

And what if someone beats you to it?

ROY

What?

FINK

Someone else comes along and robs you of your pound of flesh. Will you finally be able to move on? Or will you continue to fantasize about putting three bullets in his chest until it completely consumes your life?

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Captain Muldoon squats on the edge of Wells flimsy desk as Wells glances intently at a mobile drawing board. On the board are the THREE PHOTOS found behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror.

Under the images are three similar sets of numbers written in black sharpie: 610-1194, 610-2594, 610-2518.

Wells points at all three images with her sharpie.

WELLS

These were the pictures found
behind the mirror in Nick Beyers
bedroom.

Points at the three numbers.

WELLS (CONT'D)

These numbers were found on the
back of each photo in the order you
see them.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Six ten area codes. Phone numbers?

WELLS

The letter from our guy said mirror
mirror on the wall. As in...who's the
fairest of them all.

Wells aims the sharpie at the redhead's photo and then to the third and last set of numbers. She places a parenthesis around the six and a dash between the twenty five and eighteen: (6)-10-25-18

WELLS (CONT'D)

Saturday, October Twenty-Fifth.
Twenty Eighteen. Carrie Sutter is
found dead at Twin Peaks Summit
from multiple stab wounds and
trauma to the head. These aren't
phone numbers. They're dates.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Dates?

WELLS

At first glance, our redhead
appears to be our victim Carrie
Sutter.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

It's not?

WELLS

No. It isn't. It's Carrie Mitchell. She was reported missing in Vallejo exactly four months ago. If you were to hold an image of Carrie Sutter next to Mitchell, they're almost identical.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Okay. So why'd he do it? What's the connection?

WELLS

He was testing us. To see if we're paying attention. Tell you the truth, I almost missed it. For now, we assume Sutter's death holds no real meaning. Just an unfortunate means to an end.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Anything else?

WELLS

Yeah. Look at Mitchell's picture and tell me what you see.

Captain Muldoon walks to the drawing board, gets a closer look at the black and white image. Mitchell leans on something.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Some kind of telescope.

WELLS

As in the telescope at Twin Peaks Summit. He didn't just pull this photo out of a hat. He's telling us something.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

About the crime scene?

WELLS

My guess is this particular spot holds some special meaning to Phantom.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Like he's been there before.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SFPD - DAY

Wells stands at the helm before a handful of plain-clothes cops sitting in rows of desks.

Most notably present are LOREN CARTER (25), African American, silk shirt, young hot shot from robbery stakeout and MICKEY PELTZ (20s), scruffy, unkempt, decoy division.

Wells stands over a laptop screen as the hand-written letter from Red Phantom is now blown up on a giant power point display.

WELLS

To the SFPD. I am the killer of the girl found at Twin Peaks Summit last Saturday. In the interest of saving time, I've decided to give your police department a glimpse at what's really happening. I've been laying in wait for too long now. My time has come. I was blind but now I see. Look closer and you too will see the light. Signed...Red Phantom.

Captain Muldoon flips the lights on, much to the surprise of our plain clothes boys who squint and rub their eyes.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

This letter was mailed to the San Francisco Chronicle about three hours ago. Our guy's come out of hiding and taking credit for the Twin Peaks homicide. That's means we've gone public.

The squad all turn and chat amongst themselves.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

The press wants to know what we're doing about this and that's where you guys come in. You've all been handpicked for a reason. You're hustlers. You're not scared of long hours or getting your hands dirty. Your division commanders say you're just itching for something real to do. Well it doesn't get any realer than this.

Carter smiles over at Peltz, equally enthused.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells tells me you've been briefed on the Sutter investigation so I'll let her take it from here.

Captain Muldoon rests his ass in an empty desk as Wells steps up, a dead serious look about her. It's her moment to shine as her voice reflects a newfound authority.

WELLS

Our guy likes to call himself Red Phantom. His trademark is the sign of the Zodiac. As in the Zodiac killer. Which promises easy publicity for our guy. Not just local but national press. The Sutter woman's murder was even patterned after the Lake Berryessa Killings. If you remember that case, the female victim died, the male lived. Same here.

Wells grabs the handwritten letter, holds it high in the air which grabs everyone's attention.

WELLS (CONT'D)

But he's asking us to look further. To dig beneath the surface.

CARTER

What's the connection between these two victims?

WELLS

In both Carrie Sutter and Nicole Brummel's murder, the victim's underwear was removed. A superficial gash measuring four inches inflicted on Sutter's right thigh suggest they were torn off post mortem. We can safely assume he did the same to Nicole Brummel. Yet neither victim was penetrated. This, along with the hogtie scenario, highly suggests our guy is into humiliation. Not sex.

PELTZ

He can't get it up.

WELLS

Good. Now you know where to start. Hit the streets.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

Talk to these girls. See if they've come across any johns who fit the profile. Brummel's roommate already claimed Brummel had more than one encounter with our guy. Could be he had a list of regulars. Find them.

INT. POOL HALL AND BAR - NIGHT

Nick Beyers, still an emotional train wreck, bellies up at the bar, chugs away at a beer, watches the regulars shoot a game of nine ball in the back.

A pair of long and sexy legs drops a quarter in the juke as some hard rock classic rocks the room. The legs strut their way toward the bar.

Nick hears the clacking of high heels on a hard floor and glances over his shoulder.

TRACI

plops down on the stool next to him.

TRACI

You look like you could use someone to talk to.

Nick shoots her an uninterested look but checks out the goods just the same.

NICK

I'm not much up for talking right now.

TRACI

Haven't seen you here in a while. How come?

NICK

Quit drinking.

Traci smiles.

TRACI

Yeah, I see that.

Nick cracks a grin.

NICK

I'm supposed to be at an AA meeting. You believe that?

TRACI
 Sounds like you're having a bad
 week.

Throws an arm around his shoulder.

TRACI (CONT'D)
 Maybe I can help.

Nick sizes her up.

NICK
 My girlfriend died.

Traci runs her hand up his leg.

TRACI
 That mean you're single?

NICK
 That's not very funny.

TRACI
 Shit, man. You're serious, aren't
 you?

Nick halfheartedly nods with as little effort as possible.

TRACI (CONT'D)
 I didn't mean anything by it.
 Look. Maybe I can help take your
 mind off things.

Nick once again checks out Traci, still unsure. Traci gives
 him a sly and seductive wink.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - SECOND STORY - NIGHT

Traci -- stripped to her bra and panties -- now dangles from
 a second story balcony railing by clothesline. The SIGN OF
 THE ZODIAC carved into her belly.

On the streets below, a slew of POLICE CARS -- RED and BLUES
 FLASHING BRIGHT -- block the four way intersection from all
 possible directions.

WELLS

steps from her squad car, works her way through the crowd and
 meets Captain Muldoon and the store's owner and operator BOW
 LEE (50s), silk shirt, new money. They hide behind an
 unmarked sedan.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 (to Wells)
 Recognize the girl?

WELLS
 Traci Voss. Brummel's roommate.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 That's right. And that's their
 place upstairs. Been renting a room
 from Mister Lee here for the last
 eight months.

Wells glances past Captain Muldoon, catches eyes with a very
 suspicious looking Mister Lee.

WELLS
 Is that right? And I take it Mister
 Lee also keeps a careful log of
 their evening guests?

Captain Muldoon grabs Wells by the arm, walks her to a more
 quiet spot, away from the other officers.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 Forget it. We've been pressing him
 for the last twenty minutes. He
 doesn't know the guy.

WELLS
 Yeah, I bet.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 Look. This very well could be our
 guy upstairs. I don't have to tell
 you what a sensitive situation
 we're in.

WELLS
 What're you talking about?

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 Our guy's been asking for you.

Wells takes a good look at the chaotic scene. UNIFORM COPS
 behind their cars, aiming at the second story window and
 covering the front door with guns drawn.

WELLS
 (confused)
 For me?
 (beat)
 What about Carson?

CAPTAIN MULDOON
What about him?

Wells is totally lost.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)
Look, he's saying he's not budging from that room until he talks to you. You, personally. Meanwhile he's holding up in the doorway watching our guys on the steps. Says if anyone besides you comes up those stairs, he's gonna open fire.

WELLS
This doesn't feel right. Why would he ask for me?

CAPTAIN MULDOON
Look, if you're not up to it, I can send --

WELLS
What's that supposed to mean?

Captain Muldoon a bit taken back by Wells strong will. A whole new side of her and it isn't pretty. But he sort of likes it as he conceals a grin.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
Nothing. All I'm saying is if you're going, you gotta move now. I'd rather bring him in alive if you get my drift.

Captain Muldoon motions to A SNIPER on an across the way rooftop, just over their heads. Wells follows his look.

NEWS CREWS arrive in drones. FIELD REPORTERS and CAMERA GUYS leap from vans and get in position under the bloody masterpiece above them.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Wells passes A COUPLE COPS posted at the door and cautiously enters the store. She heads for a nearby staircase where another UNIFORM COP stands guard. A service revolver in one hand, walkie in the other.

Wells whispers in his ear. He quietly moves for the door and joins the others. The three cops watch on as --

WELLS

heads up the stairs -- gun gripped in both hands. She is nervous, scared for her life. She stops, takes a breath.

EXT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT DOOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wells and INSPECTOR DENNIS CRAIG (40s), doughy, bloated but a seasoned pro, knock on a door. Their suspect, JIMMY SPARKS (19), a black teen, spots them from a sidewalk.

Jimmy and Wells catch eyes. The moment of truth. Jimmy reaches for his gun, as does Wells who nervously fumbles and drops hers on the cement porch.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - STAIRCASE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Wells snaps out of it, walks a few more steps and stops. She empties the magazine from her weapon, ejects the remaining shell from the pipe.

WELLS

Hello?! It's Inspector Wells! I'm unarmed!

She tosses the gun over the rail as it crashes to the hard tile floor below. Much to the dismay of the first floor officers who look as if she's lost her mind.

SECOND STORY - APARTMENT DOOR

Nick pokes his head around a door frame. A nine millimeter gripped in each hand.

NICK

What took you so long?!

Wells is reluctant as she spots what appears to be Nick Beyers popping his head out.

WELLS

Beyers? Nick Beyers. Is that who I'm speaking to?

Wells takes a few more steps...

Nick aims in her direction.

NICK

Stop right there!

Wells stops, rests her hands on the top staircase post.

WELLS

There! As you can see, I'm unarmed!

Nick spots her hands on the top post. He cries out, kicks the door frame in frustration.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What's going on, Nick? Why am I here? What did you do?

NICK

She's dead, isn't she?

Wells squints, confused.

WELLS

Yeah, she's dead. But I think you know that. Nick, why did you call me here?

NICK

They're gonna kill me.

WELLS

Who's gonna kill you?

NICK

Them! All of them! Who do you think?! They got a rifle pointed at the window! You tell them I'm not moving until he's off the roof! You tell them that!

WELLS

If it's the sniper you're worried about, I'll get rid of him, Nick. It's just standard procedure.

Nick stalls. Wells grows anxious.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Nick!

NICK

Get your ass in here and shut that window curtain!

WELLS

Why's that? So you can take your first hostage? I don't think so.

NICK

Look! I'm not talking until he's down!

Wells exhales before moving up the final two steps and heads for the shabby, makeshift apartment.

Nick backs away from the door frame. The guns still tightly gripped in both hands. Wells moves past him, into the small second story loft.

INT. TRACI'S AND NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells stares through the balcony window at A SNIPER perched just out of view on a rooftop across the street.

NICK

What're you waiting on? Shut those curtains.

Wells keeps her hands raised as she moves for the drapes. On her way, she spots a calendar thumb tacked on the busy wall that reads MY DAILY HOROSCOPE.

With one hand still raised, she jerks the curtains shut as the room grows almost PITCH BLACK.

NICK (CONT'D)

Turn on the lamp so I can see you.

Wells fights to find the corner lamp. Finally does as Nick is once again visible across the room.

WELLS

There. I'm here. Unarmed. With a gun pointed at my head. If that doesn't spell trust, I don't know what does.

Nick still unsure as he keeps a gun aimed at her face.

NICK

Where is she?

WELLS

She's outside.

Nick more confused than ever as he stares back and forth between the closed drapes and Wells.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened, Nick.

NICK

I don't know. All I know is I wake up and there's blood all over the place. All over me, my clothes.

He breaks down in tears.

WELLS

If you say you don't remember, then you don't remember. Fine. But what were you doing here?

NICK

What do you think I was doing here?!

WELLS

Okay, okay. Sorry. Dumb question.

Wells notices a sticky substance of sorts all over Nick's hands. It has somehow leaked onto both guns.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Nick, why don't you do me a solid and set those guns down. You're kind of making me nervous.

Nick laughs and collapses against a bedroom door frame.

NICK

I can't. They're stuck. Glued to my hands or something. This bastard, man! Sick bastard! I walk out there, they're gonna plug me no matter what!

WELLS

No they're not. Don't worry about them. Worry about me. It's just us here. Tell me about the girl. Stacey. You know her?

NICK

I just met her. Tonight. This bar down the street. She asked if I was looking for a good time. Then she took me back here. Last thing I remember is having a drink and passing out on the mattress.

Wells works up the nerve to move closer. She studies Nick's thoughtful eyes and nods with understanding.

WELLS

I believe you. Now, what do you say we get out of here. I'll cover your hands up so the boys outside don't get nervous. And we'll walk out of here, nice and slow-like.

Nick is quiet for the first time, ponders his next steps as he stares between the drapes and the locked front door.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - BALCONY - NIGHT

An armed to the teeth SWAT GUY uses a grappling hook and rope to quietly lower himself onto the balcony. He unfastens the rope and peaks through a crack in the blinds.

