

**SIMPLIFIED**

An original screenplay by

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Black screen, we can see nothing but we can hear music playing, it is somewhat muffled, the tempo and beat pound away, lyrics become more understandable.

Suddenly from within the darkness what sounds like a door swings open, it crashes against the wall, for a brief second a large blast of music comes hurdling into the room, the once eerily quiet room is now filled with booming music and loud drunken and somewhat delirious voices.

The door slams shut again, the sound of high heels clicking on the floor can be heard, a sweet girly giggle echoes throughout the room, the door swings open again, it's quickly closed.

A new sound arrives in the room, the dense sound of boots bang across the floor, they become ever louder as they enter further into the room.

The girlish laugh is heard again as the person clip clops across the room.

A squeaky door being opened vibrates through the room; the laugh is heard again at the same time as the heavy boots which can be heard heading in the same direction as the girlish voice.

Both pairs of shoes can be heard in unison, the shoes become louder as they seem to be stepping over a steel surface.

The squeaky door slams shut.

FADE IN:

We slowly see a hazy image of what seems to be a run down bathroom, it can be seen in it's full glory now.  
We see posters, they advertise safe sex products, cigarette brands and upcoming nightclub events.

Two people are now visible but only from thigh height.

A pair of slim, lean and shaven legs of a WOMAN wearing red high heels and the other is a MAN, he wears a pair of beige chinos with brown deer hunting boots.  
They sit in a beat up green toilet cubicle.

The Woman sits down on the toilet seat; a short jean skirt falls to the floor, another girly squeal, the Man thrusts forwards onto the Woman.

His legs move aggressively forwards as he thrusts, orgasmic groans from the Woman start to echo throughout the toilet.  
They gradually increase in volume.  
She lets out an almighty climactic scream.

Blood gushes on to the steel grated floor.

The Woman's hand slides down her leg and hangs motionless.

The Man casually opens the toilet door and walks over to a faucet.

CAMERA CUTS TO FRONT OF THE TOILET CUBICLE.

A young pale faced Woman lays slumped on the toilet, a large slit in her neck.

CUTS BACK TO THE MAN:

He slowly and calmly stands at the faucet.

CAMERA RISES UP.

We see a beige overcoat hanging down, the face of the Man is covered in shadow, on the Man's head is a matching trilby, it hangs forward concealing his face.

The Man reaches into the overcoat; the hand rummages around inside a deep pocket. The Man slowly pulls out a handkerchief, the Man pulls off a pair of circular spectacles. He starts to clean blood off.

The Man is surprisingly cool and collected in his body language, putting his glasses back on, he exits the bathroom.

The Man walks out into a packed room of people dancing and enjoying themselves.

We cannot hear anything.

The Man pushes his way through the crowd of people.

Strobe lights flash and smoke fills the air.

We see a long bar. Drinks sit in a glass cabinet.

A BARMAN pours drinks for people; he stands in a full leather outfit, the only part of his face that can be seen are his stoned red eyes.

The Man sits down, he bangs his fist on the counter.

The Barman approaches him, they stare directly at each other for a few moments; the Man points to the cabinet.

3.

3 CONTINUED:

3

The Barman stares for several seconds, eyes hard and watery, he slowly turns around.

The Man turns and faces the dance floor.

4 INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

4

The majority of people are wearing various leather outfits, tight leather trousers on the men, no shirts on some, others wear chains and some are dressed head to toe in full gimp costumes.

A circle of men enjoy a striptease from a fully leathered woman, breasts hanging out as she provides close up views for the guys, they lean back on red couches watching a man receive fellatio.

The mist penetrates the air in puffs of circular smoke as people smoke from a variety of oddly shaped bongs. Others smoke joints.

A man on all fours is whipped hard by a group of men, he grins while he is lashed.

5 INT. BAR - NIGHT

5

All of a sudden the bang of a glass hitting the bar can be heard, in tune with this the music roars out through the nightclub, hysterical laughs, and orgasmic groans join the heavy metal music.

The Man downs his drink, slams his glass on the table and then stands up.

He pushes his way through the nightclub occupants.

6 EXT. ALLEYWAY - TRACKING

6

The Man steps out into a dark alleyway.

Above we can hear the rumble of traffic from the bridge that covers the dark dank street.

Rain is pouring down, the Man looks up, and begins to walk into the darkness. Leaving an ominous shadow in his wake.

7 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (DAWN)

7

SERIES OF SHOTS - NEW YORK

A) The Statute of Liberty.

B) A busy Times Square.

(CONTINUED)

C) A quiet Central Park.

D) A sleepy suburban area.

A large bed with two people, one male the other female. The male is young, white and has a mop of messy brown hair. The female also young and white, her long brunette hair hangs loose.

A dresser is next to the bed, we can see a picture of the couple, they stand holding hands in a lush green field, he wears a smart looking tuxedo and she wears a beautiful white silk wedding dress.

Another picture beside it, the YOUNG MAN is dressed proudly in a police uniform, he holds a certificate out in front of him.

The next photo frame is next to a black rectangular alarm clock, it depicts the time "five fifty eight". In this picture are two little girls they cling to the Young Man on a park bench.

The alarm clock ticks over to six, it alarms.

The Young Man stirs, he pushes himself up slowly with one hand, shakes his head and then mutes the alarm clock.

He sighs, pushes his hands through his hair and stands up.

Police officers casually move around in a small office area, they talk to each other as they pass, a few sit in walled off cubicles, they type vicariously on keyboards, every now and then jotting information onto note pads.

Larger offices can be seen to the right, important Police officials names etched onto the doors.

A RECEPTIONIST, late teens, sits at a curved table, she has long blond hair which reaches her breasts, a white blouse is done up so enough cleavage can be seen, a black bra is visible, a short purple skirt is on show, her smooth tanned legs are crossed, she applies lipstick.

In walks a man. late forties, he takes off his overcoat and drapes it over his shoulder.

A gold NYPD Police Badge and several medals can be seen pinned to his chest. Underneath the medals is a name badge it reads "DETECTIVE WALTER MADISON".

He walks in and claps his hands together.

The officers pick up speed, he passes through the office looking at their computers, staring intensely at each officer, they sit up straight as he passes them. He heads down a line of desks and approaches an officer.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Lieutenant Ricketts, give me news.

Detective Madison walks away as soon as he finishes his sentence.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS  
Twenty one different incidents of grand theft auto last night.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Times?

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS  
Urm, between the hours of ten p.m. and four a.m.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Proximity?

Lieutenant Ricketts starts to frantically look through the computers police database.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS  
Within a fifty meters radius from the center of town.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Search for each car model, color and contact the downstairs traffic department for license plates on the vehicles.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS  
Sir.

Detective Madison strolls through the office once again pointing out jobs, he looks satisfied.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Give me news on last nights burglary Officer Cahill.

OFFICER CAHILL  
Three Caucasian males, one hostage in critical condition.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Get a detective down there straight away, check the crime scene and security footage. Interview any identifiable witnesses.

The Young Man enters the office. He carries a briefcase in one hand and a coat in the other. He stops and looks with big eyes at the now busy office, he smiles to himself.

He approaches the desk and rests his items on it's surface.

YOUNG MAN

I have been newly assigned, supposed to be meeting Detective Madison.

RECEPTIONIST

He's over there.

She points to the far end of the office, where he can be seen talking to a SUITED GENTLEMEN, who has a bald head, grey roots uproot from his shiny head. They are both smiling and laughing together.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Do not interrupt the asshole, wait by his office.

The Young Man walks away.

She smiles.

CAMERA CUTS TO DETECTIVE MADISON AND THE SUITED GENTLEMEN AT THE FAR END OF THE OFFICE.

Detective Madison claps him on the shoulder.

DETECTIVE MADISON

It's great see you back in town Martin! What you been doing with yourself?

His forehead is sweating a vast amount. Reaching into his pocket he pulls out a handkerchief and dabs at the beads of sweat.

MARTIN (SUITED GENTLEMAN)

You know this and that. How are the guys in forensics?

Detective Madison smiles.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Not sure, don't go there now you  
left.

Martin continues to wipe his face.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Your not well, being back here  
ain't good for 'ya.

MARTIN  
I know Maddie, but it feels like  
home.

Detective Madison turns around, he smiles to himself then  
grabs Martin and pulls him close.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Say, who's the young meat?

MARTIN  
Jeeze, staffs changed a lot since I  
left!

The Receptionist bends over the desk filling pieces of paper  
in, occasionally sucking on the end of the pen suggestively.

An HISPANIC OFFICER, lots of shaggy hair hangs to his  
shoulders, he rushes past carrying a box of photographs, he  
is suddenly grabbed by Detective Madison.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Officer Hernandez, who's the new  
meat?

He points to the Receptionist.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ turns and stares.

The three men stand still watching her every movement.

OFFICER HERNANDEZ  
Dios Mio!

Detective Madison smacks Officer Hernandez across the head.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Speak English man!

OFFICER HERNANDEZ  
I do not know sir.

COMPUTER OFFICER  
She's on placement from school.

He types away at his computer.

Detective Madison shoves Officer Hernandez away.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What's her name?

COMPUTER OFFICER

Sandy, yeah pretty sure she's  
called Sandy.

MARTIN

Gotta dash Maddie.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Yeah sure.

They embrace.

Martin let's go and walks towards the door. He looks back and smiles. He leaves.

Detective Madison turns on the spot, a sombre expression etched on his face.

He takes a deep breath and returns to his more confident self.

Detective Madison turns around to faces the officers, he claps his hands together.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

(authoritatively))

I need all junior police officers  
down at the morgue.

A group of young looking officers congregate at a desk, they are laughing.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Hey fuckwits, I'm talking to you!

The group stops laughing, an officer looks up.

OFFICER

Hey come on chief, it's not our  
turn till a week Tuesday.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Okay Officer Redfield, your fired.

OFFICER REDFIELD

Sorry what?

DETECTIVE MADISON

You heard me your fired.

OFFICER REDFIELD

But Sir...

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Get the fuck out of here!

Officer Redfield is not smiling anymore. He gets to his feet and leaves the office.

Detective Madison heads towards his office. As he approaches the office door we see the Young Man. He waits eagerly outside the office. He offers his hand but as if he were invisible Detective Madison walks straight past him and enters his office.

The Young Man turns and knocks on the door. He waits several moments.

The door opens slightly, Detective Madison sticks his head out.

The Young Man smiles, he attempts to introduce himself but he is cut short.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

Detective Madison attempts to shut the door but the Young Man wedges his foot between the door.

YOUNG MAN  
My name is Officer Wayne Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
So?

He tries to pull the door shut.

OFFICER GIBSON  
I'm your new understudy.

Detective Madison sighs and ushers him in.

We can see a desk, a bookcase and a medal cabinet.

OFFICER GIBSON walks in and stares at Detective Madison's impressive collection of medals.

One of the walls is covered in old newspaper clippings, the usual white crisp color now turns to yellow.

Officer Gibson walks over to the newspaper clippings and begins to read them.

Detective Madison closes the door and walks to his desk.

DETECTIVE MADISON

You Officers get younger and younger by the year, fuck me you look like you should still be in diapers, in my first year I had to tail an officer, doing door to door checks to see if people had ODed, the next three years on traffic patrol, five years on arson, took me fifteen years to get to this position.

You kids dunno how lucky you are.

Officer Gibson continues to read the clippings.

Detective Madison gets up and stands behind him. He clicks his fingers.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Hey, if you're going to be my understudy, you'll fucking listen.

He points to a chair in front of the desk.

Officer Gibson quickly sits down.

Detective Madison slowly sits down.

They stare at each other, an awkward silence filters out through the room.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

(abruptly)

Well!

Officer Gibson is taken a back.

OFFICER GIBSON

Excuse me?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Well!

OFFICER GIBSON

Well what sir?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Fuck you're slow. Tell me about yourself!

OFFICER GIBSON

Well, I am from Kansas, I have a beautiful wife and two little girls. Say, you wanna see 'em?

He reaches into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON  
No.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Okay.

Another awkward moment's silence.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
So what brings you to New York?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Well, it might seem clique but love  
did.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Love?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Yeah we met in college.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Interesting, so you became a cop.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Yeah, I came out top in my class.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What did you major in?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Criminology and Law.

Another awkward silence.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Ask me a question?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sorry?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Ask me a question!

OFFICER GIBSON  
Okay, urm...

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Come on!

OFFICER GIBSON  
Right, okay, that guy you were  
talking to out there, what's wrong  
him?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Who? Martin?

Officer Gibson shrugs.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Martin has cancer.

Officer Gibson face drops.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Cancer?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Yep, riddled.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sorry.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Don't say sorry to me.

Detective Madison pauses.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Poor bastard, but we all have to  
go.

The room falls silent. But it is soon broken, we hear a knock at the door.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Come in.

In walks a tall brunette woman, mid-forties, a gold name badge is pinned to her sweater; it reads "ANNIE PORTER, SECRETARY."

ANNIE  
Hi Detective Madison.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Hi Annie.

She stands nervously.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Annie, are you okay?

ANNIE  
(nervously)  
Detective Grimes, needs you  
straight away...

ANNIE Looks down at a note in her hand, she is scared.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
You need to attend an incident.

13.

10

CONTINUED:

10

The two Police officials rise to their feet however Detective Madison is far more sluggish and reluctant to stand up.

Officer Gibson rushes over and takes the piece of paper off Annie. Annie and Officer Gibson rush out the door.

Detective Madison slowly walks to the door; he flicks the light switch off and closes the door.

11

INT. POLICE OFFICES - DAY

11

Officer Gibson walks out the office, Detective Madison leaves a few moments later.

SANDY watches on. She takes a deep breath, picks up her purse and also heads for the exit.

She passes a stressed out Annie.

ANNIE

Excuse me, where are you going?

Sandy does not bother to look back.

SANDY (RECEPTIONIST)

(bluntly)

Home.

ANNIE

But Jenny isn't here yet.

SANDY

Too bad.

She leaves.

12

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - NIGHT (DUSK)

12

Officer Gibson darts out the police station and into a dark car park, Detective Madison appears several moments later.

There are several squad cars in the car park, we can see officers inside, some are taking a nap, and others wait for commands patiently twiddling their thumbs.

A squad car leaves the car park, two Police officers are inside, they wave to Detective Madison, he salutes.

Detective Madison pulls out a set of keys, a squad car at the far end of the car park lights up.

Officer Gibson runs to the car, his boots clunk on the asphalt, the officer swiftly opens the driver's door and climbs in. He whines down the window and sticks his head out.

(CONTINUED)

14.

12

CONTINUED:

12

OFFICER GIBSON  
Quickly sir!

Detective Madison sighs, he picks up speed, reaching the squad car he climbs inside.

13

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (DUSK)

13

Officer Gibson takes the car keys from Detective Madison and sticks them in the ignition.

The headlights are flicked on. They illuminate the area.

OFFICER GIBSON'S P.O.V- HE CAN SEE AN OFFICER SITTING IN THE SQUAD CAR, ON HIS LAP IS A BRUNETTE WEARING JUST A PAIR OF PANTIES, HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK.

BACK TO SCENE.

Detective Madison smiles and waves at the officer.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Drive, let the officer have some private time.

Officer Gibson looks at his boss; but does as he is told.

14

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (DUSK) - TRAVELLING

14

They drive out the car park.

15

EXT. ROADS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT (DUSK)

15

It's busy on the roads of late evening New York.

Although it is nearly a pitch black sky, the whole environment is bright and vibrant.

The whir of sirens can be heard in the distance suddenly a squad car flies by.

We swoop inside.

16

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (DUSK) - TRAVELLING

16

Officer Gibson veers in and out of traffic. He concentrates on avoiding a collision whilst Detective Madison stares at him, he looks unimpressed.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Come on move.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON

Why ya rushing?

OFFICER GIBSON

Sorry?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Well, the speed you're going at is gonna get us killed.

OFFICER GIBSON

Sir, there's been an incident.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Kid, you've gotta learn something, when they say incident it don't mean get here the fuck right away!

