

T H E T H I R D - E Y E W I T N E S S

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

A pencil scrapes across paper. Graphite fills a page.

A DRAWING: a FOREST ROAD. An SUV crooked. PASSENGER DOOR ajar.

DOMELIGHT glowing faint. A BODY half in, half out.

A small star scrawled in the corner. A date underneath.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BANK - NIGHT

Rain makes the asphalt a mirror. Then SCREAMS.

Three MASKED MEN burst through shattered glass doors:

- BOAR MASK: REZNOR (40s), calm, steady leader's voice.
- STAG MASK: WHITMAN (30s), twitchy, hot-blooded.
- WOLF MASK: PRICE (30s), precise, deliberate.

HADDAD (30s), the wheelman, waits in a dented VAN, engine idling.

Inside, chaos -

WHITMAN (muffled, frantic; to CUSTOMER)

Down! Heads down! You look at me, I'll pop you!

A MOTHER shields her son. Whitman shoves too hard.

REZNOR yanks him back by the collar.

REZNOR (muffled; firm)

No kids. Ever. You point at grown-ups, not children.

Whitman breathes fast, nods, rattled.

Price checks his watch - counts under his breath.

PRICE (muffled)

Forty-five seconds.

He moves like a soldier, scanning angles, precise.

Reznor works the sticky north door, jams it so it won't lock.

REZNOR

Out in one. Grab what you can
carry. Don't get greedy..

itman scoops cash with shaking hands.
Price loads duffels efficiently, stacking tight.

Outside, Haddad HONKS the horn twice - nervous, chewing his
lip.

HADDAD (to himself)
Come on, come on, come on-

Reznor snaps his fingers. Time's up.

They pile into the van. Doors slam.
A spidered PASSENGER-SIDE TAILLIGHT flashes under taped
plastic.

The van fishtails into the night.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A TELLER (40s), cup clutched, trembles in his chair.
DET. CHRIS WINTERS (31) takes notes.

TELLER

Black van. Four doors. I'm
positive.
They smelled like bleach. Clean.
That's what I remember.

Chris scribbles: BLEACH.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

An ELDERLY CUSTOMER (70s), hearing aid whines.

CUSTOMER

Green. No- silver. Like an old
Dodge. Ladder rack maybe.
My wife doesn't like loud noises.
She's sleeping with the TV on now.

DET. KYLE RAFFERTY (52) softens. Chris nods.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A YOUNG MOTHER with a TODDLER, shaking.

MOTHER
Handguns. Short ones.
The deer mask—his shoulders shook.
Nervous.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
People hold rifles like they mean
it.

The toddler cries. Chris passes tissues.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A BYSTANDER (30s), neck tattoo.

BYSTANDER
Wolf mask said "thank you." Isn't
that crazy?
When the north door didn't stick.
I used to deliver there. They knew
that door.

Kyle and Chris trade a look: inside knowledge or recon?

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

A corkboard littered with notes:
"BLACK / SILVER / GREEN?" "RIFLES / HANDGUNS?"
"BLEACH." "NORTH EXIT."

CHRIS
Six witnesses. Six different
robberies.

KYLE
They don't see what's there.
They see what lets them walk away.

A SERGEANT pokes his head in.

SERGEANT
Guy says he knows things you didn't
release.
Says he'll draw it.

Kyle exhales, annoyed. Hates magic shows.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

WESLEY HOON (43). Pale. Clean. Cane resting by the chair.
A rubber-banded SKETCHBOOK sits on the table.

HOON

Your van's missing its dash panel.
Magnet mount still on the brace.
Dye pack taped under the passenger
seat.

HOON (CONT'D)

Teardrop zipper, frayed pull cord.
Deer mask breathes fast when he
lies.

Chris jolts, pen halfway across his pad.

CHRIS

How do you know that?

HOON (soft, almost poetic)
I'm your third-eye witness.

KYLE

Cute. You see plates, or just what
helps?

HOON

Guessing is loud.
This--this is quiet.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Phones ring. Detectives mutter. Chris leans on his desk, cell
to his ear.

SARAH (V.O.)

Don't forget the milk. Whole, not
that skim garbage.
And don't be late again.

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am.