INT. TRACI AND NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells now face to face with Nick. The SWAT GUY barely visible on the other side of the sliding door. He goes unnoticed by both parties.

WELLS

Come on, Nick. What do you say?

Nick's breathing slows to a minimum. He gives Wells an assured nod just as he turns and spots the --

SWAT GUY

aiming a RED LASER LIGHT into the room.

Nick stares at his chest, now LIT UP RED by the rifle scope.

Wells spins toward the balcony door in a panic.

POW-POW!

Two shots from the rifle ECHO THE QUIET NIGHT AIR as the BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE GLASS and --

INTO NICK'S CHEST.

Wells tumbles to the ground, taking cover as --

Nick drops to his knees. Face first to the carpet.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - STREET - NIGHT

It's a media circus. Every news outlet in town has converged at the scene as cameras and mics are shoved in the faces of law enforcement personnel.

Several wooden roadblocks are staged around the exterior of the corner store as to secure a perimeter. Citizens gather behind them and take in the scene.

A HELICOPTER equipped with a SPOTLIGHT circles the rooftop like a hungry shark in search of new blood.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Captain Muldoon and Chief Hayes hover over Wells who sits on a cheap folding chair near the front end register and sips a coffee. She pops a couple aspirins.

A couple Uniform Cops secure the door and keep an eye on the rowdy mob forming in the street.

CHIEF HAYES

He was the last one seen with this broad. She was roommates with the Brummel woman. And you're telling me we just shot the wrong man on national television?

WELLS

I found an empty bottle of liquid steel on the bathroom sink. Our guy used it to glue those nine mils to Beyers hands. Made it impossible for him to surrender.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah. More like impossible to disarm.

WELLS

There's no way he did that himself. Just like he didn't tie himself up. Even you said so yourself, Chief.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah, well, maybe we were wrong. Maybe he was screwing with us this whole time.

WELLS

Beg your pardon, Chief, but maybe you're just trying to save face.

Chief Hayes face quivers with pent up rage as he makes a move for Wells. Captain Muldoon swiftly gets between them.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Okay. You say he's not our guy. What did he tell you to convince you otherwise?

Chief Hayes gives Wells a hard stare, backs away.

WELLS

I asked him how well he knew Stacey. And why he'd wanna kill her. I get nothing. No reaction. Tells me he just met her tonight.

CHIEF HAEYS

Yeah, awfully convenient. Only Stacey just happens to be one of our vic's best friends. And he doesn't know her. Tell me another story.

WELLS

Yeah, well, there's a problem with that theory, Chief.

CHIEF HAYES

What?

WELLS

Her name's not Stacey. It's Tracy.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CARRIE MITCHELL, a gorgeous redhead, wears seductive lingerie and uses a single finger to summon Roy closer to the bed.

Roy is confused but turned on just the same. She grabs his arm and lowers him to the mattress. They begin kissing, rubbing.

And suddenly...

Roy wraps her ponytail in a tight knot, jerks her head backward with brute force.

Carrie SCREAMS OUT.

Roy flips her on her belly, pulls her arms behind her back as he gleefully consumes her inhuman screams.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Roy jumps up in bed. Out of the all too real nightmare. He slowly composes himself.

A loud KNOCK AT THE DOOR causes him to flinch.

INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy holds his back-up twenty two and moves ever so quietly and carefully for the front door.

Another KNOCK startles --

THE DOG

who cowers under a dining room table, tail between his legs.

Roy watches him, shakes his head with disgust.

The dog chases into the bedroom, out of sight.

Roy steps to the door, peaks through the --

KEYHOLE - ROY'S POV

Nobody there. Just a blank brick wall.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy quietly unhooks the chain and double lock. He swings open the door and jumps into the hall.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy spots A MAN down the hall, his back turned, on his cell phone and holding what looks like a carrying case full of uneaten pizzas.

He chases him down, grabs him by his shirt and heaves him against the solid brick wall.

One arm pulled behind his back, ready to snap it. The man drops the red case full of pizzas.

PIZZA GUY

Hell are you doing, man?!

Roy holds his twenty two to the back of his head.

ROY

Who are you calling, huh? Who are you talking to?

Another CELL PHONE RINGS just down the hall. Roy turns his attention to --

WELLS

who holds her phone high.

WELLS

He was calling me. Let him go.

Roy still unsure.

ROY

Who is this guy and what is he doing knocking on my door?

PIZZA GUY

I'm delivering your pizza!

ROY

I didn't order any pizza.

WELLS

No, but I did. Now let him go.

Wells declines the call from the pizza man, lowers her phone.

Roy turns Pizza Man around, gives him a hard stare. His face and nose are a bloody mess.

PIZZA GUY

You coulda broke my nose, bro!

Roy shoves him down the hall.

Pizza Man is worked up and makes a move for Roy. Wells calmly gets between them.

WELLS

Hey, knock it off!

She grabs Pizza Man, shoves him toward the elevator.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Go on! Get out of here!

PIZZA GUY

I'm pressing charges, man!

He ducks onto the elevator just as the doors are closing.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy storms back in, hands rubbing the back of his neck, all worked up, full of anxiety. Wells leans on the door frame, observes his overly paranoid behavior.

WELLS

Maybe Internal Affairs was right.
You really are coming apart.

ROY

Nobody's knocked on that door in over three months. With everything that's going on, you think you could've given me fair warning?

Roy heads straight for the liquor cabinet, pours himself a tall one and starts gulping.

WELLS

Are you gonna invite me inside?

Roy ignores her, pours himself another stiff one. Wells just watches from the door and smiles.

ROY

Just caught the report on the news. I think Chief might have broken his record. Twelve whole minutes and didn't answer a single question. He's really turned bullshitting the public into an art form.

WELLS

That's right. He lied through his teeth. That means we're officially running out of time. That also means I need you sober. And thinking straight.

ROY

Trust me. Blind drunk is about the only time I still think straight.

Roy pours himself another. As he lifts the glass to his mouth, Wells grips his wrist. A dead serious look in her eye suggests she's not playing.

WELLS

I'm serious. It's late. I haven't slept in four days and we gotta lot of work to do. I'm also starving so if you don't' mind.

Wells motions to the large pizza on the coffee table.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Wells and Roy crouch on the carpet near the coffee table with a slew of crime scene photographs carefully fanned out. Wells is deeply focused as she scans through each one in careful and explicit detail.

Roy chomps the last bite of his slice, tosses the crust in the half empty box.

ROY

You know, I once thought you couldn't find a decent pizza in California. I see I'm still correct.

Wells picks up a photo, hands it to Roy: The number 602-0499 carved into Nicole Brummel's back.

WELLS

The first number. On the interstate victim's back. It's different than the other three numbers. A 602 instead of a 610.

ROY

Saturday, February Fourth, Nineteen Ninety-Nine. A date just like the other three.

WELLS

Yeah, but it's not just any date. It's Brummel's birthday. Her roommate Traci Voss went on and on about Nicole's infatuation with astrology and horoscopes. But why? Why tell us that?

ROY

Well, we know she was told to bring Nick Beyers back to her place.

WELLS

I think the tattoos on her ankles were why Nicole Brummel was chosen.

Roy inspects a close up photo of the Aries tattoos on both Brummel's right and left ankle.

ROY

I don't know. I think you might be reaching with this.

WELLS

There was a message taped to the wall of Brummel and Traci Voss's apartment. Listen to this.

Wells unfolds a wrinkled paper from her coat pocket.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Old friends will resurface and find their way back into your life. But do not let this keep you from making new connections.

(to Roy)

I cross referenced this with Nicole's horoscope the day she was killed. October Eighteenth.

ROY

Yeah? So what?

WELLS

So what? It's clear as day. Old friends will resurface.

Wells picks up the crime scene image of the three women taped to Nick Beyers bedroom mirror.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Phantom was sending us a message. Not us but you specifically. Don't you get it? He's the one who left this at Nicole's apartment. For me to find specifically. He's counting on me to bring you back into this.

Wells all but shoves the image in Roy's face. He finally snags it from her hands and takes a closer look.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He's saying you know these women. Old friends.

Roy stands, his focus never leaving the photo. He casually strolls the room as Wells studies his eyes.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He's somehow using this game as a way to jog your memory.

Roy stares down at her on the carpet, finally coming around to seeing things her way.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He also knows you're putting up resistance. Because of your suspension. Because of the department keeping you from the investigation.

Roy refocuses on the three women. As if they are somehow speaking to him through the photograph.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The second part of the message said not to let this keep you from making new connections.

ROY

Like who?

WELLS

Oh, I don't know. About 5'6". Short brown hair. Female. Sitting on your living room carpet.

ROY

Now you think he's talking to you?

Wells stands up, fresh out of patience, gets in his face.

WELLS

I'm putting it on the line involving you in this case. So I need to know if you're in this for the duration or grabbing the bench. Yes or no? Right here, right now.

INT. ROY'S CAR - DAY

Roy behind the wheel. Wells rides shotgun. He hands her a printed internet article featuring the image of a young blonde female cop in uniform: Angela Cowell.

The title of the article: FIRST FEMALE DIES IN LINE OF DUTY

WELLS

Where are we going and who am I looking at?

ROY

Angela Cowell. Thirty two. She was shot once in the shoulder while attempting to detain a robbery suspect. Then shot again at close range.

WELLS

She was a cop?

ROY

Not just any cop. The first female in plain clothes to die in the line of duty. I ran the number on the back of our mystery blonde's photo.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

October Twenty Fifth, Nineteen
Ninety Four. The day Cowell was
taken down.

WELLS

God, they must've had every badge
in town searching for this guy.

ROY

That's where you're wrong. I talked
with Oakland PD. This same guy
robbed the same store twelve times
from Nineteen Ninety Four to Ninety
Five. Even after killing a cop.

WELLS

You're kidding.

ROY

The only reason you'd risk doing
something that stupid is if you get
off on the exposure. Sound
familiar?

WELLS

So where are we going?

ROY

Back to the scene of the crime. I
figure we could use a little
history lesson.

INT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Wells and Roy stand before a young, tattooed cashier named
CHLOE (21), clueless gum snapper. Goth makeup, hair in what
appears to be a hundred tight braids.

CHLOE

Oh, God. Is this about what
happened on the trolley? Cause I
want you to know I take this kind
of thing really seriously. At no
time would we ever publicly expose
ourselves like they're saying.
Whatever we did was over the
clothes. Ask anyone.

WELLS

We're here on other business.

Chloe breathes a sigh of relief.

WELLS (CONT'D)

We were hoping to talk to the owner about a homicide that took place here awhile back.

CHLOE

Like how far back? I've been here two years. I never heard of anyone dying.

WELLS

Nineteen Ninety Four.

Chloe busts out laughing.

CHLOE

Man, you cops really take your time, don't ya?

WELLS

Yeah, well, we believe in being extra thorough. Listen. Is the manager here?

CHLOE

Who? Gary? He's still in Mexico for another week. Sippin margaritas and bangin senoritas. At least that was the plan anyway. Ask me, he's in his room on pornhub with his hand down his shorts.

WELLS

This Gary. He the original owner?

CHLOE

I don't know. Maybe. Could be. He is kinda old. He's gotta be like fifty.

EXT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Roy leans on the building's wall, has a smoke as Wells exits looking more than a bit frustrated with the dead-end lead.

WELLS

Looks like our guy retired. From the looks of things in there, I'd say awhile back.

ROY

So who was the primary on the Cowell shooting?

WELLS

Dietz and Summers. One had a stroke, the other a heart attack. There goes our only lead with the Oakland PD.

ROY

I always said this job will put you in an early grave.

Wells spins in a circle, hands on her hips, shakes her head.

WELLS

Feels like we're just chasing our own tails. Maybe that's what our guy wants. Come on. Let's go.

Wells heads up the sidewalk, back to their car. Roy stays put, stares across the street at an old DINER.

ROY

I don't know. I think maybe we were just looking in the wrong place.

Roy motions to the diner. Wells follows his look.

ROY (CONT'D)

Check out the window. Serving Oakland since Nineteen Sixty Three.

Wells reads the cursive message painted on the restaurant's window and grins at Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll buy you a cup of coffee. Supposed to be the best in town.

WELLS

How do you know?

ROY

Says so on the window.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - NIGHT

Wells and Roy enter the sixties style diner. They both give the mostly youthful employees a good once over. Even the manager looks to be in his mid to late twenties.

WELLS

I don't think anyone in this room was alive in Nineteen Ninety Four.

ROY

No. Maybe not. But it doesn't mean they haven't heard stories. Maybe we'll get lucky.

WELLS

Yeah. And maybe Red Phantom will walk in off the street and surrender.

They head for the lunch counter. Roy turns, spots a familiar looking corner booth. He stops in his tracks, gives it a more thoughtful look.

Wells ignores him, takes a seat on a stool. A WAITRESS heads over to take her order.

WAITRESS

Hey, there. What can I get you to drink?

WELLS

Oh, uh. Coffee I guess. And I was hoping I could speak with your manager a sec.

Wells flashes her badge. The waitress nods, heads to the kitchen. Wells glances over her shoulder, spots --

ROY

Standing near the corner booth. Entranced by it.

ROY'S POV - FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

...of Carrie Mitchell sitting across from Roy in this same booth. She is smiling, holding his hand until something outside the window catches her attention.

A TALL, FACELESS FIGURE stares down at them from outside the diner. Hidden by darkness and shadows.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy snaps out of it. He stares up at the wall, just above the booth where Carrie Mitchell once sat.

Wells squints, confused. She heads over, joins him as they both stare up at a MEMORIAL PLAQUE OF OFFICER ANGELA COWELL hanging just above the booth.

A collage of sorts. Photos of Angela at different stages of her life and career. At center stage -- in her dress blues and police officer's hat.

