

TOMB

written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED CITY STREETS- NIGHT

SUPER: 1987

Torrential rain pounds the pavement.

A lone car is on the road. It stops at an intersection.

INT. HILARY'S CAR- NIGHT

Heavy metal music plays on the radio.

Hilary, late 20's, attractive and dressed well, is driving. She is alone.

The downpour makes it difficult to see through the windows. The streets are dimly lit.

Hilary rolls the driver side window down and looks out at the dark and empty street. She proceeds through the intersection slowly.

She turns the radio up and taps on the steering wheel.

Bang! She jumps.

A tire is blown. The rolling thump is heard as she pulls to the curb and turns the car off.

HILARY

Shit!

Hilary looks around through the windows.

She gathers her things and places them in her purse. She looks at her watch.

HILARY

I'm never gonna make it now. I'm  
dead.

EXT. DESERTED CITY STREETS- NIGHT

Hilary's car is the only car on the curb. The door opens and Hilary gets out. She locks her door and looks around.

The rain drenches her.

She notices a sign for the subway a few blocks away.

The klip klop of her stillettos and the pounding of the rain are the only sounds.

Hilary looks around and notices the shadow of a hooded person behind her.

She walks faster and faster until she is in a slow jog. Her head on a swivel. Her face is concerned.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

The bright subway station appears empty.

Hilary trots down the stairs from the street into the station.

She takes a deep breath as she looks to the top of the stairs. No one is there.

She removes her shoes and wipes the rain from her face. She ties her hair back when she notices a shadow of someone behind her.

Startled she turns quickly. She jumps then holds her chest.

A homeless man, HOMER, late 40's, stands behind her holding an empty coffee cup.

HOMER

Change?

Hilary sighs in relief as she holds her chest.

HILARY

Oh, you scared me.

Homer stands holding the cup.

HILARY

I think I do.

Hilary digs in her purse and pulls out a few coins. She puts them in Homer's cup.

HOMER

Pretty girl. She's out of luck.

HILARY

Out of luck?

HOMER

You just missed it. Next train isn't due for twenty minutes.

HILARY

Fuck shit, sorry. Thanks I'm just gonna wait.

Hilary points and walks toward the train tracks.

Homer watches her walk away.

Hilary turns and notices him watching. She continues to walk toward the tracks. She is worried. She glances over her shoulder.

Hilary stares at the tracks clutching her purse and shoes.

A clank is heard. Hilary turns but no one is there.

HILARY  
Hello? Is anyone there?

Hilary turns and creeps slowly back toward the stairs.

HILARY  
Hello? Sir are you still here?  
Hello?

Hilary cautiously steps as she peers around corners.

HILARY  
Is anyone there?

A shadow on the wall shows that someone looms behind her.

Hilary notices.

HILARY  
(Softly to  
herself)  
No.

She turns slowly.

An enormous man, ROMAN TOMB, age unknown, a massively muscular giant, stands in front of her. He wears a long, worn, hooded trench coat.

Hilary drops her shoes and purse. She is petrified stiff.

Tomb grabs her by her throat with one hand and lifts her off the ground. Her feet dangle.

Hilary struggles and punches Tomb but she is no match for him.

Tomb smiles showing his sharpened pointed teeth. He pushes his trench coat back revealing a hatchet and butcher's knife in a modified leather holster around his waist.

He removes the knife.

Hilary struggles aggressively but still remains no match for Tomb.

Tomb leans in close and tastes her face with his tongue. He then runs the knife blade along her cheek.

Hilary kicks him in the groin.

Tomb growls. The shing of the knife is heard. He pulls it out of her midsection. Her blood pours onto the ground.

Hilary begins to gag. Blood flows from her mouth. Tomb places the knife back in it's holster.

Tomb throws her on his shoulder and stomps away toward the tracks.

Her blood leaves a trail.

Homer secretly watches as Tomb carries her into the darkness of the subway tunnels.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

Officers JON VERNA, 20's, and BILLY TATE, 20's, two off duty, uniformed transit police walk down the stairs into the station.

BILLY

I'm glad we caught that psychopath.

JON

Yeah but like weeds another one sprouts up.

BILLY

You ready for the exam.

JON

Gonna take the weekend to study. You?

BILLY

I know that book backwards and forwards. However they say it.

JON

You got an excellent record too. You're a good cop. A shoe in.

BILLY

Then why you got more commendations than me?

JON

I got a great partner. I mean that I would be nothing without you.

BILLY

Your not gonna tell me you got sugar in your tank, are you?

JON

No, still a boob man.

BILLY

Just pulling your joint. Your my best friend too.

JON

Cool, can I borrow a hundred bucks?

Billy laughs.

JON

Can't believe I almost got shot.

BILLY

Look on the bright side. You could've been hit by the train.

JON

I think I'd rather be hit by a train. Quick and easy.

BILLY

Not me, I'd like Heidi to bury my body whole. You've seen what a train can do. Nothing left but lumps of soggy flesh.

JON

Still would take the train. Quick and painless.

BILLY

Give me a bullet any day. These trains scare me.

JON

You're not afraid of anything.

BILLY

Except being hit by a train but I'm not planning on dying any time soon. Life is too good.

JON  
But a bullet?

Jon steps in front of Jon. They stop.

BILLY  
Try not to think of that shit,  
alright Jon.

JON  
Yeah sure Billy.

BILLY  
Thinking like that will get you.

Jon notices Hilary's handbag and shoes, and investigates cautiously. Billy follows.

JON  
Billy you see this?

BILLY  
Yeah, yeah.

Billy flicks his flashlight on and examines the dark station.

JON  
Looks like blood.

Jon's eyes follow the trail of blood that heads across the tracks. He opens her bag with a pen. He pulls out her wallet and opens it. He studies Hilary's license.

JON  
We need to call this in.

He hands the wallet to Billy and walks to the edge of the track.

JON  
Looks like it crosses the tracks.

BILLY  
I'm gonna call it in.

Billy turns his radio on.

BILLY  
Command. Come in command.

COMMAND (O.S.)  
This is command. Come in.

BILLY

This is officer Foley I need some units over at the eighth street station.

COMMAND(O.S.)

On their way. Over.

Jon uses his flashlight to illuminate the blood trail down the subway tracks.

BILLY(O.C.)

Keep homicide on standby.

JON

I need you to wait here. I'm gonna follow the blood it looks really fresh. She's not too far ahead.

BILLY

No, I'll come with you.

JON

No. I need you to wait for the others to get here. We can't have this scene contaminated. When they get here follow behind.

BILLY

Okay. Okay but I'm right behind you.

Jon pulls out his gun and holds it out in front along with his flashlight. He crosses the tracks and follows the trail.

Billy turns and looks up at the stairs. He draws his gun.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

Jon shuffles down the tunnel into the darkness.

His flashlight shines the trail.

He reaches a fork in the tunnel and stops. He hears a clang and follows the noise down to the left.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

Officers WHITE, 20's, and LARSON, 40's, come down the stairs with their guns drawn.

BILLY  
Whitey, you stay here. Larson you  
come with me Jon may be tracking  
the killer.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

Billy and Larson stand at the fork in the tunnel.

LARSON  
Do we split up?

BILLY  
Yeah.

LARSON  
I think we should stay together.

BILLY  
Jon's out there alone.

Larson nods hesitantly.

Billy walks down the left tunnel.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

Several police investigate the crime scene. CAPTAIN FOLEY,  
50's, arrives and begins to direct the officers. Officer  
White approaches.

WHITE  
Sir. We have some men following  
the trail already.

FOLEY  
Who?

WHITE  
Jon Verna, Mike Larson, and your  
son Billy.

FOLEY  
I need you to gather some men. I  
want these tunnels cleared now.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Jon cautious follows the trail. It is starting to tail off.

Movement is heard across the tracks. Jon is startled.

He shines his light. Homer sits across the tracks.

Jon turns the flashlight back to the trail.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Tomb punches Jon in the ribcage twice.

His gun falls.

Tomb pull his Butcher's knife out of his holster and swings it at Jon.

Jon ducks and comes back swinging at Tomb punching him twice in the face.

Tomb steps back and moves forward again.

Jon grabs Tombs wrist with both hands as Tomb tries to stick him with the knife.

Jon slams Tomb's hands into the wall.

The knife falls.

Tomb wraps his hands around Jon's throat.

Tomb hoists Jon off the ground.

Jon tries to fight but is no match. He begins to change color.

Tomb licks Jon's face then laughs.

END SERIES.

Billy approaches from the other side the tracks. He points his gun at Tomb.

BILLY  
(Yelling)

Put him down. I mean it.

Tomb turns his head and looks at Billy's gun.

The horn from an approaching train is heard faintly.

Billy crosses the tracks still pointing his gun at Tomb.

BILLY  
Drop him scumbag.

Tomb throws Jon to the ground. He lands on top of Hilary's body. He sees that she is dead and jumps back. He reaches for his throat and begins to cough.

BILLY  
(to himself)  
You're not just an urban legend.

Billy advances toward Tomb.

BILLY  
On the ground.

Tomb does not move to the ground, he turns and smiles at Billy.

The light from the oncoming train begins to illuminate the tunnel as it draws closer.

BILLY  
(yelling)  
On the fucking ground.

Tomb drops to his knees.

Billy advances closer.

BILLY  
(to Jon)  
Are you okay?

JON  
Yeah, don't take your gun off him.

BILLY  
It's really him.

JON  
I think your right. Keep your gun  
on him.

The faint sound of an approaching train is heard.

BILLY  
(to Tomb)  
Hands on your head.

Tomb turns and smiles.

The horn from an approaching train sounds in the distance..

Jon grabs his gun and points it at Tomb.

Billy puts his gun away and grabs his handcuffs. He slowly shuffles behind Tomb.

Officer White and a few other officers observe from across the tracks.

White tries to yell to them but the noise of the oncoming

train makes it difficult to make out.

Billy turns as he reaches Tomb, trying to hear White.

Jon focuses on Tomb with his gun.

The train is loud and deafening.

Billy starts to put the cuff on Tomb's wrist.

Tomb quickly turns and punches Billy into the path of the train.

The train squeals its breaks.

Everyone turns to watch until the train comes to a halt.

Billy's hat rests in front of Jon.

Tomb turns toward Jon and laughs maniacally.

Jon tightens and points his gun at Tomb.

WHITE

(yelling)

Don't do it Verna! He's not worth  
it! Verna!

TOMB

(pointing at  
Jon)

You.

Jon kicks Tomb in the throat.

Several officers bombard Tomb and he is escorted out. He continues to laugh.

Jon lowers his gun.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- NIGHT

Jon sits on a bench thinking. Foley sit's beside him.

JON

It's all my fault.

FOLEY

It's not your fault. It's my  
fault.

JON

Sir?

FOLEY

I never wanted my son to be a cop.

JON

It's not your fault, Sir.

FOLEY

I know. It just doesn't feel that way.

JON

Heidi?

FOLEY

Could you take care of that? I have to figure out how to break this to my wife. It's going to kill her.

Jon puts his head in his hands Foley puts his arm around him.

FOLEY

I hope this bastard fries.

JON

I should have killed him.

FOLEY

You did the right thing son. He'll get what he deserves I'll make sure of it.