SARAH (V.O.)

I swear I'm married to the badge.
Sometimes I think it wears the
ring.

CHRIS

Badge doesn't kiss like you.

He hangs up, smiling faintly. Kyle overhears, shakes his head.

KYLE

Enjoy that. One day it's a divorce
lawyer saying the same lines.

CHRIS

Not for me.

KYLE

Said every rookie with a good
woman.

INT. RAFFERTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary folds laundry on the bed.
She pauses, stares at a framed photo: Kyle, Tony, and her at
a barbecue.
All smiles. Frozen sun.

Kyle comes in, loosens his tie. Sees her holding it.

KYLE

Thought we burned that.

MARY

Thought we kept it.

She slides it back on the dresser, face down.
Kyle unbuttons his collar, heavy with ghosts.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Neon buzz. Red vinyl booths. Kyle and Chris sit with
untouched burgers.

CHRIS

Two years ago. Domestic call.
Looked like a postcard- until it
didn't.

FLASHBACK - EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT (ROOKIE CHRIS)

A silent cul-de-sac. Porch lights half-dead, sprinklers
ticking somewhere.

YOUNG CHRIS (23) in uniform rolls up with THREE OFFICERS.
A domestic disturbance call. Routine voices on the radio.

They step out, spread. Chris clocks the little things-open
mailbox, toys in the yard, a dog whining.

A rustle in the hedge.

Then-HELL ARRIVES.

FULL-AUTO AR FIRE obliterates the quiet-violent, endless.
Muzzle flash strobes from a waist-high hedge.
One officer is slammed off his feet, dead before he hits
concrete.
Another staggers; a second burst folds him backward.

Chris dives, ears detonating. Rounds chew the sidewalk where
his head was an instant ago.
Car windows starburst. Brass skitters like rain.

He looks back-his partner, eyes fixed, throat open, not
breathing.
Chris swallows a sob, crawls to him under a saw of bullets.

He grips the dead man by the duty belt and jacket and DRAGS-
heels squealing on concrete-
dragging a body that weighs twice its weight now.
Rounds track them, clipping badge, tearing fabric.

Chris keeps moving. Pure animal will. No breath left to pray.

They reach the cruiser. Chris props the partner behind the
wheel, using him as shield without meaning to.

He gasps. Hands shake. He peeks over the mirror-sees it:

A GHILLIE-SUITED GUNMAN, half leaves, half man, still raking
the cruiser with fire.
The muzzle flashes betray the bush.

Chris raises his Glock, elbows locked, breath ragged. The
world narrows to a sight post and a strobing bloom.

He exhales. Squeezes. ONCE.

The Gunman's head SNAPS—body collapses into the shrubs.
Silence slams down in the echo's wake.
Sprinklers still tick, absurd.

Chris lowers the gun, sobbing, bloody with someone else's
blood.
Sirens resolve from smear to shape.

He looks at his partner's slack face and keeps holding him
upright, as if posture alone could argue with death.

DINER ALLEY - NIGHT

Rain beads under neon. Chris heads to the car. Kyle steps out
after paying.

Hoon leans against the brick wall, sketchbook under his arm.

KYLE

Do you follow us everywhere?

HOON

Only where endings gather.

KYLE

Get to the point.

HOON

Do you want to know how many you've
killed?

KYLE

What?

HOON

With your service pistol. Dates.
Faces. I can name them.

Kyle freezes.

HOON (CONT'D)

Corner store, July '99. Register
ding still wakes you.
Buick, '07. Daughter smelled like
bubblegum.

KYLE

Stop.

HOON
 They come to me because you won't
 remember them.
 So I do.

Hoon peels off into the rain. Kyle lies when he slides into the car - "Fine. Just fine."

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACK ALLEY - RAIN - NIGHT (YEARS AGO)

A narrow service alley. Steam curls from grates. Rain needles trash lids.

TONY JASPERS (40s), charismatic even soaked, stands with KYLE in the wash of squad headlights.
 Tony shells a sunflower seed, flicks it.

TONY
 You'll die on a Tuesday. Tuesday's
 got no imagination.

KYLE
 I like Wednesdays. Feels like a
 reprieve.

