

GRIMM

by

David Greenwalt und Jim Kouf

SECOND DRAFT  
1/27/11

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TEASER

FADE IN:

We HEAR the Moody Blues' "Once Upon a Time In Your Wildest Dreams" as we reveal:

CLOSE ON A PERSONAL LICENSE PLATE: SMILE 1. It may take a moment to realize, the license plate is moving.

1 EXT. OREGON - EARLY MORNING 1

HELICOPTER SHOT: PULL BACK from the license plate to reveal a bright YELLOW VAN on a TWO LANE HIGHWAY. As we PULL HIGHER we see FOREST on both sides of the road. The van slows and turns onto a dirt forest service road.

But we CONTINUE on PULLING HIGHER to reveal the vast forest surrounding a medium sized city nestled in the Pacific Northwest. Portland.

SHOT CONTINUES into Portland proper. It's early morning and traffic is already filling the streets.

SHOT CONTINUES over the city to a UNIVERSITY CAMPUS right towards a UNIVERSITY DORM and right into -- \*

SYLVIE, 18, a U. of Portland freshman, all the way to her iPod ear buds playing The MOODY BLUES SONG. \*

Sylvie is exiting her dorm and pulling on her red sweat shirt. Starts jogging. A FEW STUDENTS are moving about. \*

Sylvie runs across campus and into the surrounding forest. \*

2 EXT. FOREST - MORNING 2

The path through the forest is well worn. Sylvie is in good shape, breathing steady. THROUGH THE TREES all we can see is her RED HOODED SWEATSHIRT against the forest green.

Sylvie approaches a fork in the trail, chooses the path less traveled. The rain forest is dense, but shafts of morning light endow the woods with a warm glow. She powers up the trail, heading toward a large boulder next to a ravine. Birds and butterflies rise in the morning air. A serene, magical morning. As she passes the boulder, we SEE A SUDDEN FLASH of MOVEMENT. \*

Something moves with blinding speed, hitting Sylvie, knocking her completely off the trail and into the ravine below. Her iPod goes flying. \*

We HEAR SCREAMS -- drowned out by vicious SNARLING. Suddenly all is silent except for the MUTED MUSIC of the Moody Blues coming from her PINK iPod in the brush. \*

IPOD MOODY BLUES

... once upon a time in your wildest dreams...

3 EXT. C'EST LA VIE BAKERY - DAY 3 \*

A new French bakery in the old part of downtown Portland. C'EST LA VIE on the window. Fresh baked goods and coffee.

4 INT. C'EST LA VIE BAKERY - DAY 4

NICK BURCKHARDT, 28, suit and tie, enters, looks around, sees JULIETTE LAMBERT, 26, a bundle of beauty and energy, serving croissants and coffee to young urban professionals and university students. The place is bustling. Juliette sees Nick. Picks up two bags of pastries off the counter: \*

JULIETTE

Got you right here.

Nick takes the bags, leans in for a kiss.

NICK

You sure do.  
(glances around)  
You're packed.

JULIETTE

We're kickin' some early mornin' butt.

NICK

You're gonna be home tonight for dinner, right?

JULIETTE

Why wouldn't I be.

NICK

Just making sure you don't have yoga or something.

JULIETTE

No, why, you got something in mind.

She smiles. He smiles back.

NICK

I always have something in mind.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5 \*

Nick exits the bakery. HANK GREEN, late forties, suit and tie, stands by a car, digital camera in hand. He shoots pictures of Nick exiting the bakery.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

What are you doing?

\*  
\*

HANK

Trying to make this thing work.

\*  
\*

Hank turns the camera on TWO GOOD-LOOKING 20ish WOMEN walking towards them. Both are well dressed. The blonde carries a briefcase; the brunette is talking on her blackberry.

\*  
\*

Hank snaps a couple of photos, checks the screen.

\*

HANK (CONT'D)

Nothing. We're gonna have to take it in.

\*  
\*  
\*

As they pass, the blonde glances at Nick. She smiles. He smiles back.

\*

HANK (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, what're you lookin' at, you got a girlfriend --

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

That's not what I'm lookin' at.

\*  
\*

HANK

Don't ruin her for me.

\*  
\*

NICK

She wears Armani, makes low six figures, drives a BMW and she's falling for a senior partner at her law firm. Nothing but trouble, Hank.

\*  
\*

HANK

Why can't you just look at her ass like the rest of us.

\*  
\*

Hank gets in the car. We HEAR radio CHATTER.

\*

The beautiful blonde glances back at Nick, sensing something. She suddenly MORPHS into a HIDEOUS LOOKING OLD WITCH. Nick is stunned. He blinks and just that quickly the woman is once again herself.

\*

Nick shakes off the image, not sure what just happened, then --

\*

HANK (CONT'D)

Nick, get in the car, we got a call.

\*  
\*

6 INT. CAR - DAY 6 \*

Nick gets in as Hanks starts up the car. \*

HANK \*

Body off a trail in McIver Park.

NICK

Man or woman?

HANK

They couldn't tell.

Rear window POLICE LIGHTS start FLASHING. Car speeds off \*  
down the street, SIREN BLASTING. \*

7 EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY 7 \*

At the intersection, LIGHT CHANGES to RED, Nick runs through \*  
it. We PAN UP TO the BRIDGE ABOVE discovering an SUV PULLING \*  
AN AIRSTREAM TRAILER into downtown Portland. \*

8 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

MARIE BRANNIGAN, 49, a weathered beauty, is behind the wheel. \*  
She's pale and determined. AND SHE'S BALD. She keeps \*  
glancing in the side view mirrors as if she's being followed. \*

9 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 9

About eight cars behind Marie's SUV we find a mid-nineties  
GREEN corvette.

10 INT. CORVETTE - DAY 10

Behind the wheel is a slightly chubby middle aged man with a  
bad comb-over, mid-life crisis screams from every pore of  
his body. His name is HULDA and as -- \*

11 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 11

Marie takes a left turn, the corvette continues past.

12 EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY 12

Marie's SUV continues down the street, turning right at  
another intersection.

A moment later the green corvette appears from an alley,  
following her.

13 EXT. FOREST/CRIME SCENE - DAY 13

HIGH ANGLE SHOT, looking down through the thick magical  
forest. And we discover Nick and Hank, badges on their coats,  
being lead down the trail by a FOREST SERVICE OFFICER. OTHER  
COPS are in evidence.

FOREST OFFICER

The hiker flagged me down, he came through the ravine and he found this.

Off the trail now, the forest service officer shows them a severed forearm. A small piece of a RED RIPPED SWEATSHIRT is still on the arm. Nick kneels down, carefully studies the cloth and arm and the ground around it.

NICK

This ground's undisturbed. This all there is?

FOREST OFFICER

The rest of her is in the ravine.

They move down into--

THE RAVINE -- rugged and overgrown. They move down, stopping when they see something pretty gruesome that we don't see. \*

There's a lot of blood splatter on the bushes. Leaves torn from branches, branches broken. It was a violent attack.

NICK

How do you know it's a her?

Forest Service Officer moves some brush aside, revealing a pink tennis shoe.

HANK

Woman's Nike.

NICK

What kind of animal could do this?

FOREST OFFICER

Normally we'd be able to tell by the tracks: bear, cougar, wolf...

HANK

Well which is it?

FOREST OFFICER

That's where it gets interesting.

He leads them to some bare ground, shows them a BOOT PRINT.

FOREST OFFICER (CONT'D)

This is the only track we found.

NICK

*(yells up to cop)*

We got a boot print down here, gonna need a cast.

HANK  
 (to Forest Service  
 Officer)  
 DNA'll tell us if this is your case  
 or ours.

Hank and Nick start back up the ravine to the trail.

NICK  
 This sounds like what happened a  
 month ago, at Munson Creek Falls.

HANK  
 Same deal. Hiker and a bobcat.

NICK  
 But the bobcat wasn't wearing boots.

HANK  
 Ever try putting cuffs on a bobcat? \*

NICK  
 (stops)  
 You hear that?

HANK  
 What?

NICK  
 Music.

Nick moves off, searches in the brush, discovers something.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Hank, there's an iPod over here.

Without touching it, Nick leans in, checks the iPod screen.  
 Name of the song (Your Wildest Dreams) scrolls past.

14 EXT. ROADSIDE - FOREST - DAY

14

Nick, iPod in a baggie, and Hank return to their car.  
 AMBULANCE is on scene, patrol cars, C.S.I. team, etc.

HANK  
 Gotta be an animal.

NICK  
 I'm hoping it's an animal.

HANK  
 Unless he butchered her on the spot,  
 took the pieces with him.

NICK

I don't think so, he would have had to bag her up, we would have seen drag marks, maybe some tape or plastic.

HANK

We don't have much to go on. Except a lousy boot print.

NICK

And the iPod.

HANK

If it's hers.

NICK

The song was on "repeat". Somebody must've really liked it.

HANK

What was the song?

NICK

"Your Wildest Dreams".

HANK

Moody Blues, one of their better.  
*(starts singing)*  
 "Once upon a time in your wildest dreams."

