

UNTITLED RICHARD HATEM PROJECT

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Network Draft #4

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Decaying brick warehouses loom on the dark piers. The full moon slices the landscape into tiger stripes of cold blue light and harsh black shadow.

TWO MEN RUN PAST US -- bad guys. They are pursued by two Chicago Police Detectives: JULIA SCOTT, (30), strong in body and soul; and TAYLOR SANCHEZ, (34), a Latina with a caustic sense of humor. They're panting; this has been a real chase.

TAYLOR

Next time you have a hunch, tell me to wear running shoes.

JULIA

You said you needed to lose weight.

As the TWO BAD GUYS separate --

TAYLOR

You want the big one? Or the other big one?

JULIA

Big one.

And off they go, in different directions.

EXT. CARGO STACKS - NIGHT

Julia moves slow and quiet through a maze of giant cargo crates. She turns a corner to find her quarry.

JULIA

(calming)

I'm Detective Scott, Chicago PD.
Come out with hands up.

But then she sees: BAD GUY has a hostage: a HOMELESS MAN.

BAD GUY

Drop your radio and your gun.

JULIA

Look, let him go and --

BAD GUY

Do it, cop!

Bad Guy is on something, sweating like bad dynamite. Julia can't -- won't -- screw around with the Homeless Man's life. So she does what the Bad Guy tells her; sets her radio and gun on the ground.

BAD GUY (CONT'D)

Kick 'em over.

Julia kicks the gun and radio away from her.

JULIA

Okay. Now let him go.

Bad Guy does; the Homeless Man runs off. But now Bad Guy smiles, like being alone with Julia was his plan all along. He advances, gun pointed straight at her.

BAD GUY

You got one minute to say goodbye to anyone you ever loved. Start now.

JULIA

Take it easy. This doesn't have to turn into a murder rap. Let's figure out a way for us both to go home tonight.

BAD GUY

You're wasting your minute...

Bad Guy pushes Julia against the cargo crate, presses the gun to her face. He's enjoying himself.

But an air of calm comes over Julia just when most of us would be begging for our lives.

JULIA

I don't need a minute. If you're going to kill me, do it.

BAD GUY

I don't think you mean that.

JULIA

All the people I love know I love them. So go ahead...

This isn't turning out to be as much fun as Bad Guy hoped. Couldn't she fall apart just a little?

JULIA (CONT'D)

The cops will never stop looking for you. I'll die tonight. But you'll die in jail.

BAD GUY

Is this you being brave?

JULIA

I'd rather die fast than spend my life in a cage.

Bad Guy not liking this at all. He starts to pull the trigger. Julia wills her eyes to stay open, staring him in the face, no matter what... SUDDENLY they HEAR:

A SOUND LIKE A GROWL -- and then A DARK SHAPE ENGULFS THEM. We can't tell who it is or where he came from, but his moves are fast, efficient -- and lethal. A second later, Julia finds herself looking at Bad Guy on the ground. And he's dead. Totally disoriented, she looks around -- and catches a glimpse of who just saved her life.

It's a MAN -- tall, muscular and covered in shadow...

THEIR EYES MEET. And in the shadows, his eyes are all she can see. The glow with animal energy... He turns away.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Wait -- !

But before she can say another word, the MAN disappears into the night. As he does, Julia makes out one final detail of his face: a jagged scar running down the side of his neck.

Julia stands alone. WE CIRCLE HER as she looks around, a sleeper waking from a nightmare, knowing she should be dead.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER...

CLOSE ON: TINY ORANGE FLAMES -- candles on a birthday cake. WE ARE --

INT. JARED'S - NIGHT

A trendy restaurant on the Magnificent Mile. Young, good-looking professionals cut loose here after work...

PULL BACK as JULIA -- looking absolutely radiant, and quite a bit more festive than the last time we saw her -- blows the candles out. EVERYONE around the long table CHEERS!

TAYLOR

So -- what'd you wish for?

Julia smiles, plays it off:

JULIA
I've got everything I want.

TAYLOR
Oh no you don't --
(calls out)
Bring this lady a dirty martini!

Julia reaches over and takes the hand of her boyfriend CHRISTIAN HOLT, (30's). He's strong, confident, handsome; a prince, cut from the J.F.K. Jr. mold. He's very charming, but make no mistake -- there's arrogance here, too.

JULIA
My first real birthday party since
I was about ten. Good idea.

CHRISTIAN
(sexy)
I've got a lot of good ideas.
Besides, you deserve it. Enough
work, enough ugliness; tonight is
all about...
(lost in her eyes)
Beauty.

He raises his glass to her. She adjusts the toast:

JULIA
Tonight is all about us. Together.

They toast. And kiss. We wish we could stay here -- but not everyone in Chicago is having a beautiful evening...

INT. HYDE PARK LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

An aging, over-heated, fluorescent lit place; the clientele appear down-trodden. KERI THOMPSON, (25), dirty blonde, folds her laundry; her son AARON, (6), plays his Gameboy.

KERI
Are you defeating the aliens?

AARON
It's not aliens, mom. I'm racing.

KERI
Oh, I'm sorry. Well, don't race
too far; I'll be right back.

She ruffles his hair, kisses his head, then hefts the laundry

basket and heads to the car.

Aaron sits alone, barely aware of the people around him. WE MOVE IN ON Aaron, absorbed in his game... Then we HEAR the sounds of a struggle outside -- and a SCREAM.

Aaron looks OUT THE FRONT WINDOWS to see a VAN DOOR slamming shut; the laundry basket dumped in the parking lot.

AARON

Mommy?

The van peels out, ripping through the spilled clothes. His mother is gone. Aaron starts to cry as we CUT BACK TO:

INT. JARED'S -- NIGHT

LAUGHTER around the table; cake plates and wine glasses are half-finished. Christian stands and taps his glass with a knife, drawing everyone's attention. He is in his element.

CHRISTIAN

Alright everyone...

As the table quiets, Christian holds forth: commanding and witty. No jury is safe around this guy.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

As most of you know, we've been doing some work at the DA's office looking into a strange pattern that's developed recently...

GUY AT END OF TABLE

You've been winning cases?

More laughs.

CHRISTIAN

(smiling)

No, no; hang on... A lot of crimes around town have sort of solved themselves, right? The drug traffic in Navy Park, the home invasions out in Palatine -- and of course, what happened with Julia on the docks a few weeks ago...

The table breaks into raucous APPLAUSE for Julia; she does an exaggerated nod of acceptance.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

In light of all this, I have a theory...

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

We're dealing with a vigilante.
Someone is out there, taking the
law into their own hands...

Some guffaws; where's he going with all this...?

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm going to talk to
Captain Farrell about setting up a
task force to look into it. So
tonight, I make this pledge: I am
going to catch this guy. And when
I do...

(he turns to Julia)

I am going to thank him. For
saving the life of the woman I love
more than anything in the world.

And the crowd goes wild... There isn't a woman at the table
who doesn't wish she was Julia right now.

But Christian isn't done. He reaches into his pocket, takes
out a ring box, and goes down on one knee...

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Julia... will you marry me?

Gasps. Julia's eyes register total shock and surprise.

JULIA

Oh. Oh, Chris...

The table holds it's breath... and keeps holding. Julia
appears to be speechless. Like a deer in the headlights.

CHRISTIAN

What, you want to try it on first?

People laugh. But still, the moment lingers... Until:

JULIA

(gentle)

It's just... we haven't really
talked about this.

A ripple of discomfort rolls across the party. This isn't
going right.

Christian slowly stands up and does his best to rescue her --
and the moment.

CHRISTIAN

Of course, what I meant to say was,
"Will you take a few days and think
about marrying me?"

Quiet laughs, but there's no getting around it: this is the most awkward moment ever. Julia is heart-sick about this.

JULIA

Christian, I didn't know...

Suddenly: Julia's Nextel comes to life with the VOICE of a POLICE DISPATCHER... (So does Taylor's.)

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Three-seven-one at Hyde Park
Laundromat, adult abduction, please
respond, 6130 Bryson Drive;
emergency response...

Taylor rescues the situation as gracefully as possible.

TAYLOR

That's a call out for us. Sorry
folks, you'll have to stay tuned
for the next installment of "The
Bachelorette."

JULIA

(to Christian)
I'm so sorry, I --

CHRISTIAN

No, it's okay.

Teary-eyed, Julia gives Christian a quick kiss before hurrying out. Taylor follows. Silence hangs over the table. Somehow, Christian actually manages the moment:

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Well. Would anyone else like to
get married?

And by the look of a few of the ladies, there might be some very happy takers...

INT. JULIA'S CAR -- NIGHT (DRIVING)

Julia keeps her eyes fixed resolutely on the road. Taylor finally can't help herself.

TAYLOR

Are you crazy?

JULIA
 (weary)
 Come on, don't.

TAYLOR
 He's gorgeous, he's successful, his
 Dad's like second in command to the
 Commissioner... Oh, and one other
 thing: he loves you.

JULIA
 I love him too. I'm just... not
 ready for marriage.

TAYLOR
 Oh, no. Don't do this.

JULIA
 Do what?

Taylor turns, and if we didn't know better, we'd think she
 was Julia's older sister. With quiet compassion:

TAYLOR
 Look, Jules... if I lost my dad the
 way you lost yours? It would've
 messed me up for good. But you?
 You follow in his footsteps, become
 a cop, graduate number one at the
 academy... now you're one of the
 best detectives in Chicago. Come
 on, kid, you made it.
 (beat)
 You never let it stop you from
 living life. You gonna let it stop
 you now?

Taylor's nailed it and Julia knows it. Damn friends.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Besides -- what's missing with
 Christian? If not him, then who?

EXT. CHICAGO'S CHINATOWN - NIGHT

WE PICK UP ANGUS MARTIN, (40's), as he makes his way past
 tourists and neon lights. He's the mystery man who saved
 Julia's life three weeks ago. Tonight, his long black hair
 is concealed beneath a knit cap.

There is an animal intensity in his eyes that's sensual and
 dangerous; and the pain and wear on his face give him a
 darkly sexual aura. A familiar scar runs down the side of
 his neck...

Angus cuts down a DARK ALLEY behind the THREE LANTERNS RESTAURANT -- a bar and Chop Suey café from another era.

INT. THREE LANTERNS RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steamy, busy and loud. Angus moves through with ease. The cooks and waiters studiously ignore him. He emerges into...

INT. THREE LANTERNS RESTAURANT - BAR -- NIGHT

This place isn't trying to look retro-cool -- it is retro-cool. Cloudy aquarium with one fish, dragon sculptures, Christmas lights. It's been a gathering place for the local Chinatown street-types for fifty years.

Tending bar is owner EDDIE LAO, (40's), smart, loyal and thoroughly American. If anything is happening around Chinatown, Eddie knows about it...

Angus removes a thick stack of cash from his pocket and puts it on the bar. Eddie picks it up, flips through it:

EDDIE

Mugging muggers is a pretty lucrative business these days.

ANGUS

Just slip it into that account I started for Brandon.

EDDIE

Done.

He sets a bottle of beer in front of Angus, who picks it up and heads off...

INT. THREE LANTERNS RESTAURANT - BASEMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Angus moves through the dimly lit corridor stacked with sacks of rice and crates of ginseng, finally arriving at: A PADLOCKED DOOR. He opens the lock and enters...

INT. ANGUS' ROOM -- NIGHT

His solitary headquarters: A threadbare couch, a hot-plate, paperbacks, a cheap lamp. It's not a home; it's a hideout.

Angus moves further in to REVEAL -- A MASSIVE RACK OF SCAVENGED COMPUTER EQUIPMENT all running different systems. We HEAR the echoing squawk of a POLICE SCANNER; the droning voice seems to accentuate the loneliness of this place.

Angus takes a DRIVERS LICENSE from his pocket and tosses it

onto a stack of DOZENS OF OTHERS -- all with his photograph, all with different names...

He removes his KNIT CAP revealing his long, black hair; even something as simple as this is part of his daily disguise...

WE ARRIVE AT ONE WALL OF THE LAIR: covered with yellowed Chicago Tribune front pages, a tabloidish museum exhibit of the circumstances that lead to Angus' banishment from life as he once knew it...

FLASH ON HEADLINES: "DIRTY COP INVOLVED IN "MURDER-FOR-HIRE?""... "MONSTER. Detective Indicted on "Murder-For-Hire" Charges."... "ANGUS MARTIN ESCAPES DRAGNET"... "POLICE CONFOUNDED BY MARTIN DISAPPEARANCE"... and finally "MONSTER IN THE LAKE. Angus Martin's Body Found in Lake Michigan."

ON THE SCANNER WE HEAR words that capture Angus' attention...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Unit 91, what's your forty?

VOICE (V.O.)
6130 Bryson Drive; the laundromat.
Confirm three-seven-one; we do have
an adult abduction, female.

Angus MOVES TO THE SCANNER, riveted, as we CUT TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK LAUNDROMAT -- NIGHT -- LATER

The crime scene; yellow tape and squad cars block off the parking area. Julia and Taylor emerge from her car. Julia now wears a CPD windbreaker over her little black dress.

They're greeted with a scowl by their boss, LIEUTENANT GERALD JAGLOM, (50's), who treats the whole unit like they're incompetent children and he's the long-suffering father.

JAGLOM
Detectives Scott and Sanchez. Hope
this didn't ruin your party.

TAYLOR
(smiles)
Don't worry. Julia took care of
that.

Julia gives her a "don't start up again" look.

JAGLOM

Alright, listen up: We've got a twenty-five year old female, Keri Thompson, allegedly abducted at about 9:00 p.m. by an unidentified male driving a dark colored van.

JULIA

"Allegedly"?

JAGLOM

Witness is six years-old; her son, Aaron.

He nods toward Aaron, held by what must be his grandmother. It's a heart-breaking sight. But something about it seems to strike an even deeper chord in Julia...

TAYLOR

Bastard's probably lying. I'll break him down.

Julia ignores Taylor's joke and goes straight to the family, as if drawn to them. SHERYL THOMPSON, (50's) -- Keri's mother -- holds little Aaron. They both look devastated.

JULIA

Hi. I'm Detective Julia Scott.

SHERYL

I'm Keri's mom. And this is Aaron.

They shake hands. Julia gets down on Aaron's level and speaks to him with quiet kindness.

JULIA

Aaron, can you tell me what you saw?

AARON

My mommy went outside. Then I heard her shout. Then I looked but I couldn't see her... And then the black van drove her away.

Julia puts a protective hand on Aaron's arm.

JULIA

We're going to do everything we can to bring your mommy back, okay?

Aaron nods with a child's confidence in the ability of grown-ups to make the world right again.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Thompson... do you have any ideas about who might have done this?

Sheryl shakes her head, her voice full of regret.

SHERYL

I made her get the restraining order. She didn't want to. But I was so afraid. She said it would just make him mad.

JULIA

Who?

SHERYL

Ronnie. Her ex-boyfriend.

Sheryl's about to break-down, so Julia puts her to work:

JULIA

There's something I need you to do. Can you get Keri's date books, cell phone, personal journals -- anything like that -- and bring them to the station?

SHERYL

Of course.

She gives Sheryl her card and says good-bye. Then, Julia follows a trail of laundry across the lot toward:

KERI'S CAR. The front driver's door is open. Quarters are scattered all over the seat.

JULIA

Now we know why she went out to the car without her kid. Getting more change for the washing machines.

TAYLOR

Field officers say no one in the neighborhood saw anything.

JULIA

What a surprise.

But Julia's only half-listening as her attention is drawn to something poking from beneath a Ninja Turtles T-shirt on the ground. She carefully lifts the shirt with a pen to REVEAL:

A MOUSE. Dead -- snowy white; not your typical city vermin.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 What do you think?

TAYLOR
 (shrugs)
 Doesn't look like the ones in my
 kitchen.

INT. ANGUS' ROOM - NIGHT

The police scanner continues it's chatter; Angus is hunched over his work-table, diligently taking notes...

ON PAPER -- WE SEE: Abduction... Keri Thompson... 25...
 laundromat.

Angus taps his pencil anxiously, struggling with a decision, when the scanner interrupts his thoughts--

JULIA'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Dispatch, this is Detective Scott.
 Requesting a tech from Police
 Sciences at 6130 Bryson Drive...

He recognizes this voice, her voice...

ANGUS
 (whispered)
 Detective Scott...

He reaches into a cardboard box OVER-FLOWING with STOLEN CELL PHONES and grabs one. Just then -- A VOICE at the door:

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Hey Angus -- you hungry?

Angus looks back. Eddie's at the door with a plate of food.
 TIME CUT TO --

MINUTES LATER. Eddie now sits on the couch, the food forgotten...

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (deadly serious)
 Angus: you can't do this.

ANGUS
 (determined)
 Keri Thompson's gonna be dead in a
 day -- and I think I know who took
 her.

EDDIE

Terrific -- go get him yourself.
Why drag the cops into it?

ANGUS

Time, Eddie. She may be dead
before morning. I can't cover the
whole damn city myself.

EDDIE

Angus, you've been off the grid for
seven years. It's hasn't been a
party, but you're still alive. And
now you're gonna risk it all
because you heard some cops name on
the squawk box? That's crazy.

ANGUS

She's not just "some cop"; I've
seen her in action...

(beat)

And if worse comes to worst, I have
a card I can play.

EDDIE

What?

Angus is already dialing...

ANGUS

I saved her life.

EXT. HYDE PARK LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Julia's cell phone rings. She checks the screen: "Unknown
Number." She answers.

JULIA

Detective Scott.

She hears a VOICE: low, rumbling, and dead serious.

ANGUS

Listen carefully: did you find a
dead mouse at the abduction site?

Julia freezes.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Did you?

Julia scans the parking lot for someone on a cell phone...

JULIA
Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH ANGUS IN HIS ROOM: He doesn't respond...

JULIA (CONT'D)
How did you get this number?

Angus considers long and hard before finally saying:

ANGUS
I know who took her.

JULIA
So let's hear it.

ANGUS
Not on the phone.

JULIA
Okay. How about the downtown
station in twenty minutes?

ANGUS
(quick decision)
Graceland Cemetery. Beneath the
obelisk.

JULIA
Okay. But it's gonna take me a
while to --

ANGUS
Just you. Understand?

JULIA
(micro-beat)
Yes.

Angus hangs up. Julia is left unnerved... Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
Graveyard. Perfect...
(off Angus' look)
'Cuz now you're a dead man.

EXT. GRACELAND CEMETERY - OBELISK - MIDNIGHT

Gothic tombstones jut up, throwing eerie shadows all around. And beneath the towering OBELISK...

JULIA. Waiting. Alone. She checks her watch, then crosses her arms, shivering in the cold night air. Something moves

nearby. She turns, scanning the darkness. Nothing.

Then, not five feet away, A DARK FIGURE looms up from the headstones, drifting toward her. She SPINS, DRAWS HER GUN --

JULIA

Freeze!

TEN SWAT GUYS DESCEND! Four of them MOVE IN CLOSE on the FIGURE and FORCE IT TO THE GROUND, screaming "Get Down!" Julia moves in as FLASHLIGHTS light up the Figure's FACE: it's someone we don't recognize -- a BUM. He flails wildly under the SWAT Team, scared to death:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Settle down --

BUM

He paid me!

JULIA

Who paid you?

BUM

I don't know, some guy!

The SWAT Guys drag him to his feet, still struggling.

BUM (CONT'D)

Ten bucks is ten bucks, man.

JULIA

(to SWAT)

Get his story.

They drag him off. Julia's pissed. The night's been wasted, the sting a total bust. And she's not one inch closer to finding Keri Thompson...

INT. LA SALLE TOWERS -- UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Julia pulls into her parking space and gets out. Her footsteps echo in the vast space. Suddenly THE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS ABOVE HER FLICKER OUT leaving her in the eerie red glow of the EXIT lights... A VOICE -- his VOICE -- RUMBLES:

ANGUS (O.S.)

Don't move.

Her head whips around; he could be anywhere. Trying for calm:

JULIA

Where were you an hour ago? I don't like being stood up.

She slowly brings her gun out of her purse...

ANGUS

You didn't keep your word. I said
come alone.

JULIA

Is that what you said? I heard
bring a SWAT team.

FROM BEHIND -- A HAND GRABS JULIA'S WRIST -- ANOTHER COVERS
HER MOUTH. He holds her tightly; his breath on her neck...

ANGUS

I hope you're through playing
games, detective. Because if I'm
right about Keri Thompson, she has
less than 20 hours to live.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LA SALLE APARTMENT TOWERS -- PARKING GARAGE -- SAME

Angus holds Julia tightly. She struggles in vain; he's just too strong. His large hand covers hers and he removes the gun from her hand like pulling a petal from a flower.

ANGUS

Don't scream...

His voice is strangely gentle.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

And don't turn around.

With that, he steps back a pace and releases her. But she can feel his presence behind her, radiating just inches away. She takes a breath and tries to compose herself:

JULIA

You said Keri Thompson was running out of time?

He speaks with quiet intensity, his lips near her ear...

ANGUS

I'm only going to say this once, so listen carefully: twelve years ago three women were abducted from three different laundromats over a two year period. In each case a dead mouse was found at the scene; but it was never officially entered as evidence. And in each case the women were kept alive and drugged for approximately 24 hours before being asphyxiated.

JULIA

You seem to know an awful lot about the case. Are you a cop?

A micro-beat from Angus before he continues.

ANGUS

No. But you are. Search the NCIC for a man named Mark Sewell. He's your guy. He was convicted in 2000 on one count of first degree murder and sentenced to 25 to life.

JULIA
 So he comes up for parole...
 (does the math)
 ...this year.

ANGUS
 Two months ago.

He let's the implication hang in the air.

JULIA
 You could have told me all this
 over the phone.

Another slight beat; he ignores her remark...

ANGUS
 Remember: Mark Sewell.

Long moments pass without a sound.

JULIA
 Hello?

Julia slowly turns around... Her gun is on the ground. But Angus is gone.

INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

A COMPUTER SCREEN: WE SEE the Chicago Tribune Headline from twelve years ago: "SEWELL ARRESTED IN LAUNDROMAT ABDUCTIONS."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Julia -- eyes darting as she urgently scans the article. Suddenly:

There's a KNOCK at her door. It startles her. *Could it be the guy from the parking garage?*

Julia goes to the door, checks the peephole... Then opens it revealing Christian. She goes to him and they hug.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Hey. Come on in.

As he follows her inside...

CHRISTIAN
 So -- how'd the call out go?

JULIA
 A woman was abducted. I'm checking a lead on a guy named Mark Sewell. Hey -- can you see if the DA has a file on him?

CHRISTIAN
I'll check into it.

They sit on the couch, look at each other... and for the briefest moment her professional focus turns personal.

JULIA
You must hate me.

CHRISTIAN
Of course I don't hate you. I shouldn't have ambushed you like that.

JULIA
I was surprised. I don't know why... We've been together long enough. But somehow... I really didn't see it coming.

Christian turns toward her with renewed passion.

CHRISTIAN
Look Julia, no one likes making an ass of himself in front of a dozen friends more than me... But it doesn't change the facts -- I love you. I guess what I need to know is: do you feel the same way?

JULIA
I do, Chris.
(beat)
But...

She's struggling with the words; Christian waits.

JULIA (CONT'D)
When you opened that box tonight and I saw the ring... I suddenly had this vision. I was back at the docks, three weeks ago. But instead of making it out alive? I saw the guy pull the trigger.

CHRISTIAN
Julia...

JULIA
What if we were married? What if we had kids? And you guys got that knock on the door...
(shakes her head)
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

I don't ever want to do that to you. Or our children. I can't.

CHRISTIAN

But Julia... That's never gonna happen.

JULIA

It happened to me.

Softer now.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I looked around me at the party tonight: great job, great friends, wonderful you - I'm so grateful - but sometimes...I still feel like I'm all alone in the room.

Christian reaches over and takes her hand, wondering if he can ever break through that loneliness...

INT. ANGUS' ROOM -- NIGHT

REVEAL ANGUS, shirtless, in the dim light of his lair. The scanner's off now, and in solitary silence he flips through a book of old photographs.

Angus with a pretty wife and young child. Angus playing catch with son Brandon. Other faded photographs that serve as a testament to the life he once had. A life of sunshine and smiles. How times have changed...

He tosses the book aside, spirit flagging, snapping off the light to plunge us into BLACKNESS.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN - NEXT DAY

The early break of dawn.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS: Jaglom gazes into the interrogation room at -- RONNIE MARKOWICZ, (28), their prime suspect. Dark features, restless eyes. Rat in a cage. In stark contrast...

JULIA sits across from him, disarmingly calm and restrained; like she's conducting a job interview.

JULIA

Ronnie Markowicz... You and Keri Thompson dated each other for two years, is that right?

RONNIE

I didn't take her.

JULIA

Do you own a black 1992 GMC van?

RONNIE

Yeah...

JULIA

(sympathetic)

We have a problem, Ronnie: Keri's DNA is all over that van; hair, fingernails... and a van just like yours was ID'd at the scene... You have no alibi for last night... You have a long history of physical violence against Keri Thompson...

(quiet, almost sad)

Where is she, Ronnie?

Ronnie laughs with frustration:

RONNIE

I don't know, don't you get it? I'm on your side. If I could find whoever did this, I'd kill him with my bare hands.

Julia looks down at her Blackberry...

JULIA

Oh. The security tapes from the Laundromat just came in.

Julia glances up into Ronnie's eyes; he doesn't even blink.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

She exits the room.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

Jaglom exits the observation room at the same time. Julia turns to him:

JULIA

This isn't our guy.

JAGLOM

Why not?

JULIA

He had absolutely no reaction when I mentioned the security tapes.

JAGLOM

Maybe because the laundromat doesn't have security tapes.

JULIA

We know that. But he doesn't.

Jaglom takes this in as -- Christian Holt walks up. Julia is immediately self-conscious, but he goes straight to Jaglom. A professional friendship between these two...

CHRISTIAN

So -- do we have a case against Ronnie Markowicz?

Jaglom shoots a look at Julia, who stays pointedly silent.

JAGLOM

We're working on it.

Jaglom heads-off; Julia turns to Christian, intimate:

JULIA

Hey -- are you okay?

CHRISTIAN

I'm hanging in there.

Christian indicates the thick manila folder in his hands.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I got the file on Mark Sewell.

JULIA

Oh! Right. Thanks.

He hands her the file.

CHRISTIAN

Guy's a real prize; sentenced to 25-to-life for murder, but get this: he was paroled first time up, last July.

JULIA

He was?

CHRISTIAN

Mark Sewell's on the street for one reason: the arresting officer didn't show up at his parole hearing.

JULIA

That doesn't sound like enough.

CHRISTIAN

It is when the arresting officer was Angus Martin.

Julia is stunned at the mention of this name.

JULIA

That Angus Martin? Your dad's old partner?

CHRISTIAN

The very same. In a way, it's the luckiest break Sewell ever got.

JULIA

How so? Angus Martin's dead.

CHRISTIAN

My guess is, Sewell's lawyer convinced the board that if Angus Martin had anything to do with the arrest, it had to be dirty. Smart move. It's what I'd do.

Julia examines the file...

JULIA

So the question is, was it really a bad arrest?

Julia looks up; Christian just shrugs.

CHRISTIAN

Ask my Dad.

INT. JACK HOLT'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

JACK HOLT, (50's), rock-solid, immensely likeable, sits across from Julia in the comfortable suburban kitchen. Jack peruses the file like he's looking at old war photographs.

JACK

Mark Sewell was only convicted on one count of murder, but it was clear -- to us at least -- that he'd killed at least three, maybe four others.

JULIA

So there's no doubt in your mind: this was a righteous collar?

JACK

You bet -- why?

JULIA

Because the arrest was made by Angus Martin. He didn't frame Sewell for some reason, did he?

(beat)

I mean, I've heard all the stories, everyone has... But if anyone knows the difference between fact and fiction, it'd be you.

JACK

Fact: Angus and I were a helluva team. Highest clearance rate in Chicago. Fiction: he was dirty from day one. For the first ten years of his career he was the best detective on the force.

Julia, genuinely puzzled:

JULIA

So what happened?

Jack's face clouds. This is a very painful subject for him to relive.

JACK

It was the worst night of my life. Angus showed up on my doorstep with little Brandon, two in the morning, terrified. Practically incoherent. He tells me Mary's been murdered...

(takes a minute to gather himself)

And then he starts rambling about how he'd been poking around and discovered some kind of corruption and how it was the cops that killed her -- I mean, it was insane stuff, especially coming from him.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(deep breath)

I kept telling him to calm down. He wouldn't. He said he knew about stuff he wasn't supposed to know about -- a "murder-for-hire" ring within the Chicago Police Department -- and these corrupt cops were after him now. And he begs me to look out for Brandon -- no matter what. Then before I could stop him, he storms off. It was the last time I ever saw him.

JULIA

It turned out he was the dirty cop, right? He was the one running a "murder-for-hire" ring.

JACK

(nods)

I guess that somehow he must have crossed his mob partners, and after they killed Mary, he knew it was just a matter of time before they'd get to him and Brandon. Everything he told me that night was a lie. But bringing Brandon here saved that kid's life. It was the last decent thing Angus Martin ever did.

(beat)

A week later his body washed up in Lake Michigan. Guess they got to him after all.

JULIA

Ever since then, Angus Martin's name has been legend -- like Al Capone or Frank Nitty.

JACK

(fighting emotion)

When I found out the things that he did? A piece of me died. He gave every cop in this town a bad name.

(beat)

'Course, the way people talk nowadays, he's responsible for everything from the Manson murders to 9/11...

(beat)

All I can tell you this --

He picks up the Mark Sewell file and hands it to Julia:

JACK (CONT'D)

His work on the Mark Sewell case
was flawless.

His reverie's interrupted when he sees two people have been standing in the doorway: AMANDA HOLT, (50's), Jack's gracious wife; and BRANDON MARTIN, (15), Angus' son who the Holt's have adopted. It's unclear how much they've heard--

AMANDA

Hello, Julia. We were... just heading to Brandon's baseball practice.

JULIA

Hi, Amanda. Hey, Brandon.

After an awkward silence...

BRANDON

It's okay, you guys. You can talk about my Dad. Not like I haven't heard it all before anyway.

JULIA

I was just asking Jack about one of the old cases your dad solved.

JACK

And I was telling her how he nailed a murderer.

Brandon grabs a bottled water from the fridge:

BRANDON

Just before they found out he was a murderer. Guess it takes one to know one.

And with that, he walks out of the room.

JULIA

Amanda -- I'm so sorry.

AMANDA

Not your fault.

She follows Brandon out. Jack has real pain in his eyes:

JACK

Brandon's a good kid. Amazing,
with what he's been through.

(beat)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

But you can never get past the fact
he's gonna carry the sins of his
father for the rest of his life.

Just then Julia's CELL PHONE BUZZES. It's a TEXT from an
Unknown Number: "HAVE YOU CHECKED OUT SEWELL?"

INT. JULIA'S CROWN VIC -- DAY

Julia pulls to a stop in Cicero, a rundown neighborhood near
Midway airport. The Mark Sewell case file is open on the
seat next to her. She checks her GPS against what seems to
be nothing but abandoned houses... it's desolate and creepy.
Finds 212 Kedzie Road. This must be the place...

EXT. SEWELL HOUSE - DAY

More like a shack: peeling paint, moss-covered walls, the
rusting hulk of an old pick-up truck on blocks, with weeds
growing up through the floorboards...
Julia ventures up on to the sagging porch and knocks on the
screen door. It's answered by an Old Woman -- MARY ANN
SEWELL, (75). She smiles warmly.

MARY ANN

Hello.

JULIA

Hi. I'm Det. Julia Scott of the
Chicago Police Department. I'm
looking for Mark Sewell. Does he
live here?

Mary Ann's smile fades, replaced with a look of grief...

INT. SEWELL HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Julia and Mary Ann stand before A TABLE-TOP SHRINE with
flickering candles and framed photographs of a young man we
can only assume must be Mary Ann Sewell's son Mark.

JULIA

When did he die?

MARY ANN

August 4th. He'd only been out of
prison a month.

JULIA

I'm sorry for your loss.

What else can you say? Except maybe...

JULIA (CONT'D)
I will need to see a death
certificate, if you have it.

She pulls it out from behind an 8 x 10 portrait of her son,
the kind you get at Sears. She hands it to Julia:

MARY ANN
He did awful things; I know that...
But he really did change. And the
worst part is... he died before he
had a chance to prove it.

Julia looks in her eyes; Mary Ann Sewell believes every word.

EXT. CICERO STREET -- DAY

Julia starts back toward her car when -- a DARK SHAPE LOOMS
UP behind her; quiet as a panther, and every bit as
dangerous: Angus Martin -- the dark coat drawn high; the
watch cap.

ANGUS
Did you find him?

Julia can feel his eyes on the back of her neck.

JULIA
Mark Sewell is dead.

ANGUS
I'd double check that.

Julia perceives a beat of surprise; proceeds with caution.

JULIA
Sometimes people aren't as dead as
they seem... Are they, Angus?

There's a flicker of surprise and admiration in his eyes.

ANGUS
My clock gives Keri just under ten
hours...

JULIA
So you're not denying it? You are
Angus Martin.

ANGUS
We need to focus on her, detective.

JULIA

You've done a good job altering
your appearance. You look nothing
like those old wanted posters.

ANGUS

This isn't about me. It's about
Keri Thompson.

JULIA

Actually... it is about you.

Julia turns -- gun pointed straight at him.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Angus Martin, you're under arrest.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CICERO STREET -- DAY

Julia marches Angus toward her car. Gun to his back. His hands are cuffed behind him, but he remains remarkably cool.

ANGUS

You're making a big mistake.

JULIA

Maybe so. We'll figure it out downtown.