TONY
 Wednesdays are hangovers with
 better PR.

Dispatch crackles about a domestic next block. Tony smirks, thumbs the radio.

TONY (CONT'D)
 We'll be the marriage counselors.
 First session's free.

They approach a slanted back door. A porch bulb buzzes, the kind of yellow that makes skin look sick.

Tony raps twice. The door opens a hair-

BOOM.

A shotgun's close thunder. Tony's vest takes the first hit; the second blast catches meat. He folds with the rain.

Kyle yanks him into the alley, slips on water and blood. Another blast bites brick over their heads, sprays grit.

KYLE
 Stay with me—stay—

Tony's hand clutches Kyle's sleeve, a child's grip.

TONY (wet whisper)
Tell Mary I kept my shoes clean.

Kyle looks — Tony's shoes, polished, rain-dulled but spotless. Tony coughs pink, eyes drifting.

Another muzzle blooms at the door. Kyle fires two — tight — doorframe splinters. The shadow inside vanishes.

Kyle turns back. Tony's breath is gone. Sirens smear the distance.

Kyle props Tony's head on his forearm, rain washing his face, sunflower seeds stuck like freckles on his lip.

INT. HOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Every wall papered with drawings. FOREST ROAD. SUV. OPEN DOOR. DOME LIGHT.
Over and over.

Clusters: Tony laughing. Tony falling. A shooter's silhouette. Money raining. Scales labeled REVENGE and CASH.

CHRIS
Why this one, again and again?

HOON
Because endings echo.
Some louder than others.

Kyle sees Tony's death sketched in perfect detail. His face tightens.

KYLE
We're done here.

CHRIS (to Hoon)
You ever draw something and hope it scares you wrong?

HOON
Hope's a door you can't close once
it's open.
I lock mine.

Kyle storms out. Chris lingers, unsettled.

Hoon straightens a page just-so — Tony laughing now aligns perfectly with Tony falling.

INT. PRECINCT BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

A projector rattles down. Crime-scene stills bloom across a screen:

bank floor plan, exit ramps, a spidered taillight.

CAPTAIN VEGA (45), crisp, steely. FBI LIAISON PARK (late 30s), immaculate and ambitious, addresses the room.

VEGA

City wants a podium shot. I want names and cuffs.

Not noise.

PARK

Pattern shows weekday mornings, nine to ten-thirty.

Two-minute dwell. Coordinated.

Blind spots favored.

This is organized — federal-level organized.

KYLE

Those the same blind spots you discovered after they were used?

A few detectives suppress grins. Park doesn't flinch.

PARK

Your "consultant." Badge? Training? Or just a man with impressions?

CHRIS

He produced nonpublic detail. Twice.

PARK

Or because he's the source.

KYLE

If he were, he'd be asking for a lawyer, not a pencil.

VEGA

Enough. Hoon stays off paper and off camera.

Impress me, or Park gets the keys.

PARK

And I'll drive faster.

KYLE
Fast isn't the same as right.

VEGA
Rafferty. Winters. Clear?

KYLE / CHRIS
Clear.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Metal clang. Steam. Kyle knots his tie.
Chris pulls on a clean shirt; a rectangle of bruise blooms
across his chest.

CHRIS
You think she's right about Hoon?

KYLE
Park's paid to be right.
That's different from being right.

Kyle nods at the bruise.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Wear that vest like you love your
wife.

CHRIS
I wear it like I promised.

KYLE
Last guy promised too.

CHRIS
I'm not Tony.

Kyle's jaw locks. He almost says it again--

KYLE
Gear up, To--
(forces it)
Chris. Let's go.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATE MORNING

Window fog. MARY RAFFERTY (50s) and SARAH WINTERS (30) laugh
at a corner table.

The bell chimes--Hoon steps in, cane tapping softly.

SARAH
Wesley! Join us?

MARY
You're the artist.

HOON
I draw what I can't say.

He nods toward the counter—where the BARISTA hides a squeeze bottle of honey.

HOON (CONT'D)
He tucks honey for people who can't afford sugar.
Doesn't announce it. Quiet kindness.

Barista blushes. Mary studies him.

SARAH
Do you ever turn it off?

HOON
No. I change where I look.