Nick shoots him a look.

NICK

I didn't know you couldn't sing.

15 INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - DAY

15

Nick and Hank head for their desks.

NICK

Until we get the DNA results, I'll run a database on violent predators in the area...

Nick glances at an ANGRY PERP, a tatted up young man handcuffed to a desk, being interviewed by a detective.

NICK (CONT'D)

We should also take another look at the Munson Creek Falls attack.

HANK

Sounds like you'll be busy. I'll take the iPod down for prints...

Angry Perp looks at Nick as they pass. His face suddenly MORPHS into the face of an OWL. But just for an instant. Then he's Angry Perp again. And turns away.

Nick's so startled he collides with an older UNIFORM SERGEANT BLAKNIKOFF carrying coffee. Coffee spills.

SERGEANT BLAKNIKOFF  
Hey! Watch where you're goin',  
Burckhardt.

NICK  
Sorry.

Nick glances back at Perp. Who is still just an Angry Perp. \*

16 EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY 16

An older suburb. The SUV pulls down the street and stops.

17 INT. SUV - DAY 17

Marie checks her side view mirrors. Satisfied she's not being followed, she drives down the street to a --

18 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY 18

A bit of a fixer-upper at the end of the street. Marie pulls the SUV and Airstream quickly up the long drive into the back yard, out of sight from the street.

19 INT. SUV - DAY 19

Marie pries open a small pill box, washes down a handful of pills with some water. Waits to feel better. Doesn't. Puts a scarf on her bald head.

20 EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY 20

Marie gets out, moving as fast as she can with a cane to the back door, keeping an eye on the street.

She peers through the window, the house is dark.

She runs the cane along the top of the door jam. No key. She looks around, lifts a potted plant. Revealing a key. For the first time, Marie smiles.

21 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - ROBBERY HOMICIDE - DAY 21

Nick and Hank at their desks, staring at computer screens. Hank's phone rings. He picks up as:

NICK  
We got twenty-three known predators  
within five square miles of the crime  
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)  
 scene. Two are in prison, one's in  
 jail awaiting trial, none of them  
 rise to the kind of violence we saw  
 out there this morning.

HANK  
*(holding phone aside)*  
 We got a hit on a missing person.  
 University student went out jogging  
 this morning and never came back.

They're both out of their chairs.

22 INT. SYLVIE THE JOGGER'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT 22

Hank and Nick interview Sylvie's ROOMMATE, 18 -- \*

ROOMMATE  
 She left at seven-thirty in the  
 morning, she always leaves at seven-  
 thirty, and I'm a little freaked out  
 now cause she's always back by eight-  
 thirty and she had a presentation in  
 her econ class this morning. \*

HANK  
 Did she go?

ROOMMATE  
 No, that's why I called, she didn't  
 go to class... she could be out there,  
 she could be really hurt. \*

Nick sees a photo-magnet on the refrigerator.

HANK  
 D'ya know what kind of running shoes  
 she was wearing today? \*

ROOMMATE  
 Pink Nikes. Why? \*

NICK  
 Hank.

Nick shows the photo magnet to Hank. Sylvie and the roommate,  
 arms around each other, beer cans in hand. BOTH OF THEM  
 WEAR THE RED HOODED UNIVERSITY SWEATSHIRTS. \*

23 EXT. SYLVIE THE JOGGER'S APT - NIGHT 23\*

CLOSE ON MAGNET PHOTO of Sylvie the jogger and her roommate  
 in the red hoodies. \*

NICK'S VOICE  
 It's her. \*

Nick and Hank are walking to their car. Nick is looking at the photo magnet in hand. \*

HANK \*

Yeah. \*

NICK \*

I hate this job sometimes. \*

HANK \*

Yeah. \*

As they get into the car -- \*

24 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 24

A classic old VW panel van with the C'EST LA VIE bakery logo on the side parks in front. Juliette gets out, wearing a RED PEA COAT, walks up the path towards the front door. \*

In the house behind her, the curtain moves, Marie watching in the dark. Juliette doesn't see her.

25 INT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 25

Juliette lets herself in. Flicks on the lights and GASPS when she sees Marie standing right next to her.

END OF TEASER \*

## ACT ONE

26 EXT. SMALL OLD VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 26\*

Nick drives up in his Mustang. Parks next to Juliette's VW van. Nick gets out, shuts the door, pauses, trying to let go of the day. Suddenly he tenses, and turns, looking into the night. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the back of his neck. EXTREME C.U. the hairs on the back of his neck literally stand up. \*

NICK - brushes off the feeling and heads for the house. \*

27 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 27

Nick lets himself in. All is quiet. He looks around.

NICK

Juliette?

He HEARS LAUGHTER coming from the kitchen. He heads for:

28 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 28

Juliette and Marie are at the kitchen table laughing, bottle of wine open between them. Nick enters.

MARIE

Nick!

NICK

Aunt Marie? When did you get here?

JULIETTE

She was here when I got home.

MARIE

Sorry for the short notice.

NICK

What notice?

JULIETTE

You didn't know she was coming?

MARIE

Well I meant to call. When I mean to do something I usually assume I have.

She gets up and moves toward him.

NICK

How are you doing? Are you okay?

MARIE

Not okay as I used to be.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
*(opens her arms)*  
 Give us a hug.

He does, exchanging a look with Juliette.

JULIETTE  
 She was telling me some pretty funny stories about when you were little.

NICK  
*(looks at Marie)*  
 Dead frog in the microwave?

JULIETTE  
 Among others.

Nick starts to pull away but Marie holds tight and whispers in his ear:

MARIE  
 We need to talk.

She lets go, staring intently at him. He's a little unnerved by her tone.

NICK  
 I'm going to take a walk with Marie. \*

JULIETTE  
 Okay. I'll make some dinner.  
 Anything special?

MARIE  
 Anything is fine, dear.

29 EXT. NICK'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Marie, cane in hand, walks down the street with Nick. A couple of old streetlights add pools of light to the otherwise dark street. A cool night breeze ruffles the trees.

NICK  
 Aren't you cold? Don't you want to get a coat?

MARIE  
 I'm just happy to feel anything right now.

NICK  
 How bad is it?

MARIE  
 It's not good, Nick.

NICK  
What did they tell you?

MARIE  
Two months, two weeks, two days,  
nobody knows. But there's so many  
things I have to tell you.

NICK  
Why didn't you come sooner?

MARIE  
I couldn't.

NICK  
Why?

MARIE  
Don't ask so many questions, just  
listen to me. There are things you  
don't know, things about your family. \*

NICK  
My family? You're my family.

She stops, takes hold of his arm and looks into his eyes.

MARIE  
Have you been seeing strange things,  
Nick? Things you can't explain.  
(*off his look*)  
I knew it. I'm so sorry. It's  
happening faster than I expected.  
The curse of our family is already  
passing to you.

NICK  
What are you talking about?

MARIE  
After tonight your life will never  
be the same. I'm so sorry. I know  
you love Juliette and she's perfect  
for you, but you have to send her  
away and never see her again.

NICK  
What?

MARIE  
I know this is impossible to  
understand, it was hard for me, too  
when I was your age.  
(*sees something*)  
Oh my god. He's here.

Across the street she sees the candy apple GREEN CORVETTE. \*

MARIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Hulda.

\*  
\*

NICK

Mr. Hulda? Who the hell is Mr. --

\*

We hear a beastly ROAR; as they turn they are violently attacked by a grotesque troll-like creature, oddly dressed like a businessman in suit and tie.

He swings a hatchet-like weapon with a claw at the end. With surprising agility, Marie ducks the weapon, kicking out, catching Hulda painfully in the knee. Marie follows with a quick punch to his kidney. Nick tries to move in but is backhanded by Hulda.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Nick goes down, looks up as Marie continues her attack. Nick is stunned by Marie's fighting skills.

\*  
\*

Hulda jabs the claw, this time catching Marie's shoulder, slashing her clothes and drawing blood.

\*  
\*

Nick tackles the Beast, they go to the ground. The Beast is up faster than Nick, hitting him as he scrambles to his feet.

\*  
\*

Nick goes down hard. Beast turns his attention back to Marie as she pulls A BLADE FROM HER CANE and stabs him. He screams in agony and backhands her.

\*  
\*

Nick, dazed, watches as the Beast raises the claw hammer high to slam down on Marie. Nick grabs for his gun, aiming as the beast brings the claw hammer down. Nick fires.

The bullet tears into the beast's neck. Causing him to twist in pain. He turns, glares at Nick. And comes for him. Nick continues to fire, emptying his gun. Bullets tear into the beast who continues toward Nick.

Finally collapsing at Nick's feet.

Nick scrambles to his feet, moves to the creature, staring down in horror at the hideous troll. He watches in utter shock as the troll's features MORPH into the middle aged man with the comb-over who was driving the GREEN CORVETTE.

Nothing menacing about him at all. He struggles for breath, then dies.

Marie groans. Nick turns. She is on the ground, badly injured. Nick runs to her as --

30 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

30

Having heard the gunshots, Juliette runs out of the house.

JULIETTE

Nick!

