

[THE INSIDE]

"Old Wounds"

TEASER

1 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

1

REBECCA is alone here, seated patiently at the big table. Before her is an impeccable file folder labeled "Prospective Cases." She opens it, reviews the contents. We get FLASHES of grisly crime scene photos neatly arranged and organized. She closes the folder, neats it up. Is startled as:

SPECIAL AGENT DANNY LOVE is at her shoulder, trying to see her file. She starts. He starts. Both startled. He's got his own not-nearly-so-neat file folder.

REBECCA
Can I help you?

DANNY
No. But you can help yourself by sticking that file in a drawer and avoiding the inevitable humiliation when Web picks my case over yours.

Mel appears with a coffee.

MEL
Like that would ever happen.

DANNY
(surprised to see her)
Thought you were exempt from case pitch this month? Aren't you riding pine at the Braunstein trial?

MEL
Court's dark this week. And I wanted to watch you get shot down.

DANNY
You haven't even heard my pitch.

MEL
If it's anything like your previous pitches, I'm guessing it's an elaborate excuse to wear a flashy disguise and get paid for it.
(off Rebecca's file)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL(cont'd)

Look at you. Smart. Presentation, very important with him. You got something juicy in there?

*
*

REBECCA

A few things.

Danny and Mel share a look at that. Smell her.

*

Now the door which leads from Web's office directly into the war room opens. Web gliding in.

WEB

Where's Paul?

MEL

He should be here. I know he had Lamaze this morning.

*
*

WEB

Again? When's his wife due?

MEL

Three more months.

WEB

This has been the longest nine months since Martha Stewart went inside.

MEL

Did you just make a joke, sir?

WEB

(utterly serious)

No.

(taking his seat)

Alright. Since this is Rebecca's first case pitch with us, Danny, why don't you start?

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*
*

DANNY

Right. Okay. Got something here I think's gonna interest you. Been working on it for a while and --

*
*
*

WEB

Just the headlines.

DANNY

Long Beach. Hell's Angels. Deep cover. Just gimme two weeks prep --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

You're not growing a moustache.

DANNY

Goatee?

Web gives him a look that shuts him down, is about to turn to Rebecca when: *

PAUL (O.S.) *

I have something. *

Everyone turns and sees Paul *entering*. He pulls a crime scene photo out of a file and hands it to Web. *

PAUL (CONT'D)

Madeline Shore. Thirty-three years old. Federal prosecutor. *

As Web looks at the photo, so do we. It's a woman's face. Semi-decomposed. Hair cropped short. Eyes wide open.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jogger found her body in Griffith Park three weeks ago. Beaten, raped, hair hacked short. Probably with a knife.

WEB

Cause of death?

PAUL

Strangulation.

WEB

Suspects?

PAUL

No primaries. But she was a prosecutor. Making enemies was part of her job.

WEB

(after a beat)

Pass.

PAUL

Why?

WEB

It's ordinary. And you know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

She was a fed. She devoted her life to the cause of justice. She deserves a little back.

*
*
*

WEB

And I'm sure her case will be solved, but not by us.

*
*
*

PAUL

Why not us?

*
*

WEB

Because. No matter how thickly you frost it with sentiment -- which I appreciate, it's why I hired you -- it doesn't change the fact that this case doesn't require our level of expertise. Pass.

*

(then)

Rebecca. You're up. Impress me.

Rebecca glances at Paul. Registers his deep disappointment. She folds her hands over the top of her file folder:

*

REBECCA

I'm afraid I have nothing, sir.

Everyone knows she's lying. Including Web.

WEB

I see. Well now that we've covered what kinds of cases we don't take... we'll reconvene tomorrow and try it again.

*
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*
*

Web exits to his office. Danny and Mel exit to the bullpen, patting Paul on the shoulder as they pass. Rebecca remains with Paul -- she glances at the photo.

*

REBECCA

He's wrong. This isn't ordinary. The desecration of the body... it might suggest a signature. If we can find other crimes that fit the pattern --

*
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PAUL

Forget it. I could've wheeled Dahmer's crock pot in here and he would have called it "ordinary."

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Maybe I still don't get how things work here. We haven't had anything on the boards for almost a week. Doesn't the Director ever ask questions? I mean, I know Web's earned the right to control the cases we take --

*
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*

PAUL

You think it's the cases he's controlling? Right.

*

He leaves. Off Rebecca watching him go, then looking back to the photo of the dead Madeline Shore:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Control...

2 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - NIGHT

2 *

A HAND strikes a match and starts lighting candles. We follow the match as it's brought to the mouth of COLE BRANDT, late 30s, devastatingly handsome.

*
*
*

BRANDT

Some will tell you it's fantasy. That we exist on the precipice of chaos and any notion that we might have control -- over ourselves, events, others -- is sheer delusion. I disagree. I believe control is real and possible. And sacred. So I would never ask you to give up your control...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Now WE SEE: A WOMAN, bound and gagged, terror in her eyes.

*

BRANDT

I'd ask you to beg for it.

*

THHHWUUUT! He pulls on a terrifying TORTURER'S MASK. Off his wet eyes glistening from behind the leather then a MUFFLED SCREAMING in the:

BLACKNESS.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

3 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - MORNING 3

MOVING WITH PAUL as he pushes through the glass doors into the bullpen. As he arrives at his desk --

WEB (O.C.)

Paul.

Paul sees Web **already retreating from** his office door. *

4 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - MORNING 4

Paul's curious to see Rebecca sitting in Web's office. A stack of files before her.

PAUL

What's going on?

Web nods at Rebecca, who hands Paul a crime scene photo. It's the beautiful woman we met in the teaser. Less alive now. With a lot more bruises and a lot less hair.

REBECCA

Sharon Kleiman. Music executive. *
Raped, strangled, dumped in Laurel Canyon, discovered last night.

Rebecca hands Paul another crime scene photo. A different woman with the same bruises and the same jagged hair.

REBECCA

Denise Gosen. Fashion designer. *
Also raped, also strangled. Body *
turned up six weeks ago in **San** *
Pedro. Case went cold. *

PAUL

Same haircut.

WEB

Which means they either went to the same hairdresser --

PAUL

Or it's our UNSUB's signature. *
Same as the Madeline Shore **case.** *
(looks at Web)
So now you're interested?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

You brought me a murder. Rebecca brought me a series. That's what we do. She'll be primary on this. You'll assist.