He studies Mary's worn wedding ring.

HOON (CONT'D)
Thirty-two years?

MARY
You're one of those, huh.

HOON
People leave fingerprints they can't see.

The bell chimes—Kyle enters, jaw tight.

KYLE
You're fucking everywhere.

HOON
And nowhere.

KYLE
They're not part of this.

HOON
I didn't say they were.

MARY
We'll finish our coffee, Kyle.

EXT. FARMERS' MARKET - DAY

Crowd chatter. Mary and Sarah browse apples.

Sarah pats her pockets, frowns.

SARAH

Damn it. My phone. I had it two seconds ago.

MARY

Check the apples?

From behind them, a voice—

HOON (O.S.)

Rectangular. Glassy. Prone to slipping.

He holds up Sarah's phone. She exhales in relief.

SARAH

Oh my God, thank you.

HOON

Guess I'm better at finding things than predicting them.

MARY

Don't tell Kyle. He'll have to thank you.

INT. PAWN SHOP - AFTERNOON

Wind chimes. A TEEN (17), trembling, points a cheap pistol at a CLERK.

TEEN

Open it or I'll—

HOON (O.S.)

If you fire, the ricochet hits that clock. 1948. Repaired twice. Signed under the minute hand.

The kid glances—the notch is there.

Kyle and Chris enter, guns low, not high.

KYLE

Put it down, you go home. Hold it,
you go to prison. I'm impartial.

CHRIS

Put it down and this becomes a
stupid story you tell once.
Hold it and someone cries over you
tonight.

The gun clatters. The kid sobs. The CLERK hugs Hoon first.
Kyle clocks it. So does Chris.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Tape flaps. Cameras flash. Park at the mic; Vega behind her,
tight-lipped.

PARK

We are pursuing leads in close
coordination with—

Kyle steps up, uninvited. Reporters pivot.

KYLE

Public advisory: report any vehicle
with a spidered passenger-side tail
light.
Aftermarket red plastic. Looks like
a star in sunlight. Call our
hotline.

The reporters swarm him. Park's smile freezes.

REPORTER

Are you using a psychic witness?

VEGA

We don't do psychics. We do police
work.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Warm amber. Jukebox hum. Kyle and Chris at a corner table.

CHRIS

First time you drew your gun?

KYLE

Korean deli. Knife on a counter.
Mother screaming "He's a good boy."
I aimed at the floor and prayed.

CHRIS

Did you shoot?

KYLE

No. Partner did. Guy's alive.
Landscaping. Three grandkids.
A scar that makes him say "I'm
sorry" faster.

CHRIS

I want the living. Not the scar.

KYLE

Then keep your hands steady and run
toward the thing that scares you.

CHRIS

Teach me.

KYLE

You're already smarter than me. You
just don't know where you're stupid
yet.

KYLE (raises glass)
To Tony—
(catches himself)
—to the living. To Chris.

They clink glasses.

EXT. RAFFERTY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Crickets. Mary in a sweater, a mug in her hands. Kyle steps
out with whiskey.

MARY

You eat at that bar or just drink
at it?

KYLE

Sandwich I don't remember ordering.

MARY

You called him Tony again?

KYLE

Almost. He heard it.

MARY

"Almost" is just the sin with better shoes.

KYLE

I'm trying.

MARY

You've been meaner since Tony. Not tougher. Meaner. I miss you.

KYLE

I don't know how to let anything go.

MARY

Don't. Let other things in. The dog. Sunlight. Maybe even this Hoon man, if he isn't a monster.

KYLE

I don't let wolves in because they smile.

MARY

Then stop standing close enough to smell their breath.

INT. WINTERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Half-painted wall. Sarah folds laundry. Chris drops his badge like an offering.

SARAH

You missed dinner.

CHRIS

Pawn shop, press, Park tried to steal the mic. Hoon- I'm trying to do this right.

SARAH

I'm trying to see you. Not him.

CHRIS

I want a baby with you.

SARAH

Then be alive long enough to name
it.

They hold each other longer this time.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (RAIN)

3:07 A.M. Kyle drives. Chris rides. Hoon stares out.

HOON

First time I saw an ending, I was
nine.