Officer Gibson starts to slow down.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

An incident is used as a nicer way of saying we got some dead stiffness, we go, take a look and leave it to the guys at the morgue.

The squad car is getting slower.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Take your time, they aren't gonna die again.

Officer Gibson turns his head and looks at his boss.

OFFICER GIBSON

Sir I'm not one to question, but are members of the force allowed prostitutes?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Prostitutes?

OFFICER GIBSON

Yeah, back at the station.

Detective Madison appears to be thinking.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Oh you mean Candice!

OFFICER GIBSON

Urm, sure Candice.

They fall silent. Several moments later it is broken.

16.

16

CONTINUED:

16

DETECTIVE MADISON

See kid you're new to the life of  
an officer, these men work long  
hours, they don't get to see the  
girlfriends or the wives, a man has  
needs catch my drift?

OFFICER GIBSON

Sure, but I think it may be  
against...

DETECTIVE MADISON

Policy, of course it is.

They turn a corner.

17

INT. BUS - NIGHT (DUSK) - TRAVELLING

17

We see Sandy. She giggles at her cell phone as it buzzes for  
a text message, a grin appears.

Her hand moves slowly up her skirt, we hear the snap of panty  
elastic hitting her skin. The cell phone disappears up her  
skirt, the sound of a camera snap can be heard.  
She pulls out her cell phone and smiles.

The bus comes to a stop.

BUS DRIVER

End of the line.

18

INT. BUS - NIGHT (DUSK) - STATIONARY

18

Sandy gets to her feet, swings her bag other her shoulder,  
struts down the bus aisle, hands over some quarters to the  
Bus Driver and leaves.

19

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT (DUSK)

19

She disappears into the crowd.

20

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT (DUSK)

20

Red and blue lights flash across the black screen; The sound  
of sirens now accompany the flashing lights in the darkness,  
this is followed by the loud chatter of people, the voices  
become louder.

We fade in, we see two ambulances parked outside a large  
home, a long black gate crosses the front of the house, the  
ambulance sirens sound in time with the three squad cars that  
our parked outside.

(CONTINUED)

A couple of Police officers stand outside looking through pictures, they slap them down onto the bonnet of a squad car.

A large yellow crime scene tape corners off onlookers, Police try and shepherd them away from the crime scene.

A squad car pulls up. Inside is Officer Gibson and Detective Madison.

Officer Gibson stares at the crime scene like a kid in a candy shop; he turns the engine off without looking and clammers out.

He walks to the tape, an officer guarding the area stares at him, Detective Madison walks up behind Officer Gibson, the officer realizes who the detective is and hastily ushers them in.

Two officers approach Detective Madison and Officer Gibson.

One is dressed in a suit, badge reads DETECTIVE GRIMES his hair short and grey, face wrinkled and tied, fifties.

The other officer is dressed casually in a shirt and pants, he's young and fresh faced, twenties.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Ah, Maddie nice of you join us.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Grimey!

The two shake hands and embrace momentarily.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Would 'av been here earlier, kids  
have got no urgency these days!

Officer Gibson does not know how to react, but smiles and offers his hand.

It is shaken by Detective Grimes with a smile.

OFFICER GIBSON

Officer Wayne Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What we got?

The YOUNG OFFICER moves in between the detectives.

YOUNG OFFICER

Double homicide. Follow us.

They all start to walk to the house.

18.

20

CONTINUED:

20

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
How's Martin?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Not good.

Detective Grimes frowns.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Who's this guy?

He points at the Young Officer.

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
New kid, real cocky fucker, came  
from Liberty.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Got a name?

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
Yeah, Kowalski, back at the station  
will call him big John. How's yours  
getting on?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
He needs a fucking leash.

21

EXT. CRIME SCENE GROUNDS - NIGHT (DUSK)

21

It's an immaculate front yard, a grass area spreads from  
where the eye can see, an old looking mansion in front.

The door is wide open.

Through the double doors we can see forensic officers moving  
around the foyer, inspecting the floor, the walls and the  
surfaces, they take samples carefully and place various  
objects into cellophane packages.

22

INT. FOYER - NIGHT (DUSK)

22

The foyer is a large open spaced area, a magnificent  
chandelier hangs from the ceiling, In front is a large  
staircase, each individual step sparkles, on the way up the  
stairs another two staircases are situated either side of a  
small square of landing. Each leads to open doors which in  
turn lead to corridors.

The group of detectives walk in, Detective Madison is not  
fazed whilst Officer Gibson looks around in amazement.

OFFICER KOWALSKI turns and faces the pair and points in the  
direction of the upper left door; the group follow him up the  
stairs.

(CONTINUED)

19.

22

CONTINUED:

22

The forensics continue to collect what seems to be evidence on the lower levels, several other forensic officers are scanning the bannisters with bright UV lights.

We hear a blood curdling scream.

The group who are now at the top of the stairs turn around to see what the commotion is.

On the lower ground at the rear of the foyer, a woman is pulled out from an open door, she screams hysterically, two officers grip her tightly, she shoves and tries to escape their grasp, her face is covered over with a sheet.

Officer Gibson stands, watching intently.

WOMAN

No! No! No!

She falls to her knees but is quickly lifted back up again.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Kid!

Officer Gibson turns around and follows the group down the corridor.

23

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT (DUSK)

23

Sandy walks down the street, she turns and heads towards an apartment building.

24

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (DUSK)

24

Sandy walks through a reception area and struts up the stairs. She walks down a long corridor, she reaches the end of the corridor and enters room 216.

25

INT. ROOM 216 - NIGHT (DUSK)

25

We see a sitting area, cream couches, a television set is on; commercials flicker light out into the dimly lit room.

Opposite is a kitchen area. A small window let's in the sound of busy New York.

Sandy closes the door behind her, places her purse and keys down on the kitchen surface and walks over to the fridge, she opens it and peers in.

Sandy turn around to see a WOMAN, forties, she dons a dressing gown, stress lines etched on her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

Sandy grabs a can of soda out of the fridge, smoothly walks over to a couch and sits down, Sandy grabs the remote and starts flicking through channels.

The Woman moves into the kitchen. She looks over at Sandy and sighs deeply.

WOMAN

How was your day?

SANDY

Okay.

WOMAN

That good, hey.

The Woman leans against the kitchen surface.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your principal called...

SANDY

And?

WOMAN

He said you're getting behind.

SANDY

So?

WOMAN

You're going to get behind.

SANDY

What's your point Mom?

MOM sighs.

MOM

I looked on your computer.

Sandy quickly gets to her feet and faces her Mom.

SANDY

What?

MOM

I found a lot of pictures of you.

SANDY

You fucking pervert!

MOM

What happened to you, you always had such a nice boyfriend!

26

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

Music blares through the room, a man sits on Sandy's bed in his boxers, in the corner of the room is a wheelchair.

Sandy walks over to the bed in a lacy black bra and panties. She climbs on the bed and pushes him down. She starts to kiss his neck, her hands reach into his boxers, she moves from his neck to his face, she pushes hard onto the man, aggressively kissing him.

DISABLED MAN

You're the most popular girl at school, why me?

She leans over him and puts her finger to his lips.

SANDY

Shut up.

She leans back tossing her glossy blond hair backwards; she unclips her bra and slides it off.

27

INT. ROOM 216 - NIGHT (DUSK)

27

Mother and daughter still face each other, Sandy looks pissed, Mom looks concerned.

SANDY

It was charity.

She turns around and walks to her bedroom.

Mom rushes out the kitchen and leaves the apartment slamming the door shut behind her.

28

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DUSK)

28

Mom storms out into the corridor, she paces up and down, and then leans up against the wall hands on her forehead, she sighs deeply and rams her hand into her pocket.

Moments later she is pressing keys on a cell phone, sliding down the wall, she sits on the ground.

It rings, suddenly a crackling sound and a voice.

MOM

(into phone)  
Hello, Zachary?

She sobs.

(CONTINUED)

22.

28

CONTINUED:

28

MOM (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I need you!

29

INT. MURDER SCENE - NIGHT (DUSK)

29

All four Police officials congregate outside a large door, it is made out of solid pine, etched into it is a smiley face below are the names "Benjamin" and "Tom".

Officer Kowalski stands in front of the door, Detective Madison and Officer Gibson stand looking at the big man.

OFFICER KOWALSKI  
It's right in here.

He turns and opens the door, we can see a children's bedroom, toys lay scattered across the floor, a desk, pieces of paper sprawled across it, a pencil pot is overturned, drawing instruments lay on the desk.

A small bed is in the centre of the room, it is covered from above by a mosquito net.

The outline of two small bodies can be seen, it appears as if one body is laid on top of the other.

The Police officials walk inside.

30

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DUSK)

30

Detective Grimes ushers the forensic officers out the room.

Officer Kowalski pulls Detective Madison over to the curtain; they both stick their heads in. Several moments later they reappear; Detective Madison turns around and is stern faced as ever.

Officer Gibson moves forward to take a look for himself but is pulled back by Detective Madison.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sir?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You're not ready.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sure I am.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(calmly)  
This is not a suggestion, this is a fucking order.

(CONTINUED)

23.

30

CONTINUED:

30

Detective Madison opens the door, Officer Gibson leaves. The door is closed behind him.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Sorry, fill me in.

OFFICER KOWALSKI

As I mentioned earlier double homicide. The victims are Benjamin and Tom Sacha. Seven and five respectively.

The Police officials stare at the bed.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Both bodies were found in this position by the mother, she made the nine one one call. Bodies have a body core temperature of 70 Fahrenheit, so we can presume they have been dead for four hours minimum.

Takes a deep breath.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

The youngest was found with his penis in the anus of the brother.

Detective Madison moves over to the desk, he stares at it intently, scratching his brow, he picks up the paint pot.

Detective Grimes and Officer Kowalski move over to the desk.

Detective Madison bends down and shuffles through the pieces of paper, we see disturbing stick figure drawings. He picks up a paintbrush and a piece of paper and walks out the room.

31

INT. MURDER SCENE - NIGHT (DUSK)

31

Officer Gibson is leaning up against a wall; he quickly stands up straight.

Detective Madison hands the paper and the paintbrush to Officer Kowalski.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Get these to forensics, dust 'em for prints, call me in the morning.

He turns and faces Detective Grimes, he stretches out a hand.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Good to see you again Grimey.

(CONTINUED)

24.

31

CONTINUED:

31

Detective Grimes shakes his hand.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Like wise.

Detective Madison clicks his fingers at Officer Gibson and leaves the room.

32

INT. FOYER - NIGHT (DUSK)

32

Forensic officers are starting to pack away their equipment.

Detective Madison and Officer Gibson leave the crime scene.

33

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT (DUSK)

33

They continue walking down the path, Detective Madison does not look back, on the other hand Officer Gibson is buzzing around Detective Madison like a dog waiting for its food.

OFFICER GIBSON

Well?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Well what Officer Gibson?

OFFICER GIBSON

What's going on?

Detective Madison ignores him and keeps on walking through the gates.

34

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT (DUSK)

34

The streets are now swarming with members of the news, press and paparazzi.

The sound of questions can be heard along with the clicking of cameras, the darkness is interrupted with the flash of cameras, Detective Madison and Officer Gibson faces are illuminated in short sharp bursts before returning to darkness, only until each photographer has readjusted their cameras, the bombardment continues.

Detective Madison does not seem fazed in the slightest whereas Officer Gibson looks taken a back.

Officer Gibson is pulled by the arm under the yellow crime scene tape and dragged towards the squad car.

Press run over to them, Police officers attempt to hold them back.

(CONTINUED)

The NEWS REPORTERS hold out microphones, they fire questions at Detective Madison.

NEWS REPORTER #1

Can you share any information on  
the murder?

DETECTIVE MADISON

No, but I know our finest boys and  
girls are on the case and knowing  
them this atrocity will be resolved  
in no time.

NEWS REPORTER #2

Why are you here Detective?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Just doing my job.

NEWS REPORTER #3

Detective a moment of your time?

DETECTIVE MADISON

End of the day guys, if you have  
any more questions please speak to  
Officer Kowalski.

Detective Madison and Officer Gibson climb into the squad car, they drive down the street and into late night New York.

Detective Madison is at the wheel, he drives down an avenue, street lights start to light up the dark avenue, he turns a corner and runs into a heavy traffic jam.

He leans back in his seat grasping at the wheel. He looks to his right at Officer Gibson, who is scribbling in a notebook.

DETECTIVE MADISON

You want dropping off somewhere  
kid?

Officer Gibson looks up.

OFFICER GIBSON

No sir, but thank you.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Quit the polite shit, where you  
live?

OFFICER GIBSON

1 Hillside Road, thanks.

26.

35

CONTINUED:

35

They slowly move through the traffic, Detective Madison switches on the radio, an upbeat pop song is playing, he presses the buttons on the radio, he flicks through the stations.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Ah, better than that modern shit.

Officer Gibson continues to scribble away.

The squad car progresses steadily through the traffic.

36

EXT. 1 HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

36

The squad car pulls up in a dark quite street.

Officer Gibson clammers out. He steps out onto the sidewalk, turns around and pokes his head through the driver's side window.

OFFICER GIBSON

Say thanks for dropping me off.

DETECTIVE MADISON

No problem.

Officer Gibson leans on the squad car.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Kid what are you waiting for?

They stare at each other.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

If you don't fuck off, your head's coming with me.

OFFICER GIBSON

What happened back there?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Kid, you're not ready.

Detective Madison pushes Officer Gibson out the way and speeds off.

Officer Gibson stands on the sidewalk puzzled; he adjusts his suit and walks to his house.

37

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

37

We are in a small office, there is a desk with an open file on it.

(CONTINUED)

The PRINCIPAL, forties, sits behind the desk.

In front of the desk, sits Heather and Sandy. Sandy leans forwards in her chair, she shows off her cleavage and part of a light blue bra.

Principal Jenkins eyes move quickly around trying to avoid eye contact with Sandy's chest.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

How's the placement going Sandy?

SANDY

Great, I love being amongst men in uniform.

Heather glares at Sandy.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Do you understand why you're here today?

Sandy flicks her hair back and accentuates her breasts.

SANDY

No principal.

Her Mom glances at her.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Well, your grades are not as good as predicted.

SANDY

Really?

She readjusts her bra.

Heather leans over and whispers in Sandy's ear.

HEATHER

(whispering)

What are you doing?

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

(interrupting)

Myself and your tutors have noticed the male students in your class are not reaching their grades either.

SANDY

What's that got to do with me?

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

We think you may be leading them astray.

SANDY  
What can I say?

She pushes out her chest.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
We have heard that you have been  
spreading images to the boys.

Sandy laughs.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Fights have broken out.

SANDY  
Boys will be boys principal.

Heather stares at her daughter.

Sandy gets to her feet and winks at Principal Jenkins. She struts to the door.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
You will be attending after school  
sessions.

Sandy turns around.

SANDY  
See you there.

She opens the door and walks out, her Mom follows her.

It is a usual busy school day, students chat as they walk up the corridor, others arrange their lockers.

Sandy walks down the school corridor, she winks at a group of boys who are standing next to a locker. Sandy spanks her bottom to the pleasure of the boys, they smile and whisper to each other.

Heather looks horrified at her daughter's behavior.

Sandy passes by a BOY IN A WHEELCHAIR who is talking to a FRIEND. Sandy swoops onto his lap.

SANDY  
Hi Russell.

She kisses him before continuing to walk down the corridor.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
I loved the other night.

The group of boys from the top of the corridor confront RUSSELL and his Friend. The Friend pushes a boy against a locker, a fight breaks out. Students rush over to watch.

Heather manages to break through the crowd; she turns and looks at the fight momentarily. She rushes over to her daughter and reaches out for her.

Sandy disappears into a classroom.

Heather, distraught, rushes out the school.

Officer Gibson lies on his stomach, face buried in a pillow; arms sprawled out, one arm hanging out the bed, the other across his Wife, who sleeps peacefully.

The alarm clock displays the time "four thirty".

We see a cell phone ringing and vibrating on the bedside table.

Officer Gibson answers.