Off Paul, maybe feeling a little sandbagged --

5 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

5

Rebecca and Paul exiting Web's office, moving to their work space. Rebecca feeling awkward --

REBECCA

Look. I know what that may have seemed like in there --

PAUL

Seemed like you could tell how much I wanted this case -- so you made sure he gave it to us.
(meaning it)
Thank you.

*
*

REBECCA

(venturing)

How well did you know her?

He's caught a little off guard by that, but is used to being surprised by her intuition, so... not that surprising.

PAUL

Not well. Madeline prosecuted one of my first cases. A kiddie porn thing. She was as green as I was, but you'd never know it. Total control, complete confidence. I admired that.

REBECCA

You admired her.

PAUL

Yeah.

6 INT. MORGUE - DAY

6

SHARON KLEIMAN on the autopsy table. Rebecca and Paul stand there. The MEDICAL EXAMINER reads from a file.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Your Laurel Canyon dump. Sharon Kleiman. 27. Trace evidence is telling two different stories. Cotton fibers we pulled from her face came from cheap linen. But the cologne we swabbed off her back is expensive. We've sent it to trace for branding.

*
*

PAUL

Cologne? Was that found on the other victims?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

City examiners weren't looking for it. They are now. We'll know soon enough.

PAUL

Rape kit?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Same as your other vics. Vaginal and anal. No semen or DNA.

*

REBECCA

What about these bruises?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Bruises are interesting. You've got the fresh ones here on the wrists and ankles, indicating she was bound... But you've also got these old bruises, and these old scars and burns, all of which pre-date our time of death by weeks, in some cases months.

REBECCA

Old wounds...

7 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

7

Rebecca and Paul working at a death board: photos of all three vics, in life and death, and a blank space under a heading: "SUSPECT." Mel approaches with a file.

MEL

You were right. Autopsies show all three vics had bruises and scars that pre-dated their murders.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
Domestic abuse?

DANNY
(appearing)
Not if you need a **partner** for that. *
None of these women were married. *
No boyfriends. Or girlfriends, for
that matter.

Rebecca moves to the death board, gazes at the faces there --

REBECCA
No. They were married... To their *
careers...

8 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - VARIOUS 8

We INTERCUT Rebecca/Paul, Danny and Mel interviewing the
personal assistants of all three victims: MOUSEY CONTROL
FREAK, GAY ASSISTANT, and SOCIAL CLIMBER.

REBECCA
You were Miss Shore's assistant for
how long?

MOUSEY CONTROL FREAK
Three years.

CUT TO:

DANNY
And you knew Ms. **Gosen** well? *

GAY ASSISTANT
Let's see. I did her laundry,
listened to her bitch, kept her
calendar, listened to her bitch,
paid her bills and... what else...
oh right: listened to her bitch.
(suddenly)
But I wasn't sleeping with her, if
that's what you're asking.

CUT TO:

MEL
Was anyone else? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOCIAL CLIMBER

Hell no. Sharon didn't even date.
Just work. Eighteen hours a day
seven days a week.
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOCIAL CLIMBER(cont'd)

Which means I wasn't dating anyone either. Although I did have a thing with a percussionist. That was fun. He played on my demo.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

PAUL

Really?

MOUSEY CONTROL FREAK

Blouses, shoes, slacks. Red labels for Monday, blue for Tuesday, yellow for Wednesday, green for Thursday, and purple for Friday.

PAUL

Wow. I didn't realize she was so --

CUT TO:

GAY ASSISTANT

Anal? Please. I mean I thought I knew anal, but until you've met Denise, believe me, you don't know anal.

*

DANNY

I'll take your word for it.

CUT TO:

REBECCA

Did you ever notice any bruises, or burns, or anything like that?

MOUSEY CONTROL FREAK

(lying)

No.

CUT TO:

SOCIAL CLIMBER

(lying)

No.

CUT TO:

GAY ASSISTANT

Sure. Please. She'd try to hide them, but I could tell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAY ASSISTANT(cont'd)

There's nothing about badly applied
Maybelline I don't know.

DANNY

So you think she was getting
slapped around?

GAY ASSISTANT

I know she was. Every second
Saturday. Like clockwork.

9 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

9

Mel refers to notes as:

MEL

"The Well." Private club. They
have satellite branches in six
states. Our three vics were all
card carrying members.

*

DANNY

So it is an S&M club?

MEL

No, Danny. It's a support group
for very clumsy people. Yeah, S&M.
Fetish club. Our girls frequented
the Hollywood chapter.

10 EXT. THE WELL - NIGHT

10

Paul and Rebecca get out of his car, cross toward a
nondescript nightclub entrance. No one on line.

*

PAUL

Guess it's not an especially busy
night for perversion.

*

*

*

REBECCA

That's a strong word. You
disapprove.

*

PAUL

Of what? Nondescript doorways?
Haven't seen anything yet.

*

*

REBECCA

But you're braced for it.

*

*

Reacting to that, Paul makes a conscious effort to relax his
shoulders, his jaw...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
Not at all.

*
*

A11 INT. THE WELL - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

A11 *

A vestibule just inside the door. A DOORMAN (GEORGE SKOLL) sits on a stool, quietly reading. He looks at them. Doesn't recognize them.

*
*
*

DOORMAN
Private club. Need to see your membership cards.

*

PAUL
(flashes FBI creds)
FBI. We'd like to speak to the manager.

*

11 INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

11 *

It's not what they expected. No chains. No cages. In fact... It's elegant. With a retro, 1920s sort of feel. Well heeled MEMBERS mill and chat. It's all very sophisticated. Rebecca doesn't seem phased; Paul is a bit.

They're speaking with the club manager, NED BATTER, thin and elegant in an F. Scott Fitzgerald sort of way. He's looking at photos of the victims (in life).

*

NED BATTER
This is terrible. No wonder I haven't seen them recently. I should have known something was wrong when Madeline let her membership lapse. She was one of our more popular submissives.

*
*
*
*

PAUL
Submissives?

*
*

NED BATTER
Yes. She found this a comfortable place to arrange her... discomfort.

*
*
*

Paul's having a hard time not showing his distaste. Maybe Ned doesn't clock it because Rebecca jumps in with:

*
*

REBECCA
To arrange it? So the actual... contact? That doesn't happen here?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED BATTER

We're not a brothel. We're a social club catering to individuals who share common interests. What they do once they leave here is their own concern.

*
*
*
*
*
*

PAUL

So you wouldn't know who might have been commonly interested in them?

