

EXT. RURAL ANCHORAGE, ALASKA -- DAY

Morning. The fog is lifting. We receive our first glimpse of beautiful South Western Alaska. It's a frosty Maui. The sleepy main streets are inhabited, the rest is complete white wilderness. The coast is sprinkled with fishing boats. Gorgeous.

Buoy BELLS RING over the early SQUAWK of seagulls scouting for food -- but there's a more predominant sound. It permeates. It sounds like... SANDPAPER.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- DAY

The basement. A small curtain over the door's window and its closed. The SOUNDS of the COAST are still able to be heard through the brick walls. Everything is packed into moving boxes. There's some clothing in a closet and hundreds of books on the shelves of the far wall.

MARY is seated with her back to the camera, dressed only in a sleek black bra and panties combo which leaves little to the imagination. We don't see her face, we don't need to -- yet.

She's an artist at work...

MONTAGE -- MARY DISPOSES OF JOSEPH

- She taps his eyelids shut and carefully blows a loose lash off his left cheek.

- She pulls the collar of his tee-shirt up over his head, his chin, and past the top of his head.

- She folds the shirt and neatly places it next to his body like a dinner napkin sitting next to the main entree.

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- She removes his diamond encrusted wristwatch and tosses it out of sight.

- She unbuckles his belt. Tethers it through the waistline of his pants -
- one loop at a time.

END MONTAGE

Mary stands over the victim. Pride in her stance. The body lay supine and nude on her floor. His fingertips have been sanded down and sliced off.

She uses a straight razor to finish shaving off each and every hair a normal, healthy man would possess.

The next SOUND is CURDLING. Mary uses a dependable hunting knife to decapitate her victim. The severed head is wrapped in a black garbage bag. THUMP -- it hits the floor, HARD.

Mary is satisfied. What lay before her was nothing more than a headless, hairless, and most of all -- nameless body. She slides her hand into the crotch of her panties...

She had taken the time to tattoo her name onto his left forearm.

“M A R Y” - in bold KANJI font.

There's a laundry list of men's first names tattooed along her left thigh. The name farthest down reads: **Joseph**.

She's getting off on this. She's worked hard at making a name for herself and her newspaper clippings and headlines are pinned to the walls. Mary is a serial murderer, and by the looks of it -- she cannot wait to do it again.

INT. CAR -- DAY

The front seat. JAVY RODRIGUEZ (32) navigates his late-model sedan down a damp, fuzzy street.

He's well groomed -- hard miles on a handsome face. His BADGE dangles on a chain around his neck. He DIALS his mobile -- waits -- listens -- FUCK! He's greeted with her voicemail again.

He reluctantly leaves one last message --

RODRIGUEZ

(phone)

I'm sorry... I want you to know that it was me. It was all me. I was the one who pushed you away.

(sighs)

Would you please come home? Just -- just come home? If not for me, then for the baby?

He parks and jumps out of the car. He starts walking towards the precinct house, still talking on the phone, ego bruised. And as his VOICE FADES OFF, we hold on the building.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office is filled with paperwork, pictures and books -- mugsheets too. Even with all this mess, the office is somewhat well kept. CAPTAIN RODGERS (55) sits behind his tiny desk. He's dressed in a suit. He's a bruiser -- when he talks it demands your attention.

Rodriguez sits before him.

RODGERS

Where'd you drive in from?

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RODRIGUEZ

Municipality.

RODGERS

I made some calls. You know what they told me about you?

Rodriguez nods -- no.

RODGERS

They said you had a death wish. Said you only took murder cases -- the ones no one else would touch with a ten foot pole.

RODRIGUEZ

(modest)

It's my job.

RODGERS

That's good.

Rodgers picks up a police file off his desk and tosses it over -- it lands in Rodriguez's lap. There's a PHOTO attached. Rodriguez glances down at it.

RODGERS

You know who that is?

RODRIGUEZ

(her photo)

She was CSI.

RODGERS

That's right. BETTY HAVENPORT -- on the force for twenty years. She was the best detective we had.

RODRIGUEZ

Had?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS

She's dead. Murdered. Her body washed up on shore a few days ago just outside of town.

RODRIGUEZ

Any leads?

Rodgers sits disgruntled, clenching his jaw, points to the file.

RODGERS

Does the name Mary mean anything to you?

RODRIGUEZ

Mary? As in the virgin?

RODGERS

(smirks)

We've always had facts. They'd be presented, but all it did was open up a Goddamn can of worms. Before Havenport, there were all these convoluted theories -- Mary was some anti-drug Nazi who feasted on junkies in alleys. They thought she was trying to send a message.

(beat)

Another guy came up with the bullshit idea that this whole thing was a series of homicides committed by a jealous boyfriend. Nothing stuck.

He stands and walks to the window --

RODGERS

Seven bodies. All washing up on shore missing fingers, hair, heads...

(beat)

Havenport was the first officer. The first female.

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CONTINUED: (3)

RODRIGUEZ

Motive?

RODGERS

We don't know. What we do know is that Havenport came close to Mary. She believed that Mary was the murder's first name. We scanned her hard drive. Seems she was convinced that Mary was some sort of tattoo artist.

(shakes his head)

What do you think?

Rodriguez is looking over the file -- he's less than enthused.

RODRIGUEZ

Honestly, sir?

RODGERS

Please.

RODRIGUEZ

I think she was right. It says here that a foreign substance appeared in the bloodstream of each of the victims. Could be poison, could be suicide. I mean, then you have the tattoo, the left arm could be the injection site, but --

RODGERS

-- but?

RODRIGUEZ

An autopsy won't show us anything.

RODGERS

Why's that?

RODRIGUEZ

The head. With the head being severed, it's not clear whether *that* 's the actual cause of death -- or the toxin. It's a useless as trying to identify bodies that are charred beyond recognition.

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RODGERS

Anything else?

RODRIGUEZ

A coroner is gonna run the same tests on each of the victims and he's always gonna come up with the same conclusions. I mean, literally, you have one clue -- which is to say, you've got no clue at all.

Rodgers is impressed.

RODGERS

You got all of that and you've been here what? Five minutes?

RODRIGUEZ

Can I ask you a question, sir?

(off his nod)

Why me? I'm sure Anchorage is full of highly qualified detectives.

Rodgers considers this. He looks at Rodriguez, then levels with him.

RODGERS

They told me something else out there in Municipality. They told me you were the best at what you do.

RODRIGUEZ

Which is?

RODGERS

Finding the truth.

RODRIGUEZ

I've only been a detective for two years.

RODGERS

Solve this case and you get your own division. SIU. The big dance. That's what you want, isn't it?

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CONTINUED: (5)

RODRIGUEZ

(hesitates)

Yes, sir.

RODGERS

You run this one in and you get your name in the papers. I promise you that. You might even get your wife back.

Rodriguez perks up -- "how the fuck did he know that?" written all over his face.

RODGERS

Everyone's got a file.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Dark. Funky. Somebody loves this place. Half-a-dozen FISHERMEN and LOGGERS clotted around the bar. These guys all need showers. Lots of flannel shirts and grizzly beards.

Mary walks in. This is our first good look at her. She's striking. Dark eyes and raven hair. Long legs like a spider and an hourglass figure littered with random tattoos.

She walks down the line of glances on her way into the ladies room. We go from her deafening beauty, to --

INT. BAR LADIES ROOM -- NIGHT

Mary VOMITS into the sink. Several dry HEAVES lead to a second round of puking. It's violent. She wipes her mouth clean and swallows some sink water. There's still some blood caked under her fingernails.

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FLASHBACK -- Mary uses the tip of her Caterpillar boot to kick her victim's lifeless body into the sea. It sinks into the abyss. Her hands are covered in blood.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Mary fixes her hair in the mirror as the curtain comes down over her face. She's centered. All business, and she's moving back into --

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Mary takes the empty stool at the bar. The BARTENDER approaches her just as a SHADY GUY steals the spot beside her.

MARY

Scotch. No ice.

SHADY MAN

Rough day?

No answer.

SHADY MAN

How about I buy you a chaser?

MARY

If I accept, will you leave me alone?

SHADY MAN

Why would I want to leave you alone?

(flirts)

What's your name darlin'?

Silence. Her drink arrives -- she takes a man sized sip.

SHADY MAN

I'm just being friendly.

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CONTINUED:

MARY

Sure you are.

SHADY MAN

You look like you could use someone to talk to.

MARY

No thank you.

SHADY MAN

What's the matter? You don't like the way I look?
(extends a hand)

He runs his fingers through the tips of her hair. She's not having it.

MARY

Take your hand off me.

SHADY MAN

What?

MARY

Don't touch me again.

SHADY MAN

Look, I think you got the wrong idea here, I'm just trying to --

MARY

(her teeth)
-- touch me again and I'll cut your fucking balls off, got it?

She doesn't need to utter another word. He's backed off. Mary watches him leave, then drains her drink.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Later. Mary rests in bed. Her eyes close as she downs two or three pills from a tiny orange container.

Her eyes wander to the table near the door, books piled high: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. THE SUN ALSO RISES. THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

The battered ceiling, the peeling walls, the rusted fuse box -- they all start to blur together.

The pills are kicking in. She tries to open her eyes, but it's no use, and after a few moments she's out.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- DAY

Rodriguez stands under an umbrella, staring at the choppy water through a HARD RAIN. He is not alone. An army of local POLICE CARS and uniformed COPS swarm behind him. Sawhorses and yellow tape. Lots of NOISES.

A POLICE DIVER is dredging a corpse out of the water. OFFICER HUNT (33), a beefy, uniformed cop wearing a badge approaches Rodriguez .

He points a FLASHLIGHT on the body --

RODRIGUEZ
(through the rain)
How'd they find the body so fast?

OFFICER HUNT
The shipyards farm out cleaning jobs to the natives. A diver found it while scraping crab shit off of a stern.

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RODRIGUEZ

Bruised?

OFFICER HUNT

Can't tell by looking.

Hunt shakes his head, perplexed. Rodriguez steps to the body and begins to poke around with the light.

OFFICER HUNT

You think it was poison?

RODRIGUEZ

Like you said, can't tell by looking.

Rodriguez sees a tattoo drawn on the swollen left forearm of the victim - "MARY" in the same Kanji font as seen earlier.

RODRIGUEZ

Shit.

OFFICER HUNT

Forensics is on their way up. I'm not sure what they're gonna find in all this rain though.

RODRIGUEZ

Call them off. I want to get my own look at the body before anyone else touches it.

OFFICER HUNT

But they're already on their way --

RODRIGUEZ

-- call the captain, this is my case now. It's my file and I call the shots, not forensics.

OFFICER HUNT

It's a forty minute drive.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't give a shit. Turn them around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hunt grabs his radio, not pleased. Rodriguez looks at the body, the light shining directly on the tattoo. A longer moment He then switches off the light. He leaves.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- DAY

The room is small but clean. Stainless everything and no windows. A bone saw on the table. DOCTOR WILLIS dissects the victim's torso. We do not see inside.

WILLIS

Well, he's dead.

RODRIGUEZ

Insightful. Thank you.

WILLIS

I would say poison, although, with the head missing, it's anyone's guess. Just like the others.

RODRIGUEZ

If it's poison, can you find an injection point?

WILLIS

No. His skin's so thick right now. He'd been down there for twelve hours or so. Who knows what's been picking at him.