INT. HEIDI'S HOUSE- NIGHT

BATHROOM

HEIDI, 20's, petite and extremely attractive, dressed in a red negligee, applies her make up.

The knock at the door startles her. She jumps.

HEIDI

Forgot his key again.

LIVING ROOM

Heidi rushes to the door smiling. She opens it.

Jon stands with his head down.

Heidi looks puzzled.

HEIDI  
Jon? Jon, where's Billy?

Jon looks up revealing his red puffy eyes.

Heidi steps back. Her hands cover her mouth.

JON  
I'm--

HEIDI  
This isn't funny Jon. it's our anniversary. The kids are at my mothers.

JON  
It's not a joke.

HEIDI  
Don't you say it Jon. Don't you say it.

Jon walks toward her lifting his arms to hug her.

Heidi steps back.

JON  
Heidi?

HEIDI  
No. No. This can't be happening.

JON  
Heidi.

Heidi faints.

Jon rushes to her side and comforts her.

JON  
(whispering)  
It's all my fault.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jon staggers into his apartment. It is small yet tidy and scarcely decorated with photo's. He feels his way toward the couch and sits. He pulls a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and drinks.

Jon hurls the empty bottle across the room. It smashes.

He at a picture of him and Billy graduating from the police academy. He grabs another picture of him and Billy from their High school football team.

He flips the coffee table that is in front of him.

He stumbles to the desk and takes the picture. He stares at it.

He smashes the picture against the desk with both hands tossing the broken frame to the ground.

He slides everything from the desk onto the floor.

He tosses the desk over.

He grabs his stomach and runs toward the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Jon runs into the bathroom with his hand cupped around his mouth.

He flips up the toilet seat and vomits.

Jon lies on the floor of the bathroom. He falls asleep.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT- DREAM

Jon runs through the tunnel. He is running in circles ending up in the same place.

Tomb's laugh echoes throughout.

Jon chases the sound but ends up in the same place. He stands on the tracks.

JON  
(yelling)  
Where are you?.

Jon turns and looks behind him.

Tomb is on his knees looking up at Jon.

Lights from an oncoming train illuminate the tunnel.

Jon puts his gun to Tomb's temple.

Tomb's maniacal laugh gets louder.

JON  
Not this time.

The train is bearing down on them. The horn sounds.

Jon pulls the trigger and nothing happens. He pulls it several times and still nothing.

Tomb laughs harder.

The train is feet away. It's horn sounds.

Jon grabs Tomb and throws him in front of the oncoming train.

DREAM ENDS.

INT. JON'S BATHROOM- DAY

Jon wakes on the floor. He wipes the vomit from his face and shirt and stands. He looks at himself in the mirror.

Jon punches the mirror and shatters it. His hand is bleeding.

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. JON'S APARTMENT- DAY

BATHROOM

Jon stands in front of the mirror. He fidgets with his tie.

He pulls it from his shirt in frustration.

BEDROOM

Jon walks into his bedroom. ANNA, 20's, an attractive, nude woman lies in his bed.

JON

I never was good at these stupid things.

He holds the tie up.

ANNA

Toss me your t-shirt.

Jon throws her the t-shirt.

Anna puts it on and slides out of bed.

JON

Thanks for staying.

ANNA

Don't thank me.

Anna grabs his tie. She begins to tie it around Jon's neck.

ANNA

You know either you learn how to do this or I'm gonna have to move in.

JON

Yeah we may need to talk about that.

Anna finishes the tie.

ANNA

Really?

JON

Really.

Anna kisses Jon as they hug.

ANNA

After today?

JON

After today this could finally be over.

ANNA

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?

JON

No, no I'll be fine.

ANNA

Dinner then. Angelo's, my treat.

JON

Your treat. I'll be there at six.

ANNA

Good luck.

EXT. PLYMOUTH COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY- DAY

Several law enforcement personnel and cars wait inside the prison gate.

SGT. DACOSTA, 39 and well built, stands outside the armored transport van smoking a cigarette. CAPT. FIELDS, 45, and OFFICER MARK ROSA, 22, troop to Dacosta who quickly puts his cigarette out on the ground.

FIELDS

That'll kill you. You might want to think of quitting, for your families sake.

DACOSTA

Yeah my little girl has been hounding me about it.

FIELDS

How old is she now?

DACOSTA

Nine, nine today. In fact after this I gotta swing by the mall get her a new cabbage patch doll for her party.

FIELDS

My granddaughters love those dolls. Good luck trying to find one.

DACOSTA

Hopefully this will go smooth.

Dacosta looks around at the several officers standing about.

DACOSTA

What's with all the support captain?

FIELDS

You don't know who?

DACOSTA

No, who?

FIELDS

Roman Tomb.

DACOSTA

No shit.

FIELDS

He's being sentenced today probably to death.

ROSA

Who is Roman Tomb?

DACOSTA

Who is the rook?

FIELDS

This is Rosa he is gonna be riding  
in the back with you today.

DACOSTA

No disrespect captain but I ride  
alone.

FIELDS

Not today you don't. Governor  
wants to take all precautions with  
Tomb.

ROSA

Who is Tomb?

DACOSTA

Have you been living under a rock?  
Roman Tomb, the Subway Butcher.  
You know the urban legend?  
Captain, you give me a rook?

FIELDS

At least you're not alone.

Fields walks off into the facility.

Dacosta looks Rosa up and down.

DACOSTA

You ever done one of these?

ROSA

No sir, first time.

DACOSTA

Well don't fuck this up. Tomb will  
eat you alive, literally.

ROSA

He's going to be shackled and  
cuffed right?

Dacosta looks at the concern on Rosa's face. He reaches  
inside the transport vehicle and grabs two shotguns handing  
one to Rosa.

DACOSTA

You do know how to use this?

ROSA

Yes Sir. I won the marksmanship  
award at the academy.

DACOSTA  
Good, and cut out the sir shit.

ROSA  
Yes...

OFFICER GRIFFIN, 35, jumps from around the transport vehicle startling Rosa and Dacosta.

Rosa and Dacosta jump back and point the shotguns at Griffin.

Griffin raises his hands while he laughs hysterically.

DACOSTA  
Real fucking funny Griff.

GRIFFIN  
Dacosta the look on your face,  
priceless.

DACOSTA  
Fuck you Griff I should have shot  
your ass.

GRIFFIN  
Hey come on lighten up.

Griffin turns to Rosa.

GRIFFIN  
You mean your not going alone.  
Who's the rook?

He sticks his hand out.

Rosa shakes it.

ROSA  
Rosa.

GRIFFIN  
Nice to meet you Rosa. Dacosta  
trying to scare you or just break  
your balls.

DACOSTA  
Hey Griff just shut up and drive.

GRIFFIN  
Hey whatta ya say? Drinks on me  
when this is done.

DACOSTA  
Can't Lily's birthday today.

GRIFFIN  
Hey tell her I said happy  
birthday. Rosa?

ROSA  
Don't see why not.

OFFICER(O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Here he comes!

All three officers turn toward the building and stare  
silently.

Tomb exits the building toward the transport vehicle. He is  
heavily chained and wearing a metal mask on his face. Four  
guards maneuver him from a distance with long dog poles.

ROSA  
Holy Shit!

GRIFFIN  
He didn't look that big on TV.  
He's a fucking monster.

They continue to stare in awe.

GRIFFIN  
I have a shotgun in the cab. I'll  
have it ready.

Griffin walks to the front of the vehicle and gets inside.  
He starts it up.

DACOSTA  
Don't let him scare you. Do you  
hear me, no fear?

ROSA  
Shit Dacosta.

The two men step aside as the guards lead Tomb to the back  
of the truck and stop.

Tomb examines both the men as he peers through his metal  
mask. He pays particular attention to Rosa.

GUARD(O.S.)  
Come on Tomb get inside.

Tomb continues to stare at Rosa. Rosa stares back in fear.

GUARD (O.S.)  
Get the fuck inside Tomb!

The guards aggressively push the poles jerking Tomb forward. He turns and looks at them.

Tomb glances at Rosa once more then enters the vehicle.

Two guards follow him inside one holding a shotgun pointed at Tomb.

GUARD (O.S.)  
One fucking move and your brains  
will be all over this van.

Dacosta pushes Rosa.

DACOSTA  
(To Rosa)  
I said no fear.

The guard is finished chaining Tomb to the inside of the vehicle. He checks the chains and they both vacate.

GUARD  
He's all yours. Good luck.

DACOSTA  
Thanks.

Dacosta and Rosa jump inside. The door is locked from the outside.

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE- DAY

Tomb sits with his back facing the driver. He is heavily chained.

Dacosta and Rosa sit on opposite sides out of Tomb's reach but facing him. They both hold the shotguns pointed at him. The tension is thick.

GRIFFIN  
Are we good?

DACOSTA  
We're good.

Dacosta and Tomb stare at each other.

The vehicle begins to move.

Rosa hands are sweating his gun is getting wet. Tomb has noticed and now focuses on Rosa.

ROSA  
How long before we get there?

DACOSTA  
An hour without city traffic.  
Maybe two if there is.

MOMENTS LATER

Rosa is wiping his hands on his pants when Tomb lunges at him. Rosa, startled, falls to the ground.

Tomb sits back laughing hysterically.

Dacosta slams the butt of his gun into Tomb's ribs three times. Tomb hunches over and coughes.

Rosa sits back in his seat pointing his gun at Tomb.

Suddenly the van slows to a halt.

DACOSTA  
Griff what's going on?

GRIFFIN  
Traffic.

ROSA  
Fuck can't we hurry this up?

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE- DAY

Homer sprays the window of the stopped vehicle. He begins to wipe.

GRIFFIN  
Hey get away from here. Police  
business.

Car horns beep.

DACOSTA  
Griff what's going on out there?

GRIFFIN  
A bum trying to clean the window.

DACOSTA  
Jesus Griff. Get him away.

GRIFFIN  
I'm trying.

INT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Dacosta leans forward to look into the cab.

Tomb grabs him and wraps his neck in the chains.

Rosa stares pointing his gun at them.

Tomb and Rosa stare at eachother.

Dacosta reaches for his neck struggling to breathe he is turning red.

Rosa fiddles with his gun trying to get a clean shot.

Tomb kicks him in the face slamming his head against the van and knocking him out.

Dacosta drops his gun and tries to pull the chain from his neck with both hands.

Tomb pulls tight.

END SERIES.

GRIFFIN(O.S.)

What's going on back there?  
Dacosta.

Dacosta falls unconscious. Tomb reaches in Dacosta's pocket and pulls the keys out. He unlocks himself and grabs the gun.

GRIFFIN(O.S.)

Rosa? Dacosta? What the fuck is  
going on back there?

Tomb slams the butt of the gun into Dacosta's face three times.

His head splits wide open. Blood and brain drip from the gun butt.

Tomb grabs Rosa's gun and kicks the back door open.

Two police officers in a cruiser try to escape as Tomb points the shotguns at them.

Tomb fires two shots dropping both of them. He drops the guns and runs into a nearby alley.

INT. COURTHOUSE- DAY

Several media types crowd the courthouse.

Jon and Detective RICH Davineaux, 30's, slickly dressed, stand outside the courtroom doors.

RICH

I can't believe this son of a bitch. He had his mitts around your neck? I'll tell you what your one lucky fucker.

JON

Doesn't feel that way.

The courtroom doors slam open. It startles the crowd.

A young court OFFICER, 20's, looks around the room. He spots Jon and Rich and saunters over.

OFFICER

One of you guys Verna?

JON

That's me.

OFFICER

Roman Tomb just escaped custody.

RICH

Tomb escaped?

OFFICER

Escaped, Eloped, how ever you want to look at it.

JON

(shocked)

This can't be.

OFFICER

They said they need you guys down at Transit authority.

The officer walks back to the courtroom.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION- DAY

The police are in the process of clearing the city's subway stations. Several agencies are at work together.

Captain Foley approaches Jon as he walks in with Rich.

FOLEY

Richie let me get a minute alone.

RICH

Sure boss.

Rich walks away.

Foley puts his arm around Jon and they walk.

FOLEY

I think you should sit this one out.

JON

No. No way I'm right here.

FOLEY

This might be a little too personal for you.

JON

But sir, you...

FOLEY

For me it's a father's responsibility. It is personal. I'm gonna hunt this bastard down if it's the last thing I do.

JON

Sir if I had just waited for backup.

FOLEY

If you had just waited for backup we wouldn't have caught a serial killer.

JON

Let me help catch him again.

FOLEY

He knows who you are Jon. Now go home. I'll have a detail outside.

JON

No that's really Okay.

FOLEY

I'm gonna increase patrols. Protect yourself.

JON

Yes sir.

EXT.CITY STREET- DAY

EMMA, 17, and CHRIS, 18, stroll the street. Emma is holding books.

EMMA

Would you like to go steady? I mean you have walked me home everyday this year.

CHRIS

I would like that very much.

EMMA

Tomorrow is the last day.

CHRIS

We have all summer.

They stop in front of Emma's house.

CHRIS

Nice neighborhood.

EMMA

Yeah pretty boring nothing much happens here.

EMMA

Where do you live?

CHRIS

Mattapan.

EMMA

That's across town.

CHRIS

I know.

They stop and Emma turns to Chris. She grabs his hands.

EMMA

Your so sweet Chris Martin.

CHRIS

You too.

They lean in to kiss.

JUDY (OS)  
 (screaming)  
 Emma Lee Ross. Get in this house  
 right now.

The couple jumps apart.

EMMA  
 (yelling)  
 I'm coming mom.

JUDY, 50's, A slender attractive women, stands in the doorway.

CHRIS  
 Tomorrow?

EMMA  
 Promise.

Emma walks to her door. She stops and stares at her mother. Her mother is staring down Chris.

EMMA  
 Jesus mom. Do you have to be so  
 rude?

JUDY  
 To your room.

EMMA  
 I wish you were dead.

Judy slams the door. Chris watches as he struts away.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM-NIGHT

Jon waits for a train. He is carrying bags. The platform begins to crowd.

Jon becomes paranoid. He is constantly looking around. He becomes visibly anxious.

The train stops.

Jon nervously gets on.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN- NIGHT

Jon sits down. He watches the train from end to end.

A "GUNS KILL" poster stares across the train car at him.

He undoes his tie and collar.

He slides it from his neck and sticks it in his pocket.

The train stops. Several people get off.

Jon unbuttons his top button. He watches the train.

The train stops. Passengers get off. None get on.

Jon reaches into his jacket to his waistline. He clicks the safety off on his gun.

He pulls a handkerchief from his breast pocket and pats his forehead. He puts it away.

The train slows. Jon stands as the train comes to a stop.

The doors open. Jon slides off.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM-NIGHT

Jon stands on the platform. Passengers vacate adjacent cars. Jon watches them intently. He lets them pass and walks behind.

EXT.CITY STREET- NIGHT

Jon walks the streets cautiously. His head is on a swivel. His shirt is soaked with sweat.

He hears footsteps behind him. He does not turn to look. He walks stiff.

Jon hears Tomb's laugh.

The footsteps sound closer.

Jon walks faster. He stares straight ahead.

Tomb's laugh gets louder.

Jon pulls his gun and conceals it in front of him.

The footsteps are close. Jon feels a hand on his shoulder.

He turns, drops his bags and fires the gun.

A man, Alan Grey, 50's, falls to the ground with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Blood flows from a bullet hole in his forehead.

Jon stands and stares at his gun. He begins to look over Alan.

He slides over to check Alan's pulse. Alan is dead.

He reaches in his pocket and slides out his wallet.

He scrolls through it's content.

He pulls out his license and examines it.

JON

Alan Grey? Who are you? Are you following me?

Jon looks around. He notices a dumpster in the alley.

He places his arms under Alan's and drags him toward a garbage dumpster in a nearby alley.

Alan is heavy. Jon stops and puts him down. He shakes out his arms and looks around.

He places his arms under Alan's and drags him to the dumpster.

Jon opens the lid and scans the inside.

He hoists Alan into the dumpster. He tosses the wallet in and closes the lid.

Jon grabs his bags and hurries home.

INT.EMMA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

BIFF AND JUDY'S BEDROOM

BIFF, 50's, and JUDY are having sex in the missionary position.

The headboard bangs the wall erratically.

EMMA'S ROOM

Emma sits on her bed talking on the phone.

Erratic banging is heard.

EMMA

UGH! They're just like rabbits.

BIFF AND JUDY'S ROOM

Biff comes in the room with a towel around his waist. The television is on softly. The NEWSMAN can barely be heard.

NEWSMAN

Police urge people to stay in groups when on the streets particularly in the evening. The man the police identified as Roman Tomb, the presumed offspring of escaped mental patients, Ray Tomb and Erline Gossinger, has escaped capture--

Biff glances at the television and turns the volume up.

NEWSMAN

--The man referred to as the subway serial killer is said to have been living in the Subway alone since his parents suicidal leap into the path of an oncoming train ten years ago, is on the loose and police urge the city to remain at high caution. Tomb is responsible for more than one hundred deaths and the police are still piecing together the remains of several missing people who may have met an unthinkable fate at the behest of this monster.

BIFF

Honey, that sicko escaped?

JUDY

What sicko? Always a sicko with you. Everyone's a sicko. To you the gay mailman is a sicko.

BIFF

That is sick. But no, the guy that ate all those people in the subway tunnels.

JUDY

Oh, that sicko.

Biff dresses in his night clothes.

JUDY

Come on Biff my hormones are raging. Give it to mama one more time.

BIFF

Sorry Honey but I really got to be at the office early.

They stare at each other blankly.

BIFF

The promotion? Don't you remember? I told you.

JUDY

Oh, promotion. Is this where you get your hopes up and then they blow up in your face and I'm the one that has to hold you together. I mean this is the fifth time you thought you were getting a promotion.

BIFF

I feel good this time.

JUDY

You felt good last time and the time before that.

BIFF

Are you trying to crush my hopes?

JUDY

I'm sorry Biff. I love you dearly but your not that strong. You're a sweet man Biff. That's what I wanted, a sweet man.

The doorbell rings.

BIFF

Who could that be?

JUDY

Maybe it's your promotion.

Judy plops to her knees to begin her evening prayer at the side of her bed.

BIFF

Maybe. Life is going to be different you'll see.

EMMA'S ROOM

The doorbell rings again.

Emma is unaware. She sits at her desk with her headphones on. She is doing schoolwork. Her back is toward the door and window. She is mouthing the words to her music.

FRONT DOOR

The walls are lined with religous pictures. Jesus on the cross rests above the door.

Biff runs down the stairs.

The doorbell rings again.

BIFF  
I'm coming, I'm coming.

The doorbell rings again.

BIFF  
Hold your--

Biff opens the door. He is frozen with fear.

Tomb stands in front of him wearing an orange prison jumpsuit.

Biff begins to softly whimper.

Tomb puts his hand around Biff's neck. He lifts him off the ground.

Biff struggles but is clearly over powered. He begins to lose consciousness. He is turning color.

Tomb punches Biff in the face as he holds him in the air.

Biff's nose is crushed his face is bloodied.

Tomb punches him again.

Bones crunch. Biff's face is indented. He appears lifeless.

Tomb tosses his body to the ground. He steps over Biff and walks to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Tomb pulls a butcher's knife from the knife block. He walks out of the kitchen.

BIFF AND JUDY'S ROOM

Judy is sleeping. A black sleep mask covers her eyes.

The bedroom door slowly swings open. Tomb fills it's frame. He is wielding a butchers knife. He creeps toward the bed.

He slides the covers down revealing Judy's negligee.

He slides his hand inside and fondles her breast.

He pulls it out of the negligee and continues to caress it.

JUDY  
I see you've changed your mind.

Tomb puts his mouth around her nipple.

Tomb leans in his mouth is near Judy's. He spreads his sharp

teeth apart and clamps down on Judy's bottom lip.

Tomb clamps harder biting her lip off. Her blood drips on her face as Tomb pulls back and chews.

Judy pulls her mask off and grabs for her mouth. She sees Tomb and screams.

Tomb sticks her several times with the knife as he chews and swallows her lip.

Tomb exits the room.

#### EMMA'S ROOM

Emma continues to do homework with her headphones on. She is bopping her head and mouthing the words.

Behind her the bedroom door swings open.

Tomb slowly creeps up behind her.

He leans close. He smells her hair.

Emma continues to bop her head.

Tomb inhales deep. He closes his eyes to better enjoy her smell.

Emma feels something over her shoulder. She turns.

Tomb opens his eyes. They catch a stare.

Emma screams.

Tomb growls.

Emma falls to the floor and slides on her back into the corner.

Tomb walks her down.

Emma is screaming. She appears terrified.

Tomb motions her to move on the bed, with the knife.

Emma just screams.

Tomb grabs her by the hair and throws her to the bed. He motions for her to remove her nightgown.

Emma sits on her bed sobbing. She slowly removes her nightgown. She is wearing only panties and socks. She tries to cover her breasts with her hands.

Tomb motions the knife at her panties.

EMMA  
(pleading)  
Please no. Please.

Tomb growls at her.

Emma removes her panties. She sheepishly tries to cover herself.

Tomb slides down his jumpsuit. He grabs her ankle and slides her close to him. He lies on top of her.

EMMA  
Please, please, please.

The bed begins to squeak in a rhythm.

INT. JON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Jon finishes the last screw on the last of the four deadbolt locks on the door. He steps back from the door. He admires his work.

Jon walks to the window and checks the newly installed window locks. He looks out the window to the street three stories below.

He walks through the house and checks all of the windows.

He turns out all the lights and stands by a window.

He slowly moves the drape and peers outside at the front of his apartment and the adjacent street. No one is there.

Jon sits on a chair in the living room. He cocks his gun and places it in his lap. He quietly sits in the dark.

The apartment is silent. A creak is heard at the front door.

Jon holds his gun up as he cautiously makes his way to the door.

He peers through the peek hole. He sees nothing.

He slowly guides back to the window. He moves the drape slowly and gazes into the street. It remains empty.

He sits in his chair and places his gun in his lap.

The apartment is silent again.

The phone rings.

Jon is startled. He clasps his gun and sits nervously.

The phone rings again.

Jon looks at his watch. It Reads 10:24 pm.

JON

Shit. It's gotta be her. I'll tell  
her I forgot. I'll apologize,  
yeah.

Jon walks to the phone.

JON

Maybe it's not.

Jon walks back to the chair.

The phone rings again. Jon is startled. He sits in his chair  
as the phone continues to ring.

INT.EMMAS HOUSE- DAY

EMMA'S ROOM

A rope tied to the headboard is wrapped around Emma's  
wrists. She is naked. Her inner thighs covered in blood.

Emma wakes. She slowly acclimates herself to her  
surroundings. She pulls the ropes a few times then stops.  
She cries.

A chopping sound is suddenly heard in the kitchen. Emma  
stops crying. She listens.

The chopping sound continues.

EMMA

(screaming)

Help me! help Me! Help Me!

EMMA'S KITCHEN

Tomb turns and listens. His kitchen smock covered with  
blood.

The head and torso of Judy rest on the counter.

EMMA(OS)

Help!

Tomb places the knife and piece of flesh, he is holding, on  
the countertop.

He opens drawers in the kitchen and finds a roll of duct  
tape.

EMMA'S ROOM

The door swings open. Tomb fills the frame, he is holding duct tape.

EMMA

Stay away from me.

Tomb walks to the bed and grabs Emma by the hair. He wraps the duct tape around her mouth. He wraps it around again and again.

Emma is mumbling.

Tomb unties the ropes from the headboard then ties them together. He tosses Emma on his shoulder and walks out.

FRONT DOOR

Tomb walks past Biff's body on the floor. Emma notices her father's face is smashed in and tries to struggle by kicking her feet.

The picture of Jesus on the wall watches.

EMMA'S KITCHEN

Emma continues to struggle.

Tomb slams her to the table top.

Emma is knocked unconscious.

MOMENTS LATER

Emma wakes she focuses on Tomb but her vision is blurry. As it starts to clear she observes Tomb standing by the counter. Two large heavy duty garbage bags at his side. One more full than the other.

She notices that they contain human parts she begins to gag.

Tomb turns as he holds a large knife in one hand and an obvious piece of flesh in the other. He cuts a small piece of flesh with the knife and puts it in his mouth.

Tomb realizes that Emma is awake. He puts the knife and flesh down as he continues to chew.

Emma tries to pull her bound hands free. She is tied to the table.

Tomb laughs and approaches her. He tries to kiss her on the lips but Emma prevents him by swinging her head to and fro.

Tomb grabs her ankles and slides them toward him. Emma's naked body slides on the table. He unzips his jumpsuit.

Emma's muffled cries are heard through the duct tape.

Judy's head rests on the counter, watching. Her bottom lip is missing.

INT.JON'S HOUSE- DAY

LIVING ROOM

Jon sleeps upright in the chair.

He wakes startled and grabs his gun. He inches toward the door. He glances through the peephole.

Anna stands outside the door. She bangs again.

JON

Did you notice anyone following you?

ANNA (OS)

Following me? Have you gone crazy? Open the door.

JON

You didn't notice anyone?

ANNA (OS)

No Jon, now open the door.

Jon unlocks all of the deadbolts. He opens the door and Anna walks in.

ANNA

Have you gone mad? I've been calling all night where have you been?

Jon slams the door shut. Anna eyes the deadbolts.

JON

I had some work to finish. Sorry I got caught up.

ANNA

Sure looks like you did.

JON

Yeah, windows too.

Jon closes the door and locks all the deadbolts.

ANNA

What is going on?

JON

Tomb, he escaped.

Anna wraps her arms around Jon.

ANNA

They must have the whole city  
looking for him.

JON

Everyone but me. For your own good  
I think you should go.

Anna releases Jon and steps back.

ANNA

Go, I don't want to go.

JON

You have too.

ANNA

No I don't I can stay here with  
you.

JON

I don't think you understand. This  
man is dangerous. Scary dangerous.

ANNA

Look at the locks, Jon. This is  
the safest place in the city.  
Besides the police have teams at  
every train station. He's not  
getting out of there.

JON

I don't think he had a chance to  
make it in.

INT.EMMA'S HOUSE- DAY

KITCHEN

Tomb stands at the counter chopping the body of Biff. Biff's  
head stands on the counter top next to Judy's. They both  
watch over the sleeping, naked, and bloodied Emma.

Tomb takes some good meat and drops it into the garbage bag  
by his right foot. He takes some intestines and drops it  
into the bag near his left foot.

The doorbell rings. Emma's eyes spring open.

Tomb turns and listens. It rings again.

Tomb sticks the knife in the counter and walks toward the front door.

Emma looks at the clock it reads: 3:33 pm.

Tomb walks toward the front door.

Emma tries to free herself.

CHRIS (OS)

Hey, Jesus. What happened to you?

He creeps to the table and begins to loosen the rope around Emma's wrist.

He can't stop staring at Emma's bloodied body.

Emma tries to mumble to him.

Chris takes his jacket off and wraps it around Emma.

FRONT DOOR

Tomb looks through the window out at the front door. There is no one there.

He turns and looks toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Chris tries to remove the rope. Emma is trying to mumble to him.

Tomb's footsteps are heard. Chris works harder on the knot.

The footsteps grow closer. Chris gives up. He hides under the table.

The footsteps are very close.

Chris reaches for his jacket on the table. He pulls it

Tomb enters the kitchen. He walks to the table and examines Emma. He walks back to the counter and continues to chop.

Chris peaks over the table. His eyes meet Emma's.

The chopping stops. Tomb turns around.

Chris is under the table scoping out the room.

The chopping continues.

Chris unties Emma from the table and he pops out. He looks around the kitchen. He spots a knife and heads for it. The floor creaks.

Tomb stops chopping and turns. He spots Chris. He growls.  
Chris runs and Tomb chases him.

LIVING ROOM

Tomb knocks Chris to the ground from behind.

Chris lies on his back. Tomb kneels over him.

Tomb growls showing Chris his sharpened teeth. He grabs Chris by the neck.

Emma runs at Tomb from behind. She wields a knife.

Chris gasps for air.

Emma sticks her knife into the back of Tomb. He growls and turns while swinging. He knocks Emma to the ground. the knife falls in the opposite direction.

Tomb turns to Chris. He holds his neck with one hand and pounds his chest with the other. The sounds of bones breaking is heard with every blow.

Chris eyes are fixed.

Tomb turns to Emma but she is gone.

FRONT DOOR

Tomb stands in the doorway.

Emma runs across the street. She is bloodied and naked. Duct tape covers her face.

Tomb growls.

INT.DAVID'S HOUSE- NIGHT

DAVID, early 30's, and his girlfriend, ROBIN, early 30's, sit at the dinner table eating.

ROBIN

You know I don't like that  
Badluck. I think he's bad news.

DAVID

Look he helped me out with that  
thing.

ROBIN  
(frustrated)  
That thing, that thing, that  
thing.

Robin throws her fork on her plate.

DAVID  
Yeah, that thing.

ROBIN  
Fucking say it.

DAVID  
Say what?

ROBIN  
Tell me what the thing is?

DAVID  
You know what the thing is?

ROBIN  
I don't remember. Refresh my  
memory.

DAVID  
What is this?

ROBIN  
If you want to go then tell me  
what the thing is.

DAVID  
Jesus Robin. It's not like I want  
to go. I kinda have to. A guy  
thing.

ROBIN  
Say it David?

DAVID  
You remember? The guy that was  
starting with me?

ROBIN  
You mean Jerry from my job?

DAVID  
Jerry from your job provoked me.

ROBIN  
You mean you were jealous of him  
so you talked shit?

DAVID

Okay, I asked Badluck to handle it for me. There, Is that good enough?

ROBIN

Badluck tried to shoot that boy and I lost my job because of it.

DAVID

And now I need to return the favor.

ROBIN

You promise this is the last time you gonna do this?

DAVID

I promise. No more Badluck I'm letting him go.

Several loud bangs are heard at the front door.

David stands from his seat.

DAVID

One more thing. Call me D-Roc.

ROBIN

D-Roc?

DAVID

Yeah, it's my G name.

INT.BADLUCK'S CAR- NIGHT

David drives. BADLUCK, 30'S, sits in the passenger seat. He is smoking a cigarette.

BADLUCK

I didn't remember your old lady having such a fine pair of tits.

David thinks.

DAVID

Their pretty nice I guess.

BADLUCK

I hope you hitting that right. You know don't want some smooth talking brother giving it to your girl.

DAVID  
I think I'm hitting it right.

BADLUCK  
Those brother's can be smooth.

DAVID  
In Robin's eyes nobody's as smooth  
as me.

BADLUCK  
That white boy was pretty smooth  
but I took care of him. If it was  
my lady I would've killed that  
cracker.

DAVID  
I appreciate that.

BADLUCK  
Yeah, I had my man shitting  
himself once he saw this.

Badluck waves his gun around.

DAVID  
What's that for?

BADLUCK  
You didn't expect me to jack  
someone without a gun. How are you  
suppose to do that?

DAVID  
I didn't know you were jacking  
someone.

BADLUCK  
Yeah, Badluck got a score to  
settle.

DAVID  
Yo, so you want me to, what sit in  
the car?

BADLUCK  
No, nigga. This shit's going down  
in the car.

DAVID  
What do you mean in the car?

BADLUCK

Nigga, what did I say? In the car.  
You got a problem with that?

DAVID

Me? No. No, I just didn't bring my  
Piece.

BADLUCK

Next time you bring your piece. Do  
you hear?

DAVID

Next time.

Badluck points to the curb.

BADLUCK

Pull up right here.

The car pulls close to the curb.

TONY, 20'S, sits in the back seat and closes the door.

BADLUCK

Drive.

David anxiously pulls away from the curb.

BADLUCK

You got my shit.

TONY

You got my money.

BADLUCK

Let me see the shit.

TONY

Listen motherfucker. I'm doing you  
a favor or should I say your girl  
a favor. No other nigga will fuck  
with you. You badluck nigga. If  
your girl wasn't so giving of the  
pussy to me and my crew for this  
shit, you and I wouldn't be having  
this conversation. So show me the  
motherfucking money.

Badluck points his gun in Tony's face.

Tony pulls his gun and points it in Badluck's face.

DAVID  
(to himself)  
Oh, shit.

BADLUCK  
Take that shit back.

TONY  
What?

BADLUCK  
That shit about my girl. Take it  
back.

TONY  
Nigga fuck you.

Two pops are heard simultaneously.

Blood sprays on both the front and rear window.

David is panicking. He pulls the car over.

David turns and feels Tony's pockets. He pulls out a medium sized bag of cocaine. He puts it in his pocket and exits the car. He fingers through badluck's wallet but there is no money.

DAVID  
That motherfucker.

EXT.CITY STREET- NIGHT

David runs from the car. A few people, scattered about, watch him.

David runs into the subway station.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM-NIGHT

David waits for a train. He is visibly rattled.

A short Asian man standing with a police officer points at David. David watches as the policeman heads toward him.

The sound of a train is heard.

The officer moves through the crowd.

The train is getting closer as its horn blows.

David looks into the tunnel.

The officer is very close.

David jumps on to the tracks and runs into the tunnel,

narrowly missing the train.

INT.SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

David runs as fast as he can. He stops at a fork in the tunnel. He bends over to catch his breath.

He looks at both tunnels.

DAVID  
Fucking Badluck.

He walks through the tunnel on the left. Homer follows behind slowly.

DAVID  
I just have to get to the street.  
It's got to be back here  
somewhere.

David continues to walk. Homer continues to follow him.

INT. TRANSIT POLICE STATION- DAY

Several detectives scatter about in a busy fashion.

Jon sits down on Rich's desk.

JON  
Wow. What's going on?

RICH  
Tomb. He struck again.

JON  
In the tunnels?

RICH  
Not before he butchered a family,  
well husband and wife. The girl  
escaped after he raped her for two  
days but her little boyfriend  
didn't make it. Tomb beat his  
chest to jelly, literally.

JON  
But he is in the tunnels right?

RICH  
We think so. We found a partial  
body.

JON  
Partial?

RICH

Yeah the poor guy was missing all the good meat. Oh wait he had three hands.

JON

The guy had three hands.

RICH

There were three hands. Only two belonged to our guy. The other was holding a driver's license of a guy that's been missing a couple of days. Family hasn't seen him.

JON

So it's possible he killed both guys.

RICH

Yep. We're looking at five murders in a weekend.

JON

Jesus.

RICH

Not even he could have saved them.

Captain Foley swaggers to the two men.

FOLEY

Jon, how was your weekend?

JON

Good I guess, sir.

RICH

I was just giving him the jest of what's been happening.

FOLEY

Are you ready for this?

JON

Yes sir.

FOLEY

Well I'm gonna keep you away from Tomb but I need you to follow up on a lead.

JON

Sure , what is it?

FOLEY

You are aware that we found a hand clutching a driver's license. The license belongs to a man reported missing a couple of days ago. I need you to talk with the family.

Foley hands Jon a copy of a driver's license. Jon reads the name and gasps. It is a copy of Alan Grey's drivers license.

FOLEY

You get a copy were retrieving prints from the original. They should be back in a couple of days.

Jon becomes anxious.

RICH

Are you okay, Jon?

FOLEY

Do you know this man?

JON

Oh, no sir. My stomach's been acting up a bit. I'll get something for it on my way. A couple of days on the prints.

FOLEY

Should I send someone with you?

JON

No sir I will be fine. I can handle this.

INT. TRANSIT POLICE CAR- DAY

Jon plops down in the driver seat. He slams the door shut and sits silently for a moment.

He bangs the steering wheel with both hands several times in frustration.

JON

(yelling)

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

A tap on the window. Jon jumps. He rolls the window down.

RICH

Are you sure your okay man?

JON

Yeah, I just feel like I should be doing more.

RICH

Don't worry we'll find this sick son of a bitch. Then we're going to fry him. Me and you are gonna have front row seats to watch this scumbag die. What do you say, sound good?

JON

Yeah sounds good.

RICH

Be careful out there.

JON

You too.

Jon starts the car.

INT. ALAN GREY'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

The curtains and drapes are closed shutting out all sunlight. A small lamp is on.

FRANCINE, 50's and robust, sits in a chair with a tissue in her hand. Jon sits across from her. He is a statue. She leans away from Jon's awkward posture.

FRANCINE

So did they find him?

JON

No ma'am not all of him.

FRANCINE

Is he still alive?

JON

No, he isn't.

FRANCINE

Well he could be, right?

JON

Ma'am, I don't believe your husband is alive.

Francine softly dabs the tears forming in her eyes.

FRANCINE

He said he would never leave us.  
He was a good man. The person that  
did this should live in hell for  
what they've done.

JON

We fear it may be Roman Tomb.

Francine begins to sob. She tries to keep her composure but quickly turns hysterical.

Jon face fills with guilt.

Francine stops for a moment.

FRANCINE

He suffered. I know that mad man  
made him suffer.

JON

I don't think he suffered.

FRANCINE

I can't imagine what God awful  
things happened to him.

JON

He didn't suffer.

FRANCINE

He chopped him up. Oh no. what am  
I supposed to tell our kids. Do I  
tell them that their father was  
chopped to pieces by the Subway  
Butcher?

JON

Believe me Ma'am he didn't suffer  
now when was the last time you saw  
your husband?

FRANCINE

Uh, it was Friday he ate dinner  
and said he was meeting some of  
the guys from work but I knew  
better.

JON

What would your husband be doing  
on 43rd street?

FRANCINE

Is that where you found his hand?

JON

No, I'm sorry. You said you knew better.

FRANCINE

I found pay stubs. He was bartending a couple of nights a week. See, we never had a honeymoon and our twenty fifth anniversary is next month. I figured he was going to surprise me with something special.

JON

I am really, really sorry.

FRANCINE

For what you didn't kill my husband. Just catch the son of a bitch that did this.

JON

We're gonna do everything we can.

EXT. ALAN GREY'S HOUSE- DAY

Jon strides to his car. He stops, bends over and vomits. He raises his head and he notices Homer standing across the street staring at him.

Jon vomits again. He raises his head. Homer has vanished.

Jon examines the street.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLE- DAY

MISSY, a DMV worker in her 20'S, librarian attractive, stands behind window number nine. A large ANGRY MAN in a cowboy hat stands at her window.

ANGRY MAN

Is there a brain in that thick fucking head of yours?

MISSY

Sir. You should have simply paid the ticket, on time.

ANGRY MAN

It's a day late.

MISSY

Yes sir, late. That's why there is a late fee.

The Angry Man leans over the counter. Missy steps back.

ANGRY MAN

Listen you ditzy bitch. I'm not paying a fucking late fee.

MISSY

Then I'm afraid that you are not going to be able to renew your registration.

ANGRY MAN

We'll see about that. This isn't the last you heard from me.

The Angry man grabs his paperwork as he stares at Missy. He turns and storms out of the building.

JAMILA, 40'S, African American, stands at the counter next to Missy.

JAMILA

What an asshole.

MISSY

Yeah, blaming me for his lateness.

JAMILA

Timing is everything.

MISSY

Sure is. Speaking of timing do you think you could cover for me? I need to leave early.

JAMILA

Sure. Is everything okay?

MISSY

Everything is great. It's our anniversary and Andy got reservation's at Flame's.

JAMILA

Flame's? Very nice.

MISSY

Yeah it is. I think he's gonna pop the question.

JAMILA

Oh, how's your father gonna feel about that?

MISSY

Don't know it's been a long time since we talked. I mean I love Andy he should respect that, right?

JAMILA

He better be worth it, you know giving up your family for him.

MISSY

He's more than worth it.

JAMILA

Go ahead, get out of here I got you covered.

INT. MISSY'S APARTMENT- DUSK

KITCHEN.

Missy enters the apartment carrying bags from clothing stores. She places them on the table and takes her jacket off. She sets it on the chair.

A trail of clothes leads to the bedroom. Missy notices. She sheepishly begins to follow the trail. The bedroom door is open.

BEDROOM

LITA, 20's, a slender and attractive prostitute, is naked. She stands by the bed.

ANDY, 20's, is on all fours atop the bed. Lita fucks Andy with a strap on dildo.

ANDY

Oh, Yeah faster.

HALLWAY

Missy hears noises from the bed as she inches toward the bedroom. Tears begin to form in her eyes.

BEDROOM

Lita pumps faster.

ANDY

Fuck me harder.

HALLWAY

Tears run down Missy's cheeks. She inches into the doorway of the bedroom. She watches.

BEDROOM

Lita is rapidly pumping away. Andy is moaning. Missy stands in the doorway watching and crying silently.

Lita notices Missy she stops fucking Andy.

ANDY

Don't stop I'm almost there.

Lita stares at Missy as she stares at Andy. Lita backs away.

ANDY

What's wrong?

Andy turns and notices Missy.

ANDY

Missy. This isn't what it looks like.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM- DAY

Missy hurries to the platform. She grows anxious as she waits for the train. She examines the station and she spots a restroom.

RESTROOM

Missy walks in the restroom and locks the door. The single occupancy restroom is filthy.

Missy looks into the dirty mirror. It is too filthy.

She walks to the stall and pushes the door open. The toilet is clogged with feces.

Missy covers her nose.

Someone aggressively pulling on the door startles Missy.

The door shakes aggressively again then stops.

Missy steps back into the stall as she stares at the door.

The door unlocks and opens.

It slams shut and is locked.

Missy backs her way onto the toilet seat.

She raises her feet and places them on the toilet seat.

Her foot slips into the feces water.

Tomb growls.

Missy removes her foot from the dirty bowl.

The toilet stall door swings open.

Missy screams.

EXT.JON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Jon stands at his door searching for his keys. A street light goes out.

Jon slides his keys from his pocket. He looks back over his shoulder. He shakes as he attempts to place the key in the lock.

The keys fall to the ground. Jon bends to pick them up. He feels a gun at his head. He stands slowly.

HOMER (OC)  
That's it, slowly.

Jon stands with his arms raised slightly. His face

HOMER (OC)  
We are watching you.

JON  
We?

HOMER (OC)  
I think you know who, we are.

JON  
Where is he?

HOMER (OC)  
He's leaving you another surprise.

JON  
Another?

HOMER (OC)  
Jon, Jon, Jon. Let's stop with the games.

Jon puts his head down.

HOMER (OC)

I don't suspect it will take them long to track down what gun that bullet came from or the prints from the license.

JON

Why are you telling me this?

HOMER (OC)

I'm giving you a chance to get there first.

Jon puts his hands down.

Homer's finger is pointed at the back of Jon's head.

Jon turns around.

The street is empty. Homer is gone.

INT. JON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Jon locks the last of the deadbolts.

Jon raises his gun and scans the room.

BATHROOM

Jon enters the bathroom with his gun raised. He moves the shower curtain.

BEDROOM

Jon scans the bedroom. He circles to the closet. He opens the door.

Jon drops his gun. He walks to the window.

Jon moves the shade with his finger. He looks down at the street. Homer is looking at him. Jon steps back from the window.

Jon raises his gun. He steps to the window and moves the shade with the gun. The street is empty.

Jon hears a click of the deadbolt. He advances to the living room with his gun raised.

LIVING ROOM

Jon creeps toward the door as the second deadbolt clicks. He stops ten paces from the door.

The third deadbolt unlocks.

Jon aims his gun.

The fourth deadbolt unlocks.

Jon is sweating. He holds his breathe.

The fifth deadbolt unlocks.

Jon's body tightens. His finger applies slight pressure to the trigger.

The sixth deadbolt unlocks. The door slowly swings open.

Jon drops his gun.

Anna stands in the doorway.

ANNA  
Oh, my God. You--

Anna steps in. She closes the door behind her.

ANNA  
You were gonna shoot me.

JON  
I'm sorry. I don't know what's  
happening.

Anna steps to Jon. She wraps her arms around him and places her head on his chest.

They stand locked together in the middle of the room.

JON  
I just want it to go away.

ANNA  
I just want my Jonny back.

JON  
I need to get away. I need to  
start fresh somewhere.

ANNA  
Maybe we do need to get away.

JON  
I don't know if it's safe for you.

ANNA  
I want to help you, Jon.

INT.SUBWAY RESTROOM- DAY

Capt. Foley and Rich stand in the doorway.

RICH  
A passenger found this.

FOLEY  
Where are they now?

RICH  
She went into shock. She's being  
taken to the emergency room.

FOLEY  
Well, let's take a look.

RICH  
Sir are you sure you're okay?

FOLEY  
I'm fine.

RICH  
You look like you hav'nt slept in  
days.

FOLEY  
I said I'm fine.

The restroom is covered in blood and filth.

Foley steps to the stall. Rich follows.

Foley swings the door open.

Missy's torso rests on the seat. Her bowels leak into feces  
filled bowl. Alan's head replaces hers.

Rich covers his mouth. Foley stares.

FOLEY  
I want this guy. I don't care what  
it takes.

INT.CAPT. FOLEY'S OFFICE- DAY

Foley's office door is open. Jon anxiously waits inside.

FOLEY(OS)  
I want forensics to get back to me  
as soon as they get more  
information on that bullet.

RICH(OS)

Yes sir.

Foley walks in his office. He notices Jon.

FOLEY

Jon, just the person I need to see.

JON

Well sir. I need to speak to you.

FOLEY

Soon enough. Right now I need you to listen.

JON

Okay.

FOLEY

Tomb has struck again.

Jon sits back in his chair.

JON

So soon?

FOLEY

It's some sort of game.

JON

Game sir?

FOLEY

It's like he is trying to tell us something. These murders aren't that random. It's all tied in to this Alan Grey. Tell me what did the wife have to say?

JON

She didn't know too much. Pretty much the regular hard working guy that loves his wife and six kids.

Foley moves forward across his desk.

FOLEY

Six? Busy guy. Me and you are gonna take a ride out there.

JON

Sir, I can handle this. You can stay, take care of something more important. Get some sleep maybe. You don't look so good.

FOLEY

Nothing is more important than catching my son's killer and for me to do that I need to find out what really happened to Alan Grey.

Foley stands and puts his jacket on.

INT.ALAN GREY'S HOUSE- DAY

Several kids run through the house.

LIVING ROOM

Francine sits across from Foley. Jon stands.

FOLEY

Mrs. Grey, I am sorry but anything, anything you remember, would be helpful.

FRANCINE

I already told this officer everything.

JON

Ma'am, Is there anything you remember since we spoke.

FRANCINE

The banks already been here. They say I need to prove my income. They want to see his life insurance policies. I don't have any family.

FOLEY

Ma'am this son of a bitch killed my son. I am going to get him and his accomplice?

JON

Accomplice?

FOLEY

We believe that Tomb has an accomplice. Someone good with a gun. It appears your husband was killed with a gun.

FRANCINE

He was dead before they cut him up?

FOLEY

It appears that way.

FRANCINE

Oh, thank you Lord.

She kisses the crucifix on her neck.

Foley stands.

FOLEY

Here take my card. If there's anything you remember be sure to let me know.

EXT. ALAN GREY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jon and Foley stride to the car.

Jon stops and bends over. He vomits on the pavement.

FOLEY

Are you Alright, son?

JON

I'm fine. I'm fine.

FOLEY

I'm gonna drop you home. Take as much time as you need.

Jon wipes his mouth. He walks to the car.

FOLEY

Wait, you wanted to talk?

JON

Nevermind.

FOLEY

When you get back?

JON

Sure.

FOLEY

We're gonna get Tomb. I'm gonna make sure of that.

INT.FRANKS HOUSE- NIGHT

KITCHEN

FRANK, mid 40's and aging poorly, sits at the rickety kitchen table. Frank arranges his cutlery.

FRANK  
Did you get to cleaning that bathtub today?

ERIC(OS)  
Yes Frank.

FRANK  
(screaming)  
Will you hurry the fuck up?

A plate of food crashes to the ground.

FRANK  
Now look what the fuck you done.

ERIC, eleven and very feminine looking, stands over the plate. He is wearing a tube top shirt, cut off jeans and lipstick.

Frank shoots from his chair.

Eric attempts to scrape the food onto the plate with the oven mitts.

Frank grabs him by the face and squeezes.

FRANK  
Do you think food grows on trees?  
Do you think a food fairy delivers for free?

Eric closes his eyes.

FRANK  
(screaming)  
Answer me.

ERIC  
No Frank.

FRANK  
No Frank what?

ERIC  
Food don't grow on trees. There's no food fairy.

Eric's fingers are crossed behind his back.

Frank pushes Eric to the ground.

FRANK  
Now clean it up.

Eric sits against the stove.

FRANK  
(screaming)  
Now.

Eric jumps up.

Frank walks away.

Eric cleans the mess.

INT.FRANKS HOUSE- NIGHT- LATER

KITCHEN

Eric slowly walks across the kitchen floor. He holds a plate he steadies with each step.

Frank patiently awaits his food.

Eric places the plate on the table. He stands and watches.

Frank waves him away with his fork. Eric steps back

Frank examines Eric.

FRANK  
You poison me?

Frank puts some food on a fork.

FRANK  
Come here, boy.

Eric doesn't move.

FRANK  
You better get over here now boy.

Eric meanders to Frank with his mouth open.

Frank shovels the food into Eric's mouth.

Eric chews and swallows. He opens his mouth.

Frank pulls Eric close and wraps his arms around him.

FRANK  
That's a good boy. Now go get  
Daddy's bed ready.

Eric hurries away.

FRANK  
And Eric?

Eric stops and turns.

FRANK  
Get rid of the lipstick. Don't  
want it getting all over me.

FRANK'S BATHROOM

Eric wipes off the lipstick as he stares into the mirror. He throws the tissue in the toilet and unravels more. He continues to wipe the lipstick away.

Eric runs the water. He throws it on his face.

He opens the drawer and fells around for a towel.

Eric cuts himself, slightly, on a razor blade.

He wipes the water from his face. He grabs the razor blade and holds it up.

He pulls a matchbook from his pocket and places the blade inside.

FRANK'S BEDROOM

Eric is under the covers.

Frank enters the room. He removes his clothes.

FRANK  
I've been thinking about you all  
day at work.

Frank slides under the covers.

Frank grabs Eric by the hair. Frank forces him under the blanket.

Frank lays back on the pillow.

FRANK  
That feels good.

Frank screams.

Eric leaps from the covers exposing Frank. Frank's penis has

been cut off. The blood flows from his groin. He tries to contain it with his hand.

Eric stands over him.

FRANK  
Call someone. I'm bleeding.

Eric watches.

FRANK  
Go, do it. 911.

Eric holds the razor blade near Frank's face.

FRANK  
What are you doing kid?

Eric slashes Frank's face.

Frank yelps then screams.

Eric slashes him twice.

FRANK  
They're gonna find you.

Eric slashes Frank twice more in the face.

Frank is dying. Eric watches. Frank dies.

Eric strikes a match and lights the bed. It is quickly engulfed in flames as Frank screams.

Eric looks around then runs from the apartment.

EXT.FRANK'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Eric runs into the street toward a subway station. He looks back at the fire as it engulfs the window pane.

EXT.JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jon hustles up the steps to his front door. He swivels his head back and forth constantly examining the street.

Jon reaches into his jacket. He pulls his gun out. He reaches for his keys with his other hand.

Jon looks around. He sticks the key in the lock. He feels a gun to his head.

HOMER (OC)

I underestimate the strength of your cowardice. All you have to do is come into the tunnel.

JON

For what? I don't want to be the hunted.

HOMER (OC)

Then be the hunter, Jon.

JON

I'm no match for Tomb.

HOMER (OC)

Your running out of time.

Jon turns and no one is there.

JON

I'm never going in that tunnel. So this game is over.

HOMER

(fading into  
the distance)

Tick tock. Tick tock. You will come, Jon. You will come.

Jon plops to his knees.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM-NIGHT

Eric stands alone, waiting for a train. He hears footsteps. He runs into the subway tunnel.

INT.JON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The house is locked tight. One light glows orange in the living room. Jon leans over a table, He huddles under the light.

LIVING ROOM

Jon is counting money and piling it on the table near an envelope and pen. He places the last hundred dollar bill on the top of the pile.

Jon places the money in the envelope and seals it. He places the money in his pocket.

BATHROOM

Jon opens the medicine cabinet. He shuffles through the pill bottles. He stops at Anna's Valium. He opens the bottle and

throws a few in his mouth. He swallows hard.

Jon looks at himself in the mirror. He looks closer. An image of Tomb subtly appears in the bottom left corner of the mirror. Jon examines it closer.

Tomb's laugh is at Jon's back.

Jon closes his eyes and clutches the sink firmly.

Tomb's laughing stops.

Jon opens his eyes and turns. No one is there. He opens the medicine cabinet. He pulls the Valium off the shelf. He takes two more.

Jon hears footsteps in the living room. He draws his gun steps to the living room.

JON

Show yourself. We can work something out.

Jon stops and puts his back against the wall. He holds the gun with two hands. It is pointed down.

JON

Just show yourself now.

Jon hears two more footsteps. He makes an attempt to turn the corner into the living but he can't.

Jon begins to cry.

JON

(softly to himself)

One..Two..Three.

Jon springs gun first around the corner into the living room.

No one is there.

Jon slides to his knees and cries.

INT.SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

Eric sits with his arms wrapped around his knees.

Faint footsteps are heard.

Eric stops breathing heavy to hear better.

Blood drips from his hand. He clutches the razor blade.

The footsteps are getting closer.

Eric and Homer look at each other.

Homer strolls toward Eric.

Eric clutches the razor blade tighter.

Homer closes in.

Eric stands. A knife slices through his neck. His body falls to the ground. Tomb holds his head.

Homer kneels over Eric's body.

HOMER

Tender child.

Homer laughs. Tomb laughs.

INT.JON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Jon stands at the corner. His gun aimed at the door. He is shirtless and barefoot.

The last deadbolt unlocks. The door swings open. Anna enters.

Jon puts his gun down. He takes a deep breath.

Anna watches him.

Jon hurries to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

A half packed suitcase is open and resting on Jon's bed. A dresser drawer is open.

Jon enters and packs his suitcase. His gun's tucked into

Anna appears in the doorway.

ANNA

You can't be serious.

JON

I'm leaving.

ANNA

Jon, you need help. Leaving is not going to help.

JON

What's going to help?

ANNA

I spoke with my therapist she specializes in grief trauma.

JON

Talking isn't gonna make this go away. I'm starting to imagine things. I don't know what's real. I can't be fixed.

Anna grabs Jon's hands, preventing him from packing.

ANNA

Listen, I want to help you. If we are going to stay together you have to talk to someone.

Jon pulls his hands away.

JON

Talking is not gonna make it go away.

ANNA

How can you be sure?

JON

I did something bad. I have to go away.

ANNA

Do you hear yourself? It's crazy. The deadbolts, the window locks, the fact that you won't even shit without your gun. Jon, you have problems and I want to help you.

Jon puts his gun in a drawer.

JON

The only thing I know is Billy's not here and that freak is out there. That is real.

ANNA

What about me Jon? Am I real?

JON

I have to go. It's the only way.

ANNA

Your just going to run? You're not gonna ask me to come?

JON

I'm afraid I have to go. It's more complicated than that.

ANNA

Are you saying that it's over?

JON

There is no other way.

ANNA

You could talk to someone, Jon.

JON

Things are very different now. It's really what's best for us.

ANNA

Now your leaving for me?

JON

I'm leaving for all of us.

ANNA

What, are you gonna live in a cabin in the woods?

JON

If I have too.

ANNA

I can't believe this.

Anna reaches in her pocket and pulls out a set of keys. She throws them on the bed.

ANNA

I guess I'll go.

JON

No, no you can't go out there now.

ANNA

I came here in the dark.

JON

Yeah, but what if he's out there?

ANNA

I'm not real remember?

Anna storms out of the room.

FRONT DOOR

Anna pulls the door open. Jon pushes it closed.

JON  
It's not safe.

ANNA  
I'm not gonna let that man stop me  
from living my life.

JON  
You're not leaving.

ANNA  
Jon, if you don't let me leave I'm  
gonna call the police. The real  
police.

Jon throws his arms up and backs away from the door.

Anna opens the door.

ANNA  
You need to get some help.

Anna slams the door shut.

Jon runs for his gun.

EXT.JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Anna stands on Jon's step. She looks left then right.

INT.JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jon unlocks the last deadbolt. He cocks his gun, opens the door and leaves.

EXT.JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jon stands on his step. He looks left then right.

JON  
Shit, which way did she go?

Jon hears Tomb's laugh.

HOMER (VO)  
You will come.

JON  
Shit. Shit.

Jon turns and unlocks the door.

EXT.CITY STREET- NIGHT

Anna walks the dark street. She stops in front of a subway station. She looks down the stairs. A light flickers.

Anna walks down the street. She turns and looks behind. Someone is following her.

Anna panics briefly. She strides forward.

She stops at a dead end.

ANNA

This cannot be happening.

The shadow of a man gets closer.

Anna looks for another way out. There isn't one. She turns.

MUPPET, late forties, dressed like a gaudy pimp, struts out of the shadows.

Anna searches the ground for a weapon. She finds nothing.

Muppet's switchblade slings open.

Anna whimpers.

MUPPET

Mm. Mm. Mm.

ANNA

Im lost.

MUPPET

You sure are.

ANNA

I'm trying to get to the subway.

MUPPET

Baby I don't think your gonna make the train.

Muppet is close. He places the switchblade at Anna's neck. He smells her hair.

MUPPET

Smell like your from uptown, yeah.

Muppet squeezes her breast.

Anna whimpers with her eyes closed.

MUPPET

I like. I like it a lot.

Muppet applies pressure to the knife at Anna's neck.

MUPPET

I wanna taste. Now get on the ground.

Anna slowly slides to the ground.

Muppet unzips his pants. He lays on top of Anna.

Muppet pops Anna's breast out of her shirt. He sucks her nipple then slides his knife around her breast.

MUPPET

I'm gonna show how to get it good.  
Real good.

A knife blade comes through the left side of Muppet's chest. His blood sprays on Anna.

Anna screams.

A knife blade comes through the right side of Muppet's chest. His blood sprays on Anna.

Anna slides out from underneath his dead body.

She stares at Homer, holding a bloody knife, as she slides back across the pavement.

HOMER

Don't be afraid.

Anna is hysterical.

ANNA

He..He--

HOMER

He's no longer a bother.

ANNA

Th-thank you.

HOMER

It was nothing. What are you doing back here?

ANNA

I got lost.

Homer puts the knife away.

HOMER  
Where are you trying to go?

ANNA  
I need to get back uptown.

HOMER  
I am headed that way. We could  
walk together. Safety in numbers.

ANNA  
Safety in numbers.

EXT.CITY STREET- NIGHT

Anna and Homer stand at an intersection.

HOMER  
This is as far as I go.

ANNA  
You live here?

HOMER  
I call this home.

ANNA  
Where?

HOMER  
Anywhere? I'm a bum.

ANNA  
How? Sorry can I ask how?

HOMER  
Uncontrollable circumstance. The  
shit luck of knowing the wrong  
person. Sometimes the people we  
love will be the death of us.

ANNA  
Yeah, I know what you mean.  
Anyway, I probably should be  
heading home.

HOMER  
Oh, yeah right.

Homer points straight ahead.

HOMER  
Straight, then take your second  
left. Follow it straight.

ANNA

Thank you, I mean for everything.  
I'm sorry that I don't have any  
change to give you.

HOMER

I eat well.

EXT.CITY STREET- NIGHT

Anna moves quickly down the side walk. As she moves further along she realizes that she is at the same dead end.

Muppet's body being dragged away left a blood trail through an alley.

Anna looks back.

Tomb approaches from the shadows.

ANNA

No, God please.

Tomb stands over her. He growls.

Anna is knocked out.

INT.TOMB'S WORKSHOP- NIGHT

Tomb sharpens a knife. He is facing the counter. At his back, in the center of the room, is a table.

Anna is strapped down to the table. She is naked and tape covers her mouth. She is awake.

Anna eyes the room. She stops and stares at the body of Eric. His head stands next to his body.

Anna closes her eyes and tries wiggle free.

Tomb turns and growls at her exposing his sharp teeth.

The door opens. Homer slithers inside.

Anna looks up at the ceiling. She sees bodies hanging from meat hooks.

Tomb continues to sharpen his knives.

Homer circles around Anna, examining her body.

He gently rubs his hands over her body.

HOMER

Beautiful. A beautiful piece of  
meat.

Tomb turns and runs his thumb across his blade to check its sharpness.

He places the blade against Anna's throat. He runs the knife to her belly button leaving a thin paper cut trail. He stops the knife at her belly button.

Homer backs into the shadows.

Tomb pushes the knife slowly into Anna's belly button. He runs the blade back to her neck. The blade cuts deeper into Anna's flesh as it nears her ribcage.

Anna spouts blood from the tape around her mouth.

Tomb pushes deep. Her ribs are cracking.

Anna's eyes are fixed.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN- NIGHT

A man sits alone in a subway car. It is Foley. He wears glasses and holds a newspaper. He fights the sleep that keeps him nodding off.

The train stops and the doors swing open. No one gets on. It moves again.

Foley reaches into his jacket. He slides a large gun out of its holster. He places it inside the folded newspaper.

The train stops and the doors swing open. No one gets on. It moves again.

Foley pulls his necklaced badge from his shirt.

The train stops and the doors swing open.

Foley notices something strange. He steps forward to get a better look. He notices a body.

Foley drops the newspaper, his gun is exposed. He steps off the train. The doors close and the train moves away.

INT.SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM- NIGHT

Foley is alone on the platform.

The walls are covered and recovered with graffiti. Cigarette butts carpet the floor.

Anna's headless body is propped up against the wall. Her head rests in her lap.

Foley cautiously inches forward through the dark.

The light flickers.

Foley scans the platform still inching toward the bodies.

A shadow appears behind him.

The light flickers.

Foley examines the body closely.

FOLEY

Tomb.

Foley is stabbed rapidly several times through the gut. His necklace badge falls to the ground. He falls to the ground.

Homer grabs the necklace badge and looks it over.

HOMER

Captain Ahab has found his whale.

Tomb steps from the shadows.

INT.JON'S APARTMENT- DAY

BEDROOM

Jon sits on his bed, on the telephone. A suitcase and small bag are packed and set on the end of his bed.

JON

The next train to Montreal doesn't leave until seven.

Jon opens his drawer and pulls out a pen and paper.

JON

Do you have anything leaving earlier? Maybe not to Montreal, maybe somewhere close by.

Jon writes: Montreal 7pm.

JON  
 Nothing? Well, thanks anyway.  
 Montreal at seven will be fine.

Jon hangs up the phone. he holds the receiver to his ear and waits for a tone. He dials. The phone rings.

JON  
 Come on Anna, pick up the phone.

After several unanswered rings he hangs up the phone.

Jon is startled by the heavy banging at his front door.

He grabs his gun and steps cautiously to the front door.

FRONT DOOR

Jon looks through the peephole. He sees Rich.

Jon hustles back to his room.

BEDROOM

Jon slides his gun in the drawer.

Rich bangs on the door.

JON  
 (yelling)  
 I'll be right there.

Jon slides the suitcase and bag under his bed.

He heads for the door.

FRONT DOOR

Jon looks through the peephole. Rich waits patiently.

Jon unlocks the deadbolts and opens the door.

Rich enters. Jon locks the door.

RICH  
 Jon, we need to talk.

JON  
 Sure.

RICH  
 Tomb struck again.

JON

Did he leave another clue?

RICH

Jon, I think you should have a seat.

JON

You sound so serious.

RICH

This is a serious matter.

LIVING ROOM

Jon sits on his sofa. Rich sits in a chair across from him.

Jon is shaking and sweating.

JON

What is it?

RICH

It's foley.

JON

He's missing?

RICH

Since yesterday.

JON

Has his wife seen him?

RICH

We found him dead. In the subway.

JON

Oh no. Is that what you want to talk about?

Rich notices Jon's suitcases.

RICH

No, Jon it's about Anna.

JON

Anna?

RICH

I need to know when you saw her last.

JON  
Why? What's happened to Anna?

RICH  
I'm sorry, Jon.

JON  
What happened?

RICH  
Tomb.

JON  
No, that's not possible. She was just here.

RICH  
I'm sorry I have to tell you this.

JON  
It's my fault.

RICH  
Don't blame yourself.

JON  
This never would have happened had I not gone into that tunnel.

RICH  
You're a good cop. You did what you had to do.

JON  
He's not gonna let me forget it.

RICH  
Promise me you won't do anything stupid.

JON  
He's taken away the three most important people to me.

RICH  
I understand. Hey, you need anything, I mean anything you call me. I have to get back to the station forensics has a match on that bullet.

JON  
The bullet.

Rich hugs Jon.

RICH  
Anything, you hear me?

JON  
Yeah sure.

Rich walks toward the door. He stops and examines all the deadbolt locks. He turns to Jon.

RICH  
Nothing stupid.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT- DAY

Jon stands at the window. He observes Rich walking to his car. Rich gets in and drives away.

Jon glances across the street. Homer is watching.

Jon stares at him.

INT. JON'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jon scans his watch. It is 5pm. The suitcase and bag are placed near the front door.

Jon sits on the floor in the same position.

Jon stares at the bags. He looks at his watch.

BEDROOM- LATER

Jon places the clothes from his suitcase back into drawers.

He takes the empty suitcase and slides it back under his bed.

LIVING ROOM

Jon sits on his couch. He tosses the envelope on the table. he grabs a pen and writes: Francine Grey.

BEDROOM

Jon is dressed. He cocks his gun and places it in his holster.

He opens the closet and retrieves a shoe box from the top shelf. He places it on the bed.

Jon flips the lid on the shoebox. He grabs a small gun and holster and attaches it to his ankle. He takes the remaining clips and stuffs them in his pocket.

He sits on his bed and grabs a picture of himself and Anna. He cherishes it as he runs his finger around her face.

JON  
I can't go on like this.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY- NIGHT

Jon closes his door. He turns to head own the stairs.

Rich stands at the bottom.

RICH  
Jon, you need to let me help you.

JON  
You can't help me.

RICH  
It's been a tough year for you.

JON  
What's it to ya?

RICH  
I came to take you in.

JON  
No backup?

RICH  
I came alone. Let's talk about  
this.

JON  
About what?

RICH  
Alan Grey. Forensics says that  
bullet came from your gun. Your  
prints were on his license.

Jon reaches in his jacket. He rests his hand on his gun.

RICH  
Come on, Jon. It doesn't have to  
be this way.

Rich slides his jacket back. His gun is attached to his  
waist. He rests his hand on it.

JON  
I can't go with you Richie.

RICH  
I want to help you.

JON  
You have to let me go.

RICH  
I can't do that.

Jon and Rich simultaneously draw there guns.

RICH  
You're gonna shoot me Jon?

JON  
If I have too.

RICH  
Put the gun down.

JON  
I can't do that.

Jon steps down the stairs toward Rich.

RICH  
Please don't take another step.

Jon continues to step down the stairs. Their guns drawn on one another.

RICH  
I mean it.

A gunshot is heard. Rich falls to the ground his gun slides away. He is holding his shoulder.

Jon stands over him.

RICH  
You shot me.

JON  
You are a good friend, you should have let me go.

RICH  
Everyone is going to look for you.

JON  
It doesn't matter anymore. My life ended when that psycho escaped. Everything went bad. I can't live this way anymore.

RICH  
You can't do this alone.

JON  
I'm gonna die trying.

Jon picks up Rich's gun and places it in his waist.

Rich is in pain. He grips his shoulder tight.

JON  
I appreciate your friendship.

Jon exits the apartment building.

RICH  
Jon.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN- NIGHT

Jon stands in the middle of a crowded rush hour train. He scans the train car and it's passengers.

The train stops many passengers get off as even more get on.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN PLATFORM- NIGHT

Jon stands on the platform. The platform clears out. The train moves away.

Jon stares into the tunnel. He slides his guns out holding one in each hand.

He jumps onto the tracks. He presses forward into the darkness of the tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

Jon reaches the fork in the tunnel. He moves forward down the left tunnel.

Jon hears noise behind him. He turns and aims his guns. He notices rats.

He turns to move forward but is struck in the face by a piece of wood.

Jon falls to the ground. He is disoriented. He attempts to stand. He is struck again.

He hears Homer's laugh before becoming unconscious.

LATER

Jon wakes. He gathers himself and stands up. He feels his bloodied face but it is tender to the touch.

He feels for his gun's but they are missing. He leans over and slides up his pant leg revealing an empty holster.

JON

Fuck.

He looks back toward the subway platform. He hesitates while he decides which way to go.

He grabs a board from the ground and continues forward.

JON

(yelling)

Come face me.

Tomb's laugh echoes through the tunnel.

Jon confidently strides forward.

He hears footsteps behind. He pauses the turns. He appears to be alone.

He continues to stride stopping at a dead end. There is a door in front of him. He presses his ear against it and hears silence.

Jon slowly slides the door open.

INT. TOMB'S WORKSHOP- NIGHT

Jon cautiously steps into Tomb's workshop. He is alone except for the dead bodies hanging from the hooks on the ceiling.

Jon studies the room. It's walls covered in blood. The body of a slaughtered man is carelessly thrown on the center table.

Jon moves close to examine it further. He sees Anna's necklace. Jon hurries backwards falling to the ground.

JON

Anna.

Jon scans the room. He notices a large knife on the blood covered counter. He stands and wipes himself. He grabs the knife.

A sniffing sound is heard in the closet. Jon edges toward the door with the knife out in front.

He slowly slides the door open.

David sits on the floor. White powder cover his face and nose.

DAVID  
Please don't kill me.

JON  
I'm a cop.

DAVID  
A cop?

David tries to clean up the cocaine covering his face.

JON  
Don't worry I'm not here for you.

DAVID  
I'm lost.

JON  
I gotta get you out of here.

Jon tucks the knife in his waistband. He heads back into the tunnel. David follows.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL- NIGHT

TOMB'S ROOM

Jon and David step into the small dark room. a candle rests on a small table close to the door.

Jon lifts it up and lights it. The tiny room is illuminated.

Two small soiled mattresses rest on the floor. The walls covered with old newspaper clippings.

Jon follows them with the candle. They read:

" Cannibal Couple escape State Hospital"

" Police continue to look for deadly mental patients."

" Mental patients whereabouts unknown"

" Authorities call off search for escaped mental patients"

" Young woman missing"

" Human bones found in subway tunnels"

" Escaped mental patients throw themselves in front of Subway"

" Mental patients ate victims"

" Police believe couple responsible for dozens of disappearances"

" The subways safe again"

DAVID

What the fuck? Who are these people?

JON

His parents.

DAVID

I'm getting the fuck out of here.

JON

Yeah that's a good idea.

Jon blows out the candle and shuts the door.

David snorts coke from his bag.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jon creeps through the tunnel. David stays close.

DAVID

So who is this Tomb?

JON

The subway butcher.

DAVID

Is that who your looking for?

JON

I don't know anymore.

DAVID

Well maybe we should wait for backup.

Jon turns and stops David.

JON

There is no backup.

DAVID

No, this can't be. You mean you came here alone? Why? Why?

Jon shakes David.

JON  
Get your shit together.

David wipes the snot from his nose.

Jon grabs the bag from David.

JON  
And gimme that shit.

Jon dumps the bag on the ground as David watches.

JON  
We gotta keep moving.

MOMENTS LATER

David and Jon creep through the darkness of the tunnel.

DAVID  
First Badluck now this crazy cop.  
Maybe I'm the bad luck.

Jon stops in his tracks. He turns and shushes David.

Footsteps are heard in the distance.

JON  
Wait here.

The sound of footsteps has stopped.

Tomb stands in the background.

David peers at Tomb.

JON  
Stay here. Their gonna be looking  
for me soon. Tell them what  
happened here.

DAVID  
Look man I appreciate this.

JON  
Well don't it's not for you to  
appreciate.

DAVID  
You don't have to.

JON  
He took everything from me.  
Everything.

Tomb laughs.

DAVID

Good luck man.

JON

Stay off that shit. I mean it  
David.

Jon turns to Tomb.

David slinks away.

TUNNEL

Tomb laughs Jon steps forward. Tomb walks toward Jon. David stops and watches.

DAVID

Holy shit.

Jon punches Tomb.

Tomb is not phased.

Jon punches him again.

Tomb laughs. He grabs Jon and lifts him from the ground.

JON

Run.

David runs away.

Jon reaches for the knife but can't quite reach it.

Tomb punches him in the stomach.

Jon reaches for the knife. His fingers touch the handle.

Tomb hurls him to the ground.

Jon falls hard. He is hurt.

Tomb stands over him. He growls. His sharp teeth exposed.

Jon reaches for the knife. It is no longer in his waist.

Jon feels around on the ground. He grabs the knife as Tomb approaches.

Tomb grabs Jon.

Jon sticks the knife in Tomb's chest.

Tomb releases Jon as he drops to his knees.

Jon looks at Tomb briefly before running away.

Jon runs until he is out of breath. He bends over placing his hands on his knees.

HOMER (O.S.)  
The coward. I said you'd come.

Jon turns around facing Homer.

Homer points Jon's gun at him.

JON  
Go ahead fucking shoot me.

Homer shoots Jon in the leg. Jon falls to one knee.

HOMER  
I'm not a killer.

JON  
Go ahead shoot me you fucking  
coward.

HOMER  
I knew that pretty little girl of  
yours was good for something. Oh  
and she smelled even better than  
she tasted. I knew she would.

JON  
You sick, sick fuck.

Jon groans in pain.

HOMER  
It melts in your mouth.

Tomb growls as his shadow approaches from the distance.

JON  
You sick fuck.

HOMER  
Don't worry soon it will be over  
and I'll get a little taste of  
you.

Homer backs into the shadows.

Tomb stomps toward Jon. The knife still sticking from his chest.

Jon tries to move away but has difficulty on one leg.

A train is heard in the distance.

Tomb moves forward. Jon turns toward him.

The train is getting closer.

Rich, holding his bandaged shoulder, and several officer's stand across the tracks.

RICH  
(yelling)  
Jon. He's coming.

Tomb turns to Rich and the other officers as he moves toward Jon.

The train whistle is heard.

Jon holds onto his leg. The officers guns are drawn on Tomb.

RICH  
Tomb, stop right there.

Tomb growls as he moves forward to Jon.

The officers open fire hitting Tomb. He is slowed slightly but still moving.

The train is closing in.

Jon hobbles toward Tomb. He begins to gain momentum and is suddenly running at Tomb.

Tomb growls.

Jon tackles Tomb. They fall on the tracks. Tomb is on top. He punches Jon.

The train is upon them.

Tomb tries to get out of the way. Jon holds him tight.

RICH  
(yelling)  
Verna.

JON  
(to Tomb)  
Fuck you asshole.

Tomb growls.

The train hits them both. It's brakes screech. It comes to a halt. Blood, clothing and bone cover the tracks.

The officers watch in horror.

Homer is saddened. He backs into the shadows.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM- NIGHT

SUPER: NINE MONTHS LATER

A DOCTOR, mid fifties, sits between a woman's legs. He places his hand on her abdomen.

DOCTOR

A little pressure and push.

The woman is Emma.

DOCTOR

Okay give it one big push.

Emma pushes hard giving it all she's got. She is sweaty and exhausted.

DOCTOR

There we go. A boy.

A baby cries. the doctor hands the baby to a NURSE, early thirties. The nurse sets the baby down on a table.

Emma watches.

NURSE

He's a strong healthy baby. Are you ready to hold him?

Emma shakes her head no.

DOCTOR

Emma are you ready for the adoptive parents?

EMMA

I guess so.

JULIE, mid forties and slightly overweight, and her husband TIM, early fifties enter the delivery room.

The nurse gives the baby to Julie. She admires him. Tim puts his arm around Julie.

JULIE

I can't believe it, finally.

TIM

We waited a long time honey. We are blessed.

JULIE

Look at how beautiful he is. What a big baby.

The Doctor removes his gloves. He approaches Emma.

The Doctor rubs Emma's head as she silently cries.

DOCTOR

You did good. Maybe you will be able to put this behind you. You know, move on.

Emma cries hard she pulls the Doctor close to shield her emotions from Tim and Julie.

DOCTOR

Emma you are a strong girl. Not many people survived but you did.

EMMA

Thanks.

Julie rocks the happy baby. Tim admires them. The nurse stands behind them observing from a distance.

JULIE

(to the baby)

Mommy's gonna take you home. Your gonna love it there.

TIM

Honey?

Tim motions to Emma. Julie and Tim stand by her bed.

TIM

My wife and I would like to thank you. You have really enhanced our lives with this beautiful child.

Emma tries not to look at the baby.

JULIE

You have given me, us a wonderful gift. Frankly, I don't know how to thank you.

EMMA

Take care of him. That's thanks enough.

JULIE

You have nothing to worry about.

EMMA

I'm sure.

TIM

Thank you again.

Tim, Julie and the baby leave the delivery room.

Emma tries to conceal her grief as they leave.

The nurse stands with the Doctor near the door.

NURSE

That's the Tomb baby isn't it?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid it is.

NURSE

Do they know?

DOCTOR

No.

NURSE

Shouldn't someone tell them?

DOCTOR

Let's just hope they never find out.

They watch as Tim, Julie and the baby stroll away.

EXT.HOSPITAL- NIGHT

Tim, Julie and the baby exit the hospital door.

TIM

Have you decided on a name?

JULIE

I like Syrus.

TIM

Syrus? I like it. Syrus it is?

They walk past a homeless man holding a cup.

HOMER

Change?

FADE OUT.