*
*
*

NED BATTER

Like I said -- I don't follow them out the door.

*

12 INT. THE WELL - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

12 *

George Skoll, the doorman, looks up from his reading as the vic photos are dropped in front of him.

PAUL

Hi. Us again. Recognize any of these women?

*

GEORGE SKOLL

They're dead, aren't they?

*

PAUL

Why would you say that?

GEORGE SKOLL

Well. Your badges. You're FBI. I suppose they may have been kidnapped, if it's a federal case. But this feels like death to me.

*

Rebecca's eyes have found the book he set aside -- A BIBLE.

REBECCA

A little light reading?

GEORGE SKOLL

Yes. Light. It's all about light.

*

PAUL

You do know where you work, right?

*

GEORGE SKOLL

Jesus dined with prostitutes and tax collectors. What better place for the light than the dark?

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

The management lets you preach to the clientele?

GEORGE SKOLL

I don't preach here. I work here. But when the sad souls tire of trying to fill their void with each other, they know where to find me. We meet Wednesday nights. You should come.

He offers Rebecca an ORANGE FLYER. Paul snatches it away:

PAUL

Yeah, thanks. Any idea who was filling these women's voids?

Skoll's look says he does. He glances around, lowers his voice, doesn't wish to be overheard --

GEORGE SKOLL

Yes. But you won't find him here. He's not allowed in anymore.

PAUL

Got a name?

13 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

13

Mel on the phone, staring at her computer screen --

MEL

Cole Brandt. Middle son of Philip Marshall Brandt and Katherine Pemberton Brandt. Only income IRS knows about is stock dividends and interest, so I'm guessing the family's got money and it's probably ancient. You sure it's the right guy? He's not on the club membership roles.

INTERCUT WITH:

14 EXT. THE WELL - NIGHT

14

Paul and Rebecca walk back to the car. Rebecca on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

The doorman says Brandt was banned
from the club three months ago.
Guess he didn't play nice.

*

MEL

Banned from an S&M club for bad
manners. Impressive.

*

REBECCA

Any priors?

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brandt complies and Paul moves to him, cuffs him. Rebecca
rushes to help Paige, who seems more confused than relieved
when Rebecca unbinds her gag.

PAIGE FULLER
Cole? Is this part of the thing?

Paul yanks off Cole's mask, revealing his confused-but-amused
face.

BRANDT
(to Paul, re: cuffs)
Think you got this backwards.

17 INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 17

Rebecca and Paul seated opposite an un-intimidated Brandt.

BRANDT

The sex police. How charming. I thought John Ashcroft resigned. Or are you still working for J. Edgar?

PAUL

We were responding to screams.

BRANDT

Screams of pleasure. You do know the difference, don't you? I'll bet Agent Locke does.

REBECCA

Special Agent.

BRANDT

Very special.

18 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - SAME 18

Paige Fuller, her hair and make-up still a little unkempt, sits with Mel. *In her business clothes we get a hint of the authority she usually carries with her.*

MEL

How long have you known Mr. Brandt, Ms. Fuller?

PAIGE FULLER

Hell. What time is it?

MEL

Okay. So not *wicked* long. Can I ask how you... hooked up?

PAIGE FULLER

Why? You need some dating advice? Try the internet, honey. What's going on? We break a law?

Mel ignores all that, stays on point with:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Any chance you met at a club?
That's where these women met him.

She sets out the crime scene photos. Off Paige's shock --

19

INT. V.C.U. - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Paul has laid out the three in-life vic photos.

BRANDT

Yes, I knew them. I won't deny it.
Yes, I was intimate with them. I'm
sorry they're dead. Particularly
Maddie. She was fun.

Brandt reflexively reaches out to Madeline Shore's photo.
Paul yanks it away.

BRANDT

Okay, that was... brisk.

Paul avoids eye contact as he returns the photos to a folder.

BRANDT

(dawning certainty)
Is this personal? Did you know
her? You did. Thought you did,
anyway. But Maddie didn't go in
for boy scouts. She wasn't buyin'
your cookies, was she?

PAUL

You know she put away guys like
you?

BRANDT

I feel judged.
(to Rebecca)
Do you feel judged? I can't
believe that's the best way to
solve a case.
(to Paul)
It's not just me you're judging,
Paul. You're judging these women
too. If you don't stop judging and
start empathizing, how can you
expect to catch their killer?

REBECCA

When's the last time you saw each
of these women?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

Am I under arrest?

PAUL

Not yet. And if your playmate verifies everything was consensual, you'll be free to go.

BRANDT

She verified it back at my loft.

PAUL

That was with you standing there.

BRANDT

Paige Fuller is one of the most powerful literary agents on the west coast. Do you really think I have that kind of control over her?

PAUL

Coulda been the chains. Call me crazy.

Brandt doesn't acknowledge Paul, his gaze set on Rebecca.

BRANDT

How about you, Very Special Agent Locke? Who do you think had the real power in that room?

REBECCA

It's generally understood the submissive is the one in control.

BRANDT

That's right. They can end the game at any time. All they have to do is say the word.

PAUL

And did these women just forget the word? Is that why they're dead?

BRANDT

(stares a beat, then)

Wow. That's the best you can do? You really are such a bottom, aren't you, Paul?

(looks at Rebecca)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT(cont'd)

Though I'm not convinced you're the dominant one around here. So who is top dog? Maybe whoever's behind that glass?

*
*

20 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

Web watching, alone. He reaches for a button. A LIGHT blinks behind Brandt. Rebecca and Paul share a look.

*

21 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - SAME 21

Mel and Paige Fuller.

PAIGE FULLER

So are you saying he's some sort of Ted Bundy or something?

MEL

I'm not saying anything, Ms. Fuller. Only that this is how three of his last dates ended up.

Paige's breathing gets more rapid. She might swoon.

MEL

Ms. Fuller? Are you okay?

PAIGE FULLER

Yeah... um, is it warm in here?

*

Mel looks at her, reacts. Is she... turned on?

*

22 INT. V.C.U. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

Paul and Rebecca enter. Web watches Brandt lounging in the interrogation beyond the one way glass.

*

WEB

Kick him loose.

*

PAUL

Why? He hasn't asked for a lawyer. And the more he talks --

*
*
*

WEB

The more he learns. He's playing you. Both of you. If he is our killer, he already knows too much. Kick him loose.