OFFICER GIBSON  
(into phone)  
Hello.

He listens carefully.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Sure. What's the address?

Jotting down the information.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Okay, bye.

He pulls back the cover and hops out of bed.

Detective Madison sits with his feet up, it looks like he has been there a long time, a jar of coffee, a kettle and a bottle of scotch are on the desk.

The hum of a cell phone ringing can be heard, Detective Madison looks down at his pocket but chooses to ignore it.

We hear a loud ring; the office phone is now ringing.

Detective Madison places the receiver to his ear.

30.

40

CONTINUED:

40

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(into phone)  
Yep.

He listens.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Okay.

He puts the phone down, downs the contents of the mug, walks to the office door and leaves.

41

EXT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

41

Detective Madison turns a corner and down an avenue, it is relatively quiet, he takes the drive nice and smoothly, he turns a corner.

42

EXT. OFFICER GIBSON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

42

Officer Gibson is speeding down a road.

43

EXT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

43

He taps his steering wheel and whistles to a song on the radio. He casually turns a corner.

44

EXT. OFFICER GIBSON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

44

Officer Gibson pulls his car onto the freeway.

The GPS announces it has reached its destination; Officer Gibson looks confused and pulls the car over. He climbs out.

45

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

45

Officer Gibson looks over the top of the bridge and looks down. In the distance we can see three squad cars and an ambulance.

46

INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

46

Detective Madison turns a corner and drives down a side street.

In the distance we can see the underground nightclub it is cornered off with yellow tape.

47

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

47

Officer Kowalski can be seen leaning up against an ambulance smoking a cigarette, Detective Grimes talks to a FORENSIC OFFICER, noticing Detective Madison he turns away and holds his hand up.

Detective Madison waves back.

He climbs out the squad car, strolls over to the crime scene and ducks underneath the yellow tape.

Officer Kowalski raises a hand; Detective Madison ignores him and instead shakes the hand of Detective Grimes.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

How's it going Maddie?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Good.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Where's the kid?

Detective Madison shrugs.

He looks around the area, a couple of forensic officers' move in and out of the secluded nightclub.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What we got?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Homicide.

Detective Grimes pulls out a cigarette, lights it and takes a drag.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Pretty quiet for homicide.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Calm before the storm Maddie.

He offers a smoke.

DETECTIVE MADISON

I quit.

Detective Grimes smiles.

Officer Gibson arrives on the scene, he ducks under the tape.

Detective Grimes stubs his cigarette out and walks away.

OFFICER GIBSON

Sorry I'm late.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

The Police officials head towards to the nightclub entrance and walk inside.

48

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB - DAY

48

We see forensic officers inspecting the nightclub.

OFFICER KOWALSKI

Okay, in the men's bathroom is a young girl. Her identity is currently unknown. We received a phone call at precisely four twenty-three this morning from a regular.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

According to sources this nightclub is popular with gimps.

OFFICER KOWALSKI

No one is talking so we have no leads to go on.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Where's the body?

OFFICER KOWALSKI

Right this way.

He points in the direction of the men's bathroom; the door is covered with yellow tape.

They walk towards the door, Officer Gibson follows.

Detective Madison holds him back.

OFFICER GIBSON

Sir?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Kid, what did I fucking tell you?

Officer Gibson sits down at the bar like a scolded dog.

The Police officials enter the bathroom.

49

INT. BATHROOM - TRACKING

49

They enter the bathroom.

The Police officials turn and face the toilet cubicle, the body of the Woman is still slumped on the toilet seat. A Forensic Officer inspects the body closely, wiping a cotton bud across the face collecting skin and blood samples.

(CONTINUED)

Detective Grimes clicks his fingers, he ushers him out.

The Forensic packs his equipment into a bag, he quickly leaves.

The trio look at a motionless young pale-faced clear-eyed woman, a large slit covers the front of her throat,

OFFICER KOWALSKI

It's a clean cut to the jugular,  
looks like she was strangled before  
the cut.

Detective Madison walks over to the victim, he looks closely at the wound, before lifting her skirt. He turns around and looks at Officer Kowalski.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Looks like severe bruising to the  
genital region.

OFFICER KOWALSKI

Yes, the victim is likely to have  
been dead for forty eight hours.  
But the vaginal damage looks like  
it has been there longer.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Any samples been taken?

OFFICER KOWALSKI

Yes, blood, skin, saliva and  
vaginal swabs.

Detective Madison raises a thumb and exits the bathroom.

Officer Gibson quickly gets to his feet.

Detective Madison turns around and speaks to Detective Grimes.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Nasty, real nasty.

DETECTIVE MADISON

The results come back from  
yesterday?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Yes, all hand prints are blurred  
but we can make out one print.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Details.

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
The mothers prints are on the body.

Detective Madison does not appear surprised.

DETECTIVE GRIMES (CONT'D)  
She is being prepared for  
interrogation this evening.

Detective Madison walks away.

DETECTIVE GRIMES (CONT'D)  
See you later then?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Yeah I'll be there.

Detective Madison walks over to Officer Gibson, grabs him by the shoulder and drags him to the door.

Officer Gibson turns to see the Forensic Officer handing a large amount of money over to Detective Grimes.

Detective Grimes flicks through the cash and pockets it, he points to the bathroom. The Forensic Officer walks into the bathroom pulling on his zipper.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Don't look kid.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What's happening?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Don't look.

He pulls Officer Gibson back around and pushes him through the door.

Officer Gibson shrugs Detective Madison off and tries to re-enter, Detective Madison grabs him around the neck and pulls him away. Officer Gibson struggles to escape his grasp. He is pulled into an alleyway and pressed up against a brick wall.

Detective Madison looks angry but at the same time concerned.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Now kid, your young, you don't understand.

OFFICER GIBSON

Understand what, huh, tell me!

He drops Officer Gibson and walks away.

DETECTIVE MADISON

The world is a fucked up place.

He storms off; he walks to the car, opens the door and slams it shut. The engine revs.

Officer Gibson steps out of the alley he pushes his hands through his hair. He shakes his head and walks away from the crime scene.

A press van appears and a group of News Reporters jump out and make a dash for his car, they take pictures and ask questions. They run past Officer Gibson without noticing him.

The image is hazy, we can see two people sitting on a couch.

We slowly see who the people are, it's Heather and Principal Jenkins.

Heather leans back on the couch, her eyes roll to the back of her head, we can see a piece of rope wrapped around her arm.

Principal Jenkins holds a needle in her arm, he slowly injects the liquid, he strokes her head gently.

HEATHER

Your fucking magic.

He chuckles. Another syringe is revealed, Principal Jenkins stabs into his arm, he breathes heavily.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

I am a fucking wizard.

Heather smiles, she leans over and kisses him.

HEATHER

It helps me forget!

She taps him on the shoulder.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
Forget what?

HEATHER  
Everything.

Heather sighs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
About Blake.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
There's nothing you could have  
done.

HEATHER  
There is!

Heather squirms.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
The life of a fucking Police  
officer.

She starts to laugh.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
And my fucking daughter.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
Yes, your fucking daughter.

HEATHER  
Sandy, she won't take my name.

She turns to face him.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Don't you just wish sometimes that  
things were more simple?

She tugs on her rope.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
Yes.

Principal Jenkins injects deeper into the vain.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)  
I know someone who could help.

HEATHER  
You do?

PRINCIPAL JENKINS  
Yes.

HEATHER

Who is this magic man?

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

He helped my divorce run, let's say  
more smoothly.

Heather looks very interested.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)

How much are you willing to pay?

HEATHER

Everything.

Principal Jenkins laughs.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Who do you want to simplify?

HEATHER

Sandy.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Why?

HEATHER

She's uncontrollable.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

A whore?

HEATHER

Yes.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Filth?

HEATHER

Yes! Yes!

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Leave it to me.

She smiles and kisses him on face.

HEATHER

Your too good to me.

Heather lowers her head, Principal Jenkins leans back and sighs.

55

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

55

It's a typical classroom, there's about twelve students, they lean on their desks looking bored.

As we move along the classroom we spot Sandy, she leans on a book whilst painting her nails.

A STUDENT sits across the way from her. He doodles in a notebook, he occasionally glances at Sandy.

Sandy knows she is being looked at, she looks at him suggestively.

The classroom door opens and in walks Principal Jenkins. He slowly walks down the centre of the room, he turns around and faces the students.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Good afternoon.

No response.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)

It's good to see you are all here.

He scans the class.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)

I will not be teaching you today.  
Instead you will be taught by a  
special guest, his name is Mr  
Farley.

MR FARLEY walks in, forties, he uses a cane and wears leather gloves. He smiles cheerfully at each student. Mr Farley approaches Principal Jenkins and shakes his hand. He turns around and beams a great smile.

MR FARLEY

Hey kids, Mr Farley is my fathers  
name, call me Eli.

The students don't look impressed.

ELI

How is everyone?

No response.

ELI (CONT'D)

That good hey?

Principal Jenkins whispers in his ear and walks out the room. As he passes Sandy, she glances at him and gives a cheeky wink.

He tries to ignore her and walks out the door.

(CONTINUED)

ELI (CONT'D)  
Oh this is my assistant.

In walks a stocky man, forties, he looks older, his face is tired looking, big bags sit under his eyes, they are grey and eyes are bloodshot. He pulls a seat from the back of the room and sits in between Sandy and the Student.

ELI (CONT'D)  
His name is Shane everyone.

Eli points to his leg.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Gimpy leg!

The students make no response and just look bemused.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about today. It is just  
an introductory session.

Now I would like to ask you all  
your names and why you think you  
are here?

He points at a student.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Go ahead buddy.

STUDENT #1  
Max, cursing.

ELI  
Good, next!

STUDENT #2  
Megan, skipping class.

ELI  
Excellent, next.

Each student says their name. Whilst the exercise is being performed Sandy continues to paint her nails.

STUDENT  
Brett, autism.

Eli points to Sandy, she does not respond. He coughs loudly.

ELI  
Young lady?

Sandy looks up and smiles.

SANDY  
Sandy, for being me.

Eli chuckles.

ELI  
Good one. Everyone that's it for  
this week.

The students grab their bags and leave.

Sandy blows BRETT a kiss. He darts off; he knocks SHANE on his way past. He stays motionless.

Sandy picks up her purse, gets to her feet and walks away.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Sandy, could I have a word with  
you?

She stops and looks around. Frowning she walks over to Eli.

Shane gets up and closes the door.

SANDY  
What?

ELI  
Please sit.

Shane carries the chair over and places it behind her.

Sandy slowly sits down. She frowns at Eli; he smiles merrily at her and takes a seat on the desk.

Eli sighs.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Show me your cunt.

SANDY  
Excuse me?

ELI  
Show me your cunt.

SANDY  
Fuck you, you pervert.

Sandy gets up.

Shane grasps her; he covers her mouth and pushes her back into the chair.

ELI  
Show me, like you do for the other  
boys!

Eli gets to his feet and licks her forehead. She squirms in her chair, she reaches out trying to escape, muffled screams can be heard, she grabs Shane's sleeve and kicks her legs out.

Shane stands her up, sits down on the chair holding her tightly on his lap.

Eli delves into his pocket and pulls out a small silver case. He shakes it and smiles before opening it slowly, teasing her. Out comes a needle followed by a bottled liquid. He rests it on the desk, pulls the cap off and inserts the needle. It squeezes in the liquid; he holds it to her face.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Just a small prick.

He sticks the needle into her arm; Sandy cries in pain, she kicks out, her legs go into spasm, she slowly stops kicking and becomes limp.

We see Detective Madison and Officer Gibson walking through a corridor, rooms on either side, small windows allow Police officials to look in, each room has a desk in, a chair is on either side of the table, as the pair walk past rooms we see some are occupied, suspected criminals being interviewed, they vary from room to room, some are handcuffed to the table others in strait jackets.

They reach the end of the corridor; a Police officer stands in front of the door.

We can see a woman inside, a towel wrapped around her shoulders, her hair is scraggly and greasy, her face pale in complexion, eyes as red as blood.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Hey take it easy yeah.

Detective Madison pushes past him and enters the room, Officer Gibson follows closely; he closes the door behind him.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Name?

WOMEN  
Wendy Cook.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Why did you do it!

Wendy is startled, she begins to cry.

WENDY

I didn't!

DETECTIVE MADISON

Bull shit, tell me!

Officer Gibson whispers in his ear, he is pushed away.

WENDY

I... Don't...

DETECTIVE MADISON

Don't fuck me about, I have had a long day.

OFFICER GIBSON

(quietly)

Maddie.

WENDY

Please...

DETECTIVE MADISON

Please what, huh, you killed your boys Ms. Cook.

WENDY

How could you say such a thing?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Because we have your prints on the bodies and the evidence. I could throw you away right now, so start speaking!

She cries even harder.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Make it easier for both us!

WENDY

Okay! Okay!

WENDY (CONT'D)

I was forced!

DETECTIVE MADISON

For fuck sake give me a break!

WENDY

(shouting)

I was god damn it!

OFFICER GIBSON

Stay calm, please elaborate Ms.  
Cook, this could be vital to  
finding the murderer.

WENDY

He held a gun to my head, told me  
to take the boys somewhere quiet, I  
did as I was told!

DETECTIVE MADISON

So you killed your kids to save  
yourself!

WENDY

No!

DETECTIVE MADISON

What then!

WENDY

I told the boys, get ready for bed,  
they did, I was forced inside and...

Crying harder.

WENDY (CONT'D)

He nailed my hand down.

She lifts her hand in the air, a hole can be seen, the skin  
is red raw, blue bruising covers parts of her hand.

WENDY (CONT'D)

He killed my sweet innocent boys in  
front of me.

Detective Madison steps back, folding his arms he leans  
against the wall.

OFFICER GIBSON

Please, continue.

WENDY

What else do you want? He killed  
them and then I was forced to touch  
things.

Detective Madison steps forwards.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What things?

WENDY

I don't know, the bed, toys, I'm  
sorry.

They pause for a few moments. Officer Gibson gains composure.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What was home life like?

WENDY  
Great.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Who is the father of your children?

WENDY  
Jakub Sacha.

Detective Madison is surprised by the name.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Was Jakub in the force?

WENDY  
Yes, well until the divorce, he  
moved to...

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Minnesota.

She is taken aback.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Jakub was my understudy, damn good  
one too.

He turns around and sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
That's all for now Ms. Cook, good  
evening.

Detective Madison leaves the room, Officer Gibson touches her hand before leaving.

WENDY  
(shouting)  
What is going to happen?

Detective Madison walks into the car park; he zips his coat and sticks his hands into his pockets. He strolls past a squad car, inside is an officer he has a woman on his lap, they kiss passionately, she holds a hand up to Detective Madison, he waves back.

Footsteps can be heard in the car park, they gradually get louder.

Officer Gibson taps Detective Madison on the shoulder.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Kid.

They walk side by side.

OFFICER GIBSON  
You certainly have an unorthodox  
interview method.

They smile.

Detective Madison clicks his car keys, the car lights up. He climbs in and revs the engine.

Officer Gibson waves.

Detective Madison unwinds the window.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Hey, I'm sorry about this morning.

Officer Gibson smiles.

OFFICER GIBSON  
It's okay, we all get frustrated.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
No sorry for not telling you  
sooner.

He speeds off into the night.

Officer Gibson raises his eyebrows and walks to his car.

Heather is sprawled out on the sofa, she watches the television through glazed eyes.

The door swings open and in walks Sandy.

SANDY  
Hi Mom.

HEATHER  
Please, please do not moan.

SANDY  
About what Mom?

Heather looks up at her daughter, she looks surprised.

Sandy has a different outfit on now, the skimpy look now replaced with a more reserved look. She looks down at her Mom.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Come on let's get you to bed.

Sandy walks over to her, grabs hold of her hands and helps her up. Sandy places an arm around Heather and walks her to her bedroom.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Do you need any help getting into bed?

HEATHER  
No it's okay.

SANDY  
Okay Mom.

She kisses her.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Good night.