Backpack strap. Boy choking. Next
day he choked on a jawbreaker.

They did everything right. He
didn't come back.

CHRIS

How many?

HOON

Hundreds. Maybe thousands. And now...
Chris.

Kyle's hands tighten on the wheel.

KYLE

We don't traffic in curses in my
car, To—

(corrects)
Chris.

EXT. PRECINCT ROOFTOP - PRE-DAWN

City hush. Tape flutters on rebar. Kyle leans on the ledge
with an unlit cigarette. Hoon stands beside him.

KYLE

This is when liars go home and
honest men wake up.

HOON

And us?

KYLE

We're the ones still standing.

HOON
Standing's just falling you haven't
met yet.

KYLE
You always talk like a gravestone?

HOON
I tried jokes once.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (WOODLINE)

Rain ticks on the roof. The forest beyond the glass is darker
than night.

HOON
You ever hear the name Kelly Piper?

CHRIS
...No.

HOON
Eight years old. Blonde. Vanished
on a Saturday.
Her mother begged me to help. FBI
scoffed - until I told them where
to look.

KYLE
And?

HOON
I saw her before they did. Yellow
hair against brown leaves.
Eyes open. And I wasn't fast
enough.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FOREST SEARCH - DUSK (YEARS EARLIER)

A line of AGENTS, COPS, VOLUNTEERS sweeps with flashlights.
Dogs bark. Radios murmur. Cold, wet, endless.

A younger HOON limps behind them, cane sinking in mud.

A DETECTIVE waves others in. Branches part.

A CHILD'S BODY - small, pale, partly covered by leaves and
brush.
Blonde hair tangled with dirt. The stillness is unbearable.

The MOTHER screams, animal, and collapses onto her daughter's body.

Agents hold her as she shakes with grief.

Hoon falls into mud, sobbing, clawing dirt.

His breakdown seems genuine, unbearable.

HOON (V.O.)

I wept like it was my fault.

Because it was.

If my legs had worked... maybe she'd
be alive.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Chris blinks back tears, shaken.

CHRIS

You did what you could.

HOON

What I could was never enough.

Kyle stares at him, torn between pity and suspicion.

INT. CSU LAB - DAY

Lasers trace trajectories. Strings map bullet arcs.

Hoon sketches angles before the test.

CSU TECH

Okay--fire.

Lasers sweep. The paths match Hoon's graphite lines exactly.

CSU TECH (CONT'D)

How the hell--?

KYLE

He looks. Other people blink.

CHRIS

Maybe we should stop blinking.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Duffels piled like walls. The crew restless.

Whitman paces, chewing his nails raw until they bleed.

WHITMAN

We're too hot. Psychic witness, my
ass - it's a snitch.
Somebody's talking.

PRICE (without looking up, cleaning rifle)
Two minutes thirty-seven. That's how long before first patrol
hits a robbery alarm.
They're not magic. They're math.

Whitman spins on him.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

You think math saves you when a
bullet's in your throat?

Reznor steps between them, calm but iron.

REZNOR

Math kept us alive this long. And
me keeping your muzzle out of a
kid's face, Whit - that kept us
breathing too.

Whitman shuts up, bristling.

In the corner, Haddad tapes the spidered taillight again.
He mutters, almost to himself.

HADDAD

My boy's braces... twelve grand. I
just want him to smile.
Not hide his teeth. That's why I'm
here.

Whitman sneers, but Reznor holds up a hand.

REZNOR

Shut it. Let the man talk.

Haddad keeps working, tape tearing loud in the silence.

PRICE (to Reznor)
How long before the cops get lucky?

REZNOR (CONT'D)

Luck runs out when someone inside
wants it to.
Until then, we move smart.

INT. HOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark except for a desk lamp. Hoon sketches furiously - faces, bullets, money raining.
His hand trembles.

He stops, studies one page: Chris, smiling.
He tears it out, stares. Then lights it with a match.
The paper blackens in an ashtray.

HOON (murmurs)
Not you. Not yet.

INT. HOON'S APARTMENT - LATER

New drawings: pawn shop clock. A bruised rectangle across a chest.

CHRIS
You've drawn this a hundred times.