Roy spots not just any photo. The photo. The one found behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror.

WELLS

Carson. You've got some explaining to do.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Hey.

Wells and Roy both turn to the lunch counter. The Waitress holds a ticket order and stares out the front window.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

That guy didn't pay.

Wells stares down at the corner booth and spots a steaming cup of coffee, napkin and half eaten pie.

Roy stares out the window above the booth and makes eye contact with a MAN passing on the sidewalk. He is IN A BALLCAP and SHADES. The man stops.

He and Roy stare each other down. Neither making a move.

Wells watches the awkward standoff.

ROY'S POV - FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

...of the MAN IN A HOODIE coming up the alley, out of the shadows, HIS FACE now recognizable. It's the same man now standing outside the diner window.

He PULLS HIS GUN and...

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy grows angry, pulls a forty five from under his shirt.

The man outside also goes for his pistol.

Wells reaches for her holster, freezes up. A truly frightened look on her face.

EXT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wells and her partner Craig once again knocking on the iron barred front door.

Wells spots her suspect JIMMY SPARKS on the sidewalk, panics, goes for her gun, drops it on the front porch.

CRAIG

Freeze!

Craig draws down on the suspect. POW!

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy tackles a frozen Wells to the cold tile floor as BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE GLASS, shower them with remnants of front window.

The MAN IN A BALLCAP takes off, up the sidewalk, out of sight.

ROY

You hit?

WELLS

I'm fine!

Roy peeks his head up, sees that Phantom is long gone. He makes for the front door, now in full pursuit.

Wells quickly stands, gun now gripped in both hands. She spots Roy sprinting up the sidewalk.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

Red Phantom, now with hoodie over his head, chases through a street bazaar of sorts. Food trucks and flea market vendors line the crowded avenue.

Roy gets lost in the crowd, spots quite a few other similar sweatshirts in the mix. He looks sweaty, tired, hurting.

ROY'S POV - FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

...of RED PHANTOM in the alley, face now exposed, pulling a gun and firing on a defenseless Roy.

Roy gets dizzy. Slows to a stand still.

Red Phantom stops, turns back, spots his pursuer catching his breath and keeling over.

ROY'S POV - RED PHANTOM

His sight becomes blurry. Seeing double. The busy crowd watch him as they pass by. Some of them stop altogether, stare back at Roy and obstruct his view of Red Phantom.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy pulls himself together. Spots --

RED PHANTOM duck down an alley and out of sight.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Red Phantom ducks in the rear door of Vito's Subs, an Italian Deli. He goes unnoticed by a KITCHEN WORKER who dumps out several bags of trash into a large dumpster.

Roy chases up the alley toward the deli. The kitchen worker turns, spots the gun in his hand.

ROY
Where is he?!

KITCHEN WORKER
Huh???

Roy shoves him against the dumpster, presses the forty five into the man's ribcage as he winces in pain.

KITCHEN WORKER (CONT'D)
Inside! Just chill, man!

Roy tosses him aside and hurries into the rear door entrance, into the busy --

KITCHEN - VITO'S SUBS

Roy scurries passed a crew of white t shirts and red stained aprons serving up sandwiches and pasta. One of the tougher looking ones tries to play the role.

TOUGH GUY
Where are you going, pal?

ROY
Fuck out of the way!

Roy practically tickles tough guy's nose with the nuzzle as he instantly crumbles.

TOUGH GUY
It's all good, brother.

Roy enters the --

DINING ROOM

where a few patrons enjoy a quick slice and a soda.

Red Phantom, aka, ROBERT PARIS (30s), curly hair, baby face, cold eyes, watches Roy from a corner table closest to the kitchen.

PARIS
Go ahead, Roy. Do it.

Roy spins, faces Paris seated at the table. His gun rested on the place mat before him.

PARIS (CONT'D)
Everyone's watching. All you gotta do is pull the trigger.

Roy keeps his gun on Paris as he stares at the small crowd seated at the other tables.

WELLS (O.S.)
Roy!!!

PARIS
Better hurry, Roy. Your partner's on her way.

ROY
(to patrons)
Everyone get out.

The patrons all stare back at one another. Nobody making the first move. Totally frozen with fear.

ROY (CONT'D)
(angrily)
Get out!!!

The patrons file one by one out the front and rear door. It's just Roy and Paris now. Alone at last.

PARIS
What're you waiting on?

WELLS (O.S.)
Roy! Where the hell are you?!

For a split second, Roy checks the kitchen for Wells.

Paris draws down on him. Shoots him once IN THE CHEST as Roy tumbles backward...over a two seater.

Sodas and dishes crash to the floor along with Roy.

Paris tears out the front door just as --

WELLS

enters through the kitchen, finds Roy, motionless.

She aims her weapon toward the window. Paris is long gone.

Wells kneels before Roy, opens his shirt to find a thin Kevlar vest with a single bullet shot.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Wells washes up in a sink. She watches her trembling hands, tries like hell to steady them but can't.

EXT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Craig has his gun aimed down at the mortally wounded teen on the sidewalk as Wells watches from the porch. Her hands trembling as she re holsters her weapon.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - RESTROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Wells stares at herself in the mirror, wipes her eyes dry with a paper towel and heads for the door.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - NIGHT

Captain Muldoon enters through the front door and spots Roy at the lunch counter - shirt unbuttoned, rubbing a sore chest.

Flashing POLICE LIGHTS bounce off the wall above him as --

An employee sweeps up the mess with a broom and dustpan.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I thought I told you to go to the hospital and get your chest looked at.

ROY

I think I've spent enough time in one of those. Don't you?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah, I suppose you're right. But I'll tell you, you're damn lucky you're not in the morgue. Wells too. Could've been her who took that bullet.

Wells comes out of the ladies room, watches their exchange from a safe distance.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

Without that vest, she wouldn't have been so lucky.

ROY

Yeah, well. Glad I was here for her.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah. By the way. What were the two of you doing here exactly? Funny Wells never mentioned an Angela Cowell in her reports. I suppose that was your call too?

Wells and Roy catch eyes. She observes him, suspicious.

WELLS

(to Captain Muldoon)

It doesn't matter how we got here. Let it go.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Wells. Outside.

Captain Muldoon heads for the door. Wells checks with Roy and follows behind.

EXT. BLUE MOON DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Captain Muldoon and Wells stand near the front door -- away from some of Oakland PD's finest still exchanging notes in the lot and speaking with detectives.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I got a whole restaurant full of witnesses who say Carson drew down on this guy first. Pretty quick for a guy with permanent memory loss.

WELLS

Yeah, well, maybe he had a hunch he was our guy. Which as it turns out, he was. So what's the problem?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Seems he's been one step ahead of us this whole time. I'm beginning to wonder why that is.

DETECTIVE DANNY VAN CORT (40s), Oakland PD, chubby, tie tucked into his baggy shirt, opens the front door.

VAN CORT

Excuse me, Cap. Got something here I think the Inspector should see.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Van Cort, Wells and Captain Muldoon stand before the large men's room mirror just above the sinks.

316 WESTON is written out in bright red detail.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

What the hell is this?

VAN CORT

It's not a what. It's a where. Three Sixteen Weston Avenue was the old precinct. Burnt down in the Ninety Four riots.

WELLS

What riots?

VAN CORT

I'll tell you on the way. I got all available en route.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Two Michael Twenty. What is your location? Over.

VAN CORT
 (into shoulder mic)
 Nobody breaches until I give the
 order. We're about five minutes
 out. Over.

Van Cort ducks out. Captain Muldoon follows. Wells stands perplexed. Hit with a sudden realization, she faces the door and yells to the others --

WELLS
 Where's Carson?

INT. POLICE SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Wells and Captain Muldoon take the backseat while Van Cort rides shotgun up front. A Kevlar vested SWAT GUY behind the wheel firing through the downtown streets.

VAN CORT
 This Cowell woman. Angela Cowell.
 Handpicked straight out of the
 academy for special deep cover
 assignment.

Wells and Captain Muldoon share a brief glance, lean forward in their seats. At full attention.

VAN CORT (CONT'D)
 Was supposed to infiltrate this
 radical, left wing crew called The
 New World. Local hippies robbing
 banks, smoking dope, free love. All
 that kind of shit. Anyways, she
 went so deep she never came back.

WELLS
 What do you mean?

VAN CORT
 I mean she turned. Became one of
 them. Within six months, she was a
 full fledged dope addict. Got
 hooked on the juice. Started taking
 down banks with these assholes up
 and down the coast just to keep her
 habit going.

WELLS
 No kidding.

VAN CORT

Some even say that robbery at the liquor store was no mistake. It was a hit. Set up and executed by the Oakland PD.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

For what reason?

VAN CORT

Cowell was the first female in plain clothes to come straight out of the academy. It was a big deal at the time. Some say when she turned, there was some down at City Hall who got nervous. Afraid of the bad press if any of this went public.

WELLS

What does any of this have to do with the station house burning down?

VAN CORT

Well. Rumor has it the fire was started by The New World. A little fuck you pay back for Angela getting whacked.

Wells lands back in her chair, processes it all. Captain Muldoon watches her carefully.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - 316 WESTON - NIGHT

Dozens of various police units converge at the street corner building. Now boarded up, charred to a crisp and long abandoned.

But still standing in what is one very ugly and disturbing piece of history.

FROM THE SUBURBAN

...step Van Cort, Captain Muldoon and Wells who all fall behind a crew of armed to the teeth SWAT GUYS.

Two of them rush A BATTERING RAM toward the boarded up front entrance now painted over with graffiti.

Van Cort pats one of them on the shoulder and draws his gun as the two easily swing the heavy ram through the feeble wooden slats.

CRASH!

...and in they rush...one at a time...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - 316 WESTON - NIGHT

The LASER SCOPES CROSS BEAMS like an intergalactic space ship battalion chasing a lone freighter. They find their way past a MAHOGANY BOOKING DESK and toward a barely functional STAIRCASE strewn with spider webs.

Van Cort, Wells and Captain Muldoon grip large MAGLITE FLASH LIGHTS to find their way around the shadowy room. Old style markers hang above several empty door frames and feature words like ROBBERY...AUTO THEFT DIVISION...BURGLARY...VICE...

SWAT GUY #1

Clear!

Wells spins, FLASHES HER LIGHT in the direction of TWO SWAT GUYS stepping out of a long corridor near the front door. Both rest shoulder stocks in their armpits.

SWAT GUY #2

Clear!

From both sides of the booking desk, stepping out from what was once the holding cell and booking area are TWO MORE SWAT GUYS lowering their weapons.

WELLS

...aims her FLASHLIGHT AT THE FLOOR and spots what appears to be an OLD POLAROID some ten feet away.

WELLS

I got something here!

The entire room turns to Wells, SHINING THEIR LASER SCOPES and FLASHLIGHTS in her general direction.

Wells keeps her light directed at the Polaroid as she walks closer and closer. They all BEAM THEIR LIGHTS on the same image face up on the floor.

VAN CORT

Don't touch it!

Wells stops at the Polaroid: The face of a badly bruised and beaten young woman with blonde hair. She looks frightened and her eyes are sad, as if she's just been crying.

Wells digs a pair of gloves from her pocket, throws them on with a quickness, picks up the grisly image.

Captain Muldoon squints, unsure.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
The Brummel woman?

WELLS
No. It's not her.

SWAT GUY #3
Got another one here!

Wells and Captain Muldoon SHINE THEIR LIGHTS in the direction of the loud and husky voice. Swat Guy #3 hands the second Polaroid to Van Cort who takes a careful look.

After a moment, he hands it off to Captain Muldoon.

VAN CORT
How about this one? Ring any bells?

Wells takes a closer look: A badly beaten and bruised young woman with auburn hair.

WELLS
No.

Wells throws a glance at SWAT GUY #3 who found the image. He's standing directly in front of the bottom step of a steep and twisted staircase.

She SHINES HER LIGHT UP THE CHARRED STEPS and ALONG THE SIDE WALL, spots A NEON RED CIRCLE AND CROSSHAIRS painted on the wall about halfway up.

An eerie, glow in the dark novelty paint marks its spot.

WELLS (CONT'D)
Look.

They all turn and stare at the ZODIAC SIGN now illuminated on the staircase wall.

WELLS (CONT'D)
It's upstairs.

VAN CORT
What is?

Wells looks stumped. She shakes her head.

WELLS

I don't know.

SWAT makes their way up the steps, followed by Van Cort, Captain Muldoon and Wells pulling up the rear.

Wells keeps a careful eye on the first floor as they creak up the feeble steps in a careful single file formation.

Van Cort spots another Polaroid on the steps: a redhead, badly bruised, beaten but alive and truly frightened.

VAN CORT

There's another one.

Captain Muldoon also finds a Polaroid just under his shoe: a badly beaten blonde with purple ligature marks around her neck. Her eyes are lifeless.

Wells spots yet another one tumble down the steps and stop in front of her. She picks it up: Nicole Brummel's exposed back with the number 602-0499 carved into it.

SWAT GUY #4

Got another one here!

The SWAT GUY holds the Polaroid high in the air. A lone FLAHSLIGHT finds its way to the white target.

A panicked Van Cort rushes up the steps, snags it from him.

Meanwhile...

Wells shows the picture of Brummel to Captain Muldoon.

Van Cort hands them yet another one found further up the staircase. This one's face down on the floor.

Her eyes open and skin turned blue.

WELLS

They're all dead. We're getting closer.

Captain Muldoon glances INTO THE DARKNESS that awaits them upstairs with a sickened look about him.

SWAT GUY #5

Got another one!

Swat Guy #5, shocked, sickened, hands another Polaroid down the line and finally to Van Cort.