*
*
*
*
*

A23 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - SHORT TIME LATER A23 *

WE MOVE with Danny, who carries a file. He lands us at: *
Rebecca and Paul watch as Brant approaches Mel and Paige. *

DANNY *
So what? Romeo gets to skate? *

PAUL *
We don't have enough to hold him. *

DANNY *
Lot of that going around. *
(hands him file) *
Three years ago, Inland Empire. *
Serial rape case. Guess who was *
the prime suspect? *

PAUL *
Cole Brandt... *

DANNY *
He was never charged. None of the *
vics could i.d. him. Guess why? *

Rebecca watches Brandt exiting with Paige. **Already knowing** -- *

REBECCA *
He wore a mask... *

He looks right at Rebecca, holds her gaze until he's gone. *
Off that -- *

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

23 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

23

Paul and Rebecca with FORMER DETECTIVE BILL STRONG, early 40s, congenial. He's loading up the family SUV with hunting and camping gear, keeping an eye on his TWO SCREAMING SONS **wrestle and play nearby.**

PAUL

When did you first suspect Cole Brandt was your rapist, Detective Strong?

STRONG

Just "Bill" now that I'm retired.

REBECCA

Bill.

STRONG

We liked Brandt right off. We linked him to all the victims. He dated them. Slept with most of 'em. But he wouldn't take "yes" for an answer.

Strong's boys run between them, he jostles them goodnaturedly.

PAUL

You said on the phone you still had your case notes?

STRONG

Yeah. Brandt's was one of a couple'a cases I brought home with me when I quit the force. Thought maybe I'd find time to pursue them on my own. Close them out. But it's all just been collecting dust.

He watches his kids play, his WIFE nearby. **Smiles.**

STRONG

It's funny how what seemed so important once fades away when you've got your priorities right.

PAUL

My wife and I are expecting our first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRONG

We're workin' on number three. For us, the spanking comes after the sex. Years after.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Um, Bill? The case notes?

STRONG

Right. I pulled everything.
You're welcome to it. This way.

24 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - STRONG'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Rebecca and Paul looking at files of notes and such.

STRONG

The first victim, Margie Stands,
she identified Brandt as her rapist
-- then she recanted.

REBECCA

Why do you think that was?

STRONG

He got to her.

PAUL

Threatened her?

STRONG

No. That's not how this guy
operates. He got to her. She was
cooperating, we were building a
case -- then she comes in, crying,
saying she loved the guy, it was
all a big mistake. After that it
was just a game to him.

PAUL

Was he your only suspect?

STRONG

We chased a couple'a other leads,
but ruled 'em out.
(then)
So you think he's killing 'em now?

REBECCA

You sound surprised.

STRONG

(shrugs)
A little, maybe. Don't get me
wrong, guy's plenty bad. Just
didn't seem the type to do 'em
permanent. Dead girls don't cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Maybe it didn't start off that way.
If the rape or the rape fantasy got
out of control...?

STRONG

This guy doesn't get out of
control. Don't quote me, though.
Nothing I'd love more than to see
him put away. Stick him in a cell
with someone who'll show him how it
feels.

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*

25 INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - NIGHT

25

An empty and grimy building across the street from Brandt's loft. Danny and Mel on surveillance. Mel on binocular duty. Danny taking notes.

MEL

I got a silhouette moving past the window.

DANNY

How do you spell "silhouette"?
What if I just say "shadow"?

Mel and Danny look over as Paul and Rebecca enter. He's carrying a tray of coffees; she has Strong's case notes.

PAUL

Any movement?

Mel takes a coffee and hands Paul the binocs. Exits with:

MEL

Just his silhouette in the window.
Bye.

DANNY

More of a shadow, really. See ya.

They're gone in a cloud of can't-wait-to-get-out-of-here.

PAUL

Dedication.

Paul takes up the binocs. Rebecca flips through Strong's case file notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA
Cologne again.

PAUL
What's that?

REBECCA
Strong's serial rapist. He left
cologne on his victims, too. And
trophies. He took trophies.

PAUL
Hair chopper?

REBECCA
No. He took their underwear.
Strong tried to get a warrant to
search Brandt's place, judge
wouldn't grant it.

PAUL
Maybe we'll have better luck with
our judge.

REBECCA
Why wait? He's arrogant enough,
bet we wouldn't need a warrant.
Probably just knock on his door.

PAUL
And then do what?

REBECCA
(shrugs)
Look around. If he is our killer,
you know he's got to be keeping
those clumps of hair as trophies.

PAUL
Yeah. Let's keep that as plan b.
How about we just stay here, keep
watch and make sure any visitors
leave approximately as alive as
when they showed up?

REBECCA
I didn't mean us -- I meant me.

PAUL
You want to go in there alone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I could see what kind of cologne he
has in his bathroom.

PAUL

That's insane.

*
*
*

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

You don't think I could handle him?

PAUL

I wasn't aware you wanted to handle
him... or maybe you want him to
handle you?

She's a bit stung by that. He is too, actually.

PAUL

Sorry.

REBECCA

I'm not Madeline Shore.

PAUL

I know. I'm sorry.

REBECCA

He was right about her, wasn't he?
She rejected you.

He flexes his jaw muscles. Doesn't look at her. A beat.

PAUL

You know, it's not so much that she
liked to be tied up or whatever.
It's that she wanted him to do it.
I mean, how does a woman like that
let a guy like... him...

He trails off. Doesn't have the words. A beat.

REBECCA

People are complicated.

PAUL

Really? I'm not. I'm sorry but,
if I care about someone? -- I don't
actually want to hear them scream.

REBECCA

You're judging her.

PAUL

Yeah. That's right. I'm judging
her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL(cont'd)

Because she chose to be with
someone who got off on hurting her
rather than with someone like me,
who respected her. I admit it.

REBECCA

Maybe it wasn't about you. Or him.
Maybe it was her. You don't know
what her life was. What happened
to her to make her the way she was.

PAUL

Maybe. But I do know we can't only
be defined by our wounds. Shaped
solely by our traumas.

REBECCA

Maybe it was her way of dealing
with it.

PAUL

"Dealing?" Please. If you escape
from one monster only to be
controlled by another, how is that
"dealing?"

She stares at him for a beat... dawning realization...

REBECCA

You know. You know don't you? You
know who I was.

He's chastened, busted. Comes clean with:

PAUL

I've got a pal with security
clearance. I'm sorry. I shouldn't
have checked up on you. I didn't
expect I'd find Becky George.