She sees Nick kneeling beside Marie down the street in a pool of light.

31 EXT. OLD NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT 31

Juliette runs to them, stunned to see the body of a man on the ground.

JULIETTE

Oh my god!

NICK

*(hands his cell to Juliette)*

Call 911!

Juliette calls as Nick cradles Marie. She looks up weakly.

MARIE

Did you get... Mr. Hulda...? \*

NICK

I don't... I shot something, but...

MARIE

That was him. I'm so sorry, Nick, he was following me, I thought I lost him. I'm so sorry for what's going to happen to you...

She stares up at Nick, losing consciousness.

32 EXT. OLD NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT 32

High shot looking down on Marie in Nick's arms and Juliette on the phone, all in the pool of street lamp light.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 SAME ANGLE, LATER 33\*

POLICE on scene. Ambulance. Cops tape off the crime scene. Hank with them. Police PHOTOGRAPHER shoots photos of Mr. Hulda dead on the ground. NEIGHBORS gawk from the perimeter. \*

Juliette, very upset, is being interviewed by an OFFICER.

JULIETTE

I didn't see what happened. I heard gunshots and I ran out of the house.

She looks at the PARAMEDICS who are lifting Marie onto a gurney. Nick and Hank move with them as they load her into the back of the ambulance.

NICK

He came out of nowhere and he had that thing in his hand... he went right for her, Hank, I had no choice.

HANK

Take it easy. You go to the hospital, I'll handle this.

NICK

She said she knew him. That his name was Hulda. \*

Hank glances at Hulda on the ground. With his business suit and comb-over, Hulda looks like a mild mannered accountant. \*

HANK

I'll run his prints.

Juliette moves up.

JULIETTE

Do you want me to come with you?

NICK

Stay here, I'll be home as soon as I can.

JULIETTE

I love you.

Nick hugs Juliette and gets into the back of the ambulance, the doors close and the ambulance takes off, siren blasting.

34 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 34

Nick is seated, absentmindedly doodling in his police notebook. He pauses and stares at what he's been drawing, surprised to discover --

His drawing looks remarkably like the TROLL version of Mr. Hulda. He rips it out, crumples it up and throws it away as a young FEMALE DOCTOR enters. \*

DOCTOR LEVY

She's conscious now. You can see her for a few minutes but then I'll need to run some tests.

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 35

Nick enters. Marie is hooked up to I.V. and monitors. She looks up weakly.

MARIE

God I'm sick of hospitals.

He moves up, takes her hand.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You saw him, didn't you. You saw who Mr. Hulda really was. \*

NICK

I don't know what I saw, I don't know what's happening.

MARIE

That's why I came. I knew the transition was starting.

NICK

I don't understand...

MARIE

We have the ability to see what others can't. When they lose control, they can't hide, we see them for who they are. The stories are real. What they wrote really happened. You're one of the last descendants. \*

NICK

This isn't possible.

MARIE

We didn't move all the time because of my job, we moved because we had to. I know it's a lot and I wish I had more time, but everything is in my trailer. Sweetie, there's so much you still don't know...

*(caresses his cheek)*

I love you, if there's a way I could have stopped this I would have... but none of us have ever been able to escape it... you're vulnerable now, you have to be careful...

Marie suddenly stops, HEARING a NOISE in the hallway. She turns, watches a couple of ORDERLIES run past with a CRASH CART. She turns back to Nick, pulling him even closer. \*

MARIE (CONT'D)

*(lowers her voice)*

Your parents didn't die in the crash...

NICK

Marie, you need to rest --

MARIE

-- they were murdered.

She presses something into his hand, a small, circular crystal  
in the shape of a CAT'S EYE with a bright green center. \*

Nick stares at Marie in disbelief. \*

MARIE (CONT'D) \*  
Don't ever lose it. If you do -- \*

Doctor Levy enters, interrupting Marie. \*

DOCTOR LEVY \*  
Sorry Mr. Burckhardt... \*

Nick looks at Marie, so many unanswered questions.

DOCTOR LEVY (CONT'D) \*  
You can see her again tomorrow. \*

Reluctantly, Nick exits.

36 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 36

Nick walks down the long hallway, emotions churning, hears a  
COMMOTION in a room as he passes. \*

Nick's POV of the orderlies with the crash cart and a doctor  
trying to revive a patient under cardiac arrest. \*

DOCTOR \*  
Clear! \*

Electricity JOLTS through the body of the patient and for a  
moment Nick sees GREEN SKIN, BULGING EYES, HUGE WARTS - the  
face of a frog. \*

Off Nick -- \*

END OF ACT ONE \*

## ACT TWO

37 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

37\*

Nick, emotionally drained, is on the other side of the table from two DETECTIVES in suits.

NICK

We were attacked from behind. I tried to stop him, but he knocked me down and went after my aunt. I pulled my weapon and fired. I hit him in the neck. It should have dropped him but it didn't. He came at me.

DETECTIVE # 1

Then you shot him again.

NICK

Yes.

DETECTIVE # 2

You emptied your clip.

NICK

I did what was necessary under the circumstances.

DETECTIVE # 2

Do you know what the relationship was between your aunt and this Mr. Hulda?

\*

NICK

...all I know is she recognized him.

DETECTIVE # 1

But you'd never seen him before tonight.

NICK

No.

DETECTIVE # 2

And she'd never mentioned him before?

NICK

No.

KNOCK on the door. Hank peers in.

HANK

*(to detectives)*

Sorry to bother you guys, but I got a line on Hulda. Turns out he's from Boise, Idaho. Worked there as  
(MORE)

\*

HANK (CONT'D)  
 an accountant three years ago. But when I ran his prints, it came back as a Mr. Lindo, who lived in Chicago and was wanted for assault, rape and murder. There's also warrants matching those prints in Florida and Alabama, under the name Roberts.

Lets that sink in.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Captain wants to see him. You good?

DETECTIVE # 1  
 Yeah, good for now.

Hank and Nick exit, head towards their desks.

NICK  
 He was wanted for assault, rape and murder?

HANK  
 Don't let the comb-over throw you, this was a bad guy...

They've arrived at the Captain's office. \*

NICK  
 Am I in trouble?

HANK  
 Guess you'll find out.

38 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

38

CAPTAIN ERICSON, 50, is behind his desk studying Hulda's file folder, wanted posters, etc. Nick enters. Hank stays out, pulling the door shut. \*

NICK  
 You wanted to see me sir?

CAPTAIN ERICSON  
*(looks up)*  
 If you had to shoot somebody, you sure picked the right guy. I just got off the phone with the F.B.I. There were seventeen warrants out on him. How you doin', you holding up?

NICK  
 Yes sir.

CAPTAIN ERICSON  
 First shooting is no small thing.  
 You'll be required to see the police  
 psychologist.

\*

NICK  
 Okay.

Ericson eyes Nick for a moment, trying to read his mental  
 state.

CAPTAIN ERICSON  
 Make sure you do.

Nick exits.

39 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 39

A UNIFORM stands on the front porch as Nick drives up. Nick  
 heads for the front door.

NICK  
*(to cop)*  
 Thanks for staying with her.

Cop nods, moves off as Nick lets himself in.

40 INT. NICK'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 40

Nick sees Juliette across the room. She crosses to him,  
 goes into his arms.

NICK  
 You okay?

JULIETTE  
 Yeah, I'm fine. How's Marie?

NICK  
 As well as can be expected I guess.

JULIETTE  
 How 'bout you?

NICK  
 I don't know... I'm too tired to  
 know.

They just cling to each other.

41 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

Juliette is asleep in Nick's arms. He's staring at the  
 ceiling. He looks over at her, carefully disengages himself  
 without waking her, goes to the window and looks out at the  
 trailer parked in the back yard.

The door opens, Nick enters, looks at the amazing, tricked out interior hidden from prying eyes by the brightly colored curtains. Bedroom, kitchen, living room area. Shelves of books and vials filled with strange objects and colorful liquids. A couple of them have the skull and crossbones on them. Nearby are some very oddly shaped skulls, not quite human, not quite animal. The trailer is an odd cross between a library and a laboratory.

Nick opens a cabinet. Full of unusual weapons, cross bow, short sword, black jack, cat o'nine tails, and a few things we have no names for.

On a table is a large open portfolio-sized book, handwritten words scrawled across one page, on the opposite page sketches of a beautiful looking woman, next to her in the same clothing, a hideous looking witch-like CRONE.

Neatly printed beneath each drawing are the important stats: DOB, WT, HT, LAST KNOWN RESIDENCE, ETC. Almost like a police report. He flips through the book, revealing page after page with various humans opposite their fairy tale creature counterpart. Each with the STATS listed below.

Behind a cushion Nick finds a WORK IN PROGRESS -- another sketching: Mr. Hulda in his human form and Mr. Hulda as the grotesque troll-like monster that attacked him.

Nick stares hard at Hulda. Then he notices on the table an odd sculpture -- the face of a black cat with a wide open mouth, one closed eye and one empty eye socket. Nick stares at the cat face, then suddenly reaches into his pocket and pulls out the crystal cat's eye that Marie gave him. It looks to be about the right size for the empty eye socket.