RODRIGUEZ

What about the tattoo?

WILLIS

What about it?

RODRIGUEZ

Anything look different about this one? Lettering? Spacing? Anything?

WILLIS

Nothing.

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Rodriguez moves in closer so he can see better.

RODRIGUEZ

If the son-of-a-bitch was poisoned, it could have been administered through the ink.

WILLIS

Perhaps. Assuming we could figure out how long ago he was tagged.

RODRIGUEZ

What can we pull off of him? I need to know who this guy was.

WILLIS

Well, there's no hair, no fingerprints, no dental records...

RODRIGUEZ

I asked for what we **do** have.

WILLIS

He's got a dick. I can tell you he's male.

Rodriguez forces a smirk.

WILLIS

I'll run a blood test when he thaws out and have it over to you in a few hours.

RODRIGUEZ

Thanks.

Rodriguez turns to leave, Willis stops him from behind --

WILLIS

Detective?

RODRIGUEZ

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIS

This is the seventh body to come in here like this. Seventh. What makes you think you're gonna find the person responsible for all this?

RODRIGUEZ

Just get me the blood work.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- RODRIGUEZ'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

An older desk and a whiteboard. It's late and almost everyone else has left. Boxes on the floor -- Rodriguez is in the lamp light. Mary's file is sprawled out all over the place. A KNOCK at the door.

RODRIGUEZ

Come in,

RODGERS

You're still here? I thought it was just me.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm after your record.

(beat)

Why are you still here?

RODGERS

It's an election year, so...

RODRIGUEZ

So you figure you get a young detective in here, someone who's trying to make a name for himself, and if he solves the case you look like the hero. You get a new shiny gold star for your collar and another two years in this dump.

He's too smart for his own good.

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RODGERS

I brought you out here because you have a love affair with your work. That shit drives me crazy.

RODRIGUEZ

I thought you were impressed with my closed case ratio?

RODGERS

I'm just glad you agreed. Glad you're willing to step into the frenzy. I mean, this is small town country out here. I was never a great detective -- I hated the red tape and all the PR bullshit. Blurred lines. Out here, it's cowboys and Indians. That's it.

A cloud passes over his face.

RODRIGUEZ

Except for Mary.

RODGERS

No one out here has ever dealt with anything like this before.

Rodgers grins, stays in the doorway. He sees a tiny framed photo of Rodriguez's wife CLAIRE near the window.

RODGERS

Your wife left you, what, six months ago?

RODRIGUEZ

So?

RODGERS

That's a hockey season ago.

RODRIGUEZ

What's your point?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS

I've given thirty-five years and three marriages to this career. It's a wife killer.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm still married.

RODGERS

Not for the last six months you're not.

RODRIGUEZ

We talk on the phone.

RODGERS

Let me guess, she doesn't answer you, right?

He's hit a nerve. Rodriguez crumbles into it and admits --

RODRIGUEZ

No.

A somber beat. Switching topics.

RODGERS

I heard about the body.

RODRIGUEZ

The blood work came in. I was just about to run a search.

RODGERS

You must be doing something right.

RODRIGUEZ

Why's that?

RODGERS

I'm hearing complaints.

RODRIGUEZ

Forensics?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODGERS

Way I see it, you're not doing your job if you aren't pissing someone off.

Rodrigues reclines in his chair. He tosses his paperwork down into a neat pile. He feels he needs to explain himself --

RODRIGUEZ

It's just another set of hands on my crime scene.

RODGERS

I know that.

RODRIGUEZ

I dunno how Havenport ran things, but I need to be able to investigate my way.

RODGERS

You have that.

RODRIGUEZ

So there's no problem?

RODGERS

None.

Rodriguez saddles back up to his pictures and police reports. Rodgers takes a step inside, glances down at the endless typing and bloody photographs.

RODGERS

Havenport never asked me for advice, so I never gave it. You haven't asked me either, but being that you're new here, I'm gonna tell you the same thing I would have told her had I been given the chance.

(beat)

You do your work and you try to solve this case.

(MORE)

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RODGERS (CONT'D)

You either find this asshole, or you chase until they disappear, understand? Either way. There's a bigger picture.

Rodgers looks at him, then leaves, closing the door. Rodriguez seems deflated. He stares at the whiteboard and a photo of the "MARY" tattoo that's been pinned to it.

RODRIGUEZ

(to himself)

Who the hell are you, Mary?

INT. MIDWEST HOME -- DAY

FLASHBACK -- CONTINUOUS

A small bedroom. Pink curtains and tacky shag carpet. Wispy clouds painted on the walls. Posters above the bed. A stack of cassette tapes and a broken boom box on the bureau.

Twelve year-old Mary stares at a stack of PHOTOS. Some of them torn and frayed at the edges. One of them of her MOTHER -- long blonde hair in the sun, smiling.

A THUD from down the hall startles her. Another. It's as if someone is tossing around trash cans.

Mary grabs her teddy bear from off her bed and crosses to her closet.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Goddamnit! Mary! Mary where the hell are ya?!

Mary yanks her favorite dress off of a hangar. White and elegant. She rips the tag off of it. She pulls out another, then another. She's stuffing a pink backpack.

EXT. MIDWEST HOME -- DAY

Mary bursts through the front door in a sprint. She's running as if she's being chased --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mary! You get back here! I mean it, don't
make me chase your ass!

She never stops. She races down the driveway and drops down into a nearby --

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

It's dark. Water dripping and SOUNDS echoing off the walls. Left or right? Mary starts for the lighter end of the tunnel, her own footsteps bouncing off the brick. She reaches the curve, SOUND recedes...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Where the hell are ya?! Mary!
Goddmanit!

She exits the other side and races into the trees.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Dense fog. Enveloping everything and making it nearly impossible to see your hand in front of your own face. Mary's vision obscured. Eerie. Like a horrible dream come true.

Mary stops. Blinks. Struggles to hear sound -- anything. All we can make out is the SNAPPING of twigs beneath her feet.

SUDDENLY -- A GUNSHOT.

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Off in the distance. Mary jumps at the sound -- reaches out into the nothingness -- searching for shelter, for something to hold on to.

She finds a riverbank and scrambles over it as fast as she can. She hides. Rolls up into the fetal position, holding her knees tight. She SOBS. Alone.

INT. FRONT DOOR -- APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A MAN opens the front door and reveals a slightly older Mary , no older than seventeen. She looks over the tiny studio.

MAN
Hi.

MARY
Hi.

MAN
Come on in.

The Man steps aside to let Mary in. She walks into the apartment as he closes the door behind him.

MAN
Can I get you anything?

MARY
No, thank you.

Fair enough. The Man hands her a wad of cash. Mary counts it. Gestures for him to lay back on the bed.

MARY
You ready?

MAN
Yes I am.

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Mary stuffs the money into her purse. The Man lies on the bed watching, anticipating as Mary strips nude.

MAN

You're beautiful.

She doesn't answer, just continues quickly. She tosses her clothing aside and the Man smiles big as she fills the empty spot on the bed next to him. He touches her...

INT. PLATFORM -- SUBWAY -- DAY

A few years later. Mary stands, Gothic, looking down, until a SUDDEN WHOOSH of air passes over her. The subway oncoming --

Mary boards.

The door slides shut behind her. Mary quickly finds a vacant seat. A PRETTY SUBWAY GIRL catches her eyes across the aisle. Mary considers her.

Mary's eyes connect with hers, teasing over...

The Subway Girl has perfect skin -- perfect neck line and shoulders -- sexy -- a french manicure. Only Mary would notice that kind of thing.

Mary stares in at her -- the Subway Girl glances away. Now it's gotten awkward. We see their eyes locked on each other. Seduction. It continues as the subway car SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. TAXI CAB -- NIGHT

Mary at an age closer to the first time we have seen her. Distracted. In the back seat with her head resting against the glass. So disconnected -- so estranged from the rest of the world around her.

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The CAB DRIVER looks her over in the rearview. She doesn't notice and he looks forward once more. It's silent, until --

CAB DRIVER

Where you from?

She doesn't answer.

CAB DRIVER

I'm from Oakland.

(beat)

It's A lot different down there.

MARY

I wouldn't know.

CAB DRIVER

I could tell you weren't from around here.

MARY

What gave me away?

CAB DRIVER

People around here are different, much more --

MARY

-- normal?

She shuts him up. He's unsure of what to say next, but --

CAB DRIVER

Where am I taking you?

No answer.

CAB DRIVER

You gotta give me that much.

(his watch)

My shifts over in thirty minutes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mary perks up.

MARY

Here is fine, thank you.

CAB DRIVER

Here? Here is nowhere.

MARY

Pull over. This is fine.

CAB DRIVER

You sure?

He obliges. They arrive at the curb and Mary takes out a fifty dollar bill -- hands it to him.

CAB DRIVER

That's not necessary --

MARY

Just take it.

CAB DRIVER

I'd rather not.

MARY

I insist.

Mary reaches over the front seat and opens the glove compartment. She shoves the bill in and shuts the little door.

CAB DRIVER

Please --

MARY

Have a good night.

And just like that, she's gone. The Cab Driver watches her disappear into the fog. He shakes his head, then pulls off.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Somewhere. Snow falls. The SIZZLE of bacon cooking and the CLANKING of a spatula SCRAPING a hot griddle. Mary, as we know her now, sits at the corner booth, minds herself as she paints with her condiments.

It's a work of modern art. She splashes a dash of barbecue sauce onto a cream colored tablecloth. A squirt of ketchup. A teaspoon swirls. The mesh together like sex.

She uses a knife to carve out a center -- "M A R Y."

A MALE WAITER arrives with her plate of food. The dish is placed directly on top of her masterpiece. She takes it very personally --

MARY

What the hell is that?

MALE WAITER

Excuse me?

MARY

Didn't you see that I was working on something?

MALE WAITER

I'm sorry...

MARY

Couldn't you have put my meal off to the side?

MALE WAITER

I thought you were trying to tell me something. I didn't mean to --

MARY

-- tell you something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE WAITER

Yeah. Like I was taking too long on your order of something?

MARY

I'm not a fucking vandal. I'm a starving fucking artist.

MALE WAITER

I really didn't want to upset you --

MARY

-- when you see my name in the papers one day you'll wish you had let this tablecloth dry. You will have wished you kept it in your closet until the time was right and you will have wished you had let me eat my meal in peace. Instead, you've caused me to lose my appetite and now there's no chance in hell I leave you a tip.

He's blown away. There are no words.

MARY

So take this shit back to the kitchen and bring me some coffee.

MALE WAITER

(shocked)

Whatever you say.

MARY

That's right.

He makes no rebuttal. He scoops up her plate and takes it back to the kitchen in silence.

A minute later, he's back with her coffee. She makes it a pint to not even make eye contact with him now. She sips and takes a stab at a pseudo scoop of butter with her knife.

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CONTINUED: (2)

She lights a cigarette, just as --

STRANGE MAN

Is this seat taken?

Mary looks up -- what now? The STRANGE MAN was older, at least to her. Mid-fifties and balding. He's been around the block, twice. Thick black framed glasses and a cane. He's attempting to break the ice --

ARTHUR

I'm Art.

MARY

Go away.

ARTHUR

I couldn't help but overhear your little fracas with the waiter a minute ago. Good help is hard to find, eh?