She goes stony, a bit cold. With a kind of cool dignity:

REBECCA

You didn't. Becky George was a ten-
year-old girl taken from her bed in
the middle of the night by a
stranger. Becky George was lost
for 18 months. Becky George got
away on her own. Nobody "found"
Becky George.

PAUL

Becky...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Rebecca. I'm Rebecca. And I'm a Special Agent with the Federal Bureau Of Investigation. I'm not a lost little girl. Don't ever presume to treat me like one.

As she turns her attention back to Strong's case notes:

REBECCA

Hopefully he didn't get away.

Paul remembers why they're there, wants to say something, instead returns to his binocular duty. Off that --

26 INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

26

More empty cups, a half eaten pizza. Paul is at the window with the binoculars. Rebecca enters from an off screen room. Silence still between them. She looks at him a beat, then:

REBECCA

Anything?

PAUL

No. Lights are still on, though.

He looks at her. She's gone back to reading the case notes. He takes her breaking of the silence as an invitation to:

PAUL

Rebecca, listen...

Paul's pager goes off -- he reaches for it. Reacts to a text message.

PAUL

Oh, god --

REBECCA

What? Not another body...

PAUL

No. It just says "Cedars. Complications."

REBECCA

Your wife. The baby. Go.

He looks at her. Is already on the move with:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
I'll call Danny back --

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I'll do it. Just go take care of
your family.

He nods, is gone. She looks after him for a beat, concerned,
then looks back to the binocs and --

HER POV - BINOC MATTE of the loft across the way. A SHADOW.

REBECCA lowers the binocs. Considers... And then WE HEAR A
(PRE-LAPPED) DOORBELL, bringing us to --

27 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - NIGHT

27 *

Brandt opens the door and finds --

BRANDT

Well, hi. Are you selling FBI
cookies?

Off Brandt's smile --

28 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

28 *

Rebecca perusing a wall lined with erotic art and Asian
trinkets. She comes across a small Chinese chest. Opens it
surreptitiously. It's empty.

BRANDT (O.C.)

You sure you just want water?

Brandt approaches with her glass of water. She takes it.

REBECCA

Thank you. Water's good.

BRANDT

So? How'd you do?

REBECCA

I'm sorry?

BRANDT

Your search. You find any evidence
lying around? Necklaces made of
ears. Drawers full of teeth. That
kind of thing? If you need more
time I could get you some ice.

REBECCA

I said you wouldn't hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

I have nothing to hide. Go on.
Take a look around. Feel free.
You have my blessing.

*
*
*
*

Rebecca eyes him, trying to decide if he means it. She sets down her glass of water and starts looking around the room with purpose. Peeking into drawers, bookcases...

BRANDT (CONT'D)

The Chinese antiques are real.
Japanese antiques are very expensive, so some of those are reproductions, but don't tell.

Rebecca smiles a little at that.

BRANDT

The Early American touches are gifts from my mother. I try to tell myself it's eclectic.

Rebecca has looked in all the obvious hiding places. She looks toward the hall. He follows her look.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

Want to see the rest? It's yours.
But I have to warn you. You know my hobby.

29 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - SEX ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29 *

Lots of steel and leather and hooks and gurneys and all manner of S&M paraphernalia. Rebecca enters, looking curiously at everything. Brandt follows behind her. She looks at a dangling hook (or something).

REBECCA

What's this for?

BRANDT

Don't make me say.

REBECCA

It's okay. I worked it out.

Brandt smiles, amused at her matter-of-factness. He's standing behind her and she turns to face him.

*
*

BRANDT

You don't blush a lot, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

I never thought about it.

BRANDT

Most women blush. Sometimes that means they hate what they're seeing. Sometimes it means they don't.

REBECCA

Why do you think they like it? The women who come to you?

BRANDT

Finally. I've been waiting for that question. I bet you've been asking each other. But does anyone think of coming to an expert?

REBECCA

Why?

Brandt moves closer to her.

BRANDT

Everyone says it's because they want to feel powerless, because they crave weakness. But that's wrong.

REBECCA

It is?

BRANDT

They do it to survive it. They go through something painful and come out whole on the other side. And they feel stronger because of it. Not weaker.

Rebecca nods. Brandt is very close to her now. He kisses her. It's hard to tell if she's playing along, or responding, or just unable to move. He gets rougher.

BRANDT

Believe me. You'll feel stronger.

And then, very quickly, we realize that handcuffs have entered the picture... possibly dangling from overhead or attached to the edge of a table. However they are produced, we didn't notice them until this second when, incredibly quickly

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT CUFFS REBECCA.

REBECCA FREAKS OUT. Twisting, pulling at the cuffs, and SCREAMING. We don't see Brandt during this.

In FLASHES we see LITTLE GIRL REBECCA, sitting on a floor, her hands tied behind her with rope, pulling and screaming and twisting...

The next thing we know --

Rebecca's sprinting out of the room --

And there are hands on her, holding her back... not Brandt thought, because we're

A30 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER A30

Where a PLAINCLOTHES COP is holding onto Rebecca, bringing her headlong run to a stop. She gasps, focuses.

30 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - LATER 30

Rebecca sitting on the tailgate of an ambulance while an EMT manipulates a dislocated shoulder back into place. Paul is talking to the PLAINCLOTHES COPS in the near distance. He parts with them, moves to her.

REBECCA
He's gone, isn't he?

PAUL
Yeah.

REBECCA
It's my fault.

PAUL
Yeah.

REBECCA
How's Karen and the baby?

PAUL
Oh, they're fine. Just fine. That text message -- bogus. An hour and a half to Cedars and back. Time enough for him to do this. Web was right. He's been playing us both.

Paul's CELL RINGS. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Ryan.

She looks at him. He listens for a long beat.

PAUL

On our way.

He clicks off. Looks a little pale.

REBECCA

What?

PAUL

That was Danny.

REBECCA

They find him?

PAUL

Um. They don't know where he is...
but we think we know where he's
been...

TIME CUT TO:

31 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

31

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH illuminates the body of
Paige Fuller. Her hair has been cropped short. Paul and
Rebecca join Danny and Mel standing over the body.

MEL

Wonder how warm she's feeling now?

Rebecca's also feeling cold... and guilty. Off that --

BLACK OUT.