He very tentatively reaches forward and places the cat's eye in the socket. Doesn't quite fit. He puts his thumb on the eyeball and pushes down. It CLICKS into place. And the wide open mouth slowly begins to fill with a glowing liquid.

NICK  
What the hell...

The cat's mouth fills with liquid and in the liquid Nick sees a vision start to coalesce. He leans closer, he's seeing some kind of warrior fighting a mythical beast. The warrior is a woman, wielding a sword in one hand and a multi-bladed dagger in the other. Nick is fascinated by what he's seeing. Almost as if he's watching some strange video game. The female warrior destroys the beast, lopping off its head with her sword. For the first time she turns towards us and we realize we are watching Marie, younger by twenty years. She's about to speak, to whoever might be watching, when --

Suddenly the trailer door is flung open behind him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Startled, Nick spins, knocking into the table -- the cat face falls to the floor --

THE EYE dislodges and rolls under the table. The eye rolls to a stop and MAGICALLY VANISHES from SIGHT.

Expecting the worst, Nick sees Juliette in her robe and slippers in the doorway.

JULIETTE

How long have you been down here?

NICK

I couldn't sleep.

She looks around at the interior.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, let's go back to bed.

Trying to keep her from seeing anything, Nick moves to the door and hustles her out.

JULIETTE

What is all that stuff?

NICK

I don't know, I'll deal with it later.

43 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

43

They head back to the house.

NICK

I still can't believe any of this is happening...

JULIETTE

How long did you live with your aunt?

NICK

She was my mother from the time I was twelve.

JULIETTE

After your parents died...

NICK

Yeah...

She takes his hand as they walk up the steps to the house and are about to enter when -- a STRANGE ANIMALISTIC SOUND comes from behind. Nick spins, not knowing what to expect. Something moves in the trees and is gone.

Juliette looks at him, concerned.

JULIETTE

Nick? It was just a cat.

As they go inside, the trees wave in the wind. In the shadowy moonlit darkness one of the trees looks almost like a creature. \*

44 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - ROBBERY HOMICIDE - DAY 44\*

Hank is on the phone.

HANK

Send me the picture, I need a picture... now would be better. \*

Hank hangs up as Nick approaches, envelope in hand, \*

NICK

Take a look at the lab report, DNA of the attacker is inconclusive. Still don't know if we're lookin' for man or beast. \*

Hank pulls a photo out of the printer. \*

HANK

Well we got a lead if it wears boots. \*

Shows PHOTO of a HIKING BOOT to Nick.

HANK (CONT'D)

Based on the plaster cast, this is the boot we're lookin' for.

45 EXT. STREET - DAY 45

A PAIR OF THE BOOTS "we're looking for" walk down the street. The boots are SPATTERED with something that looks like paint but could be dried blood. They move past a white picket fence, stop at a mail box. A HAND reaches into the mailbox and deposits a few letters inside the box.

This fine fellow will be known as the POSTMAN. We don't see his face. But we see his standard issue U.S. postal uniform, and his heavy bag.

And OVER HIS SHOULDER we SEE the cute little girl in the red hoodie (ROBIN HOWELL, 9) walking past, school backpack on her shoulders. \*

She moves past. For a moment the Postman is motionless. Then his HAND suddenly SNAPS the mailbox door closed.

The BOOTS CHANGE direction, following the little girl. We HEAR him humming a familiar tune. "Once Upon A Time In Your Wildest Dreams".

46 INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

46\*

CLOSE ON BOOTS in Nick's hands. A nice new pair. Exact match for the ones we saw on the Postman.

Nick and Hank face the STORE MANAGER who is referring to data on his iPad.

MANAGER

... we sold forty-two pair in the last six months, you're looking for size ten... we sold a dozen.

\*  
\*

NICK

You keep a data base on customers?

MANAGER

On credit cards, yes, but not on cash transactions.

HANK

We'll take what you got.

MANAGER

We're not the only store in town that sells these, you know.

HANK

*(referring to his list)*

Yeah, we know.

Nick's cell RINGS. He moves off to answer.

HANK (CONT'D)

Can you print us out a list?

MANAGER

Yeah, but don't you need a warrant or something?

HANK

If I needed a warrant, I'd have a warrant. Don't ya' think?

Manager moves off. Hank looks to Nick on his cell. Nick hangs up.

NICK

I gotta go to the hospital. Marie's in a coma.

47 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

47

Nick walks down a hall with Doctor Levy.

DOCTOR LEVY

About an hour ago the nurse went to check on her and discovered she couldn't wake her. There was a sudden spike at ten thirty this morning on the EKG. We're still examining that event, but I have nothing definitive to tell you right now. We've moved her to I.C.U. and she's stable.

Dr. Levy leads Nick to the I.C.U unit. Through the window we can see Marie, oxygen mask over her face in the I.C.U., tubed and monitored.

NICK

Is there anyway to know if she'll come out of this?

DR. LEVY

All we can do is wait... did you know about the scars?

NICK

What scars?

48 INT. I.C.U. UNIT - DAY

48

Dr. Levy pulls aside the sheet, revealing Marie's body. Scars of all sizes and shapes.

DR. LEVY

A lot of these look like knife wounds.

Dr. Levy looks up at Nick who is stunned.

DR. LEVY (CONT'D)

What line of work was she in?

NICK

She was a... librarian.

Nick just stares down at Marie and the scars. There's so much he didn't know.

\*

49 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

49\*

Nick walks with Hank towards their car.

HANK

Is she any better?

NICK

Not really.

HANK  
People pull out of comas.

Suddenly their cell phones start ringing. They both answer. \*

NICK  
Hello.

HANK  
Yeah...

They turn and look at each other.

NICK  
Kidnapping.

HANK  
Four seven three Ravenswood, got it. \*

They both hang up and start running for the car.

50 EXT. ROBIN HOWELL'S HOUSE - DAY 50\*

Cops cars in front, police lights on, cops everywhere, whatever this is, it's big. Neighbors are being kept back.

Nick and Hank make their way to the porch where a MOTHER is crying hard, GRANDFATHER is with her. He's in his sixties, flowing white hair, beard. A little unkempt. \*

MOTHER  
...she was supposed to go straight there from school... \*

GRANDFATHER  
She never showed up. I looked all over the neighborhood, then I came right here. YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE, YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

Sgt. Blaknikoff approaches Hank and Nick, photo in hand.

HANK  
What do we know.

SERGEANT BLAKNIKOFF  
Little girl on her way to her grandfather's house never showed up. \*

(re: white haired man) \*

That's him, guy with the beard. \*

NICK  
Do we think he's clean? \*

SERGEANT BLAKNIKOFF  
We're looking into that. \*

(holds up photo) \*

This is the best photo they had. \*

CLOSE ON PHOTO - ROBIN HOWELL, the little girl we saw the Postman go after, wearing her red school sweatshirt. Smiling. Long hair in pigtails. \*

PULL BACK FROM PHOTO WHICH IS NOW PROJECTED ON A WALL IN:

51 INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY 51

Room full of cops, including Nick and Hank. Captain Ericson is running the kidnap task force.

CAPTAIN ERICSON

She's missing now for four hours and fifteen minutes. We don't know what we got, pedophile, ransom, but we know we gotta move fast.

A MAP is now projected on the wall, showing the Robin Howell's usual route from school to grandpa's house. \*

CAPTAIN ERICSON (CONT'D)

We split into teams. Section off the path she would have taken from school. \*

*(pointing at map)*

It's a mile and four tenths from school to the house.

*(turns back to cops)*

Make sure you have copies of the photo and the map. You all know your sections, let's get out there.

Cops hustle out. Nick stops in front of Capt. Ericson.

NICK

Captain, the university student was wearing a red sweatshirt with a hood when she was attacked.

CAPTAIN ERICSON

The one that was torn to pieces?

HANK

Yeah.

CAPTAIN ERICSON

Then let's hope it's not the same guy.

52 EXT. STREET - DAY 52

A mail truck blows past kicking up the fall leaves on the beautiful sunny day.

53 INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY 53

The blood-spattered boot on the pedal is a familiar one.

In the BACK OF THE TRUCK, several large mail bags on the floor. All empty except for one. The one that's kicking and moving. We HEAR a muffled WHIMPER.

54 EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY 54

CLOSE ON MAP. Hank and Nick move down the sidewalk, following Robin Howell's route. As they cross the street: \*

NICK

She's supposed to cross Hunter lane here, then go around the park to Hildabrand.

They stop. Looking at the park.

HANK

The old man's house is on the other side of the park, right? \*

NICK

(re: map)

Right. 4753 Hildebrand Road. Directly across from here.

HANK

When I was a kid I wouldn't have gone all the way around the park.

NICK

Her mom was very specific about the route.

HANK

Yeah, right, kids always do what their moms tell 'em. I know I did.

They both head for the park.

55 EXT. PARK - DAY 55

The old park is a little wild. Large old trees cast long shadows over the grounds. Patches of wild flowers and thick ferns. A place you could get lost in. Several paths criss-cross through.