Heather looks surprised, smiles, walks into her room and closes the door behind her.

Sandy stares at the door for a moment, suddenly tears start to trickle down her face.

We see Sandy, she stands next to her bed. Sandy slowly removes her sweater, as more of her skin is revealed we see extensive bruises, burns and scars. She throws the sweater on the bed, she starts to examine her body flinching as she does so, agony covers her face, she bites her lip to hold in the screams, tears roll from her eyes. Sandy attempts to remove her pants, pain covers her face, sliding down her pants we see deep wounds on the hips, legs and buttocks. Through pain she reaches for her purse on the bedside table, she desperately searches inside for something, she pulls out a small pot of cream, hastily trying to remove the lid it falls to the bed, she applies cream to her badly beaten body gasping in pain with each touch.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

(CONTINUED)

47.

60

CONTINUED:

60

Sandy is being beaten, a piece of rope hits her body.

We can visibility see Sandy screaming but no sound leaves her mouth.

Again, again and again she receives a brutal whipping.

END FLASHBACK.

61

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

Sandy lays on her side, eyes bloodshot and red raw from crying, she grips the bed sheets tightly, pain still noticeable on her face. She pushes her head deep into the pillow. Muffled screaming can be heard.

Suddenly in the quiet room we hear the sound of a text alert. She pauses momentarily, reaches out, it takes a great deal of effort.

She pushes herself up, cringing.

62

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT

62

Sandy walks into the reception and then stops abruptly; she stares at a black saloon parked outside the apartment building. Windows are completely tinted black. The sound of the engine can be heard in the silent side road.

Sandy limps towards to the exit.

APARTMENT OWNER

Hey there.

Sandy jumps and turns to look at an elderly gentleman he is sitting reading a magazine in a dressing gown.

APARTMENT OWNER (CONT'D)

Off out?

SANDY

(through gritted teeth)  
Yes.

Sandy walks towards the exit.

APARTMENT OWNER

Nasty limp you got there.

Sandy walks out without responding.

63

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

She approaches the car slowly, the door swings open, a hand reaches out and ushers her in.

Sandy bends down and clammers in.

64

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

64

Eli sits on the seat next to her, legs spread wide he smiles. He clutches his stick, he bangs it down on the floor.

Shane is sitting in the driving seat. His face is pale, the bags under his eyes are deeper than before.

Sandy holds herself and leans against the window.

ELI

In pain?

She nods her head.

Eli reaches under his seat and pulls out a small silver case; he rests it on his lap. He unclips the clasps and pulls out a syringe, taps the end and leans over. He grasps Sandy's leg and sticks the needle in; she winces and falls back into her seat. She breathes slowly; Eli puts an arm around her and caresses her scalp.

ELI (CONT'D)

Good girl, rest.

65

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

65

We pan across an average suburb, it's quiet and motionless. We stop in front of a suburban house.

The sound of a car engine can be heard, the black saloon pulls into view, it parks in front of the house. The click of a door hinge, the door opens and then Sandy steps out onto the sidewalk.

The saloon drives away.

Sandy limps to the front door and knocks on the door.

No response, another knock, still no response, thumping on the door. Several moments pass, a far off light beams on the window pain, someone is up.

The sound of the front door unlatching, it clicks open, a YOUNG WOMAN pokes her head out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

SANDY  
Hey, Laura.

LAURA  
Sandy? You know what time it is?

SANDY  
Can we talk?

LAURA  
It's late.

Laura looks back inside.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Okay.

She steps outside.

Sandy walks the path slowly, Laura following.

Laura looks back inside.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Okay.

She steps outside.

Sandy walks the path slowly, Laura following.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You're limping.

Sandy nods.

They move beside the house, it's dark and hidden away.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
What's so important?

Sandy embraces Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Sandy. What's wrong?

SANDY  
Who's in?

LAURA  
Just Mom, Dads on beat.

Sandy starts to cry.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Sandy? Your scaring me.

50.

65

CONTINUED:

65

Sandy grabs Laura around the throat and throws her to the ground; she kneels down and pushes down on her head. Sandy pulls out a knife from her pocket and through tears starts to brutally hack at Laura.

A muffled scream is heard, a CLOAKED FIGURE dressed in a trench coat and trilby is charging over. He is holding a WOMAN tightly in his arms. He forces the helpless, hysterical Woman to touch Laura's shaking body.

Sandy cries hard silently as she continues to stab.

The Woman is pushed over, he quickly swoops down and gathers Sandy in his arms and flees the scene.

The Woman screams whilst clinging to Laura.

Sandy is rushed down the street and placed inside the saloon.

66

INT. SALOON - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

66

Sandy falls backwards, her head lands on the lap of Eli. She sobs.

The Cloaked Figure climbs in the driver's seat, pushes his foot on the pedal and sends the car into high speed.

Sandy is crying big tears now.

ELI

It's okay, let it all out.

67

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

67

Officer Gibson stands in a dark room; he cradles a little baby in his arms. The officer looks down at the baby, his eyes bloodshot.

68

INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

68

Detective Madison can be seen spinning a disk on his finger.

A cell phone ring tone echoes throughout the office.

Sighing he reaches into his pocket, placing the cell phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE MADISON

(into phone)

Hello.

Listening.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah sure.

He shuts off his cell phone, gets to his feet, grabs his coat of his seat and exits the room.

The screen is black, we can hear smooth music, people having conversations, the chink of cutlery against each other, and people ordering coffee, cocoa and cake.

We slowly fade in.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Sorry kid.

OFFICER GIBSON  
It's okay. There's always next time.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Did you hear what you just fucking said?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Yeah.

Fading in more, we can now see a roadside diner.

A WAITRESS slowly makes her way around the diner cleaning each table.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
There's two things wrong with what you said.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
One, we don't want a next time and two I am gonna' catch this mother fucker before it happens again.

We pan over to the two cops. Officer Gibson, eyes as red as peppers, Detective Madison drinks from a mug, scotch nearby.

OFFICER GIBSON  
There's one thing wrong with what you just said.

Detective Madison leans forward in his seat.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What?

OFFICER GIBSON  
You said I am?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What of it?

OFFICER GIBSON  
WE are a team, so we are finding  
this killer.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Told you kid, you are not ready.

OFFICER GIBSON  
I didn't join the force to sit on  
my ass all day.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Fucking calm down kid.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Maddie, I'm not a kid, I am a damn  
good cop.

He swigs some coffee.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
You know I'm good, that scares you,  
you do not want your lime light to  
go, because you know I am a better  
officer than you.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Fucking!

He leans forwards to sock him one before they are interrupted by the Waitress. She smiles sweetly, sprays the table and wipes it down.

Detective Madison turns the punch into a playful tap on the cheek.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Okay, have it your way.

A car speeds past the diner.

Officer Gibson gets to his feet and runs out of the diner.

Detective Madison throws his arms up in the air.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
We don't get paid for this shit.

He gets to his feet and throws some loose change down for the Waitress. He chases after Officer Gibson.

70 EXT. OUTSIDE DINER - DAY (DAWN)

70

Officer Gibson runs into the small car park outside the diner, the rising sun shines on the large window panes. He jumps in the driver's seat. The engine kicks in; he pulls the gear stick into drive and spins around in the small car park.

Detective Madison appears moments later but he is too late.

71 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY (DAWN) - TRAVELLING

71

Officer Gibson is pushing his foot hard on the pedal and is now bombing his way down the side road after the speeding vehicle.

OFFICER GIBSON'S P.O.V- HE STARES AT THE SALOON.

BACK TO SCENE.

The sirens are flicked on; they echo in the quite surroundings, the saloon starts to slow down.

72 INT. SALOON - DAY (DAWN) - TRAVELLING

72

Sandy lays with her head on Eli's lap, she looks exhausted and appears to be struggling for air.

Eli peers over his shoulder; he turns to look at Shane.

ELI  
Pull over.

Shane looks back at Eli with a confused expression. His lips open...

ELI (CONT'D)  
Just do it.

73 INT. SWAT CAR - DAY (DAWN) - TRAVELLING

73

OFFICER GIBSON'S P.O.V- HE WATCHES THE SALOON PULL OVER.

BACK TO SCENE.

74 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (DUSK)

74

Eli steps out the car, walking stick first. He hobbles over to the side of the road, and smiles at Officer Gibson.

Officer Gibson pulls over, he climbs out and approaches Eli.

ELI  
Morning officer.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Morning.

ELI  
What seems to be the problem?

OFFICER GIBSON  
I was about to ask you the same  
question.

ELI  
No problems here officer.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Okay, so can you explain why you  
were doing eighty in a fifty mile  
an hour zone?

ELI  
Eighty?! Officer I did not realize.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Can I see the driver?

ELI  
Sure.

We can hear a conversation between Officer Gibson and Eli.

Sandy starts to stir, she sits up slowly, she sees Officer Gibson, she reaches out for the door but is pushed back by Shane, he holds his finger to his lip.

Eli hobbles alongside Officer Gibson to the driver's window.

Officer Gibson knocks on the window. Shane turns and stares at him in the eyes. The window slowly opens.

Shane is as pale as a sheet with eyes as red as Officer Gibson's.

OFFICER GIBSON  
License Sir.

Shane delves into his pocket, it's not there. He reaches back fumbling around for it.

77 INT. SALOON - DAY (DAWN)

77

He gets out of his seat, still looking for his wallet, Sandy lies completely still.

OFFICER GIBSON (O.S.)

Sir?

She looks over.

Shane sits back down in his seat and hands the card over.

78 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (DAWN)

78

Officer Gibson inspects it closely, reaches into his coat pocket, he jots down the details and hands the card back.

Officer Gibson places the note pad in his pocket.

OFFICER GIBSON

You will receive a ticket in the mail.

He walks away.

ELI

Have a nice day officer!

Officer Gibson drives away.

Eli drops the smile and pokes his head through the window.

ELI (CONT'D)

Take her home.

Shane acknowledges and wines the window back up.

79 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY (DAWN)

79

Detective Madison sits on a bench outside the diner, he does not look happy.

We hear the sound of an engine; the squad car pulls up in front of the diner, the pop of a horn and a door opening.

Detective Madison gets to his feet and stomps to the car.

80 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY (DAWN)

80

Detective Madison ducks in.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Happy now?

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

OFFICER GIBSON

Sure.

Detective Madison sighs.

81

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY (DAWN)

81

Sandy climbs out of the saloon. She walks across the sidewalk, her limp still present.

82

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (DAWN)

82

She walks past the sleeping Apartment Owner and up the stairs.

We can see people leaving their apartment rooms.

Sandy avoids eye contact.

83

INT. ROOM 216 - DAY (DAWN)

83

Sandy steps inside, the living room is empty. She rushes for the bathroom.

84

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (DAWN)

84

Sandy takes a deep breath and bursts into tears. She cries hard. She dashes towards a glass medicine cabinet, she stares into the mirror.

We do not see Sandy's reflection instead we see Laura, she sobs, her face covered in blood, it drips from her hair, Laura raises her hands to her face and attempts to wipe the blood away.

Sandy reaches into the cabinet and pulls out three packs of leg razors. She throws them in the faucet, attempting to open the cases; Sandy cannot break the seal on the first one. Second attempt is successful; the packaging is dropped in the faucet. Sandy bends over the faucet, razor placed against her wrist, arms shaking.

ELI (V.O.)

Remember Sandy you are doing this  
for your Mom.

Suddenly a knock at the door.

HEATHER

Sandy?

Sandy gasps and holds herself in sorrow.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

SANDY

Yeah Mom.

HEATHER

You okay?

SANDY

Yeah. Banged my leg on the faucet.

She forces a laugh.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Go back to bed Mom.

Moment of silence.

Sandy still bent over, listens carefully. Footsteps can be heard outside the bathroom, they become more distant, then the sound of a door closing.

Sandy places the razor down on the faucet, sits down on the toilet and sobs.

85

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)

85

Heather sits down on the bed.

Principal Jenkins rolls over and places an arm around her waist.

On a bedside cabinet we can see syringes, a lighter and a small amount of heroin.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

You okay?

She nods.

Principal Jenkins kisses her neck.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)

(panicked)

You okay?

Heather starts to sweat.

She is pulled onto the bed, rope tied around her arm followed by an injection. Her breathing becomes slower, Heather arches her back and sighs. She rolls on top of Principal Jenkins.

They smile at each other.

HEATHER

I don't know what I would do  
without you.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

She kisses him. Heather looks over at the stash.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's running out.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

I can get you some more.

She smiles.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D)

Let's go out for dinner tonight?

HEATHER

Sure.

They start to kiss.

86

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

86

Officer Gibson lies on top of his Wife, her hands grasp his naked back.

Officer Gibson kisses her stomach, he makes his way up to her breasts, she arches her back, they both groan deeply.

His Wife moans louder as Officer Gibson slides under the sheet.

A loud knocking sound can be heard.

They do not respond.

The knocking becomes louder.

Officer Gibson sticks his head out from under the sheet.

Knocking sound again.

Officer Gibson climbs out of bed and pulls on a pair of boxer shorts, his Wife squirms on the bed. She reaches out for his arm, he pushes her away.

87

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

87

We see the outline of a figure in the glass window pane. The door opens, Detective Madison stands on the doorstep.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Evening.

OFFICER GIBSON

Evening.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON

I hope I am not interrupting anything.

OFFICER GIBSON

No, not at all.

Detective Madison moves closer to the doorway. He delves into his trench coat and pulls out a CD case.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Here.

He hands it over to Officer Gibson.

OFFICER GIBSON

What's this?

DETECTIVE MADISON

I was thinking about what you said earlier, about being a good cop.

Detective Madison walks away from Officer Gibson.

OFFICER GIBSON

What is it?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Just watch it.

He ducks down into his car. He reappears moments later.

Detective Madison strolls back to the house, this time with a piece of paper.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Almost forgot.

He hands it over and walks back to his car.

Officer Gibson looks at him confused.

The car pulls away and drives off into the night.

Officer Gibson stares at the departing car for a few seconds; he turns around and closes the door behind him. CD in his hand, he walks into the lounge.

The disk is put in a DVD player.

Officer Gibson sits down on the couch.

The screen starts to project images. The screen is fuzzy, it clicks into focus.

We see a room; it is lit by green neon lights. A bed in the centre of the room, door ajar.

87

CONTINUED:

87

Vocies can be heard, they are distorted.

VOICE #1 (O.S)  
You got the girl?

VOICE #2 (O.S)  
Yeah.

VOICE #1 (O.S)  
Break her.

The image flickers and we see a TALL STOCKY FIGURE holding the arm of a woman.

She cries as she is pushed on the bed. The Tall Stocky Figure climbs on the bed. He puts his hands down the back of the bed and pulls out chains.

We now focus on Officer Gibson, he looks disgusted.

The Tall Stocky Figure thrusts away.

The room falls black.

Officer Gibson sits still. He starts to breath deeply, he looks angry. Officer Gibson gets up and storms out the room.

88

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

88

Officer Gibson storms into the bedroom; his Wife kneels on the bed and reaches out to him. She is shunned.

He gets dressed.

The officer runs out the room not giving a second to look back.

89

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

89

Officer Gibson runs down the stairs and picks up his car keys. He walks into the living room and picks up the piece of paper. Officer Gibson leaves the room slamming the door shut behind him.

90

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

90

Officer Gibson sits in his car nervously tapping on the steering wheel. He is stationery, looking out of the window he stares at an apartment building.

A group of youths congregate outside the entrance to the apartment. They drink alcohol and smoke joints.

(CONTINUED)

61.

90

CONTINUED:

90

Officer Gibson watches them with a close eye, he attempts to stick to the shadows, leaning back in his chair he peers out the window.

The group head back into the apartment.

Prostitutes can be seen in the background checking the interior of cars for their next john. A woman dressed in nothing but a bikini top and hot pants taps on Officer Gibson's window.

PROSTITUTE

Hey sugar.

Officer Gibson ignores the woman.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

Bet a BJ would loosen your tongue.

OFFICER GIBSON

Ma'am, I am a police officer.