32 OMITTED

32

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

33 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - DAY 33 *

It's the next day and we're in the main room of Brandt's loft, where a full-on search is in progress. Two or three CSI TECHS looking for blood. Mel rifling through a drawer. Web observing. Paul on his phone in the b.g. Danny enters from the sex room. *

DANNY

Everyone see all the dirty stuff? *

Paul closes his phone, approaches Web. *

PAUL

His photo's out to airports and border patrol. We might get lucky. *

Danny and Mel's searching slows... they see something. Paul follows their gaze to see... Rebecca has appeared. *

PAUL

What's she doing here? I thought you were going to stay home? *

WEB

She's going to show us everything that happened. How she escaped. (to Paul) And you're going to help. *

REBECCA

(flustered, confused) I'm not sure I remember everything-- *

WEB

Start at the beginning. There are no ropes dangling from open skylights, so I assume you used the front door... *

Web walks to the door. Paul and Rebecca follow him.

WEB (CONT'D)

Did you knock? Use the bell?

REBECCA

I rang the bell.

WEB

Fine. Rebecca, into the hall. Paul, doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul and Rebecca take their places.

WEB (CONT'D)

Let her in.

Rebecca enters.

ANGLE ON: MEL AND DANNY, *watching*. *

MEL

Haven't seen him play this game in a while.

DANNY

Little Virgil *Webster* and his posable action figures. *

ANGLE ON: WEB, PAUL and REBECCA

WEB

What next?

REBECCA

Small talk. He brought me a glass of water and he told me I could look around.

WEB

You went to the sex room.

REBECCA

Yes.

WEB

Fine. Let's go.

Web leads Paul and Rebecca down the hall.

MEL

He never invites *us* to *the* sex room. *

34 INT. *BRANDT'S* LOFT - SEX ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 34 *

Web, Paul and Rebecca have just entered. Web is looking at the *cuffs, still dangling from wherever*. *

WEB

He got you in these.

REBECCA

Yes. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

I don't think a step-by-step is --

WEB

I do. What next? *

REBECCA

I was here, he came up behind me...

Web looks at Paul. Paul sighs, moves behind her. *

REBECCA (CONT'D)

He was closer. I could feel his
breath on my neck and I turned... *

She turns to face Paul. They're very close. *

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We talked about why women enjoy...
what he does to them. *

WEB

What was his breath like? Alcohol? *

REBECCA

Yes. No. Mouthwash. Not bad. *

WEB

Was he wearing cologne? *

REBECCA

Yes. Musky. Like on the vics. *

WEB

His eyes? Clear? Signs of drug
use? *

Rebecca seems to be studying Paul's eyes. Paul has to
struggle to keep his gaze steady.

REBECCA

Clear. Somewhat dilated, but that
could've been... the situation. *

WEB

What next? *

REBECCA

He kissed me. *

PAUL

Web--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

And there were violins and cartoon hearts.

REBECCA

No. It was too hard and his hands were on me and they hurt. All I was thinking about was getting out.

WEB

(dryly)

But first you let him cuff you.

REBECCA

I'm not sure how that happened.

WEB

(to Paul)

Cuff her.

PAUL

She's injured.

WEB

She'll let you know if it hurts.

Paul stares murderously at Web as he slides Rebecca's wrists into the cuffs behind her. She's flushed, breathing fast. Paul looks at Web, silently refusing to close the cuffs.

WEB

He locked them. The locks clicked. And you panicked.

PAUL

She fought.

REBECCA

I panicked. Next thing I knew I was running down the street. One of the cops stopped me.

Web steps forward, looks at the open cuffs. Rebecca slides her hands out of them now. She and Paul back away from them.

WEB

Special Agent Locke.

REBECCA

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

How did you get out of these?

*

REBECCA

I don't remember.

WEB

These are real cuffs. No Tricks.
And he's got you incapacitated,
scared, hurting yourself.

*
*
*

REBECCA

He must have... unlocked them?

*

WEB

Why? You were his prisoner.

*
*

REBECCA

(realizing now)

He panicked too --

*
*
*

PAUL

Maybe because he saw an FBI agent
incurring injuries he couldn't
explain.

*
*
*
*

REBECCA

No. Not like that. Like he'd
never seen real fear before.

*

Web surveys the room. The paraphernalia. The steel.

WEB

It's all just a game for him.
Props and costumes. Pain without
panic. But as soon as it gets
serious...

Rebecca and Web see the answer in each other's eyes.

35 INT. BRANDT'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

35 *

Web, Paul and Rebecca have rejoined Mel and Danny.

MEL

He's innocent?

*

DANNY

Don't buy it. Innocent men don't
rabbit.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

They do if they can't abide being controlled and the FBI is trying to do just that.

*
*
*
*

DANNY

So the fact that he's linked to all four victims, that's a coincidence?

REBECCA

Maybe the UNSUBS's punishing these women because they're linked to Brandt.

*

MEL

Punishing them for what?

Paul sees something in Danny's hand (the last thing he's been going through during his search): a handful of those orange flyer's from George Skoll, the club doorman. Paul takes one, displays it for Rebecca:

*
*
*
*

PAUL

Their sins?

*

36 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

36 *

Web, Paul, Mel and Rebecca, gathered around CARTER, who is operating a computer displaying an old mug shot of:

CARTER

George Skoll. Arrested in '98 for exposing himself on a city bus. Filed an appeal violation of religious freedom.

*

PAUL

How'd he figure that?

CARTER

Something about comforting people with his rod and staff. Nice.

PAUL

So in his mind he's saving them.

MEL

A motive for rape, but why kill them?

REBECCA

Sending them to heaven?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

So he follows them back to Brandt's place, grabs them on the way out, brings them back to his apartment --

DANNY

And delivers them unto the Lord.

CARTER

Not my Lord, thank you very much.

*
*

REBECCA

The detective on the earlier case, Bill Strong, he said there were other suspects early on.

*
*

WEB

This guy one of them?

REBECCA

I don't know.

WEB

Find out. This time we may need a warrant.

*
*
*
*

(then, to:)

Danny and Mel, check out where Skoll is now.

MEL

We have a home addy?

CARTER

Not sure, but I've got an address on this church of his.

DANNY

You do?

CARTER

Eleven-forty two Moorpark. Van Nuys.

Carter holds up the flyer.

CARTER (CONT'D)

At least, that's what it says here.

37 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

37 *

LAUREN STRONG, early 40s, leads Paul and Rebecca down a hallway, towards her husband's office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

I'm afraid you'll have to find what you're looking for on your own. I don't know where Bill keeps these things. He'll be back on Monday --

*
*
*
*
*

REBECCA

We really appreciate this, Mrs. Strong.