An old wishing well can be seen among the ferns. A wooden bridge arches over a small creek.

Nick and Hank move through the park. It's a little spooky. One of the trails leads through a darker part.

NICK

I'll take this trail.

Hank nods, Nick moves down the trail as Hank moves off the beaten path into a more forested part.

HANK - Studies the ground, stops when he sees a broken branch, moves off in that direction.

NICK - moves slowly down the path checking both sides.

HANK - continues through the forest, sees a bright color amidst all the green. He moves toward it.

NICK - comes out the far side of the park. He refers to the map, looks across the street at 4753 HILDABRAND ROAD carved on a wooden sign over the entrance to Grandpa's house. A classic Craftsman's cottage in need of a few repairs, perched on a little rise.

HANK (O.S.)

NICK! GOT SOMETHING!

Nick turns and runs back towards the sound of Hank's voice.

Nick runs through the woods to discover HANK kneeling down next to something on the ground -- A YOUNG GIRL'S BRIGHTLY COLORED SCHOOL BACK PACK, partially covered by brush. Hank points out the RH drawn on the backpack with a sharpie.

HANK (CONT'D)

Robin Howell. \*

NICK

She must have been grabbed somewhere in this area.

HANK

Be careful where you step.

Hank gets on his cell as Nick searches the area.

HANK (CONT'D)

*(into cell)*

We got a crime scene in Korbes Park. \*

NICK - pushes through some bushes with broken branches. In open ground beyond he sees some drag marks -- AND A COUPLE OF FAMILIAR BOOT PRINTS.

NICK

*(calling back to Hank)*

Hank, I got boot prints over here, it's the same guy, he took her this way!

Nick moves quickly through the bushes which open out to a grassy area.

Cute houses line the shady street on the other side.

Nick looks up and down the street, trail suddenly cold. Nothing. No one in sight.

Then he hears a screen door SLAM, turns to look.

A MAN in his 30's, cardigan sweater, walks towards his mailbox. His classic VW bug parked out front.

Hank moves up behind Nick.

HANK  
They're on their way.

Hank sees some PEOPLE crossing the grassy area into the park. He moves to them, flashing his badge.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Sorry folks, we have crime scene,  
you're not going to be able to go in  
the park right now.

As Hank is badging them, Nick is watching THREE YOUNG GIRLS ON BICYCLES riding past. He watches them as they cross in front of the GUY picking up his mail.

GUY - glances at young girls.

NICK - sees the guy suddenly MORPH for into wolf-like features. Then back to normal again.

Nick and Guy lock eyes for a moment. Chilling. Guy turns away, walking briskly back to his house.

NICK  
I got him... I GOT HIM! HANK!

Hank turns and sees --

Nick suddenly sprinting across the street.

Hank tears after him.

GUY - looks back, sees Nick and Hank running toward him. Guy turns and quickly enters his house. Shutting the door just as Nick slams into it, knocking him back.

56 INT. HOUSE

56

Nick takes the man to the floor as Hank comes in behind, gun drawn. The guy tries to get up, Nick slams him down.

NICK  
Don't move!

Nick whips out handcuffs, slapping them on the guy.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Where is she?! WHERE IS SHE?!

Guy looks up, terrified. By the way, his name is EDDY MONROE.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

57 EXT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - DAY 57

Crawling with COPS. Police cars, etc.

58 INT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - DAY 58

Also crawling with cops, searching every square inch:

INSIDE THE ATTIC -- flashlights sweep over the dusty cobwebs, trunks are opened, contents strewn about.

BEDROOMS - are searched.

GARAGE - ditto.

59 INT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 59

Nick tears apart a closet, clothes are already strewn everywhere but Nick's looking for the boots.

He throws a pair of boots aside, wrong kind.

60 INT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 60

Nick enters, frustrated. Cops pry open a chest. Empty.

NICK

I know she's here somewhere.

SERGEANT BLAKNIKOFF

If you got another place to look, we'll look. But we've torn this place apart.

Hank grabs Nick by the arm and pulling him outside.

HANK

*What are we doin' here?*

61 EXT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - DAY 61

Nick yanks his arm away from Hank's grip.

NICK

If she's not in there, he's got her someplace else.

HANK

Take it easy, Nick. What d'ya see in this guy that we don't?

Nick looks over at --

Eddy Monroe sitting in the back of a patrol car. Staring back at him.

HANK (CONT'D)

He's got no priors, he's completely clean.

NICK

The way he looked at those girls on the bikes.

HANK

Jesus, Nick. That all you got?

NICK

*(defending himself)*

No, no, he does fit the profile, he's a loner, never been married, lives across the street from a park...

HANK

You can't profile a guy on gut instinct alone.

*(puts finger in Nick's chest)*

That doesn't get him into a court -- unless he sues our ass.

Unsure, Nick looks back at Monroe.

62 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

62

Hank stands next to Nick facing --

CAPTAIN ERICSON

With the attack on your Aunt and the shooting, you've been under a lot of pressure. It's probably my fault for not giving you some time off.

\*

NICK

I thought I had him.

CAPTAIN ERICSON

I know you did, but it cost us a lot of resources and valuable time, we can't afford to make mistakes right now. Look, all I want you to do is forget about this, go home and get a good night's sleep.

*(to Hank)*

Okay.

HANK

Copy that.

63 EXT. MAIL YARD - NIGHT

63

The mail truck pulls in, parks next to a long row of other mail trucks. It's late, the yard is deserted.

64 INT. BACK OF MAIL TRUCK 64  
 Door opens, hands reach in, grab the bulky mailbag, we hear a MUFFLED SCREAM as the hands drag the mail bag out. The door slams shut.

65 EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 65  
 Full moon on the rise.

66 INT. SMALL VICTORIAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 66  
 Juliette, hair wet, towel wrapped around her, changes into her bedclothes. She HEARS a car drive up, moves to the window. \*  
 \*  
 Sees Nick getting out of his car. But instead of coming to the house, he heads for the trailer. Puzzled, she watches him enter the trailer. \*  
 \*  
 \*

67 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT 67\*  
 Door opens, Nick enters. He goes right to the cat sculpture on the floor. But the crystal cat's eye is missing. He gets down on his hands and knees, searching the floor for it. He can't find it anywhere. He suddenly gets up. \*  
 \*  
 \*

68 INT. NICK'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT 68\*  
 Juliette comes down the stairs as Nick enters, one of Marie's large portfolios in one hand, and the cat faced sculpture in the other. \*  
 \*

JULIETTE

Hi, honey.

She sees the serious look on his face.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

NICK

We're gonna need something to drink.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 69  
 Marie's PORTFOLIO is on the table next to an empty bottle of wine. Juliette holds her nearly empty glass, staring at Nick who is holding the cat sculpture. Nick is amped and frazzled, as he tries to explain -- \*  
 \*

NICK

...and then I put the eye in and it  
 filled with some kind of glowing  
 liquid and then I could see this  
 woman warrior fighting a sort of  
 (MORE) \*  
 \*

NICK (CONT'D)  
 beast/thing. And she killed it and  
 she turned and it was Marie.

JULIETTE  
 Your aunt?

NICK  
 Yes. Only she was a lot younger,  
 like when she was taking care of me.

JULIETTE  
 Okaayyy. So why don't you put the  
 eye in now so I can see... what you  
 saw.

NICK  
 I would, that's what I was going to  
 do, but I couldn't find it.

JULIETTE  
 Nick, you're not making sense.

NICK  
 Because it doesn't make sense. All  
 right forget the cat and the eye,  
 look at the book.

Nick flips through the book.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 The man I shot was not a man.

JULIETTE  
 I saw him. The police saw him.

Nick finds the page with Hulda's drawing on it.

NICK  
*(re: troll)*  
 This is what I shot.

She stares at the sketch of the troll like figure.

JULIETTE  
 You were upset, the mind can really  
 twist up reality --

NICK  
 It wasn't like that. I know what I  
 saw. And he's not the only one.

JULIETTE  
*(beat)*  
 What do you mean he's not the only  
 one...?

NICK

I saw this beautiful young woman  
turn into a, I don't know, an old...  
like hag. And then there was this  
guy in the police station, under  
arrest, and he looked at me and he  
had a face that looked like an owl.

JULIETTE

*(evenly)*

Somebody arrested an owl?

NICK

I know how this sounds, Juli, I know  
what you must be thinking. I'm not  
going to even get into the frog guy.  
You must be thinking I'm absolutely  
out of my mind crazy. How do you  
think I feel telling you this stuff?!  
I don't want to tell this to anybody,  
but I have to tell you. You're the  
only one I can trust.

JULIETTE

Nick, sit down, look at me.

Nick stares at her for a moment, then sits.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Your Aunt was almost killed, and you  
shot the man who attacked her --

*(re: book)*

Then you found all her strange  
drawings, and this cat thing, I mean,  
no wonder you're having trouble making  
sense of it all. Sometimes things  
don't make sense. Your aunt is sick,  
dying and delusional.