At the news she quickly turns around and walks away. We can hear her informing the other girls of the news.

Officer Gibson leaves his car. He enters the apartment.

91

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

91

The downstairs is incredibly smoky and loud music blares down from the top floor. The walls are grubby, the floor is dirty and the lights are flickering on and off.

Officer Gibson walks up a flight of stairs taking in the sights and sounds.

92

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

92

A group of young people sit around smoking on a drug pipe on the second floor.

Officer Gibson climbs the second set of stairs.

93

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

93

Officer Gibson quickly moves along the landing, and towards an apartment door. He sighs and knocks the door.

No response, he knocks again.

The door opens.

A BIG GUY opens the door, he stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

BIG GUY  
Fuck you want?

The door starts to shut; suddenly the door is slammed shut on the man's hand. He screams in pain the door is pulled open, a flick of a knife and the throat is slit. Blood pours out onto the floor, falling onto Officer Gibson's chest; he runs in.

An old room, lit by a chandelier, an antique glass case, several comfy chairs and a dining table can be seen.

The action springs into life.

The body is thrown into a JUNKY; he falls back onto the table due to the force, a knife slit straight across the forehead.

Another Junky swings a baseball bat; Officer Gibson ducks, he lands a punch to the rib cage, winded. A punch is thrown from the opposite side. It misses. The baseball bat is forced out the man's hands.

The handle is thrust into the stomach, and then swung at the Junkie; it collides with his skull, blood spurts, his head falls forward smashing off the table, chin forced back up, instant death.

The Junky still winded grasps at Officer Gibson's leg. Stamping down on the man's foot he screams with pain.

Baseball bat is held up vertically, the man's hair gripped, throat forced down onto the bat, throat collapses. He falls to the ground gasping for air, sneaker placed on head, bone crunching stomp.

Sound of a gun being cocked, a door swings open revealing the Forensic Officer from the nightclub, behind him id a kitchen, the gun is lifted up, before the trigger can be fired Officer Gibson slings his knife at him. It connects to the shoulder blade. The gun is dropped; he is pulled into the room, his head meeting the cabinet. Falling backwards bloodied and battered, Officer Gibson crouches above him. The knife is removed from the shoulder, a scream of pain.

OFFICER GIBSON  
You sick fuck!

The Forensic Officer squirms.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Like fucking vics?

No response.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Huh, well? Do you?

63.

94

CONTINUED:

94

Knife slit across the cheek.

FORENSIC

Fuck!

The knife is put to his throat. Sweat drips down his face.

FORENSIC (CONT'D)

The world's a fucked up place kid.

Climbing off him, Officer Gibson enters the kitchen.

95

INT. APARTMENT/DRUG DEN/KITCHEN - TRACKING

95

Officer Gibson wonders around the kitchen, he stops and picks up a kettle.

96

INT. APARTMENT/DRUG DEN - TRACKING

96

Officer Gibson crouches above the man, kettle in hand.

FORENSIC

Fuck! What you doing kid?

OFFICER GIBSON

Open up.

FORENSIC

Calm down kid!

His mouth is forced open, knife holding the jaw apart.

The sound of rushing water and chocking can be heard.

97

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

97

We see Principal Jenkins and Heather at a dinner table. Empty plates and glasses can be seen.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Did you enjoy that?

HEATHER

Yes. Very much so.

Principal Jenkins smiles.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Good.

He places some money on the table.

They get up and leave the restaurant.

98	EXT. SIDEWALK - TRACKING	98
	It's raining.	
	Principal Jenkins and Heather walk down the street.	
99	INT. SALOON - NIGHT - TRAVELLING	99
	DRIVERS' P.O.V- THE DRIVER SLOWLY FOLLOWS PRINCIPAL JENKINS AND HEATHER.	
	BACK TO SCENE.	
100	EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT	100
	Principal Jenkins turns around and glances at the saloon.	
	PRINCIPAL JENKINS Your carriage awaits.	
	He points towards the saloon.	
	Heather turns around and smiles.	
	HEATHER Who is it?	
	PRINCIPAL JENKINS Just a pal.	
	Principal Jenkins waves to the driver.	
	PRINCIPAL JENKINS (CONT'D) He's going to give us a lift.	
	HEATHER How sweet.	
	The saloon pulls over, a door is opened.	
	PRINCIPAL JENKINS Ladies first.	
	Heather walks over to the car and ducks inside.	
	Principal Jenkins quickly closes the door behind her. It locks.	
	The DRIVER hands Principal Jenkins a package.	
	The saloon hurtles down the street.	
	Heather bangs on the window and calls for help.	
	The automobile disappears into the darkness.	

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

Principal Jenkins conceals the package and vacates the area.

101 INT. POLICE OFFICES - DAY

101

Officer Gibson sits at a desk in the far corner of the office.

His eyes red, his skin pale, hair unkempt. He clutches a mug.

At the other end of the office is Sandy. She sits behind the reception desk looking sorry for herself.

We move back to Officer Gibson, he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

The desk bangs causing Officer Gibson to spring into life. A newspaper has appeared in front of him.

We see Detective Madison. He points to the head line.

Officer Gibson glances at the front page. The headline reads "NEW HIGHWAY TO BE BUILT". Scanning down the paper he notices the passage. In the bottom right hand corner is a title it reads "FIVE FOUND DEAD IN PROJECTS".

DETECTIVE MADISON

My office.

He walks away, Officer Gibson following.

The office door is opened, the detective ushers the officer inside.

102 INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S OFFICE - DAY

102

DETECTIVE MADISON

Sit.

The office looks the same as usual, apart from the table is covered in pieces of paper, hand sketched drawings and stationery.

Detective Madison sits down as does Officer Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

So, what you get up to last night?

OFFICER GIBSON

Nothing sir.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Bull shit, tell me.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER GIBSON  
It's the truth.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Don't fuck with me kid.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Okay. I went to the projects.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Oh yeah what happened?

Officer Gibson does not reply.

Detective Madison lifts up a newspaper.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
I found this article in the paper.

Detective Madison looks up at Officer Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
It's real interesting.

He coughs and begins to read the page.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Tyrone Skinner, twenty one, found dead, slit throat. John Sampson, twenty four, caved in skull, Saidio Ashanti, eighteen, ruptured throat and snapped neck, Terrence Kyle, twenty two, severe trauma and last but not least, Neil Watson, thirty seven, severely tortured.

Officer Gibson slumps in his chair.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
The force will truly miss Neil.

Officer Gibson looks ashamed.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Not really he's was a fucking scum bag.

Detective Madison smiles.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(chuckling)  
Torture! You sick bastard!

In excitement he gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
If you can act like a sick fuck,  
you must be able to think like a  
sick fuck.

Detective Madison turns to face Officer Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
We're dealing with a fucking  
psychopath.

He sits down on the desk and stares him in the eyes.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
So we have to be ruthless.

Turning around and picking up a piece of paper.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
The first homicide, there father,  
Jakub Sacha, ex member of the  
force, the father of the last vic,  
Noel Cook, current Police Officer.

He sits back down behind the desk.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Both Jakub and Noel joined the  
force at the same time and both  
worked together in homicide.

He gets up again.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Do you see a pattern?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sure.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Oh good because I fucking don't.

Detective Madison sits down again. He looks up at Officer Gibson and sighs in frustration.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
The disk came in this package.

Detective Madison drops a box on the desk.

Officer Gibson starts to inspect it.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
This psychopath is fucking with us.

Officer Gibson turns the package around.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
He's clever.

Officer Gibson starts to scratch away at the package.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing kid?

Officer Gibson reaches out for a pair of scissors. He scratches the surface, slowly the cardboard peals away to reveal an address.

It's thrown down on the desk. Officer Gibson delves into his pocket and pulls out his note pad.

OFFICER GIBSON  
They match.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What matches?

OFFICER GIBSON  
The addresses.

Officer Gibson passes the speeding ticket over.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Here.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What's this?

OFFICER GIBSON  
A ticket I gave to that speeding driver.

Officer Gibson leans forward in his seat.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
We've found are perp.

Detective Madison gets to his feet and grabs his coat.

Walking over to Officer Gibson, he ushers him to his feet.

They leave the office.

Detective Madison strides through the office, he approaches Sandy.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Sweetheart, contact swat, arrange it for midnight tonight, at the following address...

(CONTINUED)

69.

103 CONTINUED:

103

He holds out the note pad in front of her.

She jots it down through glazed eyes.

The detective and the officer walk away.

We see Sandy dialling the phone.

104 EXT. STREETS - DAY

104

Sandy walks down the street. She enters a large crowd of people; she bustles her way through the masses. She stops in her tracks, Shane has hold of her hand, he stares with tired and stern eyes. Sandy is lead down the street. She attempts to pull away but it is to no avail, Shane has a tight grip on her.

They stop at a set of traffic lights.

Through the crowd we see the ominous black saloon, Eli sits, waiting, on the boot.

The lights change to walk, the crowd begins to move, Shane drags Sandy across the road; they carry straight on and down an avenue.

105 EXT. AVENUE - DAY

105

Eli smiles, gets to his feet and opens the back door.

Shane gently urges Sandy into the saloon.

Eli climbs in.

Shane closes the door behind them and climbs into the driver's seat.

106 INT. SALOON - DAY

106

Eli sits next to Sandy. He grasps her arm tightly, he pricks her skin. Slowly the liquid is injected into her. She reclines back in the seat, her breathing becomes slower, legs go into spasm, eyes become droopy and close.

107 INT. SLEEEZY APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

107

The screen is black.

We can hear the sound of muffled moans and screams. Chains can be heard clanging together.

(CONTINUED)

We slowly fade in into a small dingy room, there is no furniture, the walls are covered in damp and the floor is dirty. There is a kitchen opposite, a toolbox can be seen on a plastic table.

Pan to see a YOUNG WOMAN, crouched down, topless with just a pair of panties on. She is chained up, a lead tied to her neck, wrists shackled together, feet tied together with chain, tape keeping her mouth shut.

Next to her a YOUNG MAN dressed in a vest and track pants, he lays on his side, arms and legs chained together, like a hog on a spit roast, he is gagged with a sock.

We see Sandy sitting on a chair, still in a state of comatose.

Shane stands in front of the apartment door, arms folded.

Eli sits on the kitchen surface, a sick smile on his face. He taps Sandy on her face gently with his cane.

She starts to stir, her eyes slowly open. They blink trying to focus; she jumps in her chair startled by what she can see. Her mouth opens to scream but no sound comes out.

ELI

Its okay, the sedative effects speech, it'll come back.

Shane steps forwards and holds her shoulders tightly.

ELI (CONT'D)

This is Larry Fallon and Amanda Thomas.

They squirm as Eli talks.

ELI (CONT'D)

Larry, is a third year in police academy and Amanda is a first year.

Tears trickle from AMANDA'S eyes, LARRY'S face red with anger.

ELI (CONT'D)

Now, it was planned for you to just kill one.

Sandy stares at him.

ELI (CONT'D)

But actions have consequences, so your gonna have to kill both.

Sandy looks confused.

ELI (CONT'D)  
You tried to run away.

Getting to his feet he caresses her hair. He looks deep into her eyes and smiles. He walks away and moves into the kitchen.

The toolbox is opened, he rummages around momentarily before pulling out a screwdriver. He looks through again, more sounds of metal moving around. He pulls out a wrench. Eli appears happy with his choice of tools, he limbs back to Sandy. He places them on her lap.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Shane.

Shane lifts Sandy to her feet; he forces the tools into her hands. He pushes her towards the helpless hostages, fear igniting in their faces. Shane pushes down on her shoulders.

She is now at eye level with the hostages. Sandy hesitates.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Sandy. Do it for your Mom..

Sandy looks around at him.

ELI (CONT'D)  
If you do not do as I say she will  
be killed.

Sandy begins to cry.

The screwdriver is thrust into Larry's ear.

Eli smiles.

We can hear muffled screams and hysterical cries. Suddenly a thud and a crack followed by a loud bang. The crunches echoe throughout the room.

Slowly the room falls silent.

We are in the back of a SWAT van, we see officers moving around, some strap on bullet proof vests whilst others organize their equipment.

Belts are put on, tear gas canisters are attached, we see M1911 pistols, Beretta 92s, 10mm Heckler & Kotch MP5, various shotguns including Beneli M1 and the Remington 870.

One officer sits clutching an M14 Rifle; he sits on one of the benches, head leaning on his rifle, eyes closed.

108

CONTINUED:

108

We can hear the sound of bullets being loaded into weapons and equipment being attached to utility belts.

Every officer sits down, a dozen of them at least.

Amongst them sits Officer Gibson, his face pale, he stares down at himself, moving his arms across his body, he checks the tightness of his vest. Feeling the handles of his weapons for maximum grip, everything is down to the book.

Opposite him is Detective Madison, he holds out an M1911, He lifts it to eye level and checks the grip, latch and safety trigger. Placing the gun back on his belt he looks up at the nervous looking Officer Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON

How you feeling?

Officer Gibson looks up.

OFFICER GIBSON

A little nervous.

DETECTIVE MADISON

You? I don't believe it.

OFFICER GIBSON

How many times you done something like this?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Too many times kid.

Lifting up his Remington 870, he performs the same checks.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Just remember the five steps.

109

EXT. URBAN AREA - DAY

109

DETECTIVE MADISON (V.O.)

One, move swiftly and quietly.

We see an OFFICER open the back doors of a SWAT Van, he jumps out and runs to the corner of a building.

DETECTIVE MADISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Two, find cover.

The Officer stacks up behind a dumpster, he gets to his knees.

DETECTIVE MADISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three, listen to your Captain.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED:

109

The CAPTAIN peeks around the corner at a set of stairs leading to a door. He points at the Officer, he signs, points to three SWAT officers and points to the door.

DETECTIVE MADISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Four, stack up immediately.

The three officers move to the door, the first officer on the left side of the door, the second officer to the right. The last Officer presses himself against the door. He raises three fingers, he nods to his colleagues, one finger drops, another drops, the last finger drops, turning on the spot, he lifts his sub machine gun to his face and kicks the door in.

DETECTIVE MADISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Finally, don't get fucking shot.

The door swings open, the officer is shot in the head, blood spurts out, he hits the ground.

110

INT. SWAT VAN - NIGHT

110

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(calmly)  
Simple really.

He looks around the van; all the men are now seated, performing equipment checks.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Donnie, it's show time!

DONNIE raises his hand up from the driver's seat, the engine kicks in and the van begins to move.

111

INT. SWAT VAN - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

111

Some of the officers continue to talk, smiles on faces, whilst others sit quietly, focused and ready.

Officer Gibson is looking towards the floor, Detective Madison his head held high.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What are you thinking about?

OFFICER GIBSON  
About my family. What about you sir?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Just getting the job down.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Do you have a family sir?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

DETECTIVE MADISON  
No. My family are either pushing up  
daises or waiting for me too.

The van turns a corner and drives down an avenue.

Detective Madison stands up and faces the SWAT team.

The van comes to a slow halt.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(assertively)  
It's show time guys!

We see the officers stand up, they pick up their helmets,  
place them on their heads and slide the visors down.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Slinky, get to the apartment across  
the street, watch for my sign.

SLINKY, the sniper, nods in acknowledgment.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
I want four covering the east  
perimeter and four on the west.

Detective Madison points at two officers.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
You two with me.

MADISON turns and faces GIBSON.

Officer Gibson picks up his helmet as does Detective Madison.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Ready Officer?

Officer Gibson nods and pulls his visor down.

112 EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

112

The SWAT team jump out the back.

Slinky makes a run for the opposite apartment, the officers  
head for their designated areas.

Detective Madison, Officer Gibson and two other officers  
scurry to the main entrance of the apartment.

113

INT. APARTMENT/RECEPTION - TRACKING

113

We see a CLERK in a booth, a flight of stairs and a dark waiting area, the Clerk surprised, gets to his feet.

Detective Madison holds his fingers to his lips and points to the ground.

The Clerk obliges.

The officers head for the stairs.