SWAT GUY #5 (CONT'D)
They're all over the place!

WELLS
Keep moving! We'll collect them
later!

VAN CORT
(to Swat Team)
Alright, you heard The Inspector!
Let's go! Keep it moving!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

SWAT POURS IN from the outside hall and shines their LASER LIGHTS in the direction of a BLACKBOARD near the front of the room.

Row after row of empty desks, still in one piece, sit before the blackboard and podium. A very familiar setting indeed.

ON THE BLACKBOARD

...are dozens of old Polaroids featuring young women in their late teens and early twenties. All beautiful but pale, thin and strung out.

In dead center of the board, in between this montage of past victims, is a large black and white photograph of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. Taped to this image is the photo of redhead Carrie Mitchell.

Wells and Captain Muldoon all but ignore the collage of images and focus primarily on Mitchell's photo.

WELLS
It's Carrie. Carrie Mitchell. She's
The Golden Gate victim. Phantom's
first kill. At least that we know
of.

Van Cort SHINES SOME LIGHT from one end of the board to the other, reviewing all of the mystery women.

VAN CORT
You recognize the others?

WELLS
No.

VAN CORT
There must be thirty of them.

WELLS

With Carrie Mitchell taking center stage.

Wells turns to Captain Muldoon, very matter of factly.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The Golden Gate victim was the first homicide attributed to Red Phantom. A victim who, until now, had yet to be identified. The head missing from the torso. Dumped in pieces. Just like a puzzle.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Why go through all that trouble disposing of the evidence if he's just gonna hand us Carrie Mitchell?

WELLS

He's losing patience.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

With us?

WELLS

With Carson. It was his case.

Captain Muldoon studies the other thirty images surrounding Carrie Mitchell's photo. He nods as he's hit with a sudden and most frightening realization.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I'll get task force on the horn. Run the dates on the back of those Polaroids. Cross reference them with missing persons.

WELLS

I say we start here. Oakland PD. I'm thinking this guy's local. Given his knowledge of the Angela Cowell investigation, it only makes sense.

VAN CORT

I'll make the calls.

Van Cort hurries from the room. Wells studies the images surrounding Carrie Mitchell's photo. All young. Pretty. Damaged.

WELLS

An abandoned police station. A wall of abandoned girls. Lost in the fire. Forgotten about. And Carrie Mitchell stuck in the middle.

Wells focuses all her energy on Carrie's picture. As if the two are staring back at one another.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

FIELD REPORTERS broadcast live at the scene as POLICE LIGHTS DOT the long and congested street. A literal maze of NEWS MEDIA and LAW ENFORCEMENT with random bodies rushing back and forth and in between vehicles.

Wells stands just outside the old precinct house, phone to her ear, speaks with Roy on the other end while watching --

Captain Muldoon and Van Cort face an eager crowd of REPORTERS and FLASH BULBS.

WELLS

(into phone)

What's with the disappearing act?
I could've used you in there.

ROY (V.O.)

Because they'd all be looking at me instead of listening to you. Now shut up and listen. After I left the diner, it hit me.

WELLS

What hit you?

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy at his window, with his dog, staring out into the night as if the city lights were calling his name. He's unusually calm and focused.

ROY

Phantom's first letter. Pull it up on your phone if you can. Something's off about it.

Roy stares down at a printed up version of Red Phantom's letter downloaded from the internet.

WELLS (V.O.)

I give up.

ROY

I was blind but now I see. Look closer and you too will see the light. But it's not light. It's lights.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Wells refers to the folded letter. On the very next line after the word light there is a single "S".

ROY (V.O.)

Look at the next line. No period after light. It's lights. There was a fog bank the morning Sutter was killed. You could barely see the bridge in the distance. Unless...

WELLS

Unless you use the telescope.

Wells faces Captain Muldoon who turns to her, away from the crowd, shoots her a nasty look while Van Cort addresses the people of his city.

ROY (V.O.)

You too will see the lights. He was talking about the morning traffic on the GG.

Wells turns away from Captain Muldoon and the growing crowd, steps further away from the building, into the street for a moment of privacy.

WELLS

Who's the fairest of them all?

ROY (V.O.)

He was talking about Mitchell. She's the Golden Gate victim.

Wells spots INSPECTOR CRAIG, her old partner, hobbling out of his police issue four door on a crutch. He is in a standard suit and tie, tired looking, bone thin.

Wells eyes spell guilt. Plagued with memories of her old partner's near fatal injuries.

WELLS

Yeah. About that. Look. I gotta go. We'll talk in a few.

Wells hangs up just as Craig joins her near the curb.

CRAIG
Well, how about that. You finally found your way in front of the cameras. Congrats.

WELLS
There aren't any cameras here, Craig. Just you. What's IA doing here?

CRAIG
I was hoping for a couple minutes alone with your new partner.

WELLS
He's not my partner, Dennis. You're my partner. Even if you've chosen to forget.

CRAIG
Oh, I didn't forget. I remember every morning when I put my feet to the floor.

WELLS
Is that why you joined up with the rat squad? To finally get your revenge?

Craig smiles, shakes his head.

CRAIG
Such hostility. Maybe you forgot I saved your life not so long ago.

WELLS
So let me guess. IA wants to know why I've involved Roy Carson in Red Phantom. Against Chief's wishes.

CRAIG
Involved him? I think you got that backwards, hunny.

Wells eyeballs him like he's crazy.

WELLS
Hell are you talking about?

CRAIG

Muldoon tells me Carson's been three steps ahead of you guys since jump street. Starting with showing at Carrie Sutter's crime scene and finding Nick Beyers on his bedroom floor.

Wells sighs and moves back toward the sidewalk, away from a pestering Craig. He follows behind.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

A few too many coincidences I'd say. Especially for a guy with a bullet in his brain.

WELLS

Our guy's been writing him. For how long, I don't know. But he's been giving Carson the heads up before he kills.

CRAIG

How much of a heads up? Seems like for a couple cops with not much to go on, you got super lucky here this afternoon.

WELLS

If you wanna talk to Carson, then do it. He's got nothing to hide.

CRAIG

So now you're vouching for him. You balling him already?

Wells fights the urge to slug him, walks away. Back toward the crowd of reporters near the corner. Craig smiles and hobbles behind.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I hear Phantom left you guys a present.

Wells turns to him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

A whole wall full of beat up girls. Too bad Carson split before you could get a professional opinion.

Wells takes a moment, thinks it all over with a suspicion growing in her eyes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

The guy's wrong, old partner. That's not just a jealous cripple talking. That's a cop with twenty years on the job. You know why he's seeing that shrink. I hear they got him going to meetings for sex fiends like some kind of freak show.

WELLS

Their word against his. Look, I've heard the stories.

CRAIG

Your boy Carson's hiding something. And I'm gonna get it out of him.

WELLS

Look, Craig. I can...

CRAIG

Take care of yourself? No. We both know that's not true, don't we?

WELLS

I guess I walked into that one.

CRAIG

Believe it or not, I'm not here to fight. All I'm asking from you is to keep your eyes peeled. Don't play his game. Make him play yours. This guy's dangerous.

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

The twenty seven images of the young women on the blackboard are now paper clipped to actual missing person's reports and in some cases, mug shots of the victims. All hanging on a large brick wall.

On a second wall are the three photos left behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror along with each of their names: *The blonde - Angela Cowell, The redhead - Carrie Mitchell, and finally - the brunette - ???*

Wells stands before them. Walks the room and reviews each file in search of the connection.

Carter and Peltz sit at a table, reviewing piles and piles of paperwork. They both sigh, exhausted. Lean back in their chairs.

Lots of rolled up sleeves. Sweaty armpits.

WELLS

Twenty seven girls. All missing.
All of them pros. Forgotten about.

PELTZ

All of them okay with taking a real
beating and keeping quiet.

CARTER

To them, it's just another day on
the job. Goes with the territory.

WELLS

No. Not like this. These girls
all had bones that had been broken
two and three times over. Old,
healed fractures. Tell tale signs
of an abusive relationship.
Similar injuries and consistencies
between dates suggest it's the work
of the same man. Dates of these
records going back four to six
months before they disappeared.

CARTER

Could be they could only take so
much and threatened to come
forward. Our guy has other plans.

WELLS

The oldest hospital report dates
back five years ago. When our guy
first decided he was gonna start
hurting young girls.

The tired crew pick at some old slices of pizza from the
night before. Others rest hands on their heads and shut
their eyes for a quick reprieve.

WELLS (CONT'D)

That's when something inside him
finally set him off. But what?

Captain Muldoon enters, a thick manila file in hand. He
slaps it down on a table before Wells.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Our mystery brunette and girl number three is Lauren Gravell. An ER nurse down at San Francisco General. Turns out she's been on vacation, hiking in Alaska for the last two weeks.

PELTZ

Where the hell was she? Sleeping in a bear cave?

WELLS

Where is she?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Just got a call from the hospital. Got back into town last night and saw the report on the news.

PELTZ

Some welcome home.

WELLS

Speaking of home. What're we doing about security? Anyone walk the perimeter?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

We're on it. We got two walking the beat, plus one unmarked watching the front and another covering the back. So far, all is quiet on the home front.

Wells sighs in relief.

PELTZ

We got a decoy in the house?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Caron Kilroy out of the One-Twelve. Closest we could get to Gravell on a moment's notice. Meanwhile, Gravell's babysitter and six year old girl are holding up downtown until we can get them all in a safehouse.

WELLS

Oh my God. They must be scared to death.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Now that you're up to speed, we got a car waiting downstairs and the engine's running. Let's go.

Captain Muldoon ducks out. Wells follows behind.

Carter and Peltz now wide awake. Getting their second wind as they jump up, throw on sport coats.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy pours himself a fresh cup of coffee. Completely oblivious --

His dog creeps up between his legs and BARKS up at him.

Roy looks down, overfills his cup as black coffee spills onto his hand...

ROY

Shit!

ROY'S POV - BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

Coffee carafes, creamers, donuts and pastries rest on a cheap folding table. Carrie Mitchell dumps a Styrofoam cup of coffee all over the surface and presumably all over Roy's lap.

CARRIE

I'm so sorry.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Roy rubs his scolded hand, still burning from the fresh cup of coffee. He rubs his eyes and nose, his head aching from the near deadly injuries.

His dog stares up at him, whimpering, worried for him.

A LOUD RINGING only Roy can hear causes him to wince and squeeze his eyes shut. He grabs his head from both sides like he's gripping a basketball.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Roy composes himself, stares at the door. Spots the SHADOW OF SOMEONE just under the crack.

The dog lets out one last whimper before tearing off into the bedroom and taking cover.

Roy spots his FORTY FIVE dangling from a shoulder holster thrown over a dining room chair. He quickly draws the weapon and moves for the door.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - OUTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy cracks open the door and steps into the hall. One of his neighbors heads toward him, about to unlock his door.

As the neighbor steps aside, out of the middle of the hallway floor, we notice --

A MAN IN A RED DEVIL MASK AND BLACK CAPE

-- standing at the end of the hall.

The neighbor spots Roy with his forty five. He is locked in on something. Oblivious to his neighbor's stare.

The neighbor then turns to the MAN IN A DEVIL MASK.

He quickly rushes inside, locks the door.

It's just Roy and Red Phantom now. Neither making the first move. Red Phantom pushes his cape aside, revealing a very large sidearm. And then --

Roy draws down -- POW-POW-POW!

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Roy squatted on the tile. He quickly jumps up, out of the momentary nightmare. He takes a moment to gather himself and spots his dog staring back at him.

A shattered coffee mug and wet floor before him. The coffee spills into the long and tiny cracks of the tile.

ROY'S POV - KITCHEN TILE

The coffee running through the tile has turned to BRIGHT RED RIVERS OF BLOOD.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy squeezes his eyes shut. Shakes his head. He opens them.

The rivers of blood once again black streams of coffee.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

LAUREN GRAVELL (45), brunette, hair in a tight bun, blue scrubs, sits at a lunch table with a cup of coffee and a half eaten sandwich.

Wells and Captain Muldoon hover over her.

The Polaroids from the old precinct house spread out on the table before Lauren.

LAUREN

Do you know how many thousands of young women just like this, all beaten to a pulp, pass through this ER on a weekly basis?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

No, but I'd imagine quite a bit.

LAUREN

That's right. I am sorry it took this long to get back to you, but I'm afraid I have no clue why this man's involved me. Frankly, I'm disturbed the police haven't procured any more leads.

WELLS

Look. This man didn't just draw your picture from a hat. He chose you for a specific reason. Now, twenty seven of these women are on record visiting your ER. All of them have been identified. All but one.

Wells shoves a Polaroid of the mystery girl under Lauren's nose. She grows annoyed and faces away from it.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now, I think our guy was telling us something. Something specifically about this girl.

LAUREN

You can keep shoving that picture in my face. It's not gonna jog my memory any faster. Now, please tell me you have something else on this man other than my picture.

Wells grows aggravated and Captain Muldoon notices. He nudges her aside and takes point.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I know your emotions are high.
 This must all come as a pretty good
 shock. Facts are, this man has
 somehow involved you in this.
 Since we can't ask him about it,
 we're asking you. Fair enough?

Lauren exhales, gives up.

LAUREN

I've been a nurse for twenty years.
 After awhile, these girls all start
 looking the same, ya know?

Wells stares down at the Polaroids. A sadness growing in her
 eyes she tries hard to restrain.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Faces all beat to a pulp. Eyes all
 bloodshot to hell, strung out.
 Working the streets, hustling for
 some pimp. Stuck in an abusive
 relationship they can't get out of.
 And they come back. Over and over
 again until one day they don't
 leave.

WELLS

I know it must be overwhelming for
 you. Trying to reach all those
 girls and getting nowhere.