*
*
*

They arrive at Strong's office door. Lauren unlocks it.

LAUREN

Alright. Let me know if you need anything.

*
*

PAUL

Thanks again.

*
*

Lauren leaves as Paul and Rebecca step into --

38 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - STRONG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 38

Paul sits down at Strong's desk --

PAUL

Which drawer was it again?

REBECCA

Left one, I think.

Paul opens the left-hand drawer. Pulls out a stack of files. They're all labeled "Brandt".

PAUL

Lotta files. Maybe we should wait until Monday...

*
*

Rebecca takes half the stack, starts rifling --

*

REBECCA

Just scan.

*
*

39 INT. VALLEY BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 39

Danny and Mel moving stealthily down a dimly lit stairwell, guns drawn.

DANNY

Wait. Listen.

They both freeze. FAINT HYMN MUSIC is heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Sounds like church all right. I'm
already incapacitated with guilt.

DANNY

Come on --

They continue on, as --

*
*
*

40 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - STRONG'S OFFICE - NIGHT 40

Paul and Rebecca are still looking at files.

REBECCA

"George Skoll."

PAUL

You got him?

REBECCA

Strong interviewed him. Twice.

PAUL

Went back for seconds, sounds like
he had some suspicions.

REBECCA

No. He only asked about Brandt.
Even when Skoll started talking
about sin and retribution, Strong
never followed up.

PAUL

Too focussed on Brandt. Missed
what was right in front of him.

*

41 INT. VALLEY BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 41

Danny and Mel are right in front of a spooky door at the
bottom of the stairs. Danny gives a signal and the two of
them burst into --

42 INT. VALLEY BUILDING - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 42

--an apartment building rec room where we discover George
Skoll sitting alone in a circle of folding chairs. Playing
"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" on a cheap synthesizer. He's
surprised to see Danny and Mel. Pleasantly surprised.

GEORGE SKOLL

You don't need guns here. This is
a safe place.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny scans the room. Freaky, but not very threatening.

DANNY
Anyone else here?

GEORGE SKOLL *
No. You're my first parishioners.

MEL
Ever?

GEORGE SKOLL *
Sometime's my mother's here.
(indicating a plate)
She made the pecan sandies.

Off Danny and Mel -- *

43 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - STRONG'S OFFICE - NIGHT 43

Still looking at files.

PAUL *
This should be enough to sway a *
judge. We'll get our warrant. *

Rebecca opens a new folder. Rebecca thumbs through several SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Brandt. They're all time-stamped. *

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(this is weird)
Paul? Some of these are recent. *

PAUL *
Strong said he was trying to close *
the case on his own time -- *

Rebecca hands Paul a photo of Brandt with Madeline Shore.

REBECCA *
It's time-stamped six weeks ago.

They share a look. And a sinking feeling --

REBECCA
What else is in that drawer?

Paul looks --

PAUL
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

What about the other one?

Paul tries it.

PAUL

It's locked.

REBECCA

Pull harder.

Paul gives the drawer a couple of good hard yanks, until finally it shoots out of the desk and spills its contents onto the floor: a bulging manila envelope and several familiar-looking bottles of cologne. Rebecca and Paul glance at each other. They turn their attention to the bulging envelope. Paul picks it up. Unclasps it. Blanches.

Paul, oh so slowly, pulls out a thick, bloody clump of hair.

44 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

44

Strong's SUV makes its way down a narrow dirt road, finally arriving at an adorable cottage nestled deep in the woods. Strong gets out, glances around, then pops his trunk, revealing --

Cole Brandt. Bound and gagged. And scared out of his mind.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

45 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - STRONG'S OFFICE - NIGHT 45

Paul on the phone with Web, full of adrenaline --

PAUL

We found an envelope full of bloody hair and a drawer full of Brandt's cologne. The trophies are Strong's. He's our guy.

*
*

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 46

WEB

What's his motive?

PAUL

I think it's love, boss. Obsession, anyway. Looks like it started right after the initial rape complaint. A Margie Stands accused Brandt of raping her at knife point. She stuck to her story for five months but eventually recanted, admitted she was angry for being dumped.

*
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*

WEB

Strong worked the case for five months before this Stands woman pulled the rug out?

*
*
*
*

PAUL

Yeah. He had Brandt under surveillance most of that time.

*
*
*

WEB

Forced to watch Brandt's conquests from afar. Feeling like one of those conquests himself. Surveillance turned into stalking.

*
*
*
*
*

PAUL

And then rape.

*
*

WEB

And finally murder.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Cops found Brandt's Porsche
abandoned off the 5 Freeway.
There's blood in it.

WEB

Probably Brandt's. Have the LAPD
put out an APB on Former Detective
William Strong. He's our UNSUB.

*
*
*
*

47 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

Rebecca with Lauren Strong --

REBECCA

Does he own a cabin or pitch his
tent anywhere in particular?

LAUREN

No. Why? Did you find your
killer?

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA
Yes. Yes we did.

LAUREN
Oh that's wonderful. Wonderful.
Bill will be so relieved.

Off Rebecca's tense smile --

48 INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

48

Brandt, still bound, duct tape over his mouth, is shoved down hard on the floor next to the bed. Strong looms over him.

Strong unzips a bag, pulls out a nickel plated revolver. Sets it on an end table. Brandt's eyes go wide. Strong digs further: handcuffs. He sets those on the end table next to the gun. Pulls out a fifth of whiskey. Sits in a rocking chair across from Brandt. Then reaches out toward Brandt; Brandt flinches. Strong tears off the duct tape.

BRANDT
Strong, listen to me. I don't know what the FBI told you -- but I didn't murder those women.

STRONG
I know.

BRANDT
Then why -- ? The rapes? For godsakes, Strong. Margie was lying when she came to you. She was punishing me. She told you that!

STRONG
I know what she said.

BRANDT
...and the others. None of them accused me. They knew me. They knew the feel of me. Think about it.

STRONG
(to himself, repulsed)
I have thought about it. I think about it all the time...

Brandt misses any subtext there, still thinks he's pleading himself out of an old fashioned cop beating --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

I am not a rapist!

Strong belts back a slug of whiskey. Wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

STRONG

That's okay. I am.

Off Brandt --

49 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

49

Paul and Web walking purposefully through the bullpen --

PAUL

Strong's wife says he takes "trips" like this all the time. She's got no idea where he goes. We're thinking maybe it's symbolic. Some place that's important to him.

WEB

Or to Brandt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Action continues as they step into --

50

INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

50

-- joining Rebecca, Danny and Mel at Carter's computer.

WEB

What do we **have**, Carter?

*

CARTER

We've been going through Strong's surveillance photos, looking for something that pops. And I think we found something.

Web looks at the computer screen, where WE SEE a photograph of Brandt, alone, emerging from the cottage.

WEB

Zoom in.

Carter ZOOMS IN and we see more detail. Lace curtains hanging in the window. A sign hanging over the door.

WEB (CONT'D)

Does he own any other property?

MEL

A **house on The Cape**, but it's already been swept.

*

WEB

How about his family?

MEL

Father owns buildings, but they've got penthouses and pools. Nothing Hansel and Gretel like this.

*

WEB

What's that sign over the door say?

Carter draws a box around it and ZOOMS IN, revealing --

WEB (CONT'D)

Pemberton. That name ring any bells?

MEL

Yeah.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEB

And?

MEL

And I got a lot of bells in my head
and I'm not sure which one it is --

REBECCA

(finding it in her notes)
Katherine Pemberton Brandt.

WEB

Brandt's mother.

51 INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

51

Brandt is shoved down onto the filthy old bed, face first.
Strong, now in his t-shirt, is over him, using the handcuffs
to secure him to the bed, during:

BRANDT

Why did you bring me here?

STRONG

For the same reason you always come
here -- it's where the first crime
was committed. The one that
started your filthy existence.

BRANDT

You don't know what you're talking
about.

STRONG

Oh, I know all about you, Cole. I
know your Daddy comes from money.
But not your Mommy. She used to
work here, back when it was a
hotel. Poor relation of the people
that owned it. Your Daddy got
stranded on the road one night, and
that's how the courtship started.
If you can call it that. She was a
smart girl, though. Threatened to
go to the cops. So he did the
honorable thing -- he married her.

BRANDT

I don't know where you heard that
lie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRONG

Same place you did -- from your
mother. When she begged me not to
arrest you. Even she figured you
for a rapist, Cole. Said it wasn't
your fault, though. That you'd
inherited it from your father.

BRANDT

She's a lying bitch.

STRONG

That any way to talk about your
mother?

Strong finishes handcuffing Brandt's wrists and ankles to the
bedposts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

Why are you doing this? I've never
done anything to you.

*
*

STRONG

You've done everything to me.
You're in my head. You close my
eyes every night. I see your
stupid smug face staring back at me
every time I make love to my wife.
You know what that's like? You
know how that makes me feel?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

BRANDT

I'm sorry... I... please...

*
*

Strong reaches for his belt buckle as he straddles the prone
and helpless Brandt.

*
*

STRONG

Good. That's right. I want you to
beg. And I want you to plead. But
mostly...

*
*
*
*

Strong pulls off his belt -- THWHHHHAP!

*

STRONG

...I want you to scream.

*
*

52 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

52

A motorcade of tactical vans, black sedans and ambulances
tears down the dirt road and pulls up to the cottage. Danny
leads our heavily-armed SWAT TEAM as they spill out of their
vans and set up a perimeter, while Rebecca, Paul and Mel step
out of their sedans and observe from a distance.

DANNY

(into his mic)
On my signal.

As Danny raises his hand to give the signal, WE HEAR a single
gunshot. Followed by a long beat of eerie silence as we get
some what-the-hell-just-happened reactions from our team.

Danny gives his signal and the team storms the cottage.
Rebecca runs after them --

53 INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

53

Rebecca bursts into the cottage and sees Strong slumped
against the wall in his underwear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A splatter of blood behind his head. The nickel plated
revolver in his dead hand. And then --

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees Brandt. **Whimpering like a whipped dog.** A SWAT GUY *
fumbles with the handcuffs. Rebecca brushes the SWAT guy *
aside --

REBECCA

Let me.

-- and unlocks Brandt's handcuffs. Brandt gives her a brief, *
plaintive look...

REBECCA

You'll feel stronger. Believe me. *

It's said with an emotionless sincerity which makes it *
impossible to know if she meant it as a dig. He turns away *
and curls up into a ball.

54 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

54

EMTs leading a shivering Brandt into an ambulance. Rebecca,
Paul, Danny and Mel observing from a distance --

MEL

He gonna be okay?

PAUL

Physically anyway.

Danny shakes his head. *

DANNY

Man. It's horrible any way you *
slice it. But for a guy like *
Brandt to lose control like that -- *

REBECCA

What makes you think he's the one *
that lost control? *

Everyone looks at Rebecca. She's staring at something. They
follow her gaze and see --

STRONG'S BODY *

being loaded into the back of a coroner's van.

Paul turns his gaze back on Rebecca, **trying to read her.** *

55 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT 55 *

Paul in front of the case board, taking down victim photos and packing them into a file. When he gets to Brandt's photo, pinned under "Suspect", he stares at it for a long beat.

WEB (O.C.)

Let it go.

Paul looks up and sees Web standing there. *

PAUL *

Oh, I don't tend to hold on to things. Not like some people. *

(then) *

I just wish it made sense. *

WEB

What's that? *

PAUL

This, the whole thing. The son of a rapist who grows up and tortures women. The sex crimes detective who ends up committing sex crimes -- *

WEB

What part of that doesn't make sense? We're made of our past, Paul. *

PAUL

So what's your past? What are you made of? *

Web gives him an enigmatic smile, turns to go -- *

WEB *

Good night, Paul. *

Paul stares after Web for a beat. And then -- *

PAUL

It wasn't Brandt.

Web turns back, looks at him. *

PAUL *

That text message, I mean. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL(cont'd)

The one that took me away from
Rebecca, that allowed her to knock
on Brandt's door.

WEB

You're certain?

PAUL

Yeah. I had Carter check his phone
records. Brandt didn't send it.
Didn't come from him.

WEB

(probing)

Did you find where it did come
from?

PAUL

Still working on it.

WEB

Hmmm. Well, do let me know when
you find out. I'd be curious who
would do that.

PAUL

Someone who wanted Rebecca tempted
and vulnerable, I imagine.

WEB

Probably right.

Web's look is inscrutable as he holds Paul's look for a beat.
Then finally turns to go. Paul watches him, feeling like he
already knows... until...

WEB

(without turning back)

Unless she sent it herself.

And Web's gone. Off Paul, off balance --

BLACK OUT.

END OF EPISODE