114

INT. APARTMENT/STAIRS - NIGHT

114

They slowly walk up the staircase.

Weapons held aloft, Detective Madison leads the way.

115

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

115

Slinky has set himself, his ready to take the shot.

116

INT. APARTMENT/STAIRS - NIGHT

116

Detective Madison holds his fist in the air, they stop moving.

They face an apartment door.

He raises three fingers, the first finger is lowered, then the second and then third. We hear the sound of a shot, the smash of glass, fast moving footsteps, the door is kicked open.

117

INT. PERPETRATORS ROOM - NIGHT

117

The two SWAT officers run in, guns held high, Detective Madison and Officer Gibson run in side by side they aim at a figure, it is Eli.

He looks very calm as he stands in front of two dead bodies.

SWAT OFFICER #1  
(bellowing)  
Put your fucking hands where I can  
see 'em!

Eli raises one hand.

ELI  
Evening officers.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON  
It's over motherfucker, your games up.

Eli laughs.

ELI  
What game:

Eli glances at Officer Gibson and smiles.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Good to see you again officer.

Eli looks out the window.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Should be burning now.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Come again.

ELI  
Two five seven East Broadway.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What?

ELI  
Your find the man your looking for there.

He chuckles.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Oh and Sandy.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Sandy?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
The receptionist!

Detective Madison turns around and speaks into a handset.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Calling all officers, we have report of a four five one at two five seven East Broadway.

ELI  
I admire you, trying to save lives that are already over.

Eli reaches into his pocket.

117

CONTINUED:

77.

117

SWAT OFFICER #2  
Put your fucking hands up!

Eli grabs hold of a gun.

Officer Gibson raises his firearm.

We hear a gun shot.

Eli drops to his knees and collapses.

We see Detective Madison, pistol in hand, he faces away from Eli.

Officer Gibson and the officers stare at him.

He walks out the door, Officer Gibson follows quickly, the SWAT officers glance at each other, and then leave.

Close up of the bullet hole, blood oozes out.

DETECTIVE MADISON (O.S.  
The operation is cancelled, I  
repeat the operation is cancelled.

118

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

118

Detective Madison smashes a window on a car, he jumps in, click's the engine into gear, Officer Gibson climbs in.

119

INT. REPRIMANDED VEHICLE - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

119

We are speeding down the road.

Detective Madison raises the handset to his mouth.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Requesting ten seven regarding a  
ten fifty nine.

He listens carefully.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Fuck, it's a children home.

He hits the gas.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Ten two. Now on route to a  
suspected two one three.

He puts his foot down and drifts around a corner.

120 EXT. OUTSIDE CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT 120

The sound of squeals, chocked coughs and desperate calls can be heard.

At least a dozen children are lying on the grass, some sit sobbing, others in a state of shock.

Carers can be seen tending to the Children.

We can now hear sirens.

A fire truck pulls up, fire fighters jump out and rush to the scene, water cannons are lifted out the truck, they are lined up. Some fire fighters rush to the aid of the carers who emerge with children over their shoulders.

It is a large home but the fire has spread fast. The roof is a blaze and through the window we can see the interior being scorched by the flames.

We hear the screech of brakes, Detective Madison and Officer Gibson jump out and rush to the entrance, hands gripped to the guns in their pockets.

Detective Madison looks down at a CARER.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
How many are inside!?

CARER  
One, the room is locked, we can't get in!

The SWAT van rolls up. The officers jump out the back.

Detective Madison turns to face them.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Check the perimeter!

The SWAT Team move around the sides of the home, flicking on their search lights, they look high and low, Officer Gibson follows them.

Detective Madison runs inside.

121 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME/GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 121

Detective Madison looks left and right, flames burst out from both sides, to the left a burning sitting area, to the right a dining area in flames, the ceiling has started to crumble, in front of him a set of stairs.

A loud thud emanates around the house.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

Detective Madison runs up the smoldering staircase.

122 EXT. OUTSIDE CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

122

We see a CLOAKED FIGURE, he grasps Sandy tightly. The pair run down a backstreet.

Sandy is thrust into the saloon.

The Cloaked Figure looks around nervously, before jumping into the car.

123 INT. SALOON - NIGHT

123

He fumbles around in his pocket, pulls out a set of keys and sticks them in the ignition.

Sandy sticks her face to the window, crying, she pounds on the window. She jumps at the Cloaked Figure; he attempts to wrestle her back to her seat. Sandy pushes down on the pedal. The car drives forwards and collides with a parked car.

A loud crunch.

Pushing at his trilby, it starts to cover his face.

124 EXT. BEHIND CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

124

SWAT perform a thorough investigation behind the home.

Officer Gibson follows from the rear, weapon held high.

The squad move into the garden.

125 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

125

The squad move slowly around checking every area, they converse with each other.

126 INT. CHILDREN'S HOME/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

126

Detective Madison runs up the stairs, flames are all around him, he ducks down trying to avoid the flames, as he runs down the corridor. Detective Madison leans in close to a door. We can hear the faint sound of a LITTLE GIRL crying.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Sweetheart?

She continues to cry.

80.

126

CONTINUED:

126

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Sweetheart, can you get out?

A moments silence.

LITTLE GIRL  
I can't move!

Detective Madison face drops.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Okay, now I want you to listen real  
close, okay?

No response.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
There's gonna be a loud bang, okay,  
but it ain't gonna hurt you.

He steps back and raises his gun. Detective Madison fires his gun at the door, it starts to crumble, he kicks the door down.

127

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

127

The room is a blaze, five beds are in the room, all are empty apart from one. A dot of a Girl on the far end bed cries, Detective Madison runs to her aid. He stares at her, bends down and attempts to pick her up.

She raises but there is an abrupt stop.

Confused, Detective Madison pulls off her bed sheet.

Her hands are tied to the bed with leather straps.

He pulls at them they do not move. He puts her down. The Little Girl cries uncontrollably. Putting a hand to her head, he strokes her forehead.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Please, please stay calm.

Looking around the room, our eyes are attracted to a gas canister. The flames are burning rapidly.

128

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

128

Officer Gibson is still searching the garden, SWAT officers peel away in different directions.

Suddenly out of the night we hear the sound of a horn.

All of the officers look up.

129	INT. SALOON - NIGHT	129
	Sandy pushes down hard on the Cloaked Figure; she slaps him repeatedly whilst pressing the horn with the other hand.	
130	EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT	130
	The officers rush to the sound of the noise.	
	Officer Gibson dashes out the garden and scales a wall.	
131	EXT. BACKSTREET - NIGHT	131
	Officer Gibson stares straight at the saloon.	
	OFFICER GIBSON'S P.O.V- HE LOOKS INTO THE FRONT WINDOW, HE SPOTS SANDY, SHE TURNS HER HEAD AND LOOKS AT HIM IN RELIEF.	
	BACK TO SCENE.	
	The SWAT officers come into sight. They surround the saloon and aim their guns at the Cloaked Figure.	
	He stares at them in despair.	
	OFFICER GIBSON (yelling) Get out the god damn car!	
	The Cloaked Figure is frozen in fear.	
	OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D) Get out of the car!	
	They all cock their guns. We see Sandy trying to escape to no avail. The passenger doors remain locked.	
	OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D) You have got to the count of three!	
	The countdown begins.	
	OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D) One!	
	The night sky is filled with light. The officers fall to the ground.	
	Part of the home is missing, the building starts to crumble.	
	The saloon drives away, a SWAT rolls off the bonnet, his head cracks off the sidewalk.	
	Officer Gibson fires wildly into the chaos. The saloon speeds off into the night.	

(CONTINUED)

131

CONTINUED:

131

Officer Gibson, shell shocked, waves the officers towards the house.

They move out.

He turns his head, and stares at the dead officer; slumped in a heap, blood trickling down his head. Officer Gibson gets to his feet and makes a dash for the home.

132

EXT. OUTSIDE CHILDREN'S HOME - NIGHT

132

Detective Madison can be seen standing on the lawn, the Little Girl in his hands. Behind him the house is a blaze.

The carers hug the children, they comfort, sooth and distract. They try to stop the children from looking at the madness.

The fire fighters spray water cannons trying to ease the blaze.

Officer Gibson and the other SWAT officers appear in the background, astonished, hands on heads.

Officer Gibson rushes to Detective Madison but stops in his tracks.

We hear the screech of tires, doors swinging open, and the sound of footsteps followed by the clicking of cameras.

Detective Madison's face lights up constantly, pictures are being taken. The sound of voices, they mix together making it hard for one voice to be heard.

SWAT officers try to keep the press and paparazzi back.

133

INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S OFFICE - DAY

133

Detective Madison can be seen cutting an article out from a newspaper. He walks to the notice board and adds the clipping to it.

Standing back, hands on hips, he admires his collection of achievements.

134

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

134

Two bodies are laid out. They are covered with white sheets.

A table with numerous surgical items is placed between the two tables.

A door opens and in walks Detective Madison, Detective Grimes, Officer Kowalski and Officer Gibson.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER KOWALSKI

These are the two vics found in the apartment.

He whips back one of the sheets, we see Amanda.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

This is Amanda Thomas.

He walks to the next body and pulls back the sheet.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

And this is Larry Fallon.

Officer Kowalski turns to face the over Police officials.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

The coroner reported that the vics were found with major lacerations to the chest and neck. Chain indentations were also found on the wrists and ankles.

The bodies are covered back up.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

I did a thorough background check and it turns out that Larry and Amanda were both in police academy.

He looks at Detective Grimes.

OFFICER KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Looking back in police records I found that Larry's farther was in the force and so was Amanda's.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Henry worked homicide and Joel worked in forensics.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Yeah I knew Henry he used be on beat at central park.

Officer Gibson watches on.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Yeah, he was part of the Manhattan bowling team.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Yeah and I remember Martin talking about a Joel.

134

CONTINUED:

134

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
Joel worked with us on the  
Drinkwater case.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Oh shit yeah! Always used to call  
us Starsky and Hutch.

Officer Kowalski glances at Officer Gibson, he rolls his eyes.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Shit, have they been in yet?

DETECTIVE GRIMES  
No. I'm meeting them later.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Send my condolences.

Detective Madison shakes Detective Grimes's hand and heads for the exit.

Officer Gibson scurries after him.

135

INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S OFFICE - DAY

135

Detective Madison and Officer Gibson walk inside the office.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Sit down kid.

Madison sits down behind the desk, Gibson takes a seat in front of him.

Detective Madison places a bottle of scotch and two frosted glasses on the desk, he pours some in each glass. He holds out a glass.

Officer Gibson shakes his head.

Detective Madison frowns, downs both glasses and then slams them down on the desk.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
What the fuck happened?

OFFICER GIBSON  
But.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
But what? I saved a life! That's what I fucking did, what did you do?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER GIBSON  
What do you mean what did I do?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You didn't stop the perp or save  
the girl!

OFFICER GIBSON  
I tried.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
That's not good enough! A whole  
SWAT team, and you still fucking  
failed.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Fuck you!

The room falls silent.

Detective Madison leans forward onto to the desk.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Okay, let's calm down, we're both  
tired.

Detective Madison sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
What happened?

OFFICER GIBSON  
I saw Sandy and the perp.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What did he look like?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Pale, tired, he was wearing a big  
coat and a hat.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Tiredness leads to cracks, let's  
hope he cracks firsts.

He gets to his feet, and wonders around the room.

Officer Gibson glances at the newspaper clippings.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Did the girl talk?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
No, too shook up.

Detective Madison returns to the desk, he shuffles through  
the findings.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
I did a background check and just  
so happens she's the daughter of  
Blake Cartel.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Blake Cartel?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Blake was shot in an armed robbery  
about a year ago.

He holds up a piece of paper, it's a newspaper article  
showing the incident.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
He left behind a wife and two  
daughters.

He leans back in his seat.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
The girl was taken into care, her  
Mom took the death pretty bad and  
got hooked on heroin.

Detective Madison gets up again.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
I tried contacting her but I got no  
response.

He picks up his coat.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
One case still unsolved, the  
nightclub murder.

He heads to the door.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Where you going?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Clubbing.

He leaves, slamming the door shut behind him.

Officer Gibson gets up and leaves.

Officer Gibson approaches Lieutenant Ricketts.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Can you run a search for me?

136 CONTINUED:

136

Lieutenant Ricketts turns to face his computer.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS

Sure, what on?

OFFICER GIBSON

I need the name of the tenant who leases out last night's apartment.

Lieutenant Ricketts starts to type away. He searches the database.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS

Here we go.

On the computer screen we can see a picture of Principal Jenkins.

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS (CONT'D)

Zachery Jenkkins, forty six, a school principal.

OFFICER GIBSON

Which school?

LIEUTENANT RICKETTS

New day academy.

OFFICER GIBSON

Thanks pal.

He taps Lieutenant Ricketts on the shoulder and heads for the exit.

137 INT. INSIDE CAR - NIGHT

137

We see Detective Madison sitting in his car outside the nightclub. He leans patiently on the steering wheel.

We hear music coming from the nightclub.

A group of people walk past the car, they head to the entrance, they knock the door and wait. The door slides open and the group enter the nightclub.

A few moments later, a truck rolls up, a group of party goers jump off the back and the same process reoccurs.

Detective Madison waits.

A BUSINESS MAN walks past the car, he clutches a suitcase, a piece of leather hangs out.

Pushing down on the door handle, Detective Madison leaves the car.

138 INT. INSIDE CAR - NIGHT

138

Officer Gibson sits in his car outside the school. He watches closely.

139 EXT. OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

139

The Business Man confidently walks along the side walk, he stops abruptly, Detective Madison is right behind him, his feet on his heels, a revolver thrust into his back.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Keep walking.

He does as he is told.

The two reach the entrance. The Business Man hesitates.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Knock.

He knocks. The door hinge clicks and it slides open.

Detective Madison grabs the guys hand and gives a lovely smile to the DOORMAN, who ushers them in.

140 INT. INSIDE CAR - NIGHT

140

Officer Gibson taps away nervously at the steering wheel.

Suddenly Principal Jenkins appears, he climbs in his car and reverses out the car park.

Officer Gibson watches closely, he turns the engine on and starts to tail him.

141 INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

141

The club is packed full of leather wearing partiers. The party is in full flow, a group of men receive an X-rated striptease from a pretty blond.

Numerous drugs are being took, people smoke weed, some jack up on heroine, others snort cocaine of the bar.

Detective Madison pushes the Business Man away. Detective Madison makes his way past the partiers and towards the bar, he sits down.

The Barman walks over to him and leans on the bar. Not a word spoken.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Two fingers of scotch.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

The Barman places a glass on the counter and pours some scotch.

Detective Madison downs it.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

You know where I can get a fuck  
'round here?

The Barman's eyes light up. He leans over on the bar.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Maybe some head.

The Barman strokes Detective Madison's hand.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Keep it up and you just might get  
lucky.

The Barman walks out from behind the bar and starts pulling on his zipper.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

No, somewhere private.

They head towards the bathroom.

142 EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

142

Principal Jenkins parks up outside a convenience store, he gets out and strolls to the entrance.

Another car pulls into sight, it's Officer Gibson. He parks and gets out. Officer Gibson sticks his hands in his pockets and walks over to the shop.

143 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - TRACKING

143

A typical store. Three aisles selling anything you could want.

A SHOPKEEPER is scanning a woman's groceries.

Principal Jenkins can be seen looking for a bag of chips.

Officer Gibson walks towards him trying to remain inconspicuous.

Principal Jenkins slowly makes his way down the aisle. He turns a corner.

Officer Gibson starts to follow him. He walks around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED:

143

We see Principal Jenkins disappear through a door.

Officer Gibson picks up the pace, he opens the door.

144

INT. STORAGE ROOM - TRACKING

144

Principal Jenkins casually walks past shelves of stock and exits the door.

Officer Gibson is still in pursuit.

145

EXT. BEHIND CONVENIENCE STORE - TRACKING

145

Principal Jenkins walks across the tarmac, Officer Gibson is not far behind.

Principal Jenkins enters another store through the back entrance.