LAUREN

I've watched these girls walk
 through those doors, over and over
 again. Hand in hand with the man
 who would eventually put them in
 the grave. And nothing we can do
 or say to them ever seems to stop
 it. Because a fist in their face
 or a needle in their arm is the
 closest thing to love they've ever
 felt from the opposite sex.

Captain Muldoon drops a thick manila file on the table and
 retrieves the Polaroids, one by one.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I'm not asking you to remember
 every one of these girls, just
 anything that stands out to you.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

Like a strange similarity between these cases only the hospital would know about. Something we haven't thought of.

Lauren grabs the file, opens it up. Stacks of medical records with each girl's photo paper clipped to the files.

LAUREN

Something the cops haven't thought of? That shouldn't be too hard.

Wells rolls her eyes, gives the photo of the mystery brunette one more look.

CLOSE ON - BRUNETTE

As we study her malnourished face, bruised eyes, split lip and quietly innocent features --

WE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The freshly healed face of STEPHANIE SILVA (25), not quite as pale as her photo, a bit heavier and on the road to recovery.

She stares --

INTO A MIRROR

and turns her face side to side as if to examine it. She is pretty again. And respectable in her collared RITE AIDE PHARMACY work uniform.

Stephanie unfastens a nametag featured on her chest and rests it in a jewelry box before her. She glances down at the pits of her right arm and three healed puncture marks.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAVID MOORE (40s), Forty-Niners t shirt, torn jeans, uses a kitchen knife to tear open a box of Halloween decorations rested on a spotless marble countertop.

David's done well for himself and his family. It's a well kept kitchen with first rate pots and pans hanging on an overhead rack.

Through a rear door walks SHARON MOORE (30s), Steph's older sister, white collared shirt marked Rite Aide Pharmacy and brown khakis.

DAVID

Hey. Just in time. I'm literally seconds from unveiling my masterpiece.

Sharon stares down a spookily lit hallway and spots a GLOW IN THE DARK SKELETON with its back propped up against a garage door marked ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.

SHARON

Oh God. When exactly do you go back to work again?

Sharon opens the fridge and grabs a bottle of chardonnay. She quickly uncorks.

David snags a wine glass from over his head, sets it before his wife. She pours herself a generous portion.

DAVID

I thought you were looking forward to spending some much needed time with your husband. What happened?

SHARON

That's when I thought you were gonna fix the dishwasher and work on the lawn. Not play make believe in the garage like some kind of kid.

DAVID

(sings)
Some-body's cran-ky!

SHARON

A little bit.

Sharon takes a big gulp.

DAVID

What is it? Bobby again?

SHARON

How'd you know?

DAVID

The store called. Literally thirty seconds before you walked in the door.

SHARON

Lover boy's called a grand total of thirteen times today.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)
God knows how many since I left. I
need to talk to Steph.

DAVID
She's upstairs.

Sharon takes her wine and heads for the stairs. David snags
a glass overhead and pours himself one.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Don't take too long. Don't want
you to miss the grand unveiling.

Sharon lazily climbs the staircase, one step at a time.

SHARON
I can barely contain my excitement.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie combs through her hair in the mirror, looks to the
door and spots Sharon watching her.

SHARON
That was the store just now. It's
Bobby again. They're getting fed
up, Steph. I don't have to tell
you what kind of strings I pulled
to get you this job.

Steph sighs with worry, slumps in her chair.

STEPH
I know. I'm sorry.

Sharon steps inside, rests herself on the edge of a king
sized mattress.

SHARON
You want me to talk to him for you?

Steph carefully thinks it over while staring back at Sharon's
image in the mirror. She shakes her head.

SHARON (CONT'D)
From the sounds of things, he's not
just gonna go away.

Steph turns to her.

STEPH
I don't get it. How did he find
me?

SHARON

Because he's a cop, Steph. It's his job. More importantly, he's a man. And men have a hard time letting go of things they can't have.

Steph turns, faces the mirror, gently caresses the smooth features of her flawless face. As if she forgot what she looked like under all those bruises.

STEPH

You think she said something to him?

SHARON

Who?

STEPH

His wife. Who do you think?

SHARON

Maybe. Maybe he figured it out on his own. But that's got nothing to do with you anymore.

STEPH

Of course it does, Sharon. It's got everything to do with me. You know what she did. What I did. I could get in a lot of trouble.

Sharon stands, walks to her, rests her hands on Steph's shoulders as if to comfort her.

SHARON

Anyways, you're here now. Away from all of that. You've got a second chance at straightening out your life. And surrounding yourself with people who care about you. Not people who are gonna hurt you or use you.

Steph looks lost in thought, staring into the mirror, passed herself, into nowhere. Sharon notices.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Whatever it is you're thinking...get it out of your mind. You have a place here and I'm not letting you out of my sight.

Steph nods and smiles.

STEPH
Thanks, Sharon. You and David.
For everything.

DAVID (O.S.)
Okay, girls! Let's go! Move it or
lose it!

Sharon rolls her eyes. Steph laughs.

SHARON
Let's get this over with.

Sharon slowly stands, rubs at her sore and tired back.

STEPH
Go easy on him. He's been working
hard.

Sharon and Steph head out together.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Sharon and Steph stand before the glow in the dark skeleton
and cobb webbed garage door marked ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.
David is all smiles with a beer in hand.

DAVID
Behold. My masterpiece.

David slowly opens the door as it mimics the creaking sounds
of a classic haunted house.

Lots of BOOING, SCREAMING and LAUGHING as the three enter the
pitch black garage. Most of the room is a GLOWING NEON GREEN
with a LASER LIGHT SHOW of various GHOSTS, BATS and creepy
SCOOBY DOO EYES dancing along the walls.

Lots of GLOWING GREEN JACK-O-LANTERS making all kinds of
different faces. Some silly, some scary.

And a whole crew of GLOW IN THE DARK SKELETONS posed before a
GLOWING DRUM SET as if they were an undead rock and roll
band.

One seated behind the drum set. One behind the mic and one
holding a pretend guitar.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So, tell me. Am I or am I not the
shit?

SHARON
Pretty impressive, baby.

DAVID
You haven't seen the best part.

David aims a remote control at a full console stereo set up behind a homemade wet bar.

A loud ROCK JAM blasts away as THE ENTIRE ROOM FLICKERS like A STROBE LIGHT at a late night rave.

Sharon and Steph plug their ears as David is all grins.

SHARON
A little loud.

David leans in closer.

DAVID
What???

SHARON
A little loud!!!

David shines a FLASHLIGHT under his chin and makes a spooky face for the two unamused girls.

DAVID
Ooooooh!

David laughs it up just as --

The LEAD SINGER SKELETON turns his head, moves behind David while still glowing green.

Sharon and Steph SCREAM at the top of their lungs. David turns down the volume a bit.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Haha. Very funny.

The GREEN SKELETON DRIVES A KNIFE INTO DAVID'S BACK.

Sharon and Steph tear back inside.

Green Skeleton hits a button on the wall.

The GARAGE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sharon and Steph make a run for the rear kitchen door.

Steph is about to turn the knob when Sharon hears the OUTER GARAGE DOOR OPENING and grabs her hand.

SHARON

Wait! He could already be outside!
Get upstairs! There's a gun in the
left side nightstand! Take it and
get in the closet! Wait for me!

All of the sudden, the entire home loses power. PITCH BLACK.

Steph BOLTS UP THE STAIRS with the high wired energy of a woman facing eminent death.

Sharon runs to a KNIFE BLOCK SET and pulls out THE BUTCHER KNIFE. She spots her SMART PHONE on the island countertop and just hovered over it is --

GREEN SKELETON

-- knife in hand.

His GLOWING NEON BONES are the only source of light in the entire house.

A staring contest ensues. Neither making the first move.

Sharon LEAPS FOR HER PHONE but only knocks it to the floor.

Green Skeleton KICKS IT ACROSS THE TILE.

Sharon makes for the stairs.

ON THE STAIRS

Sharon makes it about halfway before --

GREEN SKELETON

grabs her leg and trips her up. He grabs her by the hair and THROWS HER DOWN the remaining steps.

DOWNSTAIRS - FOYER

Sharon struggles to stand. Grabs her aching leg as she desperately crawls on the carpet.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steph finds the thirty eight revolver, checks for shells and hides herself in a large, walk-in closet. She shuts the door behind her.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET

Steph buries herself under a mound of unwashed laundry seemingly tossed in a corner. She aims the gun at the closed door.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon crawls into the living room and is surrounded by large, pain glass windows with curtains drawn.

GREEN SKELETON hovers over her with THE BUTCHER KNIFE.

He reaches down, yanks back her hair as she SCREAMS OUT.

EXT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOWS

GREEN SKELETON GLOWS BRIGHTLY as he spins in a circle in an otherwise PITCH BLACK ROOM. His unseen victim fights for her life.

All of the sudden, he stops. Stands still. As if to observe his handy work.

He moves for the STAIRCASE. And finally, out of view.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Steph's hands begin to shake as she keeps the gun aimed toward the closed door.

THE SHADOW OF FEET stop in front of the door. The DOORKNOB RATTLES back and forth.

STEPH
Sharon?! Say something!

The door begins to RATTLE and SHAKE with the impatience of someone trying to break it open.

STEPH (CONT'D)
Sharon?! I'll shoot! I swear it!

Steph tries to steady her shaking hands. Takes aim and carelessly EMPTIES THE GUN.

SIX LARGE HOLES blown through the door and the sound of A BODY DROPPING LIMP TO THE FLOOR.

Steph is unsure as she keeps the empty gun aimed in the direction of the door. She slowly sits up, eventually stands and opens the closet.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steph immediately spots GREEN SKELETON dead on the carpet next to David and Sharon's bed.

She drops the empty gun.

STEPH
Sharon!!!

Steph turns to the door.

STEPH (CONT'D)
Talk to me! David! Sharon!

With her back turned, GREEN SKELETON sits up. Not a single bullet in him. He sneaks up behind her, wraps his hand around her mouth as she kicks and fights.

He tosses her on the bed. Flips her face down and TWISTS HER ARM BEHIND HER BACK as she SCREAMS OUT.

STEPH (CONT'D)
BOBBY!!!

EXT. HOME OF GLORIA HARRIS - REAR DECK - NIGHT

GLORIA HARRIS (40s), Carrie Mitchell's sister, stands at an outside wet bar in her bathrobe. Her eyes welled up with tears as she pours herself a double vodka.

She stares off, into the beautiful forest of California furs that make up her backyard.

GLORIA
I don't know why I'm so upset. I knew she was gone. I mean...it was just a matter of hearing it from someone else.

Wells keeps a respectful distance from Gloria as she stares down at a second, untouched glass of vodka rested on the wooden countertop.

WELLS
I know you're gonna need time to process all of this.
(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid I have to ask you some tough questions about Carrie.

GLORIA

What do you wanna know about my sister that I haven't told the other dozen officers? About all the drugs she was taking? About all the bad people in her life?

Gloria laughs, shakes her head.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Believe me, I lost count.

Gloria chugs the rest of her vodka.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It seems the more she was using, the more she would lay down with anyone who gave her the time of day.

Wells grows frustrated, gulps down her vodka.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how many meetings I took her to. Rehab clinics. Sexual compulsives. I must've personally taken her to fifty. She would always find a different reason to relapse.

Gloria refills her empty glass. She offers the bottle to Wells who politely shakes her head.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think she never had a chance. You know, her birth mother had the bug.

WELLS

You're not blood sisters?

GLORIA

Carrie was adopted when she was still a baby. Born strung out. They told us her mother was as bad a user as they'd ever seen. That it was a miracle Carrie was ever born.

Wells moves closer. Her interest piqued.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Just like Carrie, she was a good girl with everything going for her. She just fell in with the wrong crowd. Poisoned her soul from the inside out. Filling her head with hate. For the world and for everything in it. Until there was nothing left.

Wells thinks back:

INT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ANGELA COWELL attempts to detain A HOODED MAN IN A SKI MASK and takes a SINGLE SHOT to the chest.

She drops to the floor. Her eyes wide and lifeless as BLOOD trickles from her open mouth.

EXT. HOME OF GLORIA HARRIS - REAR DECK - DAY

Wells still in a trance. Gloria notices her strange behavior. She snaps out of it.

WELLS
 Gloria, is there anything else you can tell me about her? Carrie's mother?

GLORIA
 Never even knew her name. Mom didn't want to. As far as she was concerned, Carrie was her child now. The world she came from was in the past. She wasn't about to let it back in. Or anyone from it. Including her.

WELLS
 I understand.

Wells PHONE RINGS.

WELLS (CONT'D)
 Excuse me.

Wells steps away, leans on the deck rail, answers her phone.

WELLS (CONT'D)
 Yeah?

CAPTAIN MULDOON (V.O.)
We found her.

WELLS
Where?

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wells and Captain Muldoon stand over the dead body of Sharon Moore. Her face is bright purple and eyes wide and filled with blood. Her throat is wrapped tightly with the same white clothesline used on Nick Beyers.

Wells kneels before the corpse. Notices that Sharon's right shoe is missing and her ankle is swollen.

TWO CORONERS wheel out the strapped down, covered body of David through the rear kitchen door.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
After our guy did the husband in the garage, it looks like Sharon lost a shoe chasing up the stairs.

He motions toward the staircase. Wells follows his look. A single shoe on the floor.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)
Takes a stumble down the steps, makes for the front door, only our guy catches up with her.

Wells stands. She looks to the hallway and the garage door marked ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.

WELLS
He get in from the garage?

CAPTAIN MULDOON
Most likely. Checked all the doors and windows. No signs of forced entry anywhere. It's tight as a drum with a first rate alarm system.