MARY

Just leave me alone, okay?

He sees the reminisce of her artwork. Smiles softly at her, his eyes squint.

ARTHUR

Mary?

(off her silence)

Sorry, I just assumed --

MARY

Don't assume. You know what happens when men generally assume? Don't judge either. Don't gawk, don't sit down. Just let me finish my cigarette and be broke by myself. You know why they call it being broke, don't you?

ARTHUR

No...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARY

It's short for broken. Not just for out of money. It means I need to be fixed. Got me?

ARTHUR

Maybe I can help?

MARY

I doubt it. Tonight I'll be sleeping on the sidewalk -- tomorrow it's begging on the street for change. So, to answer your original question, NO this seat is not taken and I prefer it that way.

Awkward silence. Art CLEARS HIT THROAT. A deep breath.

ARTHUR

So how desperate are you?

MARY

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

ARTHUR

Do you need work?

MARY

If that's a euphemism for sucking your dick, you can deal me out.

ARTHUR

Now who's the one assuming?

Touche. She sits back knowing there's not easy way out of this discussion.

MARY

So?

ARTHUR

You're an artist. I'm an artist too. I can show you what I know. You can come work under me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

Under you?

ARTHUR

(nods)

You make thirteen dollars an hour and I include room and board.

MARY

In exchange for what?

ARTHUR

You're trust.

MARY

Why should I trust you? A stranger?

ARTHUR

How desperate are you?

(beat)

Or can I find you an empty cup?

He's stumped her silent. She bites her lip. COUGHS.

MARY

Desperate enough.

He hands her a business card. She looks it over and puts it in her jacket pocket.

ARTHUR

One hour?

MARY

Tattoos?

ARTHUR

(nods)

Just be ready to learn. I assume your name *is* Mary?

MARY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ARTHUR

See you soon, Mary.

EXT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- DAY

An hour later. She stares up at the wooden sign that hangs above the door. KNOCKS several times. Silence. She turns the knob -- it's already open. She steps inside.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

It smells like paint. Not a slice of eye candy in this whole place. There's a can of left over primer near her feet. She can hear her FOOTSTEPS as she walks further inside.

Arthur comes up from the basement.

ARTHUR

Sorry. Hard to get around these damn stairs.

He's holding a scroll under his arm.

MARY

What's that?

Arthur lets it unravel onto the floor. Japanese letters. He weighs down the corners with several rogue bricks.

ARTHUR

First things first, sticking a needle into someone is child's play. The way you hold the needle; however, says a lot. It's a relationship.

MARY

Between?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Your eyes and your hands.

MARY

You're talking about hand-eye coordination.

ARTHUR

A marriage. Art has to be your sixth sense. You're going to eat, breath, and sleep tattoo art.

(beat)

Ever heard of KANJI? It's style of lettering and people are going to come from all over this place to get it because we're going to be the experts.

MARY

Why here?

ARTHUR

Because we are going to know the difference between real Kanji and some Japanese lady who doesn't know her ass from her elbow.

Mary nods -- understood.

MARY

Doesn't look very difficult.

ARTHUR

Every slut that waltzes in here looking for a tramp-stamp on her lower back needs us to fix something that gets lost in translation.

MARY

Why do you need me?

ARTHUR

I don't speak Japanese and I'm ugly as sin. You are not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

I can't speak Japanese.

ARTHUR

But you have sex appeal. I'm not talking about happy endings, but having a pretty face doesn't hurt.

MARY

I can handle that.

ARTHUR

I can't let you ink anyone for at least a month, until then you're a walking billboard for this place. People might walk by the storefront, peek inside, and see a sexy woman inside. See what I'm saying?

MARY

I got it.

MONTAGE -- ARTHUR TEACHES MARY

-- Mary laboriously studies the scrolls, tracing the Kanji letters and phrases.

-- Arthur and Mary discuss tattoos over noodles, they eat on the shop floor.

-- Arthur talks her ear off late into the night.

-- Mary sits across from Arthur as he describes the ways to hold the tattoo needle. He's animated and passionate.

END MONTAGE

Mary's eyes flicker. She's exhausted. Arthur notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTHUR

I wish I could doze off so easily.

MARY

It's late.

ARTHUR

Anxiety. It keeps me up all night.

MARY

I'm sorry.

(stands)

I should get some sleep.

ARTHUR

How's the basement?

MARY

Good, thanks.

ARTHUR

I used to work at a hotel. A few years back I quit and dumped all of my savings into this place. They gave me an old bed and some furniture. I stored it down there.

MARY

How was the hotel industry?

ARTHUR

I was over it. I opened this place and haven't had more than two clients in twenty-four months.

MARY

Maybe we can change that starting tomorrow.

ARTHUR

Maybe.

MARY

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTHUR

Good night, Mary.

He watches her strut down the CREAKY wooden stairs. There's a glimmer of hope, of youth, in his eyes. He cares for her. He SIGHS deep and closes his weary eyes.

The next morning. Mary rests her hips on the glass counter-top. The shop is empty as she flips through the log book -- 2 NAMES.

Arthur is dragging boxes across the floor. He uses a HUNTING KNIFE to cut the packaging tape. Mary eyes the knife.

Mary unglues herself from her post. She pinches her nose with her fingers -- blocking out the smell of rubber cement. Arthur is brushing some adhesive to the back of the scrolls from earlier.

MARY

When did you do that?

ARTHUR

While you were sleeping.

MARY

They look like stamps.

ARTHUR

I've been waiting a long time to hang these. Waiting for the right time.

Arthur flattens them against the frail walls. Completely smooth. Not a crease can be seen, no bumps of air. Mary helps.

Three MEN step through the front door -- CHIIMES -- Mary and Arthur turn to see them there. Arthur stumbles over to them while Mary finishes patting the scrolls down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ARTHUR

(to them)

If you come back after 4, I can squeeze you in today.

MAN 1

You or her?

ARTHUR

If you want her you'll have to wait a month. She's booked up.

MAN 1

It's November?

ARTHUR

So, December 11th?

MAN 1

If she's still here, I'll be here. Pencil me in.

Arthur jots it down in the log book. The Men stare Mary down -- the small of her slender back -- they leave. Arthur walks back over to her. She's admiring her work.

ARTHUR

See?

MARY

They're just horny.

ARTHUR

That's good for business.

She grins.

ARTHUR

I want to show you something else.

He rolls up his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ARTHUR

I did it early this morning while you
were still asleep.

She had made an impression on Mary. An "A" near Arthur's elbow.
An "R" next to his armpit. Arthur's tattoo was her initiation into the
world of tattoo. She was ready.

MARY

You shouldn't have done that,

ARTHUR

Why not?

MARY

Because I'm not worthy. I'm not special.
I'm nothing.

ARTHUR

Not to me you're not.

She feels the puffed skin around the outer lines of the tattoo. It's
sensual. Almost intrusive to watch.

MARY

Thank you.

ARTHUR

You're more than welcome.

They look at one another.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO THE PRESENT.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

MARY ERUPTS OUT OF BED. She's having a panic attack. Was it a
bad dream? She grasps her sweaty chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around the room as if to remember where the hell she is. A minute later, she's calm. She's been here before.

UPSTAIRS

Arthur is nowhere to be found. Mary emerges from the staircase sees a MAN standing near the counter -- he looks around. He's handsome. Still wearing a suit after a tough day at the office. There's a sadness to him.

MARY

Can I help you?

MAN

Yes, I've got an appointment for today.

MARY

Name?

ADAM

Adam.

She hands him a clipboard.

MARY

Sign these. Formalities.

ADAM

No problem.

He acquiesces as he signs, eager to proceed.

MARY

What are we looking for?

ADAM

I want to get a name.

MARY

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM

My arm.

MARY

Any name in particular or ladies choice?

ADAM

Mary.

She's taken back --

MARY

That's my name.

ADAM

Is it? That's funny.

(jokes)

How much pain is it?

MARY

Depends on the individual. For today, I'll just fill in one letter. I'll outline the entire name -- three follow up sessions, sound good?

ADAM

That's fine. How much?

MARY

Six.

He hands her six hundred dollar bills.

ADAM

Where do I sit?

Mary stashes the cash and leads him the chair near the center of the space. He sits -- awkward.

MARY

First tattoo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM

You know it.

MARY

Relax. Why don't you tell me exactly what you want. Be specific.

Adam's eyes tell a painful memory, he CLEARS his throat, then begins --

ADAM

I want the M to be made out of apple tree branches.

He's lost in some awful memory of something we do not know. He relives the anguish of that moment with each description.

ADAM

Some of the branches are bare, some have apples. Green snakes running up the stems. I want the A to be made out of fire and an anarchy symbol. The R -- the R is made form bones, and the Y, I want the Y to look like the devil tails.

A tear falls form his eyes. Mary notices.

MARY

There ya go. I promise I'll do my best.

Mary rolls up his sleeve and stretches out his arm. She rubs the spot where she's about to work. He closes his eyes. A heaviness to his breathing. Before she begins --

MARY

Who was she?

ADAM

How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

I know.

ADAM

(soft)

She was my daughter. She died.
Everything I did was for her.

MARY

You want to remember her as she was.

ADAM

In the worst way,

MARY

Tell me about her.

He can almost touch her --

ADAM

She was pretty. Beautiful. She had the
greenest eyes and she loved the color red.
She was mine. She was all I had after he
mother left.

Sharp inhale -- his shoulder shrug -- fingers snap == wipes his tears
away -- dimples revealed -- Mary's eyebrows raise.

MARY

I tell you what, how about you tattoo
your name onto me first?

ADAM

Excuse me?

MARY

You can see that it's no big deal and then
there's no more chickenshit.

ADAM

I dunno about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARY

Why not?

ADAM

So we'll tattoo our names on each other?

MARY

And it just so happens your daughter and I share the same first name. Fate is funny like that.

Adam wavers, he's mulling it over --

ADAM

Fair enough.

(looks her over)

Where?

MARY

Close your eyes.

He does. She guides Adam's index finger down her body. Across her nipples and rib cage -- she moves his wrist and places his palm on her left thigh. He feels her smooth skin through her artfully torn denim.

ADAM

Here?

MARY

Here.

Adam opens his eyes and sits up in the chair. This is really happening.

ADAM

Through the jeans?

MARY

There's a hole...

ADAM

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARY

Let's begin.

Mary hands him the needle and presented a silver platter with a tiny bottle of blank ink upon it.

She guides his hand along each step -- he curves each letter as the ink mixes with blood -- a few drops hit the ground -- Adam uses a towel to wiped to residue away. She doesn't look down until he is fully done.

A D A M

Mary stands and Adam notices her eyes flinch as she puts weight on her foot.

ADAM

How did I do?

MARY

Don't quit your day job.

She walks to the fridge and grabs a couple of cold beers. She lights a cigarette and hands Adam a brew.

ADAM

Thanks.

MARY

Now, show me that arm.

He does. He's still visibly nervous so she decides to strike up a conversation --

MARY

How did she die?

ADAM

Car accident. I was driving. It was my fault. Head on collision.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Her airbag failed and she -- she went
right through the glass.

MARY

That's terrible.

ADAM

I was arrested when the police arrived.

(off her silence)

Can we talk about something else.

MARY

Fair enough.

She begins to tattoo the M. He takes it like a champ.