They both stare at each other. He looks back down at the  
book, frustrated.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Remember when my mom died? I couldn't  
get out of bed, I couldn't think  
straight, I couldn't sleep, I was  
putting the milk in the dryer.

*(beat)*

I never told you this but... I thought  
I saw her -- more than once. And it  
really freaked me out. You haven't  
slept in two days.

*(gets up)*

I think it's time we stopped talking  
so you can get some rest.

*(takes his hand)*

I love you.

Nick takes her hand; she pulls him up. They stare at each other for a moment.

NICK  
I love you, too.

JULIETTE  
It's gonna be okay.

He nods but he's not feeling any better. As they head upstairs, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON one of the scarier drawings. Half man, half wolf CREATURES.

JULIETTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Marie's drawings are just things she imagined. They were in her head. They're not real.

70 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 70\*

Juliette is asleep in bed. Alone. PAN TO NICK dressed in black, watching her. He quietly slips out. \*

71 EXT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 71\*

Eddy Monroe can be seen inside eating from a can of barbecued baked beans.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - NICK in dark sweatshirt, jeans, is outside, watching Monroe. Nick's car is parked in b.g.

Nick's PHONE vibrates, he pulls it out, sees the name JULIETTE and her PHOTO smiling up at him.

He hesitates.

Then he HEARS the back door OPEN and CLOSE. He hits IGNORE CALL, moves quickly around the side of the house. Looking into the backyard. Stops. Pulls back. As he sees --

72 EXT. MONROE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 72

Monroe walks to his back fence line and, incredibly, starts to take a leak on it.

Nick flattens himself against the side of the house watching --

Monroe pisses along the back fence line. Monroe zips up, returns to the back door, hesitates, sniffs the night air, then enters. Lights go off inside the house.

Nick waits a moment, creeps along the wall passing a window WHICH SUDDENLY EXPLODES as Monroe leaps through it and attacks Nick. Scaring the shit out of him. Nick looks up at Monroe who is in FULL WOLF FACE now. Nick tries to get up, Monroe/Wolf picks him up and flings him against the house.

MONROE  
*(closing in)*  
Shouldn't a come back.

Nick desperately reaches for his gun. Monroe MORPHS BACK to his human self. And smiles.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, get real, I was just  
makin' a point. Let's grab a brew  
*(starts back towards*  
*house)*  
And by the way, you're payin' for  
that window.

Off Nick,

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

73 INT. MONROE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

73

Monroe pulls a couple a beers from the fridge, hands one to Nick who is still shook up, has no idea what to expect now.

Monroe stares hard at Nick, then:

MONROE

You know I've never seen one of you before.

\*

NICK

What the hell are you talking about?

\*

\*

MONROE

Heard about you guys all my life. Never thought I'd see one up close.

\*

*(drinks)*

A Grimm. What d'ya' know.

NICK

You know about me?

MONROE

My folks used to tell me stories about you guys, scared the hell out of me when I was a kid. How long you been at this? You seem kind of new.

NICK

I, uh... who are you.

MONROE

*(surprised)*

You ARE new at this. What, did someone in your family just die?

NICK

*(mesmerized)*

My aunt's in a coma.

MONROE

Oh, that explains it. What's her name?

NICK

Marie Brannigan.

MONROE

... yeah, I heard a her...

*(then)*

Look, I don't want anymore trouble. I'm not that kind of Blutbad. I

(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)

don't kill any more, I haven't in years.

NICK

Wait, wait, wait, what did you say you were?

MONROE

Blutbad. Vulgarized by YOUR ancestors as the big bad wolf, what, did ya' just get the books tonight?

NICK

You know about the books?

MONROE

Of course I know about the books, we all know about the books. You people started profiling us over two hundred years ago. But as you can see I'm not that big and I'm done with the bad thing.

NICK

*(can't fathom it)*

How...

MONROE

Do I stay good? Through a strict regimen of diet, drugs, and pilates. I'm a reformed Blutbad. A Wieder Blutbad. It's a different church altogether.

NICK

You guys go to church?

MONROE

Sure. Don't you?

NICK

Then what she said is really happening to me... I have to stop it -- how do I stop it?

Monroe gives him a look.

MONROE

Stop it? You can't stop it. It's who you are.

NICK

I don't want it. I didn't ask for this! I don't want to change!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MONROE

None of us can escape our parents.

Nick stares off blankly.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Let's go in the other room.

Monroe heads into the living room. Almost blindly, Nick follows --

74 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- which is still a mess from the POLICE SEARCH.

MONROE

Make yourself at home.

*(sarcastic)*

Sorry for the mess.

Monroe picks up a chair knocked over by the cops.

MONROE (CONT'D)

If you just got into this, you must be seein' some pretty strange things.

NICK

Yeah... I am.

MONROE

Guess that's why you're here.

NICK

I'm here because of the little girl.

MONROE

You haven't found her yet.

NICK

You know where she is.

MONROE

Of course I don't know where she is. Did you forget my strict regimen?

NICK

How many of you... Blutbads are there?

MONROE

Blutbaden is the plural. You talkin' Europe, U.S. or just here in Portland.

NICK

*(to himself)*

Jesus.

*(to Monroe)*

Portland.

MONROE

You know we don't socialize much, bad things happen when we get into a pack. Especially when we see red.

NICK

So then, all these things I've been seeing --

MONROE

*(offended)*

We're not things. "If you prick us, do we not bleed?" That's Shakespeare, numbskull. I'm a watchmaker for God's sake. I don't go around abducting little girls.

NICK

Okay, okay, you're not all bad. I get it.

\*

MONROE

Look bro', we gotta fight our nature just like everybody else.

NICK

Then tonight in the backyard... you were marking your territory.

MONROE

I wasn't pissing on my fence for fun.

NICK

*(zeroing in)*

Then there's more of you around here.

Nothing from Monroe.

NICK (CONT'D)

You may not know where she is, but you have a pretty good idea who's got her.

\*

MONROE

*(serious)*

I don't bother the other Blutbaden they don't bother me.

NICK

*(just as serious)*

Well guess what, pal, I'm not a Blutbaden. I'm a cop and if you know who it is, you better tell me. Right now.

MONROE  
Don't threaten me.

Nick suddenly grabs Monroe and shoves him against the wall.

NICK  
I want to know who's got her!

MONROE  
You know I tried to be friendly here,  
gave you a beer -- I could've broken  
your back, easily, like that.  
(snaps fingers)  
Now you're gonna go all Wolverine on  
me?

NICK  
I'm asking you to save a little girl's  
life.

MONROE  
You do not understand what you're  
asking me to do!

Nick tightens his grip on Monroe.

NICK  
Who's got her.

75 EXT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE - ON A FAMILIAR LICENSE PLATE -- it reads SMILE1 and  
it's moving.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the bright YELLOW VAN which we saw in  
the very beginning. The VAN moves past some run down houses,  
a trailer park named MILLPOND GLEN; the van turns on a narrow  
dirt road, crosses a rickety old bridge, leaving civilization  
behind and heads into the woods.

76 EXT. WOODS/RUN DOWN OLD COTTAGE - NIGHT

Ramshackle old timber frame. The van pulls to a stop and  
the POSTMAN gets out. Humming the now familiar tune, "Once  
Upon a Time in Your Wildest Dreams".

We get our first look at him. A thoroughly average looking  
guy in his forties. He unlocks the back of the van, picks  
up the large mail sack, hefts it over his shoulder and heads  
for the house. We HEAR some WHIMPERING from inside the bag.

77 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Postman enters the dark house. Flicks on a light. The  
home is surprisingly cheery, neat and tidy; window treatments,  
throw rugs, puffy pillows on the furniture. An astoundingly  
large collection of Hummel figurines line the shelves.

Postman pushes aside a table careful not to knock over the vase of fresh flowers; he pulls aside a throw rug, revealing a trap door.

78 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

78

The trap door opens. Postman carries the sack down the trap door stairs, flicks on a light.

Once again we are surprised to discover a charming little girl's room with a canopied bed, a dresser, side tables, somewhat Germanic.

Continuing to HUM, the Postman puts the bag on the bed, unties it and dumps Robin out of it, surprisingly gently. She's wearing her red hoodie. She's terrified. \*

POSTMAN

Don't be afraid.

(*re: bedroom*)

Do you like it? It's all yours.

Everything in it.

He lifts a lid on a small chest. Full of candy and dolls.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

You must like candy.

ROBIN

Please, I just want to go home. \*

POSTMAN

You are home.

(*re: hoodie*)

What do you say we hang this up.

He takes off her red hoodie. Whistling the TUNE, he goes to a wooden armoire, adorned with hand-carved bears. Opens the doors.

We see several other RED HOODIES, many of them ripped and torn. He stares at them and closes the door.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

Want a chicken pot pie?

He takes the mail bag and goes back up the stairs.

ROBIN - watches him go. And shut the trap door behind him. Off her helpless expression, \*

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

79 EXT. TWO LANE FORESTED ROAD - NIGHT 79

HEADLIGHTS move down the highway, swerving a little. Forest on either side.

80 INT. MONROE'S VOLKSWAGEN BUG - NIGHT 80

Monroe drives, his window down, his head halfway out. Nick sits next to him, glancing over at Monroe.