WELLS
He knew the code.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
Probably been watching the place for God knows how long.

WELLS

Who were they?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Stephanie Silva's sister and brother in law. Apparently, she had been staying here since July. From the sounds of things, laying pretty low.

WELLS

What're you talking about?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I checked with San Francisco General to see if they had anything on Stephanie Silva. Get this. According to them, she died on the table on June Twentieth. An overdose. Guess who was working the ER that night.

WELLS

Gravell said she never saw her before.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah, speaking of the nurse. Three days after Silva's pronounced at the hospital, the lease on her apartment was mysteriously paid off, five months early.

WELLS

If she can afford to buy out her lease, why hold up at her sister's place? Unless...

CAPTAIN MULDOON

(interrupts)

Unless someone else paid it for her.

Wells thinks it all over.

WELLS

Gravell.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

The landlord already ID'd her DMV photo. It was definitely Gravell. And she most definitely lied to both our faces.

WELLS

I need to talk with Silva.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

She's still in surgery. I got what I could from her before they loaded her in the ambulance. She just kept saying "Bobby".

(beat)

That name mean anything to you?

WELLS

No. But I bet if we asked Lauren Gravell, she'd know.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy slumped forward on the couch, his baggy and bloodshot eyes on the carpet.

ROY

We got a break in the case.

FINK

I saw. The whole city is watching, Roy. How does that make you feel?

Roy sits upright, tries like hell to open his heavy eyelids.

ROY

Nobody even knows I'm involved in this case. The ones that think I might be are doing everything they can to keep me out of it.

FINK

Does that upset you? That your superiors are questioning your abilities?

Roy stares dead at Fink. He's hit another sensitive nerve.

FINK (CONT'D)

Or is it the fact that Inspector Wells is taking credit for the investigation? For your work?

Roy squints, thinks this over.

FINK (CONT'D)

That her name is featured on the six o'clock news and not yours.

Roy avoids the question, lights up a smoke.

ROY
I don't care about that.

Fink observes Roy as he fidgets uncomfortably in his seat.

FINK
You sure about that?

ROY
What're you talking about?

FINK
A man like you has a lot to prove.
Not just to himself but to the
public. Your superiors,
colleagues. To the families of the
victims.

ROY
You think I wanna see my name on
the news? The responsibility of
finding all those girls hanging
around my neck?

Fink nods yes.

FINK
Yes. Because it's what drives you.
You're an adrenaline junky, Roy.
You thrive on stress and constant
pressure. It's how you've chosen
to live your life.

Roy laughs as he stands and stretches his legs. He moves for the long table near Fink, picks up the old basketball photo and gets a closer look.

ROY
You think I want this case?

FINK
You didn't have to show on
Inspector Wells crime scene and
make a big show of it. But it's
what you chose to do.

Roy walks to his usual spot by the window.

FINK (CONT'D)
It's not enough for you to simply
catch your killer.
(MORE)

FINK (CONT'D)

You have to win. And you have to shove that win down everyone's throat.

ROY

I don't know, Doc. Sounds like the actions of a very bitter person.

FINK

That's right. Because, in your mind, you made the sacrifices the others haven't. You gave your life. Lost your wife and child because of it.

ROY

Watch your mouth about my family.

FINK

You even took three bullets for your troubles. In your mind, you have to be the best. It's what I've been talking about this whole time. It's a never ending battle between you and you.

Roy laughs and drags his cigarette. He gawks out at THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

FINK (CONT'D)

Just like that cigarette. There's a sign on my door that says no smoking. First thing you do is light up.

ROY

Okay, Doc. You got me pegged. What about you?

FINK

What about me, Roy?

ROY

Let's talk about this picture for one. Mister basketball star. State champion.

Roy shows the picture to Fink.

ROY (CONT'D)

You got this picture pointed straight at me since I started coming in here. I bet you dust it three or four times a day.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Probably moves around the room with every patient too.

Roy sets the picture back in its spot, now facing Fink himself. He looks annoyed.

ROY (CONT'D)

You want everybody to know what a big shot you are. How you're in charge and we're the helpless little head case that can't win the big game without you.

FINK

I'm not saying there isn't any truth to that, Roy. Maybe there is. But I'm not here to debate that with you. Or to let personal feelings get in the way of my job. I'm here to help you. Because I'm just a lonely civil servant just like the rest of us. Just like you.

ROY

Yeah, yeah. And I should learn to do the same and learn my place in the world. Something like that?

FINK

You said it, Roy. Not me.

Roy has a good laugh.

ROY

What else are you selling, Doc?

FINK

It depends. On whether you're willing to put down your guard and listen. To make some real changes in your life. And to finally forgive yourself for what happened in that alley.

Roy gives up and slumps down on the couch.

FINK (CONT'D)

You're a good cop, Roy. I don't think anyone debates that. I think the only one who still needs convincing is you.

EXT. POLICE SAFE HOUSE - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

A four door police issue sedan slowly cruises a gravel path cut through a forest of towering California firs.

They come upon a quaint log cabin surrounded by the running waters of a peaceful creek.

A children's swing set outside. A UNIFORM COP rocks MISSY GRAVELL (6), Lauren's daughter, back and forth. He gives a quick nod to --

CAPTAIN MULDOON AND WELLS

-- who step from the car and head for the door.

INT. POLICE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lauren sits on the couch, picking nervously at her heavily damaged fingernails while --

Captain Muldoon hovers over her. Wells also stands, arms crossed, out of patience, clearly upset with Lauren.

Captain Muldoon drops A PHOTO OF LAUREN AND HUSBAND ROBERT "BOBBY" PARIS on the coffee table.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

That picture look familiar to you?
We took it from the admit desk at
the hospital.

Lauren won't stare at it. Stubborn.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

I'll give you a hint. It's your ex
husband. Bobby Paris. I got a
restaurant full of eyewitnesses who
just fingered him as the same man
who shot Roy Carson in the chest at
point blank range.

Lauren stays strangely quiet.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought. You
lied to us, Lauren. Not only did
you know Stephanie Silva, you knew
her all too well.

Lauren checks with Wells who looks equally disappointed.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

I got bad news for you. She's still alive.

Lauren shoots a look at Captain Muldoon, shocked by this unexpected news.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

She had a real interesting story to tell us about your husband. Turns out he brought her to the ER the night you signed her off as a deceased.

Lauren stares down, at the table before her. Embarrassed. Captain Muldoon bends down, as if to insist on her undivided attention.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

You sneak her out the back door before Bobby can get a sniff of what's going on. Got her a room at the Holiday Inn. A couple days later you're co signing a lease on an apartment.

Wells notices an anger building inside of Lauren. Her eyes and lips tense as if she's fighting the urge to explode all over the pestering cops.

WELLS

She was fucking your husband. Wasn't she?

Lauren snickers at Wells.

LAUREN

Real smart, cop. Good for you.

WELLS

October Eleventh, Nineteen Ninety Four. The date on the back of your picture. It's Stephanie's birthday. You knew it the second you laid eyes on it.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Internal Affairs said Silva was Bobby's C.I. She had been working with him for months while he was assigned to Youth Crimes. You're telling me she was more than that?

LAUREN

He could've killed her, ya know?
He would have eventually.

WELLS

Who?

LAUREN

Bobby. Oh, she thought he was her savior but believe me. Bobby was no saint. He wasn't the night in shining armor he paraded himself to be. He kept those girls good and doped up as long as they gave him the right names.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Silva wasn't the only one, was she?
How many others was he popping?

LAUREN

Boy, you just jump right to the point, don't you?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Damn right. He's killing people.
As it turns out for a really long time now.

WELLS

Seven years ago he was assigned to a special Youth Crimes Division, cracking down on drugs and prostitution. He dealt with a lot of young girls, just like Stephanie Silva. Five years ago, they start disappearing. One at a time.

LAUREN

You have to understand. I didn't know anything about that.

Captain Muldoon starts dropping case files in front of Lauren. One file at a time. Eight by ten glossies of black and blue faces, bruised stomachs and backs.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Take a good look. Your husband's handy work.

Lauren fidgets with her nails, ignoring the pictures, reaches for a half empty bottle of scotch.

Captain Muldoon forcefully grabs it and slams it back down on the table, just out of reach.

LAUREN

I was trying to save my marriage.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Bullshit. You knew that girl's life was in danger. Because these girls had been coming into the ER for years. You're gonna sit there and tell me none of them ever mentioned your husband's name?

LAUREN

No. They couldn't. They were too scared. None of them ever talk.

(to both)

That's how it works. It's about control. He controlled them.

WELLS

But you knew. Somehow.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

(to Wells)

Of course she knew. She was married to him. Probably helped him get rid of the evidence.

LAUREN

You don't know shit about me!

WELLS

These girls talked to you. They told you things. About what he was doing. Give us that much.

LAUREN

It started a couple years into his new promotion. Heading up this special Youth Crimes task force.

Lauren stares at the bottle of scotch, and then up at Captain Muldoon. She motions to the bottle.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

If we're doing this, I'm gonna need a drink. Do you mind?

Captain Muldoon nods to the bottle.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Go ahead.

Lauren pours herself a tall one. Takes a more than generous gulp.

LAUREN

Part of the job was him working with local shelters, rehab centers. Helping girls get clean in exchange for information.

WELLS

Turning them into informants.

LAUREN

All the sudden, he had this special hold over all these girls. He became like a father figure to a lot of them. His phone rang constantly. Can you get me out of this jam. Get me out of that jam. They took over his life.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Get to the point.

LAUREN

For years, he watched these girls come in and out of rehab only to turn around and go back to the streets. Back to their pimp. To drugs. It was like they were using him. Sucking the life out of him until nothing was left.

WELLS

Is that why he started hurting them? For revenge?

LAUREN

Stephanie Silva almost died on the table. But she didn't. She had a second chance. I'm guessing she had quite the Come To God moment because she told me about these things this cop had been doing to her. Kinky things. Not just to her. But to a lot of other girls.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

A cop?

Captain Muldoon backs off, stares over at Wells as the two share a quiet exchange.

LAUREN

Anyways, Silva said he would make her take off her clothes. Degraded her. Made her pose like an animal while he did these things to her. She even mentioned this mask he would wear. A real creepy red mask like the Devil himself.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

A Red Phantom.

LAUREN

(losing patience)

If I had proof my husband was killing people I would've come to you a long time ago.

WELLS

You're telling us Stephanie Silva never once mentioned Bobby's name?

LAUREN

No. But you don't have to be Columbo to figure out who she meant. I mean, who else could it be?

EXT. ROBERT PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Peltz, dressed in a meter maid's outfit, strolls the sidewalk in front of the apartment complex. He pretends to be checking meters while actually talking with Carter on a secret line.

CARTER (V.O.)

What's the story, Mickey?

PELTZ

(into a mic)

Checked every plate in a two block radius. No Paris.

EXT. STREET CURB - NIGHT

Carter behind the wheel of an unmarked car. He holds a black walkie to his mouth and watches the apartment building from down the street.

CARTER

How are we looking upstairs?

EXT. STRIP MALL - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Another PLAIN CLOTHES COP dressed as a kitchen worker with a white apron tied to his waist watches the second story of Paris's apartment building.

Bobby Paris's apartment door visible at the end of the long hallway. His neighbors, a YOUNG COUPLE, smoke a couple blunts and hang on a balcony railing.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP
(into mic)
So far no movement on the apartment. But all the sudden, I got the munchies.

CARTER (V.O.)
Just keep your eyes open and try not to get made.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Another KITCHEN WORKER exits the rear door of this restaurant and dumps some trash into a green dumpster.

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

Wells once again stands before her WALL OF MISSING GIRLS looking deeply focused and completely involved.

The dates of these reports are written out on POST-IT NOTES stuck just above each girl's image. All listed in order of disappearance.

A disturbed look in Wells eyes suggest that something is seriously amiss.

Captain Muldoon ducks in with an unorganized stack of opened mail and scattered paperwork.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
I got Bobby Paris's whole life in my hand. Credit card statements. Where he banks, shops, eats, drinks, buys his groceries. Every phone call he's made in the last month and everyone he's talked to. All of them under twenty four hour watch as of thirty minutes ago.

Wells couldn't care less. Her eyes never leave the board. Captain Muldoon grins, moves closer to her. Tries to grab her attention.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

I got Carter and Peltz on Paris's apartment with SWAT on standby. So far, no movement. In case you were wondering. Or cared at all. What's up with you?

WELLS

Who the hell tampered with the board?

Captain Muldoon takes a quick look, not following.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Why are you still staring at the board? I got a dozen men in the field waiting to grab this asshole and you're in here playing Jodie Foster.

WELLS

There's twenty two images here. That's five faces missing from the board since yesterday afternoon. Now, for the last time. Where the hell are they?

INT. CORNER BAR - NIGHT

Craig leans his crutch against the bar as he downs his third shot of bourbon. A glass of beer also before him.

He looks to the door just as Wells comes storming in, all worked up and none too pleased.

The room full of drunken, off duty cops shoot Wells a quiet but deadly stare. None impressed and all up to speed on her and Craig's controversial history.

Craig greets her with a smile, pulls out a stool for her.

CRAIG

Well, well. I was wondering when you were gonna call me for a drink.

Wells just gawks back at him with a knowing look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Why don't you sit down? You're making me nervous.

WELLS

Okay, Dennis. No more games. Who called IAD to the old station house that night? It sure as hell wasn't me.

CRAIG

What? No hello, old partner? Not even a hug between old friends?

WELLS

Cut the crap. We find a wall full of missing girls and IA comes running. Now I got a wall full of girls with five faces missing. Tell me IA didn't request those files.

Craig has a good laugh. Wells doesn't follow.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny, Craig?