146

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

146

Detective Madison is shoved onto a toilet. Hands are pressed onto his shoulders; the Detective unzips the Barman's pants.

The Barman leans back, he awaits the pleasure. Suddenly he crumbles over in pain.

Detective Madison punches him in the genitals, he falls backwards. Madison gets to his feet and cracks him in the face. Grasping him by the mask he pulls him towards the toilet, his head smacks off the seat several times.

The Barman is turned around, a punch connects to the abdomen, his head lands in the toilet water. He screams in muffled pain.

The zip on the mask is pulled open, tongue grasped in the Detective Madison's hand.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Okay you fuck, it's time to talk. I am gonna give you three chances to tell me what I want to hear. If you fuck with me your tongues coming off. Okay?

BARMAN

Okay!

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON

A week back someone was murdered  
here, right?

BARMAN

I don't know.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Wrong answer.

The zip is dug into the tongue. He screams.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Make it easy for yourself, someone  
was murdered here right?

BARMAN

A guy, he, he drugged his daughter  
and asked if he could fuck her.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Did he kill her?

BARMAN

I don't fucking know!

The zip becomes tighter around the tongue.

DETECTIVE MADISON

I believe you, but there's no need  
to be rude! What did he look like?

BARMAN

I don't know!

DETECTIVE MADISON

Sure?

The zip tightens around the tongue.

The Barman gags as he attempts to talk.

BARMAN

He's real slick, he was in an  
overcoat, had a trilby, wore  
glasses.

DETECTIVE MADISON

When did you last see him?

BARMAN

Last night!

DETECTIVE MADISON

Is he a regular?

BARMAN  
Yeah! Loves attention!

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Did he say anything to you before  
he left?

The Barman squirms.

The zip becomes tighter.

BARMAN  
I won't be in tomorrow! I've gotta  
go to the hospital!

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Why?

BARMAN  
Please mister, I don't know!

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Which hospital?

BARMAN  
Lincoln Hospital!

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Thanks for the help.

A pat on the cheek and then his head is forced back into the toilet, the back of his head succumbed in water, the tongue is pulled out, he splutters, the zip is forced into the tongue.

Detective Madison gets to his feet and leaves the bathroom, a loud burst of music. And then silence again.

We see Principal Jenkins, he walks purposely through the storage room. Principal Jenkins pushes his way through a set of strip curtains.

He finds himself behind a deli counter. He remains calm and keeps on walking.

A SERVICE WORKER looks over at him.

SERVICE WORKER (O.S.)  
Excuse me Sir, your not allowed  
back here.

148 CONTINUED:

148

Principal Jenkins carries on walking.

SERVICE WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sir!

He ignores him and carries on walking to the entrance, he opens the door and steps out onto the sidewalk.

149 EXT. SIDEWALK - TRACKING

149

He turns a corner and walks in front of two parked squad cars, sirens flashing, four Police officers aim their guns at him.

ARMED POLICE OFFICER #1

(bellowing)

Put your fucking hands up!

Principal Jenkins performs a quick turn. But he walks straight into Officer Gibson. He is wrestled to the ground, handcuffs are slapped on his wrists.

OFFICER GIBSON

Zachary Jenkins you are under arrest on the suspicion of accessory to murder.

He is lifted to his feet and lead to a squad car.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

You do not have to say anything and anything you do say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney if you cannot afford one, one will be provided for you.

Principal Jenkins ducks down into the squad car.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

Principal Jenkins looks up at him.

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Yes.

The door is slammed shut and the squad car drives away.

Officer Gibson smiles and leaves the area.

150 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

150

Officer Gibson and Detective Madison sit in the front of the car.

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED:

150

They are parked in the hospital car park facing the entrance.

Detective Madison is slouched against the car window, whereas Officer Gibson sits bolt upright.

There are a lot of people entering and exiting the hospital.

DETECTIVE MADISON

That's good work kid.

Officer Gibson looks over.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

I'm impressed.

Officer Gibson smiles.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

I bust my first perp on my second day.

Detective Madison looks at Officer Gibson, a smile on his face.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

But seriously well done.

The Detective takes a sip of coffee.

OFFICER GIBSON

So, you didn't find out a time or an appointment

DETECTIVE MADISON

We wouldn't have been sitting here for the last three fucking hours if I had, would we?

OFFICER GIBSON

Guess not.

Officer Gibson takes a sip of coffee.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

Does he match my description?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Yeah, wears an overcoat, a hat, glasses.

OFFICER GIBSON

He doesn't wear glasses.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What do you mean he don't wear glasses?

(CONTINUED)

95.

150

CONTINUED:

150

OFFICER GIBSON

I mean when I saw him he wasn't  
wearing glasses.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Well maybe when his there, with the  
gimps, he likes to see who's tits  
his touching, where his putting his  
dick.

Officer Gibson changes subject.

OFFICER GIBSON

So he paid to have sex with his  
daughter?

Detective Madison nods his head.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

You know who she is?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Grimey hasn't got back to me yet,  
anyway enough of the fucking  
questions already, keep lookout.

Detective Madison gets out the car.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Need a piss.

Officer Gibson nods his head and continues to watch like a hawk.

We see Detective Madison disappear into the crowd.

151

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

151

Detective Madison approaches the HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST in what is a very busy reception.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Excuse me ma'am, where's the  
bathroom?

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST

Take a right and then a left sir.

152

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - TRACKING

152

He turns around, enters the crowd and takes a right. Reaching the end of the corridor he takes a left.

A Cloaked Figure walks past him.

(CONTINUED)

152

CONTINUED:

152

Detective Madison looks at him curiously, he decides to follow him.

The Cloaked Figure turns a corner. He then takes a right.

153

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

153

Officer Gibson climbs out the car.

154

INT. ONCOLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

154

An electric door slides open, the Cloaked Figure strolls inside.

Detective Madison hands in pockets, walks in and takes a seat in the waiting area.

The reception is brightly lit, the floor and surfaces shine immaculately.

The Cloaked Figure raises a hand to the ONCOLOGY RECEPTIONIST and continues to walk down the ward. He reaches a bedroom, he knocks the door and then enters a few moments later.

Detective Madison pulls out his cell phone.

155

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

155

Officer Gibson cleans his hands. His cell phone starts to ring. He quickly picks it up.

OFFICER GIBSON  
(into phone)  
Talk to me.

156

INT. ONCOLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

156

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(into phone)  
Oncology.

He hangs up.

157

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

157

Officer Gibson darts out the bathroom.

158

INT. ONCOLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

158

Detective Madison stands up, flashes his badge to the Receptionist and then pulls out his semi-automatic pistol.

(CONTINUED)

158

CONTINUED:

158

Officer Gibson appears by his side.

Detective Madison leads the way.

They reach the room and take their positions.

Detective Madison gives the count of three and knocks the door. They wait, the door opens, Detective Madison swings an arm out and swoops inside.

159

INT. PATIENT BEDROOM - DAY

159

The room is dimly lit, Detective Madison spins into the room he is clutching the Cloaked Figure, Officer Gibson darts in, weapon held aloft.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Everyone put your fucking hands  
where I can see 'em!

The Cloaked Figure is kicked in the back of the leg, he falls to his knees, the trilby falls off, we now see Shane, the pistol is rammed into the back of his head.

DETECTIVE MADISON'S P.O.V- WE SEE THREE PEOPLE, A YOUNG GIRL,  
A NURSE AND A MAN.

BACK TO SCENE.

The MAN sits in a chair, a drip intravenously inserted in his hand.

The young girl is Sandy; she sits on a bed, her face emotionless and pale.

The Nurse looks terrified at the situation; the Man removes his hat. He is pale, has bags under his eyes and his skin is wrinkled.

MARTIN

Afternoon Maddie.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Martin!?

Detective Madison looks concerned.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

What the fucks going on Martin?

MARTIN

Chemotherapy.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Don't feed me shit Martin, I  
deserve better than that.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN  
I have cancer Maddie.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
I know, I fucking know.

MARTIN  
So what's the problem?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You've got a murderer and a  
kidnapped girl in here, can you see  
the fucking problem?

MARTIN  
(to Shane)  
Shane, what happened?

Detective Madison pushes Shane on all fours, gun held close to his skull.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Don't fucking talk to him Martin,  
talk to me.

Detective Madison kicks Shane.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Come on, for old times sake.

The Nurse finishes inserting the drip and leaves.

MARTIN  
I loved my job, you know that, so I  
kept practising.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
In what way?

MARTIN  
When you're dying, people take more  
notice, they listen, they pity you.  
Detective Grimes listened.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Grimey?

MARTIN  
Yeah Grimey.

Detective Madison sits down on the edge of the bed, gun still firmly held at Shane.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
He supplied me with what I needed,  
which I then used for practising.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What did you practice on?

MARTIN  
People.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Why?

MARTIN  
Do you know how it feels to be cop  
on the outside?  
Remember at high school? When you  
try to fit in with the "in" guys?  
It's like that; you want to know  
what's going on but your made deaf  
to it.  
I was with the force for twenty  
five god damn years, worked my ass  
off, and then just like that  
everyone just forgets about you.

OFFICER GIBSON  
You just sound like a bitter ex-cop  
who likes to make peoples lives a  
misery.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(to Officer Gibson)  
Shut the fuck up!

MARTIN  
It's okay Maddie let him talk, it's  
kids like these that interest me.  
(to Officer Gibson)  
How old are you kid?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Not prepared to answer that  
question sir.

MARTIN  
Smart kid, you would be tough to  
crack.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
(to Martin)  
Talk.

MARTIN  
I miss the proud feeling you get  
when you put that badge on, the  
solidarity you feel when wearing  
your uniform, the sense of  
achievement when you did all you  
physically could to help someone,  
that's what I miss.  
(MORE)

100.

159

CONTINUED:

159

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Kids get in these days and do not  
appreciate how...

OFFICER GIBSON

What?

Martin attempts to stand up.

MARTIN

(angry)  
How much an honour it is!

Detective Madison gets up and helps Martin back down to his seat.

Officer Gibson takes over baby sitting.

Detective Madison sits back down and thrusts the gun hard into Shane's head.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Right Martin, start talking or this  
motherfucker's brain is gonna  
decorate this room.

Shane is now curled in a ball, gun moves from head to mouth, it's forced open, he chokes on the barrel, his teeth chattering.

MARTIN

Maddie, brutal, you've changed.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Sometimes we see what we want to  
see.

The gun is cocked, his finger moves towards the trigger.

MARTIN

Okay calm down.

DETECTIVE MADISON

You gonna talk?

MARTIN

Okay.

Detective Madison relaxes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Chemicals, serums and medication  
can make someone do whatever you  
want.

He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

Martin (CONT'D)  
 Yes, especially if they are weak or  
broken.

OFFICER GIBSON  
 Broken?

MARTIN  
 Yes, it's fun, you get a person so  
 weak, physically and mentally and  
 then they melt in your hands like a  
 bar of candy.

OFFICER GIBSON  
 What's this got to do with the  
 murders?

MARTIN  
 Everything kid. Shane was a product  
 of the police academy, came first  
 in his class! Right now he's that  
 weak he would fuck his mom if I  
 told him too.

Martin looks over at Sandy.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 Now Sandy she was easy.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
 Prove it.

Martin looks surprised, he clicks his fingers.

MARTIN  
 Sandy.

Sandy gets to her feet and slowly walks to Martin, she drops  
 to her knees.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
 Okay stop.

She unzips his pants and rummages around.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
 (stressed)  
 Okay fucking stop!

Officer Gibson rushes forwards and pulls her away, he sits  
 her back down on the bed.

Detective Madison stands up.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(reluctantly)  
Martin Young, you're under arrest  
for possession of illegal  
chemicals, second degree murder and  
coercion, you know the rest.

MARTIN  
But I need to finish my therapy.

OFFICER GIBSON  
We'll arrange for it to be  
completed at the station.

MARTIN  
Okay you win, but Sandy's doesn't.

OFFICER GIBSON  
She will be taken care of.

MARTIN  
I'm talking about Sandy's mom.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What are you talking about?

MARTIN  
We kidnapped Sandy's mom, she is in  
a warehouse downtown.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Where?

MARTIN  
Upper East Side.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You have something fucking  
explaining to do.

Detective Madison sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Okay Martin, you and your friends  
are coming with us, you will give  
directions, if anyone tries  
anything funny, brains will be  
spread over the sidewalk. Got that?

Martin nods his head.

Officer Gibson grabs Detective Madison around the neck and  
whispers in his ear.

103.

159

CONTINUED:

159

OFFICER GIBSON

(whispering)

Are you crazy? How can we trust  
anything he says?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Call it a gut instinct.

160

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY

160

The group appear in the car park.

Sandy walks hand in hand with Officer Gibson, he also  
clutches Martin's treatment bag.

Shane is being forced to walk by Detective Madison, a pistol  
pressed to his skull.

Martin walks out, coat and hat attempting to conceal his  
identity.

161

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (DUSK) - TRAVELLING

161

The screen is black, we can only hear the sound of a car  
engine.

MARTIN

Take a right here.

The hum of the engine.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Straight down the avenue.

Wheels screech.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's been a while since we've done  
this Maddie. Take a right.

The engine revs.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's the car park on the right.

The engine comes to a stop. We hear doors open and then the  
sound of footsteps.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Sure this is the place?

MARTIN

Certain.

162

EXT. WAREHOUSE CAR PARK - DAY (DUSK)

162

Slowly filter in.

It's overcast and drizzling.

In front of them is a small derelict building. The windows are boarded up and the walls are covered in graffiti.

Shane lays face down on the concrete floor, Officer Gibson holds a gun to his head.

Detective Madison holds onto Sandy and Martin.

Martin stares at the building.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Okay Martin, lead the way.

Martin ambles towards the building; Detective Madison follows from behind grasping the treatment bag and Sandy tightly, Shane is grabbed by the scruff of the neck and dragged forwards.

Tapping on the door, Martin tries to pull the door open. His hand is grabbed by Detective Madison and they open the door together.

163

INT. WAREHOUSE - TRACKING

163

It's pitch black inside.

Martin flicks a light switch, the lights come on in stages.

The room looks beaten up. chains hang from the walls and ceiling.

A small wooden table is in the center of the room, there sits a hammer and a drill.

We can see someone sitting in a chair, the body is pale and covered in deep purple bruises. A sack is on the persons head, muffled screams and cries come from within. Their arms are tied together. Legs kick out furiously.

Detective Madison pushes Sandy back into the arms of Officer Gibson.

Martin and Detective Madison move forwards slowly.

The ex-cop leans towards to her face. He reaches down and pulls the sack off.

We see Heather, her mouth is gagged and her face is bruised.

Letting out screams at Martin, she turns and stares at Sandy. The gag is removed.

HEATHER  
Sandy! Sandy!

No response.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Talk to me baby!

She does not respond.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
(to Martin)  
What have you done to my baby!?

MARTIN  
She's been simplified.

Heather cries hard at the sight of her daughter.

Turning her head away she attempts to attack Martin, crying in anger and anguish, she stops it's no good, she is truly broken.

Martin stoops and raises her head so that their eyes meet.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
What's wrong Heather?

HEATHER  
My... My... baby...

MARTIN  
What's wrong with your baby?

She gazes up at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Too much work you said. Too  
uncontrollable you said.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Why are you crying? You wanted  
this!

Heather stares at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Remember you said she's a whore.

He softly moves her head up and down. Her head moves towards his. Lips are peeled back, the two lips meet, he pulls back.

106.

163

CONTINUED:

163

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
What does death taste like?

Suddenly a loud noise.

Shane pushes Officer Gibson away and runs for the front.

Gun fire.

We see Officer Gibson fall to the floor, Sandy clutched in his arms, Shane falls to his knees, Detective Madison and Martin fall to the floor, we hear a splash, followed by the sound of loud bang.

164

INT. DETECTIVE MADISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

164

Detective Madison sits at his desk, a cigarette on the go, he holds a bottle of the scotch to his chest, he sits in the darkness smoking and drinking.

165

INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

165

We see Officer Gibson sitting on a pink bed; two Little Girls lay against his shoulders, sleeping. He clutches them tightly in the night light lit room.

166

INT. INTERVIEWING CORRIDOR - DAY

166

We see Detective Madison and Officer Gibson walking side by side down a corridor.

He opens an interviewing room door.

167

INT. INTERVIEWING ROOM ONE - DAY

167

The room holds Martin, he sits comfortably in a chair at the interviewing table, a drip inserted into his hand, he wears a hospital gown. His face different to their previous encounter, his face light and fresh.

The Police officials sit down opposite him.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Morning Martin.

MARTIN  
Morning Maddie.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
How you feeling?

MARTIN  
Great. Yourself?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Been better Martin, been better.

Detective Madison sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
What's it feel like to be back?

MARTIN  
Great. Just feels weird to be on  
the opposite side of the table.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Sure, you seen the forensics lab?

MARTIN  
Yeah, it's changed a lot.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
I know, got refurbished about three  
months ago.

Officer Gibson glances at Detective Madison.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
(distressed)  
Martin, as you know, you are under  
arrest for second degree murder,  
coercion and the possession and use  
of illegal chemicals and drugs.

MARTIN  
Okay.

The Detective bangs his fist on the table.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Why Martin?

MARTIN  
I told you why.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
But why you, your my friend, fuck  
it you're a nice guy.

MARTIN  
Sometimes people see what they want  
to see.

Brief silence.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Okay, we have all murders accounted  
for apart from one.

MARTIN  
Which one?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
The girl at the club.

MARTIN  
Eli's daughter?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Give us a name.

MARTIN  
Maddie her name was Georgie.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
So your fucking tellin' me, this  
Eli killed his daughter?

MARTIN  
No, I did.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What?

MARTIN  
(to Detective Madison)  
Come on Maddie, he used to be my  
understudy. Good kid, injury  
finished his career.

Officer Gibson looks at Detective Madison.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
I needed someone to test on, Eli  
offered his daughter.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Why would he let you rape and  
murder his innocent daughter?

MARTIN  
(to Detective Madison)  
Eli needed help and one thing led  
to another.

OFFICER GIBSON  
We interviewed a friend of yours,  
one Zachary Jenkins, did he come to  
you for help?

MARTIN  
(to Detective Madison)  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Why did these people come to you  
Martin?

MARTIN

I try to simplify peoples lives.

OFFICER GIBSON

Just tell us why Sandy?

MARTIN

(to Detective Madison)

She was weak, she might not have  
looked it but she was weak. I  
needed more help and Sandy was just  
that.

Detective Madison gets to his feet. Officer Gibson stares at Martin before getting to his feet.

DETECTIVE MADISON

It's been nice knowing you Martin.

MARTIN

Like wise.

He offers his hand. Detective Madison takes him up on the gesture, they shake, Detective Madison tries to hide a smile, Martin smiles and gives a wink.

They leave the room and Martin.

Detective Madison and Officer Gibson walk down the corridor, the experienced cop now has more of a stride, the rookie struggles to keep up, around the corner comes Detective Grimes clutching a clipboard, he looks down at it.

Next we thing know, Detective Grimes is pinned against the wall.

Detective Madison stares at him.

He is dropped to his knees, the Detective and the Officer walk away, not glancing back.

The Police officials continue walking down the corridor; they turn a corner and head down a small flight of stairs, here they are greeted by a BLOND HAIR POLICE OFFICER, she opens the door to another interviewing room.

169

INT. INTERVIEWING ROOM TWO - DAY

169

At the table sits Sandy, still in yesterday's clothes, she is pale faced, her facial expression blank and emotionless.

Detective Madison and Officer Gibson sit down.

OFFICER GIBSON

Hi Sandy.

No response.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

How are you?

Still no response.

On the table is a piece of paper, a small pot of ice cream and a spoon.

Detective Madison lifts up the piece of paper and starts to read.

It explains her injuries- "Bruising to the breasts, bruising and soft tissue damage to the hips and thighs, virginal bruising and bloodied interior, bruising around the buttocks and anus."

Detective Madison lowers the piece of paper and looks at Sandy, her face a deep shade of grey.

Placing the paper back down on the table, he reaches out and holds her wrists.

He rotates them and rolls up the sleeves on her sweater, her wrists are purple, bruising covers Sandy's hands to her elbows.

Detective Madison sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON

I'm not a lawyer Sandy but you may serve a sentence for diminished responsibility and under duress murder.

Still no response.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

But because you were filled with drugs, you may be alright.

Officer Gibson rests his hands on the table.

(CONTINUED)

111.

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CONTINUED:

169

OFFICER GIBSON

Your Mom was hurt in cross fire.  
She is currently in a coma. We'll  
keep you up to date, I promise.

Detective Madison opens the pot of ice cream.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Sandy, I need you to eat some ice  
cream.

He places a spoonful of ice cream in her mouth.

Sandy swallows, she lowers her head and cries silently to  
herself.

OFFICER GIBSON

You're a strong women Sandy, never  
forget that.

They get to their feet and leave.

170

INT. INTERVIEWING CORRIDOR - DAY

170

They walk down the corridor.

171

INT. POLICE OFFICES - TRACKING

171

Detective Madison walks to his office, Officer Gibson follows  
eagerly.

Detective Madison stops and faces the officer.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Go grab a coffee.

He enters the office and slams the door shut.

Officer Gibson walks away.

172

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

172

We see Officer Gibson sitting in front of a desk. He sits  
alone, patiently waiting.

The door opens and in the walks the COMMISSIONER. He's face  
aged and wrinkled, he looks glad to be behind the desk.

He passes a mug of coffee over to Officer Gibson before  
taking his position behind the desk.

COMMISSIONER

One coffee, black just like you  
asked for.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER GIBSON  
Thank you sir.

The Commissioner smiles at him.

COMMISSIONER  
So, how have you found your time in  
the force?

The Commissioner takes his seat.

OFFICER GIBSON  
It's certainly different to a beat  
in Kansas.

COMMISSIONER  
How so?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Well, with have to deal with fender  
benders rather than serial killers.

The Commissioner smiles.

COMMISSIONER  
I have heard nothing but good  
things about you Wayne. The way you  
dealt with this event has been  
fantastic. Tracking down the perp  
from a speeding ticket, is just,  
amazing.

Officer Gibson tries to conceal a smile.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
Wayne, when your six weeks are up,  
I will be offering you the role of  
assistant homicide detective.

Officer Gibson is shocked.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Wow, Mr...

COMMISSIONER  
You deserve it. You will be working  
closely with Maddie again.

The Commissioner smiles.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
Have you enjoyed working with Walt?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Err, sure.

COMMISSIONER  
You sure about that?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Detective Madison, has some, urm,  
different ways of working.

COMMISSIONER  
Anything, to be, worried about?

OFFICER GIBSON  
No, he just likes to do things his  
way is all.

Officer Gibson leans forward in his seat.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
He lets a lot of things slide.

COMMISSIONER  
Can you elaborate Wayne?

OFFICER GIBSON  
I believe he's taking bribes Sir.

COMMISSIONER  
You know this is a serious  
accusation don't you Wayne?

OFFICER GIBSON  
Yes Sir.

COMMISSIONER  
How would you feel about becoming  
Chief Homicide Detective.

We see Detective Madison; he sits at his desk drinking from a bottle of whiskey. He flicks through a book. We zoom in on the book. There is a photo of the Detective with Martin. They both sit behind a large chemistry set. Below the photo is another picture, we see Detective Madison, Detective Grimes and Martin. They look happy as they pose outside a crime scene.

The Detective's reminiscences are interrupted by a knock on the door.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Yeah.

It opens and in walks the Commissioner.

The bottle of scotch is quickly tucked away.

COMMISSIONER  
Evening Maddie.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Evening Vic. How can I help 'ya?

The Commissioner strolls over to the clippings. He gazes at them fondly. A smile on his face.

COMMISSIONER  
You really have done well, Maddie.

He turns around.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
Really well.

The Commissioner sits down.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
I remember when you joined the force Maddie. You were real keen, bright, enthusiastic.

He smiles.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
Where's it all gone?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Time has a way of tiring you out.

They fall silent.

COMMISSIONER  
It's time for changes Walt and I'm sorry to say but you've got to go.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Wow, Vic, you know how to surprise a fella.

COMMISSIONER  
You have been taking bribes.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Bribes? From who?

COMMISSIONER  
You and Grimey have received money from a forensic.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
I don't know what the fuck you're talking about?

COMMISSIONER

We don't need this publicly again Maddie. Sacha and Cartel were bad enough but if the press get wind of the senior homicide detective taking bribes, well we'll all be out of a fucking job.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Believe me Vic I don't want this kind of publicly as much as you do.

Detective Madison sighs.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Grimey was given money from an officer.

COMMISSIONER

What for?

DETECTIVE MADISON

I'm presuming to fuck the vic.

COMMISSIONER

Did you receive any money?

DETECTIVE MADISON

Not a fucking dime. Who told you this shit?

COMMISSIONER

An officer at the scene that day.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Was it that cocky fucker, Kowalski?

COMMISSIONER

No.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Who then? Vic if you're gonna get rid of me, do me this one last favour.

COMMISSIONER

Wayne.

DETECTIVE MADISON

Wayne?

COMMISSIONER

Officer Gibson.

They fall silent.

173

CONTINUED:

173

Detective Madison reaches for the scotch. He pours two glasses.

DETECTIVE MADISON

We go way back Vic, you don't wanna  
fire me.

He hands over a glass of scotch.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Do you remember July 23rd Ninety  
Six?

He gestures to the clippings.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

I was just an understudy myself. I  
thought I knew fucking everything.  
Turned out I did. Remember when I  
came to you and said Vic, I just  
saw Detective Carmichael kill a  
man. Do you remember that?

COMMISSIONER

Yes.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What about the Drinkwater case?

COMMISSIONER

Yes.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Detective Madison sips his scotch.

DETECTIVE MADISON

So you know you how good I am.

No response.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

Oh Vic, you don't know how sad that  
makes me feel.

COMMISSIONER

What's your plan?

174

INT. POLICE OFFICES - DAY

174

Officer Gibson sits at a desk, he types away on a computer.

Detective Madison passes him.

(CONTINUED)

117.

174

CONTINUED:

174

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Kid, there's been an incident.

Officer Gibson quickly gets to his feet and follows Detective Madison out the office.

175

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK - DAY

175

It's raining hard.

A squad car is parked vertically in front of the entrance two Police officers stand next to each other, resting against the car they seem relaxed, sipping from coffee cups.

Officer Gibson and Detective Madison walk towards the entrance.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What's the situation?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
This is him.

The officers walk over, one grabs Officer Gibson's hands and pulls them behind his back. The other checks Officer Gibson's pockets, he disarms him.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Wayne Gibson, you are under arrest  
for the murders of Tyrone Skinner,  
John Sampson, Saidio Ashanti,  
Terrence Kyle and Neil Watson.

The officers begin to drag Officer Gibson away.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
You do not have to say anything and  
anything you do say can and will be  
used against you in a court of law.  
You have the right to an attorney  
if you cannot afford one, one will  
be provided for you.

Officer Gibson looks over his shoulder at him.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?

OFFICER GIBSON  
(distressed)  
No!

Detective Madison walks away, lighting a cigarette on his way.

176 INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

176

The screen is black.

We hear the slam of a door, footsteps on hard ground, the clang of steel and metal, and moans echo through the space.

The holding cell slowly filters in.

We see Officer Gibson sitting in a small cell, it's dark and dank, he sits on a rusty bed, arms folded, he stares out of the cell.

Once again we hear the sound of keys; it's followed by the sound of footsteps.

Detective Madison walks into view, hands behind his back; Officer Gibson rushes to his feet and grabs the cell bars.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
Evening Wayne.

OFFICER GIBSON  
Come on Maddie, what is this?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You are being arrested for murder.

OFFICER GIBSON  
You told me...

DETECTIVE MADISON  
What? I didn't tell you to go kill  
a fucking bunch of smack heads and  
one of the force.

Officer Gibson sits down, head in his hands.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
I wish it didn't have to go down  
like this, believe me I really do.

Detective Madison places his hands on the bars.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
You tried to get rid of me you  
motherfucker!

Officer Gibson looks up at Detective Madison.

OFFICER GIBSON  
What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE MADISON  
You know exactly what I'm fucking  
talking about. I take bribes! Does  
that jog your fucking memory?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER GIBSON

Mad...

DETECTIVE MADISON

What Wayne? Huh, I'm sorry? I would have been on the fucking streets.

OFFICER GIBSON

Look, I'll erm, explain, yeah explain. You're be on the right side of the desk.

DETECTIVE MADISON

What about you?

OFFICER GIBSON

I got offered the assistant role first, I'll just be your assistant.

Detective Madison holds out a newspaper.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

What d'ya say?

DETECTIVE MADISON

I don't need these stories!

Detective Madison holds up the newspaper. It reads "ROOKIE COP TAKES DOWN CANCER COP, PROMOTION EXPECTED" below is a sub-heading "MADISON TO STEP DOWN?"

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

If these print, I'll have nothing!  
I need this job!

They stare at each other.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

It's okay, no one will know what you did, no cop gone rogue headlines.

OFFICER GIBSON

Please just, please just get me out, I beg you.

Officer Gibson drops to his knees and begs.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)

Please, please, please!

DETECTIVE MADISON

Stand up officer, this doesn't suit you.

Officer Gibson doesn't stand up.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Get to your fucking feet, that's a fucking order.

Officer Gibson slowly gets to his feet.

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)  
Remember, I'm a limelight seeking cop.

He sighs deeply and walks away.

OFFICER GIBSON  
You're not a limelight seeking cop.

Detective Madison turns around, and looks at a red faced Officer Gibson.

OFFICER GIBSON (CONT'D)  
You're a fuck, not just your average fuck, you're the type of fuck that makes this country the shit hole it is.

He's clinging to the bars; Madison is taken aback by this outburst, he gathers focus again.

The Detective reacts angrily.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
I managed to get this off the press. Nobody will know that you're a fucking murderer! Tomorrow, people will be eating their bagels and drinking their coffee, and what they're see is me. The man who stopped his pal's killing spree. Yeah that's right fucking me!

He walks away.

OFFICER GIBSON  
(shouting)  
The worlds a fucked up place you said, I trusted you Maddie, fuck!

Detective Madison walks back, he stares at Officer Gibson.

DETECTIVE MADISON  
I am untouchable. You hear me untouchable.

Detective Madison grabs hold of the bars.

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176

DETECTIVE MADISON (CONT'D)

(yelling)

You've got nothing on me Wayne,  
absolutely fucking nothing! You  
hear me?! I am fucking untouchable!  
Don't you forget it you jumped up  
motherfucker!

He delves into his pocket and pulls out a picture; he pushes it through the bars before walking away.

Gibson stoops down and picks up the photo.

177

EXT. ENTRANCE OF POLICE STATION - NIGHT

177

Detective Madison stands at the top of the stairs, cameras flash from every direction. The countries media stick their microphones in his face. Detective Grimes and Officer Kowalski can be seen, they give a strong round of applause. He stands like a man who has conquered the world; he raises one arm. A wide smile stretches from ear to ear.

178

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

178

Officer Gibson sits on the bed, the sound of Detective Madison's press conference travels through to the holding cells.

He lifts the photo up, we see his wife and children sat on a bench, they look extremely happy with life.

179

EXT. ENTRANCE OF POLICE STATION - NIGHT

179

The crowd is electric, he's still lapping it up.

Suddenly we hear a loud gun shot. Blood starts to drip from Detective Madison's chest. He falls to the floor.

The crowd becomes hysterical.

He is surrounded by Police officers.

Detective Grimes holds Detective Madison close.

The color slowly drains from his face.

DETECTIVE MADISON'S P.O.V- WE SEE OFFICER REDFIELD, HE STARES BACK AT DETECTIVE MADISON, HE SMILES AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE CROWD.

FADE OUT.

THE END