MARY

What do you do?

ADAM

I'm an accountant. Only job I've ever had.
I got my first calculator when I was
seven.

(jokes)

But I look good in a suit, eh?

MARY

(flirting)

Sexy.

ADAM

How about you? How long you been
doing this?

MARY

A few months. First job for me too. I just
help get people in the door.

He squirms in his chair.

ADAM

I can see why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

He takes a large swig of beer. She watches him swallow. She digs the needle in deeper --

MARY
Doing alright?

ADAM
(grunts)
I think so.

She digs the needle in deeper now. Adam's body begins to shiver and jolt as the pain is becoming unbearable.

ADAM
Wait...
(squirms)
I think I changed my mind. I don't think
I want --

She doesn't stop.

MARY
You can't back out of our deal Adam. Let
me guess, you've moved past fear at this
point?

She pins his arm down with her free hand -- HARD. Adam begins to panic --

ADAM
I just don't think I can do this.

MARY
You though sex was going to be involved
in all this? And now, you found out that
it's not, you want out? Because there's no
possibility of us sleeping together?

Her teeth grind together. She's different now. Eyes rapidly blinking as her rant continues --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MARY

I let you tattoo your fucking name on me.
You can't just bail out on me now. I can
handle being abused physically, but
mentally -- no fucking way! I won't
tolerate it.

She swings her beer bottle against the edge of the table and the
bottom SHATTERS off. Fragments of the glass commingle with her
blood droplets on the floor.

ADAM

What the fuck?!

She points the shredded end of the bottle at his throat. He plops back
further into the chair -- she's got a vice grip on his arm now. She
presses the bottle against his skin as if it's magnetically fastened to
his throat.

MARY

What's the matter? Scared?

ADAM

Wait! Please don't do this. We can discuss
it. I'll go.

MARY

Why would I want you to go?

WHACK! She knocks him unconscious. Adam's head flops back like a
ball on a string. He fades...

INT. CAR -- FRONT SEAT -- NIGHT

FLASHBACK -- ADAM DRIVES

*A hard diagonal rain falls. His daughter asleep in the passenger seat.
The car swerves.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

"Your sister is pregnant..."

Adam CURSES. Punches the wheel. Another car HONKS at him.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

"...with my daughter. You're going to be an uncle."

Adam's sedan runs a red light. Another car HONKS. Adam flinches long, CURSES.

THE CAR COLLIDES WITH THE MEDIAN. FADE.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Choppy visions -- flashes of light -- THUMPING -- the cracking of bones and scraping of skin. Adam is being dragged down a staircase. It swirls like a decent into hell. Winding... ever so winding.

Adam comes to his senses. He cannot see a thing. Duct tape over his eyes and mouth. His hands are bound by thick rope. He rubs his wrists together in a burning rage, nothing but a burn.

MARY (O.S.)

It was luck. How Arthur was nowhere to be found this morning.

(laughs)

Oh that's right, you don't know who Arthur is, do you? Doesn't matter much at this point. Arthur owns this place. He's a good guy. The only one I've ever come across.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adam STOMPS on the ground but his legs are bound together as well. His luck had finally run out. Mary LAUGHS at him from the shadowy corner of the room.

MARY

Oh Adam. Full of pain and regret. What a horrible way to die, no?

He SCREAMS. He tries to hop away but he just falls over HARD. He is immobile and her killing design is immaculate.

MARY

You should have thought something was strange when I asked you to tattoo your name on my body. Hindsight is twenty-twenty, and in your case, that's the only sight you have.

She tears off a fresh piece of duct tape and seals his mouth shut. He breathes through his nostril and snot runs down his nose. His SCREAMS are muddled into WHIMPERS.

MARY

It'll sweep over you and soon you won't feel anything. Fear. Pain. It all leaves you.

Adam finds himself looking into this daughter's eyes. He's holding her and she smiles big at him. He can smell her hair.

His eyes roll back. He is undeniably... gone. Mary stands over him. Satisfied.

She uses Arthur's hunting knife to cut the rope off from around his arms and legs. His body flails. We see his arm. She did not give him the tattoo he had requested, but instead tattooed her name in Kanji.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gathers some items from around the room: duct tape, 2 sheets of sandpaper and one garbage bag. She wears latex gloves and a makeshift hair net out of piece of polyurethane and a rubber band.

She sands down his fingertips. Ties him up and takes off his head.
Done.

INT. BULLPEN -- POLICE PRECINCT -- DAY

The situation room. Metal desks and a couple of outdated computers. A jumbled corkboard. A gun cabinet -- stocked. The dispatch STATIC plays.

A few uniformed COPS sit here, Hunt stands in the back. He shuts off the radio.

Rodriguez and Rodgers stand in the doorway. They step inside --

RODGERS

Listen up guys, this is detective
Rodriguez, He's on loan from out east
and he's been assigned to Mary.

Hunt snorts.

HUNT

Assigned?

RODGERS

That's right. You answer to him. No
questions.

RODRIGUEZ

That gonna be a problem?

HUNT

(sly)

No problem at all. You're the boss now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Good. Anything I need to see -- you show me. Anything I need you to find -- you find it. Getting the idea here? There are places I may want to go -- get me there. Detective Havenport may have done things one way, but I definitely do things my way.

(beat)

You've all been briefed on Mary, no use in drudging up the past. Mary's newest victim is this man.

(hold up a photo of Joseph)

Joseph Salinder. Bipolar, bisexual, bi-fucking-lingual. This guy dressed like a bag lady and ran a nail salon off the mainland. He washed up on shore a few days ago. Same situation as the others. Tatted up and missing his head. I looked into him pretty good -- he may have lived an alternative lifestyle, but he was clean.

HUNT

No record?

RODRIGUEZ

Nothing. A speeding ticket three years ago that he contested, then later paid.

COP 1

Did we talk to his clients?

RODRIGUEZ

Good idea. Find out if he's made any enemies at work. Family, co-workers -- talk to all of them.

COP 1

I'm on it.

HUNT

You think Mary might work for this guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

It's possible.

(beat)

Next, we need to find out if Havenport talked to any and all known tattoo artists in the area. Somebody has to be known for this kind of lettering.

RODGERS

As far as we know, Havenport looked into this.

RODRIGUEZ

Are we sure?

RODGERS

We're sure. She was diligent.

RODRIGUEZ

You'll have to forgive me, but I've seen diligent cops forget to wipe their asses.

HUNT

She was a detective. A good one, too.

RODRIGUEZ

There are two types of people in this part of the world. Those who live here and those who hide here.

COP 1

Not judging, but everyone in this room was born and raised not two miles from this building.

RODRIGUEZ

Look, soldiers in Vietnam used to shit their pants during battle. Something about extra hormones releasing. War makes men into killing machines and not everyone holding a gun can handle the power. Mary, whoever she is, isn't a marine. She doesn't use a gun and she doesn't have problems holding be bowels.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

She's a land mine. She plants herself in the sand and she waits for her prey...

(point to Joseph)

... to step down onto her. She doesn't self-destruct, but she does blow people away. That's what we're dealing with here, so we're clear.

A FEMALE OFFICER signals to Rodriguez from outside the glass window in the back of the room. He gestures her to come in --

FEMALE OFFICER

Sorry to interrupt, but you're not gonna believe this.

Rodriguez and Rodgers look at one another. Everyone suddenly on edge.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- DAY

The wind blows off the frothy chop. Hunt covers his mouth with his hand as Adam's decapitated body is carried through the crowd of Cops on the shore. Rodriguez follows and stares in at the MARY tattoo on the dead body's arm.

Hunt just stares back at Rodriguez. They walk. Hun rolls his eyes, looks to heaven like, "what the fuck?"

HUNT

Local fishing boat called it in. They said the seagulls were picking at the body pretty good.

RODRIGUEZ

Fuck.

HUNT

By the looks of it, the body's been in the water a long time. Frozen solid.

(grabs his radio)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNT (CONT'D)

It's broad daylight, this place is gonna be swarming with reporters.

A TELEVISION VAN pulls up on the gravel beach.

RODRIGUEZ

(looking around)

We need to keep everyone out of here.

HUNT

Forensics is on their way. You want me to call them off?

RODRIGUEZ

(settles)

No. When they're done, take the body taken back to station and call Doctor Willis. Have some blood work drawn up and meet me at autopsy.

Rodriguez begins to walk away --

HUNT

Where you going?

RODRIGUEZ

I'm gonna go check out that salon.

Hunt shifts his weight, impatient, annoyed.

INT. NAIL SALON -- DAY

The aroma of acrylic vapor. Rodriguez steps through the yellow police tape. A gold Buddha at the glass counter -- a small alter nearby. Several prosthetic hands with painted fingernails throughout. Jade seats and outdated 80s fashion art.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A corkboard on the wall behind an outdated register -- lots of CUSTOMER PHOTOGRAPHS stuck there. Rodriguez examines their faces.

He FORCES open the register -- it hasn't been emptied yet. A tip jar filled with dollar bills.

Rodriguez touches the space as if to commit it to memory. The back room is riddled with cardboard boxes and bags filled with trash. There's a mirror -- a few wigs hanging there. Rodriguez lifts a photo off of a desk.

A FAMILY POSES OUTDOORS.

He takes a long, hard look at them -- the faces, the smiles. Rodriguez stands, melancholy. His face falls as he reaches into his jacket for his cellphone.

He dials, waits --

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

It's me.

(beat)

I just wanted to hear your voice. I've been working on something out here, something big, and your face just popped into my head. So, I thought I would call to...

(longer beat)

...tell you that I miss you and the baby. I miss you.

He places the PHOTO back where he found it and slowly hangs up the phone -- rubs his tired eyes just before leaving.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

FLASHBACK - YOUNG MARY WALKS HOME

Mary makes an effort to never step on the cracks which separate the concrete that make up the sidewalk. She carries a bug house. A hoard of brown recluse spiders inside.

A group of LITTLE BOYS on bikes turn down the same street. As they ride up behind Mary, one of the Boys swats the bug house out of her hand. It SHATTERS as it collides with the gutter.

They LAUGH at her misfortune. Mary CRIES as the spiders disappear into the grass. She watches the Boys shrink as they tote down the street -- anger in her eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- DAY

Mary lies asleep on the bed. The lack of windows in here lead us to believe it is still dark outside. Relatively quiet. Harshly -- Mary awakens suddenly, rankled, and in only her panties.

She sits on the edge of the bed and looks around. The room is a shambles, filled with contraband from the prior evening's activities.

A KNOCK on the door --

Arthur waits for her on the other side. Mary covers herself up and greets him with a half-smile.

ARTHUR

Sorry to bother you. How was last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Fine.. I only had one appointment.

(tests him)

Where were you?

ARTHUR

I needed a break. I thought you could handle it.

She nods -- understood.

MARY

Do you need to come in?

ARTHUR

No. This came for you.

He hands her a box. She takes it from him and checks the label. Her eyes grow wide -- she's been expecting and it's finally here.

MARY

I'm gonna wash up.

ARTHUR

Don't take too long. I have a surprise for you.

Mary shuts the door and takes the package over to her small desk. She FLIPS on the lamp -- grabs a clear plastic container filled with random instruments and tools -- removes the lid -- OPENS the package -- preserved SPIDERS.