HOON
Because it's the end.

CHRIS
End of what?

HOON
Us.

KYLE
He wants you to believe him. That's
the trick.

CHRIS
He's earned it.

Hoon thrusts a fresh sketch: Chris, shot center mass.

HOON (urgent)
You'll be hit. Promise me you'll wear your vest.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I promise.

HOON
Again.

CHRIS
I promise.

Kyle watches the intimacy of the vow. It unsettles him.

EXT. OLD RIVER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A white van idles at a dock. Figures flicker inside.

HOON

Four inside. Wheelman in the van.
Back window cracked - taped from
the inside.

Kyle binoculars—sees the reflective tape glow. He keys his radio.

KYLE (into radio)

Tac One, stack south and west. Lights cold.
Ambulance stage at Pier C. Quiet channel from here.

RADIO (O.S.)

Tac One copies.

KYLE (to Chris)

Last chance to go home.

CHRIS

You know I'm not.

HOON (low)

Remember your promise.

Chris pats his vest twice. Kyle adjusts the shoulder strap.

KYLE

Tight like a seatbelt. Bruises
tomorrow, not holes tonight.

KYLE (into radio)

Mark... three... two... now.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FLASHBANG—whiteout—sound collapses—then CHAOS.

Dye packs bloom. Ricochets spark. Boots slap. Ladders crash.

KYLE

Police! Hands—show me hands!

A muzzle flashes—CRACK. A round hammers Chris's vest. He flies back, gasping. He slaps his chest—vest held. Air roars back in.

Across the smoke, Hoon stares at him, pleading and grateful. Chris nods to Hoon: thank you. Kyle catches it like a splinter.

KYLE (CONT'D)
They're breaking! South door—move—
move!

Masked men scatter. Van doors slam. Tires scream. The van fishtails into the dark.

Kyle, Chris, and Hoon pile into the unmarked. Engine roars after them—

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rain hammers the asphalt. The white van limps ahead, sparks spitting from a rim. Kyle's unmarked prowls after it, lights off.

HOON
Left. Service road. In three... two—

KYLE
If this gets us killed, I'll haunt you.

HOON
You won't have to.

Kyle yanks the wheel. They plunge into black trees.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ!

EXT. PINE BARRENS CLEARING - NIGHT

The van fishtails, SLAMS into a pine. Metal screams. Steam gushes. Back doors burst open—duffels spill. One tears—bundles of cash scatter into the mud.

Rain flattens bills into headlights. Money looks like glittering trash.

Reznor (Boar), Whitman (Stag), Price (Wolf), and Haddad scatter with weapons.
Gunfire erupts. Bark explodes.

Kyle drags Hoon behind a log. Chris fires back—drops Whitman.

HOON
You saved me.

KYLE
Don't make me regret it.

EXT. PINE BARRENS CLEARING - NIGHT

Rain drowns the gunfire. Whitman sprawls, blood seeping into mud.
Reznor fires controlled bursts, steady as ever. Price drags Haddad behind cover.

Chris gasps, chest heaving. The vest is cracked, bruises already purpling.
Hoon grips his sleeve, urgent.

HOON
See? The vest. I told you.

CHRIS
You told me like... like it already happened.

Kyle fires a volley, forcing Price down. He ducks back beside Chris.

KYLE
You okay?

CHRIS
Hurts like a truck, but I'm here.

Kyle nods once. Keeps moving.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

REZNOR, cuffed, wet hair stringing down. Calm even in defeat.
Kyle sits across, eyes like razors.

REZNOR
Wasn't Hoon's name you gave us, was it?

KYLE

What name did you know?

REZNOR

Kurt Rosssdale. Used to run jobs in Jersey.

Could sniff a score like a bloodhound. Said he quit after a girl went missing.

Kelly something.

Kyle stiffens.

REZNOR (CONT'D)

You think he's your psychic friend.

Me, I think he's just a guilty bastard with a pencil.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - LATER

Kyle slams a folder on his desk. Chris looks up.

CHRIS

What?

Kyle opens the folder: MUGSHOT of a younger man. Shorter hair. Darker eyes. Familiar even then.

Nameplate: KURT ROSSDALE.

Kyle shoves it toward Chris.