CRAIG

Frankly, partner, I'm shocked you're just now figuring this whole thing out. Maybe they were right about you. You're not quite ready for primetime.

WELLS

I told you to cut the shit. I need to know what Internal Affairs has on Carson and I need to know now.

Craig downs another shot. Nods to the BARTENDER who sets him up with another.

CRAIG

Okay, partner. Looks like Carson's officially in the clear. I guess there's no harm in telling you now.

The Bartender greets Wells.

BARTENDER

How goes it, Inspector? The usual.

WELLS

Bourbon. Neat. Make it a double.

BARTENDER

You got it.

He sets her up.

CRAIG

A few months back, Carson was working a homicide. Dead hooker. Young, fresh to the streets just like all those other faces on the board. This girl was busted on a possession charge with intent. Bonded out and was killed within an hour of making bail.

WELLS

Killed how?

CRAIG

A strangulation. Anyways, Carson comes along and requests her case. Claimed a cop had her killed. Not just any cop. A cop who was running a whole string of prostitutes.

WELLS

Paris.

CRAIG

And I'm not talking the usual crowd. All fresh pickings from the local shelters. All young, hungry and desperate for cash.

WELLS

Just like Gravell described.

CRAIG

Now, how Carson deducted a cop was involved based on the evidence was a mystery to everybody. That is, up until IA was sent an anonymous video of Carson and one Carrie Mitchell in a motel doing some very unnatural things.

WELLS

Mitchell.

CRAIG

Next thing I know, a whole string of girls are coming in, one at a time, all giving the same statement about Roy Carson.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

An abusive cop who gets his kicks beating the shit out of young girls.

WELLS

The five missing girls on the wall.

CRAIG

That's right. All I know is IAD got a call from downtown. My official instructions were no one outside the building can know about those five girls or the allegations against Carson.

WELLS

Of course. Carson was a hero. The cop who couldn't die.

CRAIG

The way I figure it, Paris was this cop Carson was talking about. He was running the whole operation. Catching johns with their tricks in exchange for some quick blackmail money.

WELLS

That's why Carson requested that girl's case. He knew Paris had her killed.

Wells downs half her double bourbon.

CRAIG

Carson tells Carrie Mitchell what Paris did to her friend. With a littler encouraging, he convinces her to come forward. Before she can do that...

WELLS

He cuts Mitchell into little pieces and tosses her into The Bay.

CRAIG

Carson finds out where Bobby Paris is holding up and goes there that night to kill him.

WELLS

Carson's been lying to me. He knew Paris was Red Phantom this whole time.

EXT. CITY HALL - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A full scale press conference. Chief Hayes, Captain Muldoon and a crew of sharply dressed CITY OFFICIALS stand before a mob of cameras and FLASH BULBS.

A FEMALE REPORTER nudges her way to the front of the crowd.

FEMALE REPORTER

Chief Hayes. Just three days ago, the people of San Francisco were led to believe Nick Beyers was responsible for the Red Phantom murders. Now, in light of Robert Paris being named a prime suspect, will you officially go on record that the San Francisco Police Department shot and killed an innocent man?

CHIEF HAYES

Nicholas Beyers was the last person seen with Traci Voss before her death. This was also the same man who threatened a room full of police officers at gunpoint. Including Inspector Wells who had a gun pointed in her face. We were not taking any chances as far as Mister Beyers was concerned.

The crowd erupts with deafening chatter. Chief Hayes points to a second MALE REPORTER.

MALE REPORTER

Chief Hayes. Are you honestly suggesting that both Nick Beyers and Robert Paris have played an involvement in The Red Phantom Killings?

Chief Hayes clears his throat. Thrown off his game. Captain Muldoon notices.

CHIEF HAYES

We are not suggesting Nick Beyers was involved, nor are we excluding his involvement in these crimes.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A television resumes the city hall conference already in progress. Chief Hayes at the podium.

CHIEF HAYES

Despite premature reports suggesting that Robert Paris is in fact The Red Phantom, let me be crystal clear. This is still very much an ongoing investigation. Excuse me.

Chief Hayes exits stage left.

The crowd once again erupts as hands are raised and FLASH BULBS explode like a fireworks display.

Roy stands before his television with remote control in hand. He shuts it down. An emotionless, blank expression on his face as he walks to a dining room chair.

His shoulder holster hung on the back. He pulls his FORTY FIVE and empties the magazine.

A full clip of shells. A deadpan but serious look in his eye as he loads it back in the weapon.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chief Hayes paces back and forth in a nervous frenzy before MAYOR HAL JENNINGS (60s), stuffy suit, stoic, no nonsense.

MAYOR JENNINGS

Just what in the hell was that all about? I thought you two had this under wraps.

Resting comfortably in a leather chair is COMMISSIONER JOE FRANCIS (50s), African American, tough as nails and proper looking in a tailored policeman's uniform with what looks to be a dozen medals of commendation.

Through the door struts Wells. Captain Muldoon closes the door behind her. The two share a quick look without going noticed by the rest of the room.

MAYOR JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells. Maybe you can bring us up to speed. Chief Hayes was just explaining how you organized this press conference without his authorization.

Wells looks to Captain Muldoon for help. He is strangely quiet and passive.

CHIEF HAYES

Don't look at him. Look at me.
You give the press Bobby Paris
without clearing it with us? What
the hell were you thinking?

WELLS

I don't know, sir. I was thinking
this is a capital murder
investigation and we needed to get
Paris's mug on the news.

MAYOR JENNINGS

Excuse me, Inspector. But all we
have on Robert Paris is a statement
from his estranged ex wife. Is
this correct?

WELLS

We have a helluva lot more on Paris
than just a statement, sir.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah, well, we don't see it that
way. Tell you what I see. I see
a cop with a distinguished record
who, given his job description,
just so happened to cross paths
with these girls. That's it.
Nothing more.

WELLS

You mean like Roy Carson?

Mayor Jennings, Commissioner Francis and Captain Muldoon all
perk up at the mere mention of Carson's name. All but Chief
Hayes who looks more insulted than anything.

CHIEF HAYES

Excuse me?

WELLS

Why don't we talk about what this
is really about. You knew Carson's
history with those girls would go
public. That's why you had
Internal Affairs pull their files.
After all, you can't have the
department's new golden boy get
named as the prime suspect in a
serial murder case.

MAYOR JENNINGS
 (to Chief Hayes)
 What's she talking about?

CHIEF HAYES
 I don't think I like your tone.

WELLS
 I was handpicked to run this investigation. They figured with my spotty record and almost getting my partner killed, I'd jump at the chance to head up their task force. They figured I'd be that much easier to manipulate.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
 Take it easy, Wells.

CHIEF HAYES
 If I were you, I'd think real hard about my next words.

COMMISSIONER FRANCIS
 (to Chief Hayes)
 Let her finish.

Captain Muldoon grins and throws Chief Hayes a smartass look.

Wells grows confident and steps closer to Chief Hayes who looks to be feeling the weight of the room.

WELLS
 I got some bad news for you, Chief. I'm bringing in Bobby Paris. Alive. When I'm done, I'm personally gonna look into who ordered the trigger on Nick Beyers.

Chief Hayes checks with the others. All eyes are on him.

WELLS (CONT'D)
 You better pray your name doesn't get mentioned. Because if it does, I'll go to the press with a front page story naming you as the man who arranged the framing of an innocent man.

CHIEF HAYES
 You're crazy, Wells. You know that. You've lost it.
 (MORE)

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

And you're officially off this case
and on suspension. I want your gun
and your star. Right now.

Wells just grins back at Chief Hayes. A silent staring
contest ensues.

WELLS

(to Captain Muldoon)

Captain. Are you gonna back me up
or what?

They all turn to Captain Muldoon. Waiting. He looks at
Wells, still unsure.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

You heard The Chief, Inspector.
Your gun and badge.

Wells laughs quietly. Shakes her head. She pulls her gun
and badge, walks them to Mayor Jennings desk.

WELLS

(to Mayor Jennings)

Tell you what. You keep those. I
won't be needing them anymore.

Wells heads for the door. Captain Muldoon attempts to grab
her arm, but she nudges him away.

EXT. STREET CURB - CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter sits behind the wheel. Peltz next to him, still in
his meter maid get up. He grows more and more impatient
as the two quietly watch the apartment building.

PELTZ

How much more of this sitting
around are we gonna do? He could
be on his couch eating fritos and
watching Hell's Kitchen.

CARTER

Not until the short lady sings,
Mickey. Sit tight.

PELTZ

Speaking of Wells. Where is she?
I thought this was her show.

CARTER

Relax, man. She'll be here. Just
be cool.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

If he's inside, he's gotta come out sometime. We'll grab his ass then.

PELTZ

Yeah. And he'll smell every cop in a two block radius of his building.

CARTER

It's not your call, Peltz. Leave it alone.

Peltz fidgets in his seat, unable to sit still.

PELTZ

Call the landlord.

Peltz dips out of the car, races across the busy intersection toward the building.

CARTER

Shit.

(into walkie)

Mickey's flown the coop. Everybody be cool and await my signal.

EXT. ROBERT PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Peltz barely dodges the back and forth traffic of a busy four way intersection. He races up the sidewalk and approaches the front door of the building.

The LANDLORD stands waiting on the other side. He cracks open the door as Peltz ducks in.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Peltz and THE LANDLORD head for the very end of this long hallway and stop just outside the last door.

Peltz nods to the PLAIN CLOTHES COP outside the restaurant.

LANDLORD

The lock's busted.

Peltz notices the door frame has been splintered. Broken into. He draws his weapon. Quietly cues the landlord to back off and head for the stairs. He does.

Peltz pushes open the door, rushes inside --

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The entire place has been ransacked. Furniture flipped over and couch cushions torn apart with a blade. A real mess.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Wells stands at her desk, clearing her valuables and loading them into a cardboard box while her colleagues and fellow officers watch on. Some of them happy, others surprisingly sad for her unexpected departure.

Captain Muldoon ducks in. The squad room all return to their business. All eyes down. On phones, doing paperwork.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

If you're trying to make a point, I think you've made it.

Captain Muldoon rests his butt on Wells desk. She stops what she's doing, hands on her hips while she rests.

WELLS

You're right. Maybe I should stay until I completely lose my mind like Roy Carson. Or Bobby Paris for that matter.

Wells loads some more junk into her cardboard carrying case.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah. Both good cops who completely lost their shit. That's because they went numb. They lost faith. You don't have to be like them.

WELLS

Yeah? How do you know?

Captain Muldoon keeps quiet a second or two while Wells finishes loading her valuables. He finally breaks the silence.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

I just got a call from Carter and Peltz. Looks like Paris had himself a visitor tonight.

WELLS

What're you talking about?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Someone broke into his place.
Kicked the door in. Flipped it
completely inside out. Like
someone was looking for something.

Wells looks perplexed.

CAPTAIN MULDOON (CONT'D)

I was gonna send you over to
Carson's apartment. See what he
has to say for himself but I guess
you're a little too busy quitting.

WELLS

They already check Paris's computer
files?

CAPTAIN MULDOON

They would have. If they found a
computer. Whoever busted in there
took it with him.

Wells just stares back at Captain Muldoon as she shoots her a
dumb grin, awaiting her decision. She stares down at her
cardboard box, unsure.

WELLS

I'll call Carson.

Wells reaches for her phone. Captain Muldoon smiles.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Hey, Inspector. Welcome back.

Captain Muldoon goes about his business and heads out.

Wells dials Roy's number and waits. She stares down at
images of young women and other open case files.

The three photos from Nick Beyer's apartment: Angela Cowell,
Carrie Mitchell and Lauren Gravell, all stare up at Wells as
she awaits Roy on the other line.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a completely empty and pitch dark apartment, Roy's HOUSE
PHONE RINGS, over and over with no answer.

His dog steps out from the bedroom, barks up at the phone
ringing incessantly on the dining room table.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Wells keeps the phone to her ear. Losing patience.

Another couple of rings and she gives up. She stares down at Lauren Gravell's picture. She is standing before a red brick building of some sort.

INT. CAPTAIN MULDOON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wells chases in the office just as Captain Muldoon pours himself a fresh cup of coffee.

WELLS

I like killing. It's as easy as one-two-three. Phantom all but told us the answer was in one of these three images.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah. He's told us a lot of things. So what?

WELLS

Look at the pictures.

Wells hands him the three photos.

WELLS (CONT'D)

With Carrie Mitchell, it was the telescope. With Angela Cowell, she's standing in front of a police car.

Captain Muldoon still not following.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Can't you see, with each picture Phantom's left us a clue. One more step to finding him.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

The Gravell woman already identified herself. So what does any of this matter now?

WELLS

Look at Gravell's photo. Where it was taken. Any of that look familiar to you?

Captain Muldoon stares at it a sec. He shakes his head.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The Cable Car Pizza Shop. It's on Dewey. It sits right on the alley where Roy Carson was shot and left for dead.

Captain Muldoon takes a more careful look at the photo.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You see the Now Leasing sign in the upstairs window?

Captain Muldoon gives it another look. He spots a woman in the second story window removing a large WHITE SIGN.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Yeah. Someone's taking it down.

WELLS

You said Gravell co signed on an apartment for Stephanie Silva. Only she gets spooked and leaves town. Hides out at her sister's house instead. Why did she leave?

The wheels begin to spin in Captain Muldoon's eyes.

CAPTAIN MULDOON

Paris tracked her down.

WELLS

Bastard probably took this picture of his ex wife. The other two pictures are posed. They're smiling. Happy. Now look at Gravell. That surprised look. She didn't know he was there.

Captain Muldoon drops the image on his desk, rubs his sore face, a sick look about him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Any guess on where Bobby Paris is holding up?

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

The bright red brick building just like the one in Lauren Gravell's photograph. A fat cartoon version of the San Francisco CABLE CAR painted on the front window.

A small sign reading CABLE CAR PIZZA hangs just over the front door.

Wells appears out of a dark alley way and stares across the street at the tall fire station turned pizzeria.

INT. CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells follows behind the shop's manager and operator VICKIE (40s), tight jeans, spunky, as she finishes wiping down the counters and booths for the night.

VICKIE

Yeah, he stayed here for awhile.
Right after that girl moved out.
Stephanie.

Vicki nudges Wells shoulder out of her way as she carries a plastic tub of dirty dishes and cups to the kitchen.

WELLS

Stayed here. As in before? But
not now?

Vickie dumps the heavy tub in the open kitchen window.

VICKIE

Skipped out on me. Just like that
Stephanie girl. Keep telling
Joanie enough is enough. What can
I tell you? We keep getting one
winner after the next in here.

WELLS

Have you shown the room to anyone
else since Bobby left? Or has
anyone been upstairs at all?

VICKIE

No. Not that I know of. Not
unless they climbed up the fire
escape and broke in after lock up.

Wells takes a moment. She checks over her shoulder to see if they are indeed alone.

WELLS

Look. If you don't mind, I'd like
to take a look upstairs.

Vicki sighs with exhaustion. She throws up her hands.

VICKIE

Yeah, okay, whatever. Just don't
be all night. I'd like to lock up
and get home.

INT. STAIRWELL - CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells is slow and cautious as she creaks up the old and rickety steps. Her jacket tossed aside, hand on her back up sidearm.

She reaches the top of the stairs, looks down at Vickie at the bottom, watching her, arms crossed.

VICKIE
Everything alright up there?

Wells puts a finger to her mouth, signals Vickie to shut up and back off. She does.

Wells checks the door. It is cracked open a bit. She helps herself inside.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells enters. Flips the light switch on the immediate wall but nothing happens. Still dark.

The room is sparse. Basic. Sitting dead center of the room is a cheap, round dining room table. A laptop computer on top. All lit up.

Wells moves closer, draws her gun. As she moves in on the laptop, she notices a VIDEO PLAYING of Roy and Carrie -- sitting across from each other at The Blue Moon Diner. Recorded by someone on the sidewalk.

WELLS
Oh my God.

The video then cuts to footage of Roy and Carrie in a cheap motel room. He places a stocking over her face and forces her to her knees.

WELLS (CONT'D)
Carson.

Roy is angry, forceful. His eyes full of pent up rage and sexual tension.

ROY
(to Carrie)
Take it out.

Carrie unbuttons his fly.

WELLS
Good God.

The video cuts to footage of Roy and Stephanie Silva in the same motel room. He strikes her across the mouth as she tumbles face first to the mattress.

Roy pulls WHITE CLOTHESLINE from his back pocket, grabs and holds Steph's wrists together as he ties her up. He then pulls a RED DEVIL MASK over his face.

Just as Steph SCREAMS OUT and faces the camera...

Wells hits pause. Steph's face frozen on the laptop.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Silva.

Before she can blink...

A ROCK is THROWN THROUGH the FIRE ESCAPE WINDOW.

Wells spins in a circle, gun aimed and ready. She spots her own reflection in a hallway mirror.

POW-POW-POW!

Three shots SHATTER the long, full body mirror as AN ACTUAL BODY crashes through the shards.

Hits the floor. Face first. It's the dead body of ROBERT PARIS. Hands and feet tied with white clothesline. His mouth taped.

Three bullets in his gut and chest as BLOOD spills all over the cheap rug under him.

Wells moves in on the body, observes the familiar face of Bobby Paris and the three slugs she just put in him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Please.

Wells checks his pulse. Dead. She breaks down in tears. The PHONE RINGS.

She manages to get to her feet. Spots the RINGING PHONE just behind the laptop.

She races over, answers:

WELLS (CONT'D)

Hello?

No answer. And then a hang up. Wells also hangs up as she stares over at the broken window and fire escape.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Wells exits the pizzeria, walks around the building and into the alley next door. A very familiar looking alley with a tall fire escape and old red brick.

She is slow and extra cautious. The other end stretches into an infinite darkness. Almost pitch black.

As she strolls the alley, old conversations come back to haunt her.

WELLS (V.O.)
 Why make the second trip to Twin
 Peaks to dump the body?

INTERCUT WITH:

NICK BEYERS BEDROOM

Roy and Wells stand over the scene of Carrie Sutter's brutal demise. The floor stained pink with blood.

ROY
 It's part of the game. Games are
 only fun if you have an opponent
 equal to the challenge.

Back to scene. Wells continues up the alley.

WELLS (V.O.)
 I don't know, Carson. It feels
 like we're just chasing our own
 tales on this one.

INTERCUT WITH:

GRAB BAG LIQUORS

Roy and Wells outside. Roy leans on the wall.

ROY
 I think we were just looking in the
 wrong place.

Roy points to THE BLUE MOON DINER across the street.

INTERCUT WITH:

BLUE MOON DINER

Captain Muldoon and Wells by the door. Red and Blue lights flashing behind them.

CAPTAIN MULDOON
He's been one step ahead of us this
whole time.

INTERCUT WITH:

Back to scene. Wells moves into the darkness, toward the far
end of the alley.

INTERCUT WITH:

POLICE SAFE HOUSE

Lauren on the couch, talking to Captain Muldoon and Wells.

LAUREN
She told me about these things this
cop had been doing to her. Kinky
things. Not just to her. But to a
lot of other girls.

INTERCUT WITH:

OLD PRECINCT HOUSE

Wells and Craig on the sidewalk.

CRAIG
They got him going to meetings for
sex fiends like some kind of freak
show.

INTERCUT WITH:

GLORIA'S HOUSE - REAR DECK

Gloria and Wells discuss Carrie's life.

GLORIA
Can't tell you how many meetings I
took her to. Rehab clinics.
Sexual compulsives.

WHITE FLASH TO:

SEXUAL COMPULSIVES ANONYMOUS MEETING

Carrie sits in a tight circle across from Roy. About eight
other people there. Some of them with coffees and pastries.

GLORIA (V.O.)
 Seems the more she was using, the
 more she'd lay down with anyone who
 gave her the time of day.

Roy catches eyes with Carrie who smiles at him ever so
 slightly but also seductively.

WHITE FLASH TO:

MOTEL ROOM

Roy and Carrie in bed. He sticks a needle in her arm as she
 juices up. He stands, begins to unbutton his pants while she
 gets her fix.

Roy covers his face with THE RED DEVIL MASK.

WHITE FLASH TO:

Back to scene. Wells sees someone moving up the alley toward
 her. A tall and faceless figure, taking his time.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 It's about control. He controlled
 them. None of them ever talked.

Wells hears the CRUNCH OF BOOTS stepping on random trash as
 the figure moves closer and closer.

WELLS
 (to Roy)
 Chief was right. Paris was a good
 cop. Good enough to know a bad cop
 when he sees one.

The faceless figure stops. The outline of this man looks
 suspiciously like Roy Carson.

ROY
 That's right. He turned them all
 against me. One by one. Starting
 with Carrie. Took me awhile to
 catch on.

Roy moves closer into the light but still in the shadows,
 still unrecognizable.

ROY (CONT'D)
 Then I saw him one night at The
 Blue Moon. Watching us from
 outside. Staring down at us.

INTERCUT WITH:

BLUE MOON DINER

Roy and Carrie in the corner booth. Angela Cowell's police memorial hangs just over them.

Roy looks up and spots a carefully disguised BOBBY PARIS watching them from the sidewalk.

ROY (V.O.)

We went there sometimes after the meetings. That's where she told me what happened to her mother across the street.

Back to scene. Roy now steps into the light. A dim light but enough to recognize his face.

ROY

Being just as vulnerable as she could be. Even shedding the occasional tear. Meantime, he was watching. With her pretending not to notice and all the while the two of them plotting against me.

Roy moves uncomfortably close to Wells. She backs up a bit. Hand on her sidearm.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm running around, hurting all those girls. Between Paris and Mitchell, they could've stopped it. Instead, they recorded all of it. Bobby Paris never cared about those girls. Just like me, he was an opportunist. No better. No worse. Some may even say he got what he deserved.

WELLS

You didn't come here to meet Paris. You were gonna kill Stephanie Silva before she could talk. She was the last one. Only Paris was waiting on you. He knew you'd find her.

ROY

Congrats, Wells. You cracked the big case. Just like I knew you would. Some might call that a coincidence. Others might call it fate. Like taking three bullets from Robert Paris and not dying.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Or a bullet jamming in some black kid's gun when he's got you dead bang. You see, me and you are the same, Jamie.

WELLS

Hell are you saying?

ROY

We both looked death in the eye and won. For all intents and purposes you should be dead. But you're alive. Your life was spared. Some might say it's for a reason.

Roy moves closer and closer. His face more visible than ever as light from a single bulb strikes his face.

ROY (CONT'D)

Tell me something. You ever sit up at night thinking about that day? Does it eat at you, every second of every day until you feel your head's gonna explode?

WELLS

Stay back.

ROY

Every day you ask yourself...why am I alive?

(beat)

Tell me, Jamie. You think if it happened again, you'd be just as lucky?

Wells grips the handle of her gun tightly, ready to pull it and draw down on Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Here we are. Back where it all started. Under God. It's a nice night. As good as any to die.

WELLS

That's far enough, Roy.

Roy reaches into the back of his trousers, ready to pull his gun on Wells.

ROY

Tell me. Which one of us do you think would walk out of here this time?

WELLS

Nobody's dying tonight, Roy. Let's just take it easy and talk this over.

ROY

Not this time, Jamie. It's how it's gotta be.

Roy throws down on Wells but is too late. She's already drawn and put one dead between his eyes.

He collapses face first to the filth ridden alley.

Wells can hardly believe it. Her hands not shaking at all this time. Stiff as a board. She moves in on him.

She flips him over. His dead eyes still wide open and a single shot blown into his forehead.

Wells slowly holsters her weapon. Her hand steady and smooth. A single tear in her eye.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Fink flips through crime scene photos of the murders as well as the polaroid images of the missing women.

FINK

He sat here for weeks telling me about his dreams. Of the faceless man who tried to kill him. His every thought and every action controlled by his thirst for revenge. Going so far as to frame Robert Paris for the Red Phantom murders. RP.

Wells nods to the crime scene photos.

WELLS

And what about that?

FINK

Well. From first glance, I'd say Roy Carson was a sexual sadist with some deep seeded maternal issues, possibly paternal. Both physically and mentally abused I'd imagine.

WELLS

I'd call that a safe bet.

FINK

He chose a female to play his adversary, or in your case, his partner in crime. Watching you fumble about the investigation while he keeps the upper hand. Controlling your every move.

Fink removes his reading glasses, sets them and his papers on his desk.

FINK (CONT'D)

But there was a part of him that's remorseful. For what he did to these women. So remorseful in fact that he's being plagued with dreams about them.

Wells takes Roy's spot at the window, stares out at The Golden Gate Bridge behind the shrubbery.

FINK (CONT'D)

In Roy's mind, there's a part of him that believes he deserved to die in that alley. The other side of him, the controlling, manipulative side, saw an opportunity to replay the night he was shot. To finally silence that part of him that still felt empathy and remorse for the women he killed.

WELLS

Sounds to me like he was just plain crazy, Doc.

FINK

It's easy to make such cheap generalizations about people, Inspector Wells. Sometimes people are a lot more complicated. Like you, for example.

WELLS

What do you mean?

FINK

Can't help but notice you forgot to call for backup the night you shot Roy. That have something to do with the young man who pulled a gun on you last year?

WELLS

You think I secretly wanted to kill Roy? A high noon showdown like the OK Corral?

FINK

I think Roy chose you for a reason. He wanted to know if you were faced with a life or death situation again, how you would handle yourself. He was testing not only his own fate but yours.

WELLS

I don't believe in fate.

FINK

Really? You ever stop to think that maybe you lived through that day to find and capture Roy Carson? A lot of people do. How do you feel about that?

Wells thinks this over as she once again gawks out the window at The Golden Gate Bridge.

WELLS

I don't know how I feel about it. Lucky, maybe. Happy to be alive.

FINK

Any regrets?

WELLS

How so?

FINK

I sense a restlessness in you, Inspector. That same look in your eye Roy Carson had when he first came in here.

Wells stalls. She finally faces Fink.

WELLS

I've been having this dream. Since the night I shot Roy.

FINK

Go on.

WELLS

I thought I'd finally put that day behind me but I guess shooting Roy triggered something in my mind I wasn't completely threw with.

FINK

Tell me about it.

WELLS

There I was. Back at that kid's apartment doorstep. Everything plays out just like it did before. My partner's knocking on the door. And here comes Jimmy Sparks walking up the sidewalk. We catch eyes. He reaches for his piece and I know it's him or me because I've already been through this once before...

Wells finds it difficult to continue. She finds the strength.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Only this time, I pull my gun first and he gets nervous and drops his piece on the sidewalk. And his hands are shaking... just like mine were the day it happened. And he's crying, begging. Don't shoot, don't shoot...

FINK

And? Then what happened?

Wells wipes her tears and stares blankly at Fink. As if the words are better left unspoken.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS PISTOL RANGE - NIGHT

Wells aims at a down range paper target and pops out THREE PERFECTLY GROUPED HEAD SHOTS.

She ejects a clip, and with lightning speed, reloads another. Her eyes focused and unflinching as she unloads FIVE MORE SHOTS into the paper target's head space.

Wells takes a moment. A sadness about her. About to lower her weapon. She then refocuses, gun gripped tightly. Another FOUR SHOTS into the target --

CUT TO BLACK.