Mary moves delicately. She carefully removes her tools. She begins by tranquilizing the specimen with a gentle breeze of carbon-dioxide gas from a cylinder she keeps in the desk drawer.

She gently picks it up with metal tweezers that are connected to a home-made electrical supply -- a battery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

When the mild shock is administered through the tweezers, the spider promptly spews up pretty much everything liquid inside of it. She follows this process several times.

She collects the fluids by using a hollow suctioning needle and a miniature glass pipette.

She disposes of the spider carcasses and stores the venom in the back of her tiny refrigerator.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- DAY

Upstairs. Mary lights a cigarette. She's a few puffs in when Arthur YANKS a dingy drop cloth off of a vintage TATTOO CHAIR.

MARY

What's this?

ARTHUR

It's yours.

MARY

Mine?

He's giddy. This is his Arthur's Christmas morning and this the only gift he has to offer.

ARTHUR

I found it at a garage sale. I haggled over the price -- you should have seen it.

(grins wide)

He threw in free delivery.

MARY

Where are you gonna put it?

ARTHUR

In the basement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

The basement?

ARTHUR

Business is good. We're splitting profits
down the middle... consider it a gift.

She runs her finger over the red cushion. It's sexy -- the curves.
Arthur watches in pleasure.

MARY

It's perfect.

ARTHUR

I'll get some rope.

Mary and Arthur use a hand truck to wheel the chair over to the edge
of the stairs that lead to the basement. They look at one another.

MARY

Now what?

ARTHUR

We're gonna tie it around and just lower
it down. Like we're belaying a climber.

MARY

Belaying?

ARTHUR

Just trust me.

Arthur presents some of the same rope coil Mary used the night
before to bound Adam. She furls her eyebrows.

ARTHUR

What?

ARTHUR

(offers little)

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He unwinds -- fastens it in precise knots -- hands Mary the slack. She awaits further instructions.

ARTHUR

It's like playing tug of war. Except, pretend that you're letting the other team win, but trying not to make it too obvious.

She nods -- understood. They begin to lower the chair -- ten spiraling steps -- six steps -- now three...

The chair makes it all the way down to the basement door, but not before the second step from the bottom collapses.

MARY

Shit. I'm so sorry.

ARTHUR

Don't worry about it. I'll make sure it gets replaced.

She looks at him --

MARY

Why are you doing this?

ARTHUR

Doing what?

MARY

Being so nice to me.

ARTHUR

I had a daughter once. She looked a lot like you. She had the darkest hair, natural, like her mother's.

MARY

She died?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTHUR

She left one Saturday morning and I never heard from her again.

MARY

I'm not her.

It's a tender moment. Honest.

ARTHUR

I know that.

Mary looks at him with pity in her eyes. Arthur stares right back at her.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- NIGHT

The same room as before. Adam's decimated body lay sprawled out on a cold, metal table. Rodriguez paces.

WILLIS

You already know what I'm going to say.

Hunt has his nose buried in a file --

HUNT

Shit. I know this guy.

RODRIGUEZ

What do you mean you know him?

HUNT

His name is Adam Nation. He was brought in less than a year ago.

RODRIGUEZ

For what?

HUNT

Involuntary manslaughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

What happened?

HUNT

He was driving with his daughter in the front seat. He collided with an oncoming car and she was killed.

RODRIGUEZ

Did he serve any jail time?

HUNT

No. The judge let him off based on circumstantial evidence.

Rodriguez looks to Willis.

WILLIS

(confirms)

I remember the girl.

HUNT

She was maybe thirteen.

RODRIGUEZ

What about other family members?

HUNT

His wife left him a long time ago.

RODRIGUEZ

(through his teeth)

Adam here makes eight. Eight dead bodies.

Willis covers the body with a white sheet. He hands Rodriguez paperwork to sign.

RODRIGUEZ

There's no pattern. They're all males, but there's no method. It's like Mary's picking names out of a fucking hat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(angry)

She's laughing at us.

He finishes signing the release forms.

HUNT

I think we underestimated her.

RODRIGUEZ

She's stringing us along. That's all she's doing.

Hunt is looking at the floor, still burning. Rodriguez grabs his jacket and leaves.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- NIGHT

Arthur finishes cleaning off his work station. The RADIO plays. Mary sketches near the front counter. The door CHIMES. Arthur and Mary simultaneously look up to find --

TROY (31.) A physical specimen -- a good jaw line and stout. The kind of guy you'd see in a bar and steer clear of. A bruiser.

He walks towards them, eyeing the dozens of Chinese letters that hang on the walls. He's scanning the gallery, as --

ARTHUR

You got an appointment?

TROY

No. I didn't know I had to have one --

ARTHUR

-- it's late. We close up in ten minutes.

TROY

Well, do you take walk-ins?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I don't.
(points)
But she does.

Mary waves to him with wiggling fingers, then addresses him politely --

MARY

Good evening.

TROY

(quieted at her beauty)

Hey.

MARY

Give me five minutes. You can fill out the waivers while you wait.

Arthur hands him the paperwork and a pen. Troy nods -- then signs on the "X" without even reading a single line. He keeps one eye on Mary and her seductive hips.

ARTHUR

Enjoy.

Arthur places the paperwork on the glass counter-top, then turns back to Mary who's prepping a razor and ink.

ARTHUR

You got this? I was hoping I might turn in early.

MARY

We're good.

ARTHUR

Lock up, will ya?

MARY

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Troy watches Arthur hobble out. Mary follows him to the door and locks the dead bolt -- draws the blinds. He staring at her ass. She turns back --

MARY
All set?

TROY
Sure.

Seconds later, Mary uses her razor to dispense of Troy's arm hairs like dandelions from a lawn. She runs her fingers over the bald patch of skin -- the veins running alongside it.

TROY
It's like canvas.

Mary nods -- she was thinking the exact same thing. She uses an alcohol swap to sterilize the area.

MARY
What can I get you?

TROY
I want a name. Martha.

MARY
Family member or friend?

TROY
Neither.

MARY
Stranger? That's refreshing.

TROY
Refreshing?

MARY
Yeah, most people waltz in here wanting to memorialize an ex-lover or a child or something like that. It's nice to hear something... real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Troy smiles.

TROY

Honestly, it's not what you think.

MARY

How so?

TROY

Martha was killed two days ago. She left me on the wrong side of thirty, widowed and with wrinkles.

(sighs)

She was my wife. I came straight here from the funeral.

Mary sits back.

MARY

You came here?

TROY

Is something the matter?

MARY

This is payback time, not pay-tribute time! Why aren't you out chasing the asshole that ended your marriage?

TROY

I know who it was.

MARY

Who?

TROY

I can't tell you.

MARY

Why not?

TROY

How do I know you're not a cop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

Who moonlights as a tattoo artist?

TROY

You never know.

MARY

How did she die?

He awkwardly smirks --

TROY

What do you mean, how did she die? She stopped breathing.

MARY

Was she stabbed?

TROY

(you've got some nerve)
What kind of bullshit question is that?

MARY

You and I both know you want to tell me.

TROY

She was shot in the head by my jealous mistress.

MARY

(soft)
And I almost felt sorry for you.
(off his silence)
You sure you don't want me to just tattoo "sick fuck" across your forehead?

TROY

I'll give you two-fifty a letter.

MARY

You'd just be paying me to torture you. In more ways than one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TROY

You'd turn down a thousand dollars over
a moral dilemma?

MARY

It'll take two grand to make me moral.

They laugh. It's flirtacious, an impasse --

TROY

I'm a doctor. The first few women I
cheated on my wife with were patients,
but eventually I grew paranoid. I kept
having nightmares where the husbands
showed up at my doorstep.

MARY

(sarcastic)

You're a renaissance man.

TROY

In my defense, I never loved any of them.
I loved my wife.

MARY

Husband of the year.

(beat)

What happens to the other woman? The
one that killed your wife.

TROY

That kind of information will actually
cost *you* money.

MARY

I'm curious --

(flips on a switch)

-- but not that curious.

Troy braces himself as the vibrating needles begin to HUM. He lifts up
his arm and asks for a time-out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TROY

Wait!

MARY

So you're a virgin?

TROY

I'll give you three grand even if you let me take you to dinner.

MARY

No thanks.

TROY

How about some real music or something?

MARY

You won't be listening to it anyway. Trust me.

TROY

What about a cigarette?

MARY

You're not gonna give this up are you? Pick an object in the room and focus on that. It's The same idea as if you were afraid of heights. You can look at me if you'd like.

TROY

I've been looking at you since the moment I walked through the front door.

She looks at him, then ingrains the first dot. It's official. Troy grimaces.

MARY

Not too bad?

TROY

Will it go numb?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARY

Yep.

Troy keeps staring into the eyes of a genuine succubus. His free hand clamps down on the chair cushion. Mary eases his grip -- places the hand on his thigh.

MARY

Try this.

He squeezes her leg as she continues. He apologizes, but keeps doing it. His nails dig into her femur. She bites her own lip -- she's turned on.

TROY

Okay, it's starting to go numb now.

MARY

The outline of the M is done. I could always stop now and reserve the space for a special occasion? Mother's Day?

TROY

Let's just finish this, please...

MARY

Mary. My name is Mary.

TROY

(whispers)

Mary.

The MA on his arm becomes fuzzy as Troy's eyes glaze over and roll back. He passes out.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

FLASHBACK -- TROY'S WEDDING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Troy looks deep into Martha's beautiful eyes. The PRIEST and entire WEDDING PARTY is completely nude and covered in tattoos. Martha wears a dark veil over he face.

Instead of exchanging rings, Troy and Martha had tattooed tribal bands on their ring fingers.

Their vows had been tattooed on each other's backs. Troy softly lifts the veil to reveal Martha's face. The Priest gives permission to kiss the bride.

The gradually lean in. Moving like molasses as to savor the moment. Eyes wide open as their lips collide. Tongue rings entwined. A make-out session that seems to last hours.

It feels so real. So real, As --

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- NIGHT

Mary is slouched over Troy's unconscious body. Her bottom lip tugs at his upper. Troy jerks awake.

TROY

What the fuck happened?

MARY

Wake up sleeping beauty. Or should I find some smelling salt?

TROY

I blacked out?

MARY

Yep. I'm only half-way too. Should we take a longer break?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

How long was I out?

MARY

Five minutes. And I took my money out of your wallet while you were out.

Troy reaches for his back pocket. He removes his chunky, leather wallet and inspects the inside. Everything else is still there. A feigned smile --

TROY

I wasn't checking to see if you stole anything --

MARY

-- who's Helen?

TROY

Who?

MARY

Helen. Her name and phone number were on a shitty piece of paper.

TROY

So you did look through it?

MARY

It fell out. Who is she?

TROY

Helen is the woman who killed my wife. She's gone.

MARY

Where is she?

TROY

Seattle. Portland. Tibet... fuck knows.

Mary sits back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

I have an idea. Why don't I tattoo your name on my leg?

TROY

No thanks.

MARY

(points)

Right here.

(smiles)

The deal is that you come back here in one hour and I let you take me somewhere.

TROY

Where?

MARY

Use your imagination.

Troy sits up and tries to figure her out before he commits to anything.

TROY

(his watch)

An hour? I'll be here at quarter to.

MARY

I need to close up so I'll meet you out front.

TROY

You're serious?

MARY

Don't I look serious?

He smiles.

TROY

I clean up nice.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- RODRIGUEZ'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Something slow and sad PLAYS in the background. Rodriguez stands across from a pyramid Banker's Boxes. He grabs one and pulls it out. Searches.

He removes the contents and spreads the photos and filed paperwork across his desk: Tattoos, Joseph's body, Adam's body, a map of Alaska.

Rodriguez goes to sit -- stops himself -- he closes his eyes and soaks it in. He's grabbing more files now, a few books, old cases.

His eyes begin to rapidly process what he's staring at, gliding from left to right like a slow, cool breeze. His mind whipping his fingers into a frenzy.

He continues -- posting, pinning, highlighting whatever makes sense. Whatever might lead to something else. It's a web of lines and faces, creases and crosses.

Rodriguez wheels out a second corkboard, adds locations -- phone numbers -- locations. Connect the dots.

MINUTES LATER

Rodriguez sits with a book in his lap and reads. Silence. The MUSIC changes. It's so sad it's beautiful. He doesn't seem to notice --

Rodgers standing in the doorway, tense. He watches in silence as Rodriguez sorts through the paperwork and photos with his back to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodgers leans against the door frame, drinks coffee. He's watching Rodriguez like a father might watch a son struggle to ride a bike for the first time. Rodriguez spins in his chair out of sheer frustration. Finally --

RODRIGUEZ

Hey.

RODGERS

You're thinking about her, aren't you?

He shakes out the rust, that "how long have you been standing there" look on his face --

RODRIGUEZ

I'm just trying to find a flaw.

(beat)

I'm just trying to find anything for that matter. --

RODGERS

-- I wasn't talking about Mary.

(off his silence)

I was talking about Claire.

Rodriguez sits back. He frowns -- it's been a while since he thought about her and there's guilt in his eyes. He's speechless.

RODGERS

Time for you to go home.

RODRIGUEZ

I just want to...

(honest)

I need this one, ya know? Worse than any of the others.

RODGERS

There are some riddles that were never meant to be solved.

RODRIGUEZ

You cannot honestly believe that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS

Go home, Javy. Get some sleep. Mary will keep 'till morning. I guarantee it.

Rodgers leaves him with that thought. Rodriguez spins back to the mess of evidence slathered across his office.

EXT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- NIGHT

Mary stands outside the shop. Her hair is freshly frosted and her eyeliner is bottle green -- along with her lips. She wears sexy snakeskin boots and the red hue of her bangs fits well with her skinny top.

Troy is marching towards her. She sees him through the lamp light.

Her miniskirt is pulled up HIGH. The denim covering her thighs is as futile as the spaghetti straps that rest on her shoulders.

MARY

You do clean up nice.

TROY

So do you. Where are we off to?

MARY

A test.

TROY

What kind of test.

MARY

While I was waiting I ordered some Chinese, and I picked up a six pack and a lime from around the corner.

TROY

I thought you said it was a test?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

The beer is in the fridge and the delivery guy is on his way.

TROY

Are you inviting me in?

MARY

What do you think?

TROY

I thought you'd never ask.

She turns and unlocks the front door , JINGLES the keys for a moment --

MARY

Are you sure you want to do this?
Remember our deal?

TROY

I tattoo my name on your leg, yeah, I got it.

They enter the darkness.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

By the stack of beer cans and scented candles burning, Troy and Mary have just finished their meal and have moved on to cigarettes and pot. They're LAUGHING and drinking. They're buzzed pretty good at this point.

TROY

So you're willing to permanently let me mess up the quality of your body

MARY

I trust you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

I've never been under this kind of pressure! What's my motivation?

Mary leans in and nibbles on Troy's earlobe. She reaches down and unbuttons her jean skirt -- the top two buttons only.

MARY

How's that?

TROY

I'm pretty motivated right now.

He reaches for another beer bottle --

TROY

Opener?

Mary reaches into her boot and pulls out the familiar HUNTING KNIFE. She opens the bottle for him and hides the knife back in her boot.

MARY

You know why they put limes in beer?

TROY

No.

MARY

They used to think it kept the bugs out. Now, it's just tradition.

He drinks -- along SWIG. Mary smiles at him -- she's a devil in disguise. She bites the tip of her finger.

TROY

Guess what?

MARY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY

Due to the fact that I am high as shit and drunk, I'm at the point where my state of rational has been significantly reduced...

MARY

Meaning?

TROY

I'll autograph that skin under your skirt.

She stands back. Mary starts removing her skirt again, and then is standing in a black thong.

Troy COUGHS so hard his eyes tear.

MARY

You ready?

TROY

A deal is a deal.

MARY

I'm shaved.

He COUGHS again -- several times until Mary pats him on the back in order to help him find his breath.

MARY

(points)

I want you to sign your name here.

He glances at her creamy thigh, the star on her panties' crotch is so distracting.

TROY

Looks like someone beat me to it.

MARY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TROY

The names?

MARY

What does it matter?

TROY

It doesn't, but I still would like to know who they are. Family members? Friends?

MARY

Guys I've fucked.

(laughs)

And if you tell anyone about this, I'll have to kill you.

He CLEARS HIS THROAT --

TROY

Wait -- what is this? Are you trying to seduce me?

She grows tired of his stupid questions and drunken demeanor --

MARY

The date is over, I'm sorry.

TROY

What?

Mary bolts upright and bounces at Troy with hunting knife's tip points towards his chest.

MARY

Did you honestly think I was going to let you tattoo me and then fuck me?

She hasn't back down yet. The knife is still right on him. Troy struggles to sit upright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TROY

Wishful thinking?

MARY

To answer your question, your name is about to be synonymous with the others.

She sharply lifts the knife to his chin and nicks him with the blade.

TROY

Wait a minute --

MARY

-- figured it out yet?

TROY

Why did you bring down here?

MARY

I'll give you a hint, it's not to give me a tattoo. I can do that by myself.

She leans in and bites Troy on the neck -- HARD>

TROY

Jesus! What are you a fucking vampire?

Troy is in dire need of help at this point.

MARY

No, but I'll give you another guess.

She slices his eyebrow -- blood drips. Troy blinks rapidly, shit that hurt! He uses his palm to apply pressure to the cut.

TROY

You killed them? You killed those men on your leg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARY

You could have walked away a lot sooner, but you decided to continue walking right into my trap. And you don't get any sympathy points by letting me know about cheating on your wife. Since I don't have any remorse, it makes this sort of thing a lot easier.

TROY

You fucking psycho!

Mary POUNCES. She puts Troy in a headlock -- he submits. Her arms squeeze tighter -- the air from his lungs vanishes -- Troy STOMPS down on her toe -- she SQUEALS -- he throws his elbow into her ribcage.

Troy lands a series of his own -- uppercut -- her chin -- jab -- her left cheek -- Mary throws a hook - misses badly -- Troy ducks under it -- she bends down -- the chopsticks from earlier -- stabs him in the eyes.

Troy is momentarily blinded -- he throws misguided jabs -- hits nothing but air. Mary reaches for the knife on the floor -- Troy kicks it free and it skittles across the ground.

He kicks Mary in the small of her back -- she falls HARD -- crawls to the knife -- but Troy is RIGHT ON HER -- grabs her hair like a leash -- knee to her back -- blood on her face -- she SPITS -- Troy wipes his own blood away from his eyes.

TROY

You picked the wrong guy to fuck with.

He toys with Mary -- flipping her around and SLAPPING her across the face -- she SCREAMS out -- he grabs a lime -- SQUIRTS it in her eyes -- another SLAP -- he RIPS out her nipple ring.

Troy reaches for an empty bottle -- SMASHES it over Mary's head -- she collapses instantly -- supine -- she's a bloody mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TROY

You won't kill me you fucking freak!

He reaches down and grabs Mary by her hair -- SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING -- Mary spins and thrusts the blade into Troy's abdomen -- she TWISTS the handle -- blood drips to the floor -- Troy falls to his knees.

TROY

So this is how you're gonna do it?

MARY

No. This was just to make sure you knew it was over.

She removes the knife and wipes the blood off with her shirt. She kneels in front of him.

TROY

Just do it. Just finish it.

MARY

It's already in your bloodstream. It's only a matter of minutes.

TROY

You're gonna add me to that obituary on your leg?

MARY

You want that to be your final question before your life is officially over?

Troy squints -- he's fading -- his hands grasp his wound -- blood seeps through the cracks in his fingers.

TROY

You won't get away with this --

MARY

Sure I will. Don't worry, I'll tell the next guy all about you, Troy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The last thing Troy sees is the tattoo on his arm -- "MAR." The letters become blurry -- he tries to stand, but -- his eyes roll back and he flops backwards and folds up. Dead. Mary looks at him for a longer beat.

MARY

Say hello to Martha for me.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Rodriguez sits at the bar -- alone. The place is noisy and dark. A few FISHERMEN and BIKERS shooting pool and smoking. Rodriguez stares into his vodka while he stirs it.

BARTENDER

Something else?

RODRIGUEZ

(shakes his head)

I'm good, thanks.

BARTENDER

Hey, you're that cop they brought in to find that lady?

RODRIGUEZ

That lady --

BARTENDER

Yeah, the one killing all the men around here.

RODRIGUEZ

(offers nothing)

That's me.

BARTENDER

How's that going?

RODRIGUEZ

For all I know, you could be Mary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bartender SNICKERS. A FISHERMAN takes the empty spot at the bar next to Rodriguez.

FISHERMAN

Let me get a beer?

Rodriguez does a double-take. He notices a tattoo on the Fisherman's forearm. A cross with tiny lettering underneath -- FAITH. The same Kanji lettering as seen on Mary's victims.

RODRIGUEZ

Where did you get that?

FISHERMAN

Get what?

RODRIGUEZ

Your tattoo, where did you get that done?

FISHERMAN

Who's asking.

Rodriguez flashes his badge --

RODRIGUEZ

Where'd you get it?

FISHERMAN

Some small shop off om the island.

RODRIGUEZ

When?

FISHERMAN

Three months, maybe less. Why? Is there a problem.

Rodriguez swats his drink forward and rushes to put his jacket on -- he's moving --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

No problem. Thanks.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Darkness and fog. It lifts above the tree line like a ghost. The sound of METAL nipping solid rock. Methodical and constant.

Mary is deep into the brush -- her breath is visible as she labors. She's digging a mass grave. She drops the shovel when she's gone deep enough -- grabs the open of a black trash bag -- lifts and empties it's contents into the grave.

Individually wrapped HEADS. Adam -- Joseph -- Troy. She covers them up with dirt. She VOMITS. When she finishes her burial, Mary starts to walk back through the fog and disappears into the night.

EXT. FERRY -- NIGHT

The battered ship cuts through the chop like a butter knife.

EXT. DOCK -- NIGHT

Rodriguez exits the ferry and passes the local fish processing plant, a chapel and a mom and pop rusty spoon.

EXT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- NIGHT

The lights are off. Rodriguez peaks in through the window -- quiet. No movement. He reaches for the handle -- locked.

A sign, " Sorry, We're Closed"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodriguez stares at the red letters -- a moment of internal conflict. He takes out a pair of tweezers and inserts the end into the key hole, listens for a CLICK.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Who are you and why are you breaking
into my shop?

Rodriguez loses the tweezer and spins, flashing his badge as he does.

ARTHUR

A cop?

RODRIGUEZ

Detective.

ARTHUR

You have a warrant?

RODRIGUEZ

Are you a lawyer?

ARTHUR

No --

RODRIGUEZ

This is a potential crime scene.

ARTHUR

Excuse me?

RODRIGUEZ

I need to come inside and look around, is
that a problem?

ARTHUR

Yes, it's a problem. You're here illegally
and without a warrant.

RODRIGUEZ

Hiding something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Please leave and come back when you
have a real reason to be here.

RODRIGUEZ

You own this place?

ARTHUR

Yes.

RODRIGUEZ

Then maybe I just want a tattoo?

ARTHUR

We're closed.

RODRIGUEZ

Then why are you here -- if you're closed?

ARTHUR

I don't have to answer that.

RODRIGUEZ

You sure about that?

ARTHUR

I own the place, I have a key to that door
and I pay the note every month. I have
every right to walk in or out of my place
of business at whatever time I prefer.

(beat)

How's that, detective?

Rodriguez stands down. He's lost what little leverage he thought he
had. Steps aside so Arthur can pass.

RODRIGUEZ

You know that I'll just come back.

ARTHUR

Have a good evening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Arthur enters and SLAMS the door behind him. Locks it. Rodriguez begins to walk down the street. He grabs his cell phone, dials, then --

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

This is Rodriguez, get me Rodgers...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Arthur seated there. No handcuffs. A stale cup of coffee rests on the table in front of him. Fluorescent lights and the HUM of a recorder.

Rodriguez moves from the window, crosses the room to sit. Arthur is surprisingly calm.

RODRIGUEZ

I ran your background check. No wife, no children, no nothing.

ARTHUR

Is that really what you dragged me down here for? To review my family tree?

RODRIGUEZ

You were honest about one thing though, you do own that shit hole tattoo parlor. Clever name, by the way.

ARTHUR

Can I get a fresh cup of coffee?

RODRIGUEZ

Fuck your coffee. Tell me why you do it. Why Mary?

ARTHUR

I haven't the slightest clue what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

What's the matter, you don't read the papers? Watch television? Talk to other human beings?

ARTHUR

The world doesn't pay much attention to me, so why should I pay attention to it?

RODRIGUEZ

You have to do something of importance to be noticed.

ARTHUR

It wasn't always that way.

RODRIGUEZ

So you're sending a message then?

ARTHUR

Like I said, I have no idea what you are implying.

Rodriguez sits back, frustrated. He slides some PHOTOS across the table . They create a star-burst of bloody images for Arthur --

RODRIGUEZ

You recognize these?

ARTHUR

(looks)

No.

RODRIGUEZ

What about the tattoo? Look familiar?

ARTHUR

No.

RODRIGUEZ

How about the lettering? Know anything about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

No.

RODRIGUEZ

Why did you kill Detective Betty Havenport?

ARTHUR

I didn't.

RODRIGUEZ

I think you did. See, I met a sailor last night with a tattoo. The lettering was identical to the ones in these photos.

(beat)

Any idea where he told me he got it? Wanna take a guess?

ARTHUR

Business has been good. You can't expect me to remember something like that.

RODRIGUEZ

There aren't many tattoo shops out here.

(points to the photos)

Eight dead bodies. Each found with the same tattoo on them. Their heads were severed off too. Real gruesome stuff.

ARTHUR

Maybe you should focus your energy on finding that person instead of bothering me.

RODRIGUEZ

Am I bothering you?

ARTHUR

Yes.

RODRIGUEZ

Arthur, you're really gonna sit here and tell me you had nothing to do with any of this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTHUR

That's exactly what I am gonna tell you.

RODRIGUEZ

You're a liar.

Arthur sits back and offers very little --

ARTHUR

I want my lawyer.

RODRIGUEZ

In my experience, the only people who ask for their lawyers are the guilty ones.

ARTHUR

I can get you his number if you'd like.

Hunt enters, hurried, he can barely get the words out --

HUNT

They just found another one. The body just washed up on the shore about an hour ago.

Rodriguez and Arthur look at each other.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- DAY

We're growing fond of this exact spot. Troy's battered, dead body rests at Rodriguez's feet. Rodriguez, wearing gloves, reaches down and feels the Kanji MARY tattoo on his arm. Hunt stands nearby --

HUNT

We're screwed. He's fucking with us right now!

RODRIGUEZ

There has to be something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNT

We've got him back at the station. I say we lock his ass up.

RODRIGUEZ

(walks to him)

On what grounds? That I have a hunch? It's only a lead at this point. It won't stick.

Hunt throws his hands up in angst, paces along the gravel, before --

HUNT

I give up. This isn't the city. It's cowboys and Indians out here.

RODRIGUEZ

And what's that supposed to mean?

HUNT

It means we all can't wait to get rid of you. You know that? You and your fucking questions and you're second guessing.

(sighs)

We can end this right now, but you're not interested in that.

RODRIGUEZ

So we lock Arthur up, who wins? You think the murders stop if he's not our guy? Think about it. We're not cutting parking tickets here, this is real police work.

Hunt is quiet now.

HUNT

What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

Call the station and have him released. I want constant surveillance on him. Can you handle that?

HUNT

Fuck you, alright?

Hunt reaches for the radio. He makes the call. Rodriguez shoots him a hard stare.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- DAY

Arthur watches Mary finish up her first CLIENT of the day -- a four leaf clover circled in barbed-wire. She covers it with a bandage and hands him a free tube of non-scented skin moisturizer.

MARY

Take good care of it and it'll outlast you.

CLIENT

Thanks.

He hands Mary a twenty dollar bill -- her tip. She smiles and shoves it into her pocket.

Arthur watches the Client leave, then he gimps over to where she stands --

ARTHUR

Mary...

He is right behind her, she turns --

ARTHUR

I need to talk to you about something.

MARY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks away out of fear.

ARTHUR

A cop came by last night. He was talking about these murders on the island.

MARY

And?

ARTHUR

He showed me some pictures. You don't know anything about that, do you?

MARY

You think it was me?

ARTHUR

I didn't say that, Mary. Hell, why would I even think it?

She tries to shrug it off.

MARY

I don't know. What did you tell him?

ARTHUR

I told them the truth. Nothing. If there's anything I need to know, it would be best to just tell me know.

MARY

I was asleep.

ARTHUR

Asleep?

MARY

Last night, after I locked up. I was asleep.

ARTHUR

Oh... well. That's what I thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As she hurries out, Arthur watches her descend into the basement -- bereft and not wanting to believe she'd lied to him.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rodriguez paces, he hasn't slept in God knows how long. He's anxious, fidgets with a paperweight. Rodgers wears his glasses on the edge of his nose -- he's reading the latest "Mary" report. He finishes, folds it up, tosses it down on his desk, and then --

RODGERS

Is this all of it?

RODRIGUEZ

I'm telling you, Captain, there's something about this guy. He was calm -- too confident.

RODGERS

Maybe that's because he's innocent?

RODRIGUEZ

C'mon, really?

RODGERS

Well, now he's got his Goddam lawyer involved so there's no chance we get him back in that room.

RODRIGUEZ

I need to get inside that tattoo shop.

RODGERS

With what probably clause?

RODRIGUEZ

He's hiding something.

RODGERS

Not good enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodrigues begins to toss the paperweight across the room, but stops himself.

RODGERS

Look, I know how you feel. You think you've got something so bad you can taste it, but that's not how this game works. You know that. I can't get you inside that shop without probably cause --

RODRIGUEZ

-- fuck probable cause, these words don't apply --

RODGERS

-- the answer is no. End of discussion. I'm not gonna lose my pension over something like this.

RODRIGUEZ

Was any of this -- the shop, Arthur -- was any of it Havenport's report?

RODGERS

No. They looked. There was so much paperwork -- boxes of it --but she had nothing close to this.

RODRIGUEZ

Can I get in there?

RODGERS

Her place?

RODRIGUEZ

Yes.

RODGERS

Have you lost your fucking mind? It's sealed. Once that seal goes up, it's frozen. Everything related to this office was bagged up a week ago.

(beat)

Frankly, I'm appalled that you would ask me that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

You may be a bull, but Jesus Christ,
Javy...

(sits)

Either you go in another direction and
come up with something stronger than
this guy, or we're gonna need to have a
longer discussion.

Rodriguez gathers his things, he's not lingering, about to leave, but
not before --

RODRIGUEZ

She was the best -- that's what you said
the day you brought me out here,
remember? She came *that* close to
nailing Mary, yet none of this...

(the file)

... was anywhere near her report.

(the door)

You know, I'm starting to think you the
reason Mary is still out there is because
no one's really looking.

RODGERS

She was a decorated officer --

RODRIGUEZ

-- **she was hiding something.**

And with that, he's gone. Rodgers stares down at the file. He goes to
pick it back up, but doesn't.

EXT. HAVENPORT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The hallway is empty. Dark and quiet. Rodriguez with a crowbar.
Pushing the door to the limits of the lock. Checking the stairwell.
Wedging the crowbar under the lock. Leaning. Now harder. And
pushing, and...

SNAP! He's in.

INT. HAVENPORT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

It's a mess. The metal frame is bent and splintered where the cops forced their way in. The original lock has been destroyed and replaced by a short length of chain-link held to a padlock that's been screwed into the wall. A SEAL -- "Crime Scene Do Not Enter"

Rodriguez standing there. Listening to the silence. In his hand, a new seal he swiped from the office. Framing it -- making sure he'll be able to replace it perfectly. He will. Now he's pulling the crowbar and --

TIME CUTS. Rodrigues searching. He's moving quietly through the space. He's not really sure what he's looking for, so everything's important.

-- Rodriguez grazes through stacks of newspapers.

-- Rodriguez flips through piles of photographs and hand written notes.

-- Rodriguez reads the titles off the bookshelf -- too many to remember. Dusty and wedged in together.

-- Rodriguez staring at some women's clothing tosses lazily over the living room sofa.

FINALLY TO --

INT. HAVENPORT'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM --NIGHT

At the threshold. He knows this is where it happened and it's creeping it out a bit. He sees a tiny black book by the night stand -- Havenport's diary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes it. Stunned. Confused. Opens it against his better judgement, begins to read...

INT/ EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS -- DAY

FLASHBACK -- BETTY MEETS MARY

Empty and lots of natural light. Betty sneaks a smile to her raven haired friend next to her. Her hand slides across the desk, fingers tickling the smooth flesh of Mary's wrist.

BETTY (V.O.)

She was my first woman. Her skin -- her skin was magnificent. I loved every inch of her. From head to toe...

Mary smiles, then bites her own lip. Betty runs the tip of her finger further up her arm.

A PARK BENCH

Mary and Betty sit hand in hand on a park bench under an Alaskan summer sky, feeding the seagulls fresh bread. Mary nibbles on Betty's ear.

BETTY (V.O.)

Life was a circus and I was a lion. She was the lion tamer. She freed me. But there were still secrets.

Mary drinks from a glass of wine, then lights a cigarette and shares it with her lover.

BETTY (V.O.)

She told me hers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASEMENT

Mary tattoos a small butterfly on Betty's right hip -- she WINCES in pain. Mary softly kisses her naval. She loves her.

MOTEL ROOM

Betty and Mary sit on the couch talking. Serious faces.. On he table behind them is Betty's pistol and badge. Mary sobs.

BETTY (V.O.)

And I told her mine. After that day, I
knew I would never see her face again.
We were separated by a horrible truth --
Mary took life, and I was preserved it.

Betty gathers her belongings and leaves Mary on the couch. She stops short at the door, looking back --

BETTY (V.O.)

But I couldn't bring myself to blame her.
I loved her, but I couldn't blame her.

She turns the knob and walks through the door. Mary falls to the couch cushions -- SCREAMS into a pillow.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAVENPORT'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM --NIGHT

Rodriguez stands there. Startled at what he's just read. He stares at the window. Then the book. Then the window. Then --

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE --CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Hunt walking off. Rodriguez emerges from the questioning room. Rodgers waiting for him. Absolutely furious. He wants to scream but can't. Waiting for Hunt to disappear --

RODGERS

So you know, some of us care very deeply for our careers. They wanna cut you off at the balls for this. What the hell were you thinking?

RODRIGUEZ

You know I'm sorry.

RODGERS

Are you?

(you asshole)

I told you very explicitly to lay off of Havenport, you remember me saying that?

RODRIGUEZ

I found it.

RODGERS

I don't give a shit! Doesn't matter, you're going back to Anchorage -- now.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm not done.

RODGERS

Yes. You are.

Rodriguez hesitates. Nods. Impatient -- he presents Betty's diary -- breaks the silence. Toe-to-toe.

RODGERS

You took that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

She was close to her. Too close. They were lovers.

RODGERS

Impossible.

Rodriguez pleads his case --

RODRIGUEZ

I read it. It's all there. She was in a relationship with Mary and when they finally came clean about their pasts, Havenport broke it off. Mary killed her because she knew she was too exposed. It's all there.

RODGERS

Havenport?

RODRIGUEZ

She was compromised. She was protecting Mary the whole time.

RODGERS

(frustrated)

How the fuck did this happen?

RODRIGUEZ

I'm going back to the tattoo shop. Arthur knows where she is.

Rodgers takes the diary. Flips through. Drops it on his desk. He mulls it, then --

RODGERS

Fine. You've got your warrant. Go.

Rodriguez backing away. Turning, and now he's walking... Gone.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- DAY

A quiet afternoon. No customers. No Mary. Arthur sweeps the floor, the ash on the tip of his cigarette is barely holding on. It's about to fall when --

Rodriguez waltz through the front door. Holds up the folded-up warrant.

RODRIGUEZ

Now I have a right to be here.

ARTHUR

I thought we were done with all that.

RODRIGUEZ

Would you mind locking up, please?

ARTHUR

Why?

RODRIGUEZ

Just do it, please.

ARTHUR

Am I a suspect or something?

RODRIGUEZ

Not yet, but if you don't do as I ask, I just might consider it.

Arthur drops the broom. He takes out his key and hobbles to the door. LOCKS IT. Turns back --

ARTHUR

Now what?

RODRIGUEZ

Where's Mary?

ARTHUR

No idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

When did you last see her?

ARTHUR

Yesterday afternoon.

RODRIGUEZ

Alone?

ARTHUR

Besides me?

Rodriguez grows impatient. He has no time for this --

RODRIGUEZ

Does she live here?

ARTHUR

Sometimes.

RODRIGUEZ

Where? The basement?

ARTHUR

How did you know I had a basement?

RODRIGUEZ

I'll ask the questions. Mary is a suspect
in eight murders and I have a feeling
that she's here.

(closer)

Show me.

Arthur is finally intimidated. He has no clue what could be going on,
but his eyes grow wide -- he knows enough.

Arthur leads Rodriguez to the staircase. They spiral downward until
reaching the slab concrete base. Arthur looks back to him. Rodriguez
draws his PISTOL.

ARTHUR

What's that for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

Open it.

ARTHUR

I can't. She has the only key.

RODRIGUEZ

Knock.

Arthur KNOCKS loudly.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- DAY

Mary WAKES UP. She's been dreaming. Sweat on her chest and neck -- she wears only her bra and panties. She's startled. She puts on a men's dress shirt and jean skirt, then creeps over to the door. Looks through the peephole -- but sees nothing.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- DAY

Rodriguez uses the tip of his finger to cover the peephole. Arthur waits.

RODRIGUEZ

Again.

Arthur KNOCKS again. Waits.

ARTHUR

She's not here.

RODRIGUEZ

Bullshit. Move back.

Arthur steps aside and Rodriguez THRUSTS his foot into the shitty lock. A second time -- CRACK! -- like a bull in Pamplona -- the door flings wide open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Who's going to pay for that?

RODRIGUEZ

Wait here...

(moving deeper inside)

Don't move.

INT. ART'S BODY SHOP -- BASEMENT -- DAY

Rodriguez -- barrel out -- cautiously steps forward. Eyes scanning from left to right -- like a satellite -- every step more dangerous than the last

The bed is disheveled -- the fridge is open -- letting light out -- the shades are drawn shut. Rodriguez turns to find --

Mary seated in the tattoo chair Arthur had given her. She doesn't face him.

RODRIGUEZ

Mary?

(silence)

Mary, is that you?

No answer. Mary doesn't acknowledge him whatsoever.

RODRIGUEZ

Let me see your hands.

Still no response. Rodriguez gets close. The gun pointed right at the back of Mary's head, his other hand on the back of chair.

RODRIGUEZ

Put your hands up, now!

Mary stays seated and raises her left fist slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Open it!

Arthur steps inside, watching as -- Mary stands and faces Rodriguez. He takes one step back -- she takes one step forward. Mary has a needle sticking out of the shell that is he left fist. She keeps her hand raised.

RODRIGUEZ

Drop what's in your left hand and put
your hands behind your head.

Mary stares right in at him. She's a black window -- so hard to gauge her next move. Rodriguez presses --

RODRIGUEZ

Mary, drop it or I will shoot you. Do you
understand?

ARTHUR

No! Don't shoot her!

Rodrigues takes a split second to glance at Arthur, and Mary takes advantage of it. She SLAPS the gun out of his hand and JABS the needle directly into Rodriguez's neck. He falls, HARD.

Arthur jumps on the gun --

MARY

Shoot him! Shoot him now!

Arthur looks down at the gun -- bends down to touch it. It's heavy in his hand.

RODRIGUEZ

Arthur, no! Think about this.

MARY

Fuck him! Shoot him before he kills me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

Arthur, she's a murderer. She killed eight people.

MARY

He's lying.

Mary RIPS the needle out of Rodriguez's neck. He SCREAMS in pain. She steps on his throat. Rodriguez CLAWS at the boot.

ARTHUR

Mary, what are you doing?

MARY

Give me the gun.

RODRIGUEZ

Arthur -- please -- no.

MARY

Arthur.... The gun.

ARTHUR

Is this true? You killed those people?

MARY

Everyone dies eventually.

ARTHUR

(broken hearted)

Mary? I trusted you. You killed a detective? That's like --

MARY

It doesn't matter! It's just us down here, so either you kill him or I will. Your choice. It's the only way we both walk out of here.

Arthur, distraught by the confession, drops the gun to the floor again and kicks it over to Mary. He's in total shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODRIGUEZ

(grunts)

No...

MARY

Good choice, Arthur.

ARTHUR

You killed those men, all of them? How could you?

Mary reaches for the gun and unzips her denim skirt, shimmies it down around her knees, then uses the barrel of the gun to mark an invisible X on her thigh.

MARY

(to Rodriguez)

Your name is gonna go right here.

ARTHUR

Mary!

MARY

Shut up, Arthur!

Rodriguez uses his last ounces of energy to push Mary's foot away -- he chops her kneecap with his fist -- her hamstring gives way -- bends back -- she falls backward -- FIRES an erroneous shot. Arthur hits the deck and covers his ears with his palms.

It's a race for the gun. It SKITS across the floor. Four hands reaching for it. Mary bites Rodriguez's neck -- breaks the skin -- he TEARS out her nipple ring out of sheer defense. She likes the pain. Orgasm-like.

Rodrigues lands a right hook -- Mary's nose bleeds -- she SPITS blood on him -- blinded -- she slaps him repeatedly, until --

BANG!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Mary looks up. Arthur had fired a warning a SHOT into the ceiling. Tears flowing down his cheeks. Betrayed. His hand TREMBLES and he points the barrel right at Mary. She steps back.

MARY

What are you doing? It's me.

ARTHUR

I don't know who you are.

MARY

It's me, Mary.

ARTHUR

You're a stranger.

MARY

(steps forward)

Put the gun down.

ARTHUR

Stay the fuck back!

She stops dead in her tracks. Rodriguez reaches for his reserve weapon -- his ankle -- struggles to focus.

MARY

Remember that day in the diner? You saw me there painting? You remember that day?

(smiles)

That's me. I killed those men because they did awful things. They hurt people like me. You would have done the same to protect me, wouldn't you?

Arthur wipes the tears from his face. He's wavering.

MARY

You've been like a father to me all this time. Arthur, I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Arthur's resolve breaks. Lowers the gun and SOBS. She approaches him, but before she can reach him --

BANG!

Mary takes a bullet from behind. She DROPS to the floor like a fish out of water. Rodriguez leans back after firing the shot. Arthur rushes to her limp body -- cradles her head like a mother would.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Later. Rodriguez lay supine in bed. Tubes and hideous machines attached to his veins -- his heart. Monitors and numbers. Intensive.

Rodgers stands over him --

RODGERS

How you holding up?

RODRIGUEZ

(dry mouth)

It's not as bad as it looks.

RODGERS

(grins)

Looks pretty fucking bad, let me tell you.

RODRIGUEZ

Don't make me laugh.

RODGERS

You did good. No matter what anyone ever tell you. You did good.

RODRIGUEZ

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS

As soon as you get patched up, we'll get you back to Anchorage. Back to the big city.

RODRIGUEZ

I gotta be honest, I can't wait to leave this place.

RODGERS

That's expected. It's not for everyone.

RODRIGUEZ

Did she die?

RODGERS

No.

RODRIGUEZ

I want to stay until the trial. I want to testify. See this through to the end.

RODGERS

It's already over.

RODRIGUEZ

No, it's not.

RODGERS

Yes. It is, Javy.

Rodrigues sits up. He can tell there's something Rodgers is not telling him.

RODRIGUEZ

Where is she?

RODGERS

She's gone.
(hangs his head)
Arthur too.

RODRIGUEZ

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS

You blacked out. He must have taken her.
We've been looking, but no leads yet.

RODRIGUEZ

You're gonna keep looking, right?

RODGERS

Truth? I don't know.

Rodriguez closes his eyes. Disappointed and mentally exhausted.
Physically broken. A KNOCK at the door.

Claire walks inside. She's beautiful. Rodgers nods to her, then looks
back to Rodriguez.

RODGERS

There are more important things in life.

He leaves them, touches Claire on his way out of the door. Rodriguez
instantly tears up at the sight of her face. He does his best to keep it
together --

RODRIGUEZ

What -- what are you doing here?

She stares at him, long and hard. Into each other's soul. Without
saying a single word -- he knows. She reaches over and gently
touches his hand, then his face.

RODRIGUEZ

I missed you.

CLARIE

I know.

He holds on to this moment for as long as he can. She smiles. He does
too.

THE END

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (7)