NICK  
I really think I should drive.

MONROE  
I'm good.

Monroe takes a deep breath, sucking in the night air.

NICK  
If it's the same guy, or Blutbad that killed the woman in the woods...

MONROE  
I know where you're goin'. If he fed yesterday morning he's good for a week, ten days tops. He'll use this time to fatten her up.  
(sniffs suddenly)  
WHOA WHOA, got a hit.

Monroe pulls his head back in.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
We're close.

NICK  
You can really smell him?

MONROE  
Dude, you have no idea.

81 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 81

Postman pulls off his boots, hesitates, staring at the dried blood on them.

82 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 82

The volkswagen pulls past the MILLPOND GLEN trailer court, filled with older trailers, overgrown trees; Monroe still has his head out the window, nose to the night air.

He stops the car at the beginning of the rickety bridge. The same bridge we saw the Postman drive over.

MONROE  
This is as far as we drive.

They get out.

NICK  
Why?

MONROE  
He'll hear us, why do you think.

Monroe stares at the bridge.

NICK  
He's on the other side?

MONROE  
(*nods*)  
Oh he's real close.

Monroe opens the trunk of the car. Pulls out a baggie.

NICK  
What are you gonna do, roll a joint?!

MONROE  
Wolfsbane. So he won't scent us.

Monroe rubs some wolfsbane on himself, tosses the baggie to Nick.

NICK  
You're kidding, right?

MONROE  
Not if you want to stay alive.

Nick sighs, rubs some wolfsbane on himself. Nick heads for the bridge.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
What are you doin'?

NICK  
You said he was over the bridge.

MONROE  
Why don't you just call him and tell him you're comin'? This way.

83 EXT. STREAM/FOREST - NIGHT

83

Monroe heads down the embankment. Moonlight reflects off the water, eerie bridge in the b.g. Trees overhang the banks. Nick follows and they wade across a small stream.

NICK

*(whispers)*

Isn't this what the bridge is for?

They climb up the embankment on the other side. Monroe stops suddenly, seeing the POSTMAN'S COTTAGE a hundred yards away; Monroe holds out his hand to signal Nick: stop.

MONROE

That's his place.

Monroe SUDDENLY MORPHS into a Blutbad. Startling Nick. Is he going to attack? Nick instinctively reaches for his gun.

MONROE (CONT'D)

*(still in Blutbad  
form)*

Relax.

With a great EFFORT Monroe forces himself back into human form. Breathing hard:

MONROE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They continue through the woods, getting closer to the house. Monroe SUDDENLY MORPHS AGAIN. Stops. His breathing even quicker now. \*

MONROE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Morphs back.

MONROE (CONT'D)

He's in there, I know he's in there.

NICK

Do I need something like, silver bullets?

MONROE

What are you, an idiot?

They take a few more steps, Monroe morphs again. Releasing a low GUTTURAL GROWL from his throat.

NICK

What's happening?

MONROE

*(back to human, really  
agitated)*

This is as far as I can... I can't guarantee what'll happen if I go any closer. It's too dangerous, I don't

(MORE)

MONROE (CONT'D)  
 know if I'll be on his side, your  
 side, I might even go after the girl.

Monroe retreats to the stream. Nick hurries to catch up.

NICK  
 I'm supposed to do this by myself?

MONROE  
 I wouldn't if I were you. Keep this.

Monroe stuffs the baggie of wolfsbane into Nick's hands.

MONROE (CONT'D)  
 There's nothing more I can do.

Monroe lopes off down the embankment and across the stream.  
 Nick turns back and looks at the cottage. Then down at the  
 baggie of wolfsbane in his hand.

84 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 84

CLOSE ON blood-stained BOOTS. Postman tries to clean off  
 the dried blood with peroxide and cotton balls. He rubs and  
 rubs and rubs, but when he pulls the cotton away, the stain  
 is still there. Just like in Macbeth.

85 INT. HANK'S APT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 85

Hank is asleep. His cell phone rings. He fumbles for it.

HANK  
 What?

INTERCUT WITH:

NICK -- hunched down in the woods, watching the house,  
 whispering.

NICK  
 It's me. I found her. I know she's  
 still alive.

HANK  
 Nick?

NICK  
 I need back up. Now.

HANK  
*(throws back the covers)*  
 Where are you?

86 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

86

The Postman, now wearing house slippers, a bright yellow cardigan and a bow tie, whistles "Once Upon a Time in Your Wildest Dreams" as he carries the boots to a fire place.

He opens the glass doors and places the boots in the roaring fire. Shuts the glass doors. Stares at the fire, satisfied.

He HEARS something in the distance from outside. Pauses. Sniffs the air. Moves to the PICTURE WINDOW. Looks out into the dark night.

Then he HEARS a TAPPING from inside. Robin's knocking on the trap door from below. Postman turns away from the window JUST AS -- we see --

\*

NICK - eighty yards in the distance, dashing back towards the stream.

THE POSTMAN - bends over the trap door. Hearing:

ROBIN'S VOICE

I want to go home...

\*

He flings open the trap door, revealing the scared little girl. Staring up at him.

POSTMAN

I told you. You ARE home.

87 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

87

Nick waits anxiously, watching as Hank's car drives up. Hank gets out, Nick runs up.

HANK

Where is he?

NICK

*(rapid fire)*

In a house on the other side of the bridge but we can't take the bridge so we have to go cross the stream but you're gonna have to put some of this on first --

Nick rubs wolfsbane on Hank who slaps his hand away.

HANK

What the hell are you --

NICK

So he won't smell us.

Hank just stares at him.

HANK  
We're not huntin' deer here --  
where's back up?

NICK  
You're the only one I called.

HANK  
WHAT?

NICK  
I already cried wolf once. You think  
anybody'd believe me? Come on.

Nick leads a reluctant Hank down the embankment.

HANK  
How'd you find this place?

NICK  
*(lying)*  
Uh... the boots. I couldn't sleep,  
I started looking at addresses and  
this is one of 'em.

Nick wades across the stream, Hank following.

HANK  
*(whispers)*  
You do know there's a bridge, right?

And up the other side. COTTAGE visible a hundred yards away.

HANK (CONT'D)  
You better be right this time, buddy.  
You saw boot prints, right.

NICK  
Yeah. Over there by the house.

HANK  
Exact match?

NICK  
From what I could tell.

HANK  
You run his plates?

NICK  
I'm still waiting. What's the matter,  
you don't trust me?

Hank sizes up his partner for a moment, then:

HANK  
Okay. Let's do this.

88 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

88

The Postman straightens the rug over the trap door and puts the table with the flower vase back on it, rearranging the flowers to his liking.

\*  
\*

He stiffens, sensing something. Postman turns slowly. Looks at the door. Expression darkening as his eyes narrow and his nostrils flare.

\*  
\*  
\*

The doorbell RINGS.

\*

Postman takes a deep breath, calming and controlling himself. Putting on a smile. A subtle transformation from evil to benign.

\*  
\*  
\*

89 EXT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

Nick and Hank wait. Hank grabs a rag off the porch railing and is drying off his shoes when he realizes Nick has his hand on his gun.

HANK

Nick, enough. Get your badge out, calm the hell down. What's his name?

NICK

Who?

HANK

The guy we're here for!

NICK

Oh. Um... I forget.

Hank shoots him a look as Postman opens the door with a pleasant smile on his face.

POSTMAN

Good evening. Can I help you?

Nick and Hank both glance down at the Postman's feet. He's wearing his house slippers.

HANK

Sorry to disturb you, sir, I'm Detective Green, this is Detective Burckhardt. You have a few minutes?

Nick stares hard at the Postman, expecting him to MORPH at any second. Postman senses something about Nick.

POSTMAN

Of course. Would you like to come in?

HANK  
That'd be great.

They enter.

90 INT. HIDDEN CELLAR - NIGHT 90

Robin, bound and gagged on the bed, hears FOOTSTEPS and MUFFLED voices above. She looks up, terrified. \*

91 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 91

The quaint and charming cottage. They glance at the Hummel figurines, the fire crackling in the fire place.

POSTMAN  
Would you like some coffee or hot chocolate? It's all fair trade.

HANK  
No thanks.

POSTMAN  
We can sit in the living room...

Postman motions to a love seat with elaborately crocheted pillows. Woodsy scenes, happy German children, etc.

HANK  
Nice pillows.

POSTMAN  
I crocheted them myself.  
(*leans in*)  
Not that I tell everyone.

We HEAR a DING from the kitchen.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, pot pie's done. Just give me a second.

The Postman heads for the kitchen. Hank shoots Nick a look, then moves to study the incredible wall of Hummel figurines. Nick moves up. Hank looks over.

HANK  
(*quietly*)  
Are you kidding me?

NICK  
Hank, I really believe this is the right guy...  
(*off Hank' look*)  
I think. This time.

Nick looks around a little desperately. Sees a secretary desk. He quickly pulls down the top, revealing a pile of papers and mail. Nick shuffles through the papers.

Hank glances toward the kitchen door.