ANGUS

Take me in, and Keri Thompson will be dead by morning. So will I. They'll find me hanging in my cell with a suicide-confession note; case closed.

JULIA

What the hell are you talking about?

ANGUS

I wasn't dirty, no matter what you've heard. But there were some cops running a murder-for-hire ring. Must have been just the tip of the iceberg, because when I started to investigate, they came after me. They killed my wife; tried to kill me and my son.

JULIA

Who's "they"?

ANGUS

(regret)

I never found the answer to that.

JULIA

So you're the victim of some vast conspiracy? How convenient.

ANGUS

(matter of fact)

I received a dozen commendations for meritorious service.

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

They might be in storage, but I can guarantee you they're not in the updated computer records. That wouldn't fit with "The Legend of Angus Martin."

JULIA

So you're saying these dirty cops -- they're still there, even today.

ANGUS

Look -- that warehouse at the docks you investigated three weeks ago? The drug ring there was running because some cop was being paid to let it run. You weren't assigned to check it out, were you?

JULIA

(conceding)

No.

ANGUS

Neither was anyone else. My guess is the corruption goes higher up than you can imagine. I gave up trying to figure out who framed me a long time ago. But that doesn't mean I can't screw up their deals. That's why I was there. Believe me, the last thing I expected to see were cops.

Julia comes to a dead halt as the pieces fall into place.

JULIA

Wait a second -- you were there?

Angus turns to face her and now Julia can see the JAGGED SCAR clearly visible on the right side of his neck. It hits her like a bomb.

JULIA (CONT'D)

It was you... You saved my life.

ANGUS

That's why I called you last night. I saw how you dealt with that creep. And the fact that you were at the docks at all told me you were clean. I figured you might be the one cop I could trust. Was I wrong?

She stares at him, not sure what to believe... *Could he possibly be telling the truth?*

ANGUS (CONT'D)

I didn't make this decision lightly. I lost everything seven years ago ... My wife, my son... My freedom is all I have left.

The tiniest of cracks in her disbelief of him begin to form. Julia struggles. This man did save her life. Still...

The moment's interrupted when JAGLOM'S VOICE BLASTS through her Nextel:

JAGLOM (O.S.)

Detective Scott, where are you?

JULIA

(numb)
Following a lead.

JAGLOM (O.S.)

Leads are cleared through me. Get back to this office. Now.

Maybe it's impulse, maybe some form of *payback*, but in this moment Julia makes a decision. She pulls out her handcuff key and holds it up between them.

JULIA

You just got a get-out-of-jail-free card. Don't ever let me see you again. If I do, I'll shoot you.

She moves toward him with the key when his arms come from behind his back.

ANGUS

Thanks but -- not necessary.

He hands her the unlocked handcuffs. For a brief moment their fingers touch. And though neither would ever admit it, something passes between them. Some kind of heat...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

And remember: Mark Sewell isn't any more dead than I am.

And with that Angus is gone...

INT. THREE LANTERNS RESTAURANT - BAR - LATER

Angus enters and sits at the bar; Eddie is there.

EDDIE

Bad day?

Angus is surprised by this observation until Eddie points to the red rings around both of Angus' wrists.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me: the detective you thought you could trust.

Angus ignores the jibe and gets right down to business:

ANGUS

I need some help. Mark Sewell's officially dead. But I think he's still alive, living under an assumed name.

EDDIE

You're talking a full set of papers?

He sets down a beer, but Angus ignores it.

ANGUS

Social security card, birth certificate, credit history -- the whole package.

EDDIE

We both know guys who can do it.

ANGUS

If I can find the one who did his, maybe I can "persuade" him to tell me Mark's new name and help me find him. Problem is, I don't have much time. So -- you take north of Michigan Avenue, I take south?

Eddie throws down his towel. Doesn't like what he has to say:

EDDIE

Look, I've always had your back, right? I mean, when things went south seven years ago, I was the one who told you to go to Mexico. Okay, you stayed for Brandon, I get it. I've helped you stay hidden; I've even helped you nail some of those creeps you go after.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I will not help you on a
suicide mission.

ANGUS

It's not suicide. I'm telling you,
Eddie... This cop is different.

EDDIE

Oh really. And what makes her so
special?

ANGUS

She may have put those cuffs on
me...

(beat)

But she also let me go.

OFF EDDIE, considering Angus' words...

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN

Julia is with Keri's mother, Sheryl Thompson. Spread out
before them are PERSONAL ITEMS from Keri's apartment that
Julia asked for: date book, calendar, checkbook, journals.

JULIA

How's Aaron holding up?

SHERYL

Okay, I guess. For now...

(her voice wavers)

Keri's taken such good care of that
boy -- all on her own. But they've
never spent a night apart until
last night, and if this goes on...

Again we see the emotion in Julia's eyes, her own memories
surfacing... But she pushes it down.

JULIA

Sometimes kids are stronger than
you think.

SHERYL

No kid should ever have to be that
strong.

Julia nods, then looks away... She focuses on the open date
book. Several days in the last two weeks are marked with the
words "NK dinner" or "NK drinks."

JULIA

Do you know who "NK" is?

Sheryl peers at the notations and shakes her head.

SHERYL

No.

OFF JULIA'S curious face, we CUT TO:

ANOTHER PART OF THE BULLPEN -- MINUTES LATER: Julia is now with Taylor Sanchez and a COMPUTER TECH. They are downloading the information from Keri's iPhone...

JULIA

Taylor, scan the address book for anyone with the initials N.K.

A moment later the only matching entry appears: Nathan Kellogg, Wilson Elementary School. Taylor looks at Julia:

TAYLOR

Let's go talk to Nathan.

They start heading out when the Computer Tech calls Julia back; they speak confidentially:

COMPUTER TECH

I ran that search you asked for. Turns out there's no record of any commendation for meritorious service ever being awarded to Angus Martin.

Julia nods: what does that prove? Absolutely nothing.

COMPUTER TECH (CONT'D)

Anything else you need me to check?

JULIA

No. That's fine. Thank you.

And with that, she and Taylor leave.

EXT. ANGUS - ON THE STREET -- DAY

Angus' CELL PHONE RINGS; it's Eddie Lao.

ANGUS

Tell me you've got something.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Well, I didn't find the guy who did
 Mark Sewell's papers -- but maybe I
 got something better: his old cell
 mate. Guy goes by the name of
 "Truck".

EXT. B STREET BURGERS - DAY

EDDIE (O.S.)
 ...He works at B Street Burgers....

Angus approaches the greasy open-air stand; the kind of place
 that should just go ahead and put colon cancer on the menu.
 He sees a young black guy in an apron working the grill.

ANGUS
 I'm looking for Truck.

No response. Angus takes a fifty dollar bill and holds it up
 between two fingers.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Turns out I owe him fifty bucks.
 For information.

Truck steps up, but doesn't take the bill. Hard stare:

TRUCK
 What do you want?

ANGUS
 I'm looking for a guy who owes me
 money -- a lot more than fifty
 bucks. His name is Mark Sewell.

Truck's eyes flicker -- and he TAKES OFF RUNNING! Angus
 SPRINGS after him and closes the distance instantly.
 Angus GRABS HIM and SHOVES HIM AGAINST THE WALL with fierce
 animal intensity; his arm twisted up behind his back.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Sewell really worth a broken arm?

TRUCK
 He ain't worth anything.

Angus sees it in Truck's eyes: he's terrified of Sewell. He
 lets up the pressure -- a little.

ANGUS
 He's worth plenty to me.

TRUCK

You find him... You don't mention me. Understand?

ANGUS

Mind telling me why?

TRUCK

Guy's a sick freak, that's why.

Angus sets him down; they face each other.

ANGUS

How so?

He hates getting into it, but he has no choice.

TRUCK

You know how in the joint guys always talkin' about what they gonna do when they get out, right? Not this guy. All he ever talk about was what he did -- to the girls he killed. How he took 'em; how he saved their clothes, all clean and washed; how he was the cat... and they was the mouse.

Angus listens, riveted. He knows he's getting close...

TRUCK (CONT'D)

He had it all down like a routine. Like if he don't talk himself through it each night, he might forget something.

ANGUS

Any idea where he is now?

Truck shakes his head.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Come on. Think. The guy told you his whole life story -- where's he hang out? What's his thing?

TRUCK

(just wants this over)
He used to volunteer. At shelters. Domestic abuse, that kind of thing. Got off on it.

Angus has what he needs. He takes the fifty dollar bill, stuffs it into Trucks shirt pocket, and starts to walk off...

ANGUS
 (turning back)
 Hey -- when's the last time you saw
 this guy?

TRUCK
 I don't know. Few weeks ago maybe?
 Down by Navy Pier. He didn't see
 me. I don't go there no more.

And now Angus knows: Mark Sewell is alive.

INT. WILSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Julia and Taylor question NATHAN KELLOGG, (29), in his 6th
 grade classroom. He's clearly upset and concerned:

JULIA
 Nathan, according to Keri's date
 book it looks as if the two of you
 have been seeing each other. Is
 that true?

NATHAN
 Yeah. We went out a few times.

TAYLOR
 We have to ask: where were you
 last night, around nine?

NATHAN
 (thinks back)
 I was having dinner with my
 parents.

JULIA
 You know, a lot of new couples,
 they're always calling and texting
 each other every five minutes.
 Were you guys like that?

NATHAN
 Not really. I'm so busy with
 school, and she's got a little --
 (suddenly remembering)
 Oh my God, Aaron. Is he okay?
 That poor kid...

TAYLOR
 He's with his grandmother.

Nathan is looking more upset by the second.

NATHAN

This is horrible. Look, if there's anything I can do, please...

JULIA

(handing him a card)

Call us if you think of anything.

Nathan nods and takes the card. As they're walking out, Julia notices several fish tanks with heat lamps: one with frogs, one with hamsters... and one with white mice.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN -- NIGHT

Jaglom briefs Julia and Taylor.

JAGLOM

We just released Ronnie Markowicz. He's still our number one, but he's more useful to us on the street.

TAYLOR

We got someone following him?

JAGLOM

Of course we do. We get lucky, he'll lead us straight to Keri.

JAGLOM (CONT'D)

(to Julia)

What's the story on Nathan Kellogg?

But Julia doesn't respond; she staring at a TEXT MESSAGE that just came through on her phone: "GO TO THE WINDOW".

JAGLOM (CONT'D)

Detective Scott?

Julia looks up, startled back into the moment:

JULIA

I think Nathan's our next best. Might be a coincidence, but he had white mice in his classroom. We're checking his alibi.

JAGLOM

Alright then, let's do it.

The meeting breaks up and Julia drifts to the window...

JULIA'S POV: Four stories below, A DARK FIGURE is illuminated by the parking lot lights: Angus Martin. He's standing next to Julia's car and looking straight up at her...

JAGLOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey Julia...

She turns back to the room; Jaglom is standing right there.

JAGLOM (CONT'D)
 Is there something going on with
 you?

JULIA
 No sir.

He gives her a long look... Then moves off. As soon as he's out of sight, Julia looks back out the window. But Angus is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Julia rushes up to the doors, pushes them open and scans the area. It appears deserted. She steps into the parking lot -- and bumps straight into Christian.

CHRISTIAN
 Hey -- !

JULIA
 Oh my God. You scared me.

CHRISTIAN
 I was coming over to meet with the
 Captain; looks like we're going to
 set up that vigilante task force.

JULIA
 (taken aback)
 Wait a second, you were serious
 about that?

CHRISTIAN
 I know, it was a weird way to
 propose... But I'm pretty damn
 sure there's a connection between
 these criminals who just seem to
 show up on the precinct doorstep.

He takes her by the elbow and propels her to her car. Julia's eyes move from Christian to the far end of the parking lot; she can see A SHAPE by her car... Angus.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 And I think it goes back away --
 six, maybe seven years.

JULIA

Really?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. I'm starting to get a real sense of this guy. And the more I look, the more connections I see.

They arrive at Julia's car. But Angus is gone again. Still, she can feel his eyes on her, watching...

JULIA

Look baby, I should really go.

CHRISTIAN

Is everything okay? You seem a little... on edge.

JULIA

It's just... This case is taking some weird turns, that's all.

CHRISTIAN

You know, if there's anything you ever need to talk about, I'm here.

JULIA

I know.

They kiss. For a long time. Finally he pulls back, smiles at her -- and starts back toward police headquarters. After a beat, she hears a whispery growl...

ANGUS (O.S.)

Promise not to shoot me?

Julia looks around but still can't see him. Then, in his signature fashion, he is suddenly right beside her.

JULIA

What the hell are you doing here? I told you to stay away from me.

ANGUS

I've got something for you...

Angus POPS the trunk of Julia's car revealing -- A MAN TIED UP AND BLIND-FOLDED INSIDE.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Meet Mark Sewell.

OFF JULIA -- stunned...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED BRICK FACTORY - NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Mark Sewell, still blind-folded, tied to a chair.

JULIA (O.S.)

This is insane...

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FACTORY: Angus and Julia face off.
They're both on edge and sparks are flying:

JULIA (CONT'D)

We were in the precinct parking lot. I could have brought him in for an official interview.

ANGUS

And then he'd get a lawyer and clam up and who knows if we'd ever find Keri Thompson alive?

JULIA

For God's sake, you've got him tied to a chair. This isn't what cops do.

ANGUS

Lucky I'm not a cop. Guess there's some advantages to losing your badge.

JULIA

So this is what you do now? You just grab people off the street?

ANGUS

(off Mark, angry)

I tracked this son-of-a-bitch down through one of his old cell mates. He's a registered sex offender. He faked his death so he could work at a battered women's shelter under a false name. I don't even want to think about why. So forgive me if I didn't give him his one phone call.

(beat)

We're about three minutes from finding out where Keri Thompson is...

He picks up a rusty length of rebar and looks at Mark:

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Let's get started.

Suddenly TAYLOR'S VOICE comes over Julia's Nextel:

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Jules -- Nathan's alibi tanked. We
gotta bring him in...

She's on the brink of an irrevocable decision: should she answer?

TAYLOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Julia? You there?

Julia reaches down to the device... and turns it off.

JULIA
Wait.

She steps up to face Angus directly, a prickly heat radiating between them again. She takes the rebar from Angus and tosses it off into the shadows:

JULIA (CONT'D)
I will talk to him. You will sit
over there --

No one talks to him like this, but somehow, in this moment, he is tamed.

JULIA (CONT'D)
-- And keep your mouth shut.

INT. ABANDONED BRICK FACTORY - MINUTES LATER

A work light is set up, shining in Mark's face and throwing enormous shadows around the warehouse. He's blindfolded and scared -- still has no real idea what's going on.

JULIA
Is Mark Sewell your real name?

MARK
Look, who are you guys? What's
going to happen to me?

JULIA

You served ten years for the abduction and murder of a young woman named Gina MacGuinness.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Another woman was abducted at nine o'clock last night. Same exact MO as yours. We think you've got her. So here's the question: where is she, Mark?

Silence. Then a slow grin breaks across Mark's face. The grin turns into a laugh. Angus stands up, ready to pound him, but Julia puts up a hand.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You want to explain what's so funny?

MARK

I didn't take her. Last night I was in the middle of an eight hour phone shift at the shelter. And I've got witnesses to back me up.

Off Julia and Angus, looking very concerned...

EXT. BRICK FACTORY -- NIGHT -- LATER

Julia is on her cell phone...

JULIA

I see... Alright. Thank you very much.

She hangs up. Closes her eyes, absorbing the information. Then she looks at Angus -- and delivers the bad news:

JULIA (CONT'D)

It's not him. Sewell was at the shelter all night. There are six witnesses who will back that up.

Angus shakes his head, refuses to accept it.

ANGUS

No. That's impossible! It has to be him --

JULIA

It isn't!

The enormity of this screw-up is taking shape in her mind.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea the position
you've put me in? Not to mention
Keri Thompson...

JULIA (CONT'D)

(furious with herself)

I was a fool for coming here... Or
ever listening to you at all.
We're done.

She turns and walks away.

ANGUS

Julia, wait --

But she doesn't. Within seconds, she's gone from sight. And
once again, Angus Martin is alone.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR -- NIGHT -- LATER

Taylor drives; Julia leans against the passenger side,
staring out the window.

JULIA

Don't you want to know where I was?

TAYLOR

Nope.

JULIA

Why not?

TAYLOR

Plausible deniability. I've only
got eight years till my pension's
vested.

(then)

And cause I know you'll tell me
when you're ready.

JULIA

Thanks, Tay.

They pull into the parking lot of...

EXT. THE CLOUD NINE MOTEL -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

Taylor and Julia make their way to Room 18.

TAYLOR
 We tracked his credit card here.
 No genius, our Nathan Kellogg.

AT ROOM 18: They mean business; stand on either side of the door, guns out...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Nathan! Open up! Chicago Police!

Nothing. Then: a commotion inside. That's it; they bust in!

INT. ROOM 18 -- SAME

The door flies back on it's hinges. Taylor MOVES ON NATHAN, who stands in his underwear, and SHOVES HIM AGAINST THE WALL! Julia KICKS open the bathroom door and finds a very good-looking -- and very naked -- MAN. Nathan starts screaming:

NATHAN
 Don't shoot us! I'm sorry!

JULIA
 (to naked guy)
 Get down and stay down!

NATHAN
 I lied. I wasn't with my parents.

Taylor grabs Nathan and shoves him down on the bed.

TAYLOR
 We know that. Where were you?

NATHAN
 I was... with Robert.

TAYLOR
 Call me old-fashioned, but weren't you dating Keri Thompson?

NATHAN
 (finally admitting)
 I was seeing them both.

Nathan puts his head down; ashamed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 They don't know about each other.
 When you asked me where I was last night, I panicked. It's just that... I'm still trying to figure things out.

Julia and Taylor trade a look -- Nathan's not their guy...

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN

Jaglom walks out of the building when he sees -- MARK SEWELL: tied-up and gagged on the landing. He has a note taped to his chest. Jaglom reads it:

JAGLOM
 "I'm Mark Sewell and I have
 violated my parole. Lock me up."

Jaglom looks up: what the fuck...?

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN - MINUTES LATER

Taylor and Julia return from their run-in with Nathan just as Mark Sewell is marched in, untied but now in handcuffs, and brought to the booking area.

Julia sees this -- and veers away toward the bullpen. She pretends to be uninterested, but she's visibly rattled; this whole thing is circling way too close...

EXT. SEDGEWICK PARK -- NIGHT

A BASEBALL DIAMOND beneath the glow of lights. Angus' son Brandon pitches a game. The scoreboard indicates he's pitching a 7-0 shutout. IN THE BLEACHERS Jack and Amanda Holt cheer him on...

JACK
 C'mon, Brandon! Let's see a
 strikeout!

Brandon takes the signal from his catcher...

NEW ANGLE. Angus and Eddie watch the game through a chain link fence almost a hundred yards away.

EDDIE
 Your son's got a wicked curve.

ANGUS
 I showed him how to grip a
 curveball when he was eight. I was
 worried he might screw up his
 elbow, but he begged to learn.

ON THE FIELD: Brandon strikes the batter out. Again, the CROWD CHEERS WILDLY...

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 (half to himself)
 Sometimes, if I try really hard...
 I can almost pretend the last seven
 years never happened.

Eddie looks over, suddenly realizing something about his friend.

EDDIE
 Is that how it was with that cop?

ANGUS
 What?

EDDIE
 Like having your old life back.

Angus can't deny it; Eddie has struck a nerve.

ANGUS
 (tries to shrug it off)
 Doesn't matter, cause now she's
 gone. And I'm guessing so is Keri
 Thompson.

EDDIE
 I'm sorry, man. I wish the lead on
 that Truck guy had panned out.

At the mention of the name, something clicks with Angus.
 Something huge.

ANGUS
 Eddie, that's it. Truck had
 Sewell's MO down pat. He knew
 every detail.
 (already leaving -- on
 fire)
 Stay here, Eddie. Let me know if
 Brandon gets a shutout.

With that he's gone, leaving behind a bewildered Eddie.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN -- NIGHT

Taylor and Julia go over their case notes.

TAYLOR
 We don't have Ronnie and we don't
 have Nathan. What we do have is
 nothing...
 (beat)
 (MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time you tell me what you've been up to.

Julia looks at her; decides she owes her the truth. Or at least an edited version...

JULIA

Okay. There was a case twelve years ago, a suspect with a similar MO. I checked on it, but it turns out it wasn't the guy. Couldn't be. So at best, we're dealing with a copycat.

TAYLOR

The MO's are that close?

JULIA

Everything. Up to and including the dead mouse.

TAYLOR

Who the hell's gonna know all that?

Julia considers this -- and gets an idea. She steps away from Taylor and SCROLLS down the text messages on her phone until she gets to the one from Angus: "GO TO THE WINDOW". She hits REPLY and enters: "Call Me". Within seconds, her PHONE RINGS. She picks it up and dives right in --

JULIA

Angus -- you said you talked to Mark Sewell's old cell mate. What was his name?

INTERCUT WITH ANGUS DRIVING -- As they talk, their thoughts click together like interlocking gears on a machine:

ANGUS

We're on the same track. Guy calls himself Truck. I didn't get his real name.

JULIA

And this guy knew about the dead mice?

ANGUS

He knew everything: the van, the laundromats, the dead mice, all of it.

They've both come upon the answer:

JULIA
He's copy-cattin' Mark's crimes.

Julia's already pounding the keyboard like mad, accessing the prison records on the NCIC.

ANGUS
 Look for someone on the Joliet prison database with the nickname "Truck". I'll track down his address.

JULIA
 Sorry Angus...

She brings the conversation, and their moment of connection, to a stop.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 You're going to have to let the police handle this one.

Before he can say another word, she hangs up.

ON HER COMPUTER: Julia has already isolated four possible cell mates. QUICK SHOTS of names and crimes. We SETTLE ON:

ROBERT JAMES PEARSALL: "Arrested: Weapon Possession."
 "Registered Sex Offender: Exposure."

JAGLOM (O.S.)
 Who is Robert James Pearsall?

Julia whips around, feeling caught. Which, of course, she is. So again, she tells an Angus-free version of the truth:

JULIA
 Sewell's cell mate at Joliet. He was also a sex offender. Sewell might have mentored him; it's happened before.

JAGLOM
 Sewell was in for ten years. He had a lot of cell mates.

JULIA
 Only four are out and local. Gotta start somewhere.

JAGLOM
 Okay -- Sanchez, grab Jones and check out the first two. Scott and I will take the others.

JULIA
It's okay, Taylor and I can --

JAGLOM
(cutting her off)
You've been acting weird today.
We'll check this one out together.

Julia has no choice. They head out.

EXT. B STREET BURGERS -- NIGHT

Angus brings his car to screeching halt and climbs out. He strides to the counter, scans faces, but doesn't see Truck. He reaches over and grabs the nearest person, the HEAD COOK, and pulls him in:

ANGUS
Where's Truck?

HEAD COOK
His shift ended an hour ago.

ANGUS
I need his address.

HEAD COOK
I can't do that.

There's an animal gleam in Angus' eyes...

ANGUS
Sure you can.

EXT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT -- LATER

Julia and Jaglom drive up and park on the street in front of the house. They climb out and head up the walk to... THE FRONT DOOR. They knock. Nothing. Then the porch light comes on. The door opens.

It's Truck.

JULIA
Robert Pearsall? We have a few questions for you...

He steps back as they enter. Far off to the side of the house, we see a dark colored van parked in the shadows...

INT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Julia and Jaglom follow Truck into the small, poorly furnished living room. They look around.

JAGLOM
You live here alone?

TRUCK
Yes sir.

JULIA
How long have you been out?

TRUCK
Six months. Is something wrong?

JULIA
We need to know where you were last
night at nine o'clock.

TRUCK
At work. B Street Burgers.

Jaglom and Julia share a glance; Julia presses him:

JULIA
No you weren't. You were at the
Hyde Park Laundromat. Why?

TRUCK
No ma'am. I was at work.

SUDDENLY, from deep within the house: A LOUD THUMP. Followed
by a LOW MOAN. Julia and Jaglom look down the dark hallway.
When they look back TRUCK SWINGS A FIREPLACE POKER LIKE A
BASEBALL BAT RIGHT INTO JAGLOM'S HEAD!

JULIA draws her gun and FIRES at Truck! But it only grazes
him as he SMASHES THE GUN OUT OF HER HAND! She looks up as
TRUCK rears back for ANOTHER BLOW...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

BLURRY VISION. The room is sideways...

JULIA'S POV: On the floor, as she comes into consciousness... JAGLOM across the room. Unconscious. Maybe dead. Julia HEARS MUTED STRUGGLING come from somewhere in the house.

Finally, WE SEE JULIA: Tied up on the floor, mouth taped shut. Her CELL PHONE BUZZES a few feet away. "Unknown Number" again: it's Angus. She'd give anything to answer it, but she can't...

INT. ANGUS' CAR - NIGHT

Angus drives wildly, pressing his phone to his ear.

ANGUS

Come on, Julia -- pick up!

But it goes to VOICE MAIL.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Julia, Truck's name is Robert James Pearsall. He lives at 1898 Sussex Street. When you get there check the basement -- that's where Sewell kept them, and -- look, just call me.

He hangs up -- and then he does something he never thought he'd do: HE DIALS 911.

911 DISPATCH

911 -- what is your emergency?

ANGUS

Shots fired at 1898 Sussex Street! Possible hostage situation! Send help!

INT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Julia desperately tries to free her hands as THUMPING SOUNDS come from somewhere behind her. She arches her back to see -- TRUCK EMERGING FROM THE BASEMENT, dragging what looks like a dead body. He FLOPS the body onto the ground near Julia: It's Keri Thompson. Julia's sees Keri's eye's flutter, and realizes she's deeply sedated -- but still alive.

TRUCK

I wanted her to wake up more. I
like a fighter...

WE SEE that Julia has almost worked one hand free...

TRUCK (CONT'D)

I'll do you next. I'll bet you're
a fighter.

And with that, Julia's free hand grasps the FIREPLACE POKER and she swings it at Truck's head! Truck hits the ground!

Julia crawls to Keri; check's her pulse. She's okay.

Then TRUCK GRABS JULIA'S ANKLE. He crawls on top of her and begins strangling her. She fights him; it's messy and desperate. She's fighting for her life and she knows it.

But Truck is too big, too powerful. Julia weakens, her eyes glaze over. She is dying.

EXT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Angus' car SLAMS TO A STOP in front of Truck's house. He sees Julia's Crown Vic parked there.

ANGUS

Son of a bitch.

Angus BOLTS from the car and RUNS toward the house --

INT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

ANGUS crashes through the front door to see -- TRUCK on top of Julia, choking the life out of her. Angus goes crazy...

CLOSE ON TRUCK: As he HEARS A GROWL so fierce he actually loosens his grip and looks up as -- ANGUS LANDS ON HIM! Knocks him clear off Julia.

Angus BEATS HIM. It's brutal and savage... Just when we're almost hoping he'll stop -- Truck raises a leg and KICKS Angus backward! Angus hits the ground. Truck GRABS THE POKER and HEADS FOR ANGUS -- Without a second of hesitation, Angus picks up Julia's gun and SHOOTS TRUCK -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

Truck FLIES BACK AGAINST THE WALL -- then slides to floor. Dead.

AS SIRENS SOUND IN THE DISTANCE... Angus rushes to Julia. She is unconscious. Angus checks her pulse; checks her heartbeat -- she's fading fast...

Angus leans over Julia and presses his lips to hers, breathing life into her... We can almost see the color come back into her face. He rises and applies CPR...

ANGUS

Come on! Breathe! Come on!

Even as BLUE AND RED LIGHTS flood the room, he keeps at it, refusing to leave her side, even to save himself. And then -- JAGLOM starts to wake up...

JAGLOM'S POV: He looks around the room, and sees a blurry vision that makes no sense: a MAN leaning over Julia. And it looks as if he's kissing her...

Julia COUGHS -- GASPS -- and opens her eyes. She sees Angus, inches from her face. We can feel their connection...

ANGUS (CONT'D)

You okay?

JULIA

I'm... yeah.

They stare into each other's eyes, and the world falls away. LIGHTS and SIRENS swirl around them, but the SOUND FADES and for this moment, nothing else exists but the two of them...

But the moment cannot last. The world intrudes. They can HEAR the stomping footsteps of POLICE on the porch, ready to break down the door at any second...

There's so much Julia wants to say. But all she has time for is:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Go.

EXT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

ON THE PORCH: COPS RUSH THE DOOR and BURST INSIDE...

INT. ROBERT PEARSALL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

...to find the room exactly as we last saw it, except for one thing: Angus is nowhere to be seen...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

A MEDICAL TECH finishes her work-up of Julia, who is looking across to KERI THOMPSON, resting, unhurt; Sheryl and Aaron are with her, talking and smiling. She's going to be fine.

MEDICAL TECH

Call us if you have any nausea,
blurred vision -- anything. Okay?

JULIA

Okay.

WE REVEAL: Christian sitting at Julia's bedside. She smiles at him, but his face remains serious.

CHRISTIAN

Can we make a deal: you try to go
one entire month without almost
getting yourself killed?

Julia smiles; Christian holds her like he'll never let her go.

JULIA

I'm just glad Keri's alright.

CHRISTIAN

Looks like you got there just in
time. They found Pearsall's
journals in the house. Apparently,
Keri Thompson was just the
beginning...

JULIA

My god.

CHRISTIAN

They think he had an associative
disorder; he was prone to mimic
other people's behavior.
Unfortunately, in his case it was
Mark Sewell. And he was trying to
outdo him.

Just then -- A VOICE intrudes:

JAGLOM (O.S.)

Who was that guy?

Christian and Julia turn to see JAGLOM being pushed in a
wheelchair by an ORDERLY.

JULIA

Hey Lieutenant, how are you?

JAGLOM

There was a man... leaning over
you, and...

Jaglom looks at Christian; doesn't finish his thought.
Christian looks at Julia; a jolt of panic rips through her.

JULIA

That was Truck. He was trying to strangle me.

JAGLOM

No, it wasn't Truck. It was someone else.

JULIA

You got hit hard. Things were happening fast.

Jaglom's memory is shaky; and yet... Julia has been acting so strangely today...

JAGLOM

Someone was there.

He stares at Julia as she steps out onto the thin ice.

JULIA

No one was there. Just us.

ORDERLY

We have to go, sir.

Jaglom is wheeled off, not through with this at all.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

It's a few days later. Julia roams the cavernous aisles of paper police files, largely forgotten now that everything has gone to computers.

In the dim light of a naked bulb, she finds a box marked "Commendations, 1994". She about to search it when HER CELL PHONE RINGS -- she checks the screen: it's Christian.

JULIA

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH CHRISTIAN IN HIS CAR --

CHRISTIAN

I thought maybe you could sneak out early, meet me for dinner.

JULIA

Sounds wonderful, but... I'm working on something.

CHRISTIAN

You sure? I've got our favorite table at Everest. I promise I won't propose.

JULIA

(laughs)
Okay. Gimme an hour.

They hang up. Julia flips through the box of commendations, and finally pulls out a yellowed piece of card-stock...

JULIA'S POV: It's an official commendation for meritorious service. Awarded to Angus Martin... And behind it are eleven others. Just like he said...

EXT. CONGRESS STREET BRIDGE -- NIGHT

It's dark. Not a car in sight. A mist makes the air heavy and wet. Julia makes her way across the bridge. Up ahead she sees the vague outline of a figure materializing out of the haze. Like a ghost. Closer. Still closer.

It's Angus.

ANGUS

How are you?

JULIA

I'm... good. Thanks.

She steps closer; her umbrella now covers them both.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Angus... The other night, when we were on the phone -- I told you to stay out of it. I said the police could handle it. And you completely ignored me...

(beat)

Thank you.

Angus plays it off; changes the subject.

ANGUS

How bad is it with Jaglom?

JULIA

He knows he saw something, but he's not sure what...

For a moment they both just stand together, sharing the same space. Then:

JULIA (CONT'D)

I found your commendations. If even half of what you said is true --

ANGUS

I'm not asking you to save me. Or prove anything.

JULIA

You said you gave up searching for the men who framed you years ago.

(beat)

But what if you had some help?

ANGUS

It's been a while since I've worked with anyone.

JULIA

Maybe it's time for that to change.

ANGUS

(considers; then)

These people -- whoever they are -- have run a murder ring for the last decade. They wouldn't think twice about hurting you.

JULIA

I like a challenge.

He gazes into her eyes. At this moment they both know that no matter what he says, she won't back out, and for better or worse, something has forced them together.

ANGUS

Be careful.

Angus starts to walk away. After a few steps, he turns back.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

By the way: that murder on Pine Street last night? Guy's not lying. It really was two gang-bangers. Check the Madison Projects.

And with that, Angus turns and walks off into the rain until Julia cannot see him anymore...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACK HOLT'S HOUSE -- NEXT DAY

Julia pulls up to find Brandon shooting baskets in the driveway. Just the guy she was looking for.

JULIA
Hi Brandon.

He stops playing and walks over -- they meet halfway.

BRANDON
Hey Julia, what's up?

JULIA
I was going through some old files
and I found something. Thought you
might like to see it...

She hands him the official commendation.

JULIA (CONT'D)
It's part of your dad's story. One
way or another he's always going to
be a part of your life. Maybe it's
time you got to know all of him.

Brandon examines the commendation, not hugely impressed. But he understands her good intentions.

BRANDON
Thanks.

INT. JACK HOLT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jack is in his office; he's watched -- and heard -- all of this, unobserved. At first he appears moved by it. Then he goes to his desk, picks up the phone, dials.

JACK
(into phone)
We may have a problem...

OFF JACK'S FACE, creased with worry....

FADE OUT.

THE END