KYLE

Your third-eye witness. Your savior with the sketches.

That's him.

Chris studies it, pale. Doesn't want to believe.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Chris alone in a booth. Glass empty, hands shaking. He pulls his cell, dials - SARAH's voicemail picks up.

He doesn't leave a message.

He slams the phone down, fights tears.

Across the bar, Hoon sits alone. Doesn't drink. Just sketches.

Their eyes meet. Neither smiles.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (RAIN)

Chris drives. Hoon rides shotgun. Silence, heavy.
Chris keeps glancing at him. Finally—

CHRIS
Was it you? Kelly Piper?

Hoon doesn't answer. Just stares at the rain sliding down glass.

Chris grips the wheel, jaw tight.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

SUV idles crooked. Dome light glowing. Rain blurs everything.

We are back at the IMAGE we saw drawn in graphite in the very beginning.
The prophecy has arrived.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

From the backseat — Chris slumped, vest off, drenched.
Hoon in passenger seat, calm. A duffel between them.

CHRIS
(half-smile, broken
breath)
How much you think's in that bag?

HOON
Enough.

He chuckles. Chris laughs too, weak but genuine.

SARAH'S NAME lights up in the cup holder. Buzzing.

Chris reaches—

BANG.

Blood splatters windshield. Chris stiffens, eyes wide in shock.

Hoon answers the phone, puts it on speaker. Sarah's frantic voice fills the car.

SARAH (V.O.)
Chris?! Baby?! Please talk to me—!

Chris gurgles, choking on blood.

CHRIS
(sputtering)
S... Sarah...

SARAH (V.O.)
Oh my God! Stay with me—!

CHRIS
(lips trembling, blood
bubbling)
...love... you...

Hoon watches, masklike. Unblinking.

HOON
(to phone, calm)
He can't talk right now.
But he loves you. Goodbye.

He drops the phone. Sarah's screams echo tinnily.

Chris's bloody hand rises feebly, blocking.

HOON (CONT'D)
(flat)
Told you one of those robberies was
gonna kill you.

BANG — shot tears through Chris's hand into his throat.
BANG — final round bursts his skull, shattering driver's side window.

Glass rains. Rain swallows silence.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Kyle stumbles into the scene, soaked, pistol drawn.
Sees Chris's body in the SUV.

KYLE
Chris... Chris, no—

He collapses, clutching him, sobbing.
Behind, Hoon drags duffels, calm as ever.

INT. HOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Flashlight beam cuts through. Kyle rips drawings from walls.
Paper flutters like ash.

Images everywhere: Chris dead. Robberies. Warehouse.
Over and over.

He tears them down until new sketches reveal—

- KELLY PIPER on her bike.
- KELLY in the woods.
- HOON'S HANDS strangling her.

KYLE
(hoarse, breaking)
It wasn't a vision... it was you.

HOON (O.S.)
She was the first ending I ever
drew.
And once you draw an ending... it
never lets you go.

Kyle spins. Hoon in the doorway. Calm.

INT. HOON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kyle tears more pages—sees Tony laughing, then Tony dead.
And finally — Hoon pulling the trigger himself.

KYLE
(voice breaking)
No... no...

His flashlight beam freezes on one last sketch:

KYLE himself, in this exact moment. Flashlight raised. Gun
trembling.
Posture identical.

Kyle trembles. Gun shakes.

HOON
(soft, daring)
Go on. Write your ending.

Kyle lowers the gun. Can't do it. Breath ragged.
Hoon almost smiles.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kyle staggers out. Papers flutter from upstairs window like ash.

Across the street - SARAH and MARY wait. United by grief.
They need him.

Kyle lingers in shadows. Doesn't move toward them.

INT. WINTERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah crumpled on the kitchen floor, back to counter.
Phone cracked, Chris's name glowing.

She sobs. Mary enters, kneels, takes her hand.
Sarah resists, then collapses into her arms.

They rock together in grief.

The phone slips, skitters. Chris's name glows once more, then fades.

At the doorway - Kyle. A shadow. Watching.
Doesn't enter. Doesn't speak.

HOON (V.O.)
(calm, tender)
Everyone plays their part.

FADE OUT.