HANK

*(quietly)*

What are you -- we don't have a warrant.

NICK

Got it!

*(closes secretary desk)*

His name is Ditmarsch. Errol Ditmarsch.

HANK

Great. Case solved.

Hank shoots Nick a look and then heads for the kitchen, walking right ACROSS THE THROW RUG, PAST THE TABLE WITH THE VASE FULL OF FLOWERS.

92 INT. CELLAR - NIGHT 92

Robin watches the ceiling, following the SOUND of the FOOTSTEPS with her eyes. \*

93 INT. THE POSTMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 93

The Postman who is now wearing a plaid apron and oven mitts, is bending over the oven, pulling out a perfectly browned chicken pot pie. \*

HANK

Mr. Ditmarsch.

Caught off guard, the Postman's face darkens briefly as Hank and Nick enter the kitchen. Postman quickly controls his emotions. \*

POSTMAN

Sorry this is taking so long, but you know how delicate crusts are.

Nick looks around at the Old World kitchen. Bronze pots hang from the rafters, German sausages dangle from wooden pegs. Large sharp knives on display next to a meat grinder, and a sausage stuffer.

Postman puts pot pie on butcher block to cool, pulling off oven mitts and apron. Turns and studies Nick for a moment. Something about Nick disturbs him. But he can't let on.

HANK

What kind of work do you do?

POSTMAN

I work for the government, like you.

*(then)*

I'm a Postman. Not the most glamorous job but I like it. Keeps me outdoors, I love nature.

NICK

Where were you today between two and four o'clock?

POSTMAN

On my route. All day. I know Postmen get blamed for a lot of things, but we're not all bad. I'd love to be helpful, but I'd like to know what this is about.

Nick shows him a PHOTO of Robin Howell.

\*

NICK

This little girl went missing earlier today.

POSTMAN

Oh my god, that's awful... you don't think I had anything to do with this, do you?

HANK

We just have to run down every possibility.

POSTMAN

What possibility could have led you to me?

NICK

We're looking for some boots.

The Postman just looks at Nick, smiles, and:

POSTMAN

Feel free to look anywhere you want.

HANK

I don't think that's necessary, we've wasted enough of your time.

NICK

No, no, I want to check the bedroom.

POSTMAN

Be my guest.

94 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

94

Nick flings open the closet, revealing a neat row of shoes, no boots. Nick, frustrated, opens a chest at the foot of the bed, filled with blankets.

Hank leans against the doorway, watching as Nick goes down on the floor and looks under the bed.

HANK

Nick. If this guy had something to hide, he would have thrown us out of here. I'm leaving. I want to keep my job.

Hank heads out, Nick looks around the room one more time, then dejectedly follows.

95 INT. HIDDEN CELLAR - NIGHT

95

Robin's eyes continue to follow the sounds of more footsteps, crossing the floor above her. Tears in her eyes. \*

96 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

96

Nick and Hank move to the front door. They HEAR whistling just before the Postman appears from the kitchen. He stops whistling when he sees them.

POSTMAN

Anything else?

HANK

No. Thanks for your time.

Hank opens the door, exits. Nick glances back at the Postman, then follows Hank out. The door shuts. The Postman moves to the window, watching them walk away.

97 EXT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

Nick, dejected, and Hank walk away from the cottage. Smoke rising from the chimney.

NICK

Sorry, Hank, I really thought --

HANK

(stops)  
Wait, wait. The song --

NICK

What song?

HANK

He was whistling the song. The one on the dead girl's iPod.

Hank and Nick swing around.

POSTMAN - can be seen in the window, watching them from forty feet away. Suddenly the Postman moves from the window. A moment later all the lights in the house go out.

Hank and Nick break into a run, racing back to the house.

98 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 98

Dark except for the flickering fireplace.

Hank and Nick kick open the door and enter. Guns drawn. No Postman in sight. Hank reaches for the wall switch, flicks it, but no light. Hank silently signals Nick to search one part of the house while he searches another.

99 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 99

Nick enters the dark kitchen. Tries the light. No luck. Looks around at all the knives glistening in the moonlight. The largest one missing.

Meanwhile Hank moves past the Hummel collection which looks oddly menacing in the dancing firelight.

NICK

Hank! He's got a knife!

As Hank turns, the Postman leaps from the shadows. Before he can fire, Hank is knocked to the floor.

Hank moves his head just in time to avoid the blade which is coming down at him.

The blade slams into the floor with such force that it is buried up to the hilt.

Hank struggles for his feet, is picked off the ground and hurled into the Hummel collection which crashes to the floor --

100 INT. HIDDEN CELLAR - NIGHT 100

Robin stares up at the ceiling HEARING the horrendous fight \*  
above. She closes her eyes, scared to death.

101 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 101

NICK - runs in, trying to get a shot off as the Postman lunges at him. From Nick's POV THE POSTMAN IS IN FULL BLUTBAD FACE.

Nick's gun fires, hitting the Postman but not slowing him down. Nick is knocked off his feet into the table, knocking it over as he crashes to the floor, flower vase shattering.

THE POSTMAN - tears out the door.

HANK - is on his knees, gun in hand.

The POSTMAN - running FAST. Inhumanly fast. Hank empties his gun.

THE POSTMAN - crumples as the bullets tear into him.

102 EXT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 102

Nick and Hank run out, guns ready, Hank reloading.

They move up cautiously on the Postman who's dying.

NICK

Where is she? WHERE IS SHE?!

The Postman looks up at Nick. Trying to speak. Nick leans in close as the Postman whispers:

POSTMAN

Grimm...

The Postman dies, his dead eyes glaring up at Nick.

HANK

She's gotta be in the house.

They race back to the house.

103 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 103

CLOSE ON BREAKER BOX - Nick's hand flicks on the master switch.

The LIGHTS come on in the house.

Hank and Nick search the house, opening closets, hope chests, calling the girl's name -- "Robin! Robin!" \*

104 INT. HIDDEN CELLAR - NIGHT 104

Robin hears her name being called. She struggles to get loose from the brightly colored ropes that bind her hands and feet. \*

105 INT. POSTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 105

They move back into the living room. Frustrated.

HANK

Damn it, she's not here.

*(pulls his cell phone)*

We have to call it in.

Nick stops, sees the WATER FROM THE BROKEN VASE puddled on the floor. Draining slowing into a crack in the floor.

Nick flings aside the rug, revealing the trap door.

NICK

Hank!

Nick rips open the trap door.

106 INT. HIDDEN CELLAR - NIGHT

106

Robin sees the trap door open, and Nick scramble down, not sure what to expect.

\*

Nick sees her.

NICK

Hank! She's here!

He moves to the bed. Starts untying her, reassures her as Hank comes clattering down the stairs:

NICK (CONT'D)

It's okay, honey. We're police.

Hank sees her, relieved, moving to help.

HANK

I don't how you did it, but you did it.

107 EXT. ROBIN HOWELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107\*

MUSIC MONTAGE: Police cars parked in front. Police, Mother, Grandfather and Captain Ericson wait as Hank's car pulls up.

They descend on the car as Nick gets out with Robin who runs to her mother's tearful embrace.

\*

Nick and Hank watch the reunion as Capt. Ericson moves up, shakes their hands, clearly a job well done.

108 EXT. NICK'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

108

Juliette opens the front door as Nick walks up the front steps. She hugs him tight.

JULIETTE

You saved her.

Nick's arms go around her. Hold on them.

109 INT. EDDY MONROE'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

109

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER - "Little Girl Found - Kidnapper Killed by Police". File PHOTOS of Hank and Nick.

Monroe is having his morning coffee, looking at the paper. His house is now cleaned up. KNOCK at the door.

He gets up, opens the front door, revealing Nick.

MONROE

Didn't expect to see you again - at least not in one piece.

NICK

I just wanted to say thanks.

MONROE

He knew I helped you, didn't he.

NICK

I don't know.

MONROE

At least he's dead. Otherwise he'd be looking for me. He was my cousin. Father's side. We never got along  
*(stares at Nick, hard)*  
 He had a lot of family... who loved him. Too bad you got your picture in the paper. Gonna make it easier to find you.

Beat.

NICK

My aunt told me my parents were murdered.

MONROE

What's that got to do with me.

NICK

I might need your help again sometime.

MONROE

...we'll see.

He shuts the door on Nick who stares at the closed door then walks away.

110 INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - NIGHT

110\*

Nick sits holding Marie's hand. She is still unconscious. \*

He touches a jagged scar on the back of her hand. Her hand moves, taking him by surprise. He looks up, her eyes are open, staring at him. \*

NICK

Marie...

She manages a smile. \*

MARIE

Nicky... you've seen a lot, I can  
tell.

NICK

...I lost what you gave me.

MARIE

It isn't lost, you just have to stop  
looking for it... so it can find  
you.

Her smile fades.

NICK

Marie...

But the light has gone out of her eyes and the medical alarms  
go off as she flatlines. Nick stands up suddenly, staggers,  
as some powerful surge knocks him to his knees. He falls to  
the floor as orderlies and nurses run in.

FADE TO BLACK: