

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

(RELEASED AS: REASONABLE DOUBT)

by

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(a thriller)

02.29.12

We HEAR the sound of children's laughter and --

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - FRANKLIN PARK - BOSTON - EVENING

Nestled at the edge of 64.8 acres of rugged woodland. KIDS play on rope swings, timber slides and rugged wooden seesaws. MOTHERS and NANNIES sit and talk together on benches.

A young man, CECIL ACKERMAN, 24, pale skin, red hair, is watching from beyond the playground fence. His eyes follow the little girls, some of them no more than 6 years old, as they swing to and fro.

He sees a small girl, EMMA, 7, toss a ball. It goes through the fence and rolls out onto the path. Emma looks to her NANNY, 19, but she is deep in conversation. Emma slips through a gap in the fence and goes after the ball. As she bends to pick it up, she clumsily kicks it. The ball rolls away down a sloping path into the woods and Emma goes after it...

Cecil looks at the Nanny. At the other Mothers. Nobody has noticed Emma's absence. Cecil pushes back from the fence and casually walks away.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK - EVENING

Emma's ball bounces off the path and into the bushes. Emma follows it. Pushing through the foliage. She sees her ball and --

Cecil picks it up. Emma looks up at him. He smiles.

CECIL
Is this your ball?

Emma takes a small step back. Nods.

CECIL (CONT'D)
What's your name?

EMMA
Emma.

CECIL
Emma. That's a pretty name.

Cecil holds the ball out to her...

CECIL (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid. Here. Come and take it.

Emma takes a small step forward. She reaches for the ball. Doesn't fully commit...

CECIL (CONT'D)
I won't bite, Emma.

Emma takes another step toward him and AN OUT OF FOCUS FIGURE appears behind Cecil. A HAMMER (wrapped in plastic) rises above him and --

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - FRANKLIN PARK - EVENING

Emma's SCREAM alerts the Mothers and Nannies. All bolt up. Looking around. We FOCUS on Emma's Nanny. Scanning the children...

NANNY
Emma! Where's Emma?!

Another SCREAM and Nanny vaults the fence and runs down the sloping path.

NANNY (CONT'D)
EMMA!!!

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK - EVENING

Nanny bursts through the bushes and finds --

Emma just standing there. Unhurt. She has tears streaming down her face. Cecil is gone. Nanny drops to her knees and envelops the sobbing child as -- in the woods somewhere we HEAR a vehicle engine starting. Emma looks at the ball settling on the ground. A single drop of blood rolls down its plastic surface...

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot of the surprisingly warm looking brick building.

MITCH'S VOICE
The defense would have you believe that circumstance is what put the accused in this court today.

INT. COURTROOM - COURTROOM - DAY

(A.D.A.) Assistant District Attorney MITCH BRODY, mid 30s, stands before the Jury. He's Boston born and raised but he's softened the accent. There's a slight scrappy edge to him. A fighter.

JUDGE McKENNA, 60s, a stern looking woman, presides.

MITCH

Honesty or, in the defendant's case, a lack of honesty - that's why we're here today. Call it character. Call it backbone. Call it common decency. Everyone has a choice.

(beat)

Lack of education opportunities, a broken home, low employment rates are nothing but excuses to hide behind when you're deciding who you want to be in this world.

(beat)

Neither fate, nor society, put Francis Mulligan inside the house of Gloria Mitchell on the night of the fifteenth. Neither fate, nor society, told him to tie her up - shove a gun in her face - and take her belongings. That was his choice.

Mitch looks at MULLIGAN, 25, Irish tats up each arm. Mulligan stares back with total disrespect.

MITCH (CONT'D)

The defense would have you walk in his client's shoes. Well I have. I'm from Dorchester.

(this gets people's attention)

It's a shit hole. Nobody's saying it's not. But that's where I'm from - not who I am.

Mulligan looks down. Confronted by an alternate life.

MITCH (CONT'D)

He's not the victim here. So, if you're going to put yourself in anyone's shoes - put yourself in Gloria Mitchell's.

Mitch walks back to his seat and sits beside fellow A.D.A. STUART KEMP, early 30s, doughy, not what you would call handsome.

STUART

Nice close, DeNiro.

MITCH
You like that?

STUART
Not who I am? It was golden.

JUDGE MCKENNA
The jury will adjourn to deliberate
a verdict.

Mitch, Stuart and the defense settle into their chairs to wait. A defense attorney leaves to take a call...

MITCH
You got any snacks? I missed
breakfast. Rachel's on total bed
rest for the last few days.

STUART
I told you, I'm on a diet.

MITCH
You're telling me you don't have
one chocolate bar hidden in there.

Mitch grabs Stuart's briefcase and digs. Finds a Snickers bar. Grins "ah-ha!". Stuart looks busted.

STUART
That's for emergencies. In case my
blood sugar drops.

Mitch's phone buzzes. Reads: "IT'S TIME!"

MITCH
It's time. Oh, shit. I gotta go.

Mitch puts down the Snicker's bar and starts to stuff papers into his case...

STUART
But the jury's still out.

MITCH
It's a guilty verdict. Five years.
Parole after two.

STUART
How do you know?

MITCH
One - Judge McKenna's soft on the
educationally challenged and nobody
got shot.

Mitch picks up his case --

STUART

And two?

MITCH

(smiles--)

I don't lose.

(to Judge McKenna --)

I'm sorry about this, your honor.

I'm going to have to leave my
esteemed associate to finish up.

My wife just went into labor.

JUDGE MCKENNA

Congratulations, counselor. You're
free to go.

Mitch turns to walk away -- then reaches back and snatches up
the Snicker's bar.

STUART

Hey!

MITCH

It's an emergency.

Mitch hurries down the aisle toward the rear doors...

EXT. MITCH'S STREET / HOUSE - DAY

Mitch's Escalade zooms into the tree-lined, suburban street.
Kids skateboard and play ball. He turns up the driveway of a
pretty, but modest, two-story starter-home.

INT. STUDY - MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SIX YEAR OLD MITCH AND HIS MA' (on the back
wooden steps of a run-down house in Popes Hill) dominates the
shot. It's oddly framed (they're both too close to one edge)
like we're only seeing half a picture. It sits on a desk
with other photos of Mitch and his wife. Through the window
we see Mitch's car approach the garage. There is a groaning
CLUNK that shakes the house as the garage starts to open.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

RACHEL BRODY, 29, crushes Mitch's hand as she pushes. The
MIDWIFE, late 50s, heavy German accent, urges her on. Sparse
medical equipment needed for a home birth stands beside the
bed.

MIDWIFE

The baby is crowning. I can see
the head. Keep pushing.

Mitch kisses Rachel's head...

MITCH

You're doing great.

Breath. Push....

MITCH (CONT'D)

Come on, push.

Rachel crushes his hand...

MIDWIFE

I can see the shoulders. One more
push.

RACHEL

I can't.

MIDWIFE

One more.

MITCH

You can do it.

Rachel strains with all of her might, lets out a pained gasp
and - the baby girl is out.

Midwife clears her nose and mouth and then wraps the baby in
a blanket and hands her up to Rachel.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You did it. Oh, my God, I can't
believe it.

Rachel holds her. Tears in her eyes...

RACHEL

Hello, baby girl.

MITCH

Let me take a picture.

RACHEL

No, I'm a mess.

MITCH

What are you talking about? You
look beautiful.

Mitch kisses her. Pulls out his iPhone and fires up the screen. He sees a text: "GUILTY. FIVE YEARS. I HATE YOU." Mitch smiles.

RACHEL
 (to baby)
 I think clever daddy just won
 another case.

Joe aims the iPhone at Rachel and the baby...

MITCH
 Smile.

Rachel smiles. Click. Mitch likes the photo...

MIDWIFE
 Mr. Brody, would you like to cut
 the cord?

Midwife holds a pair of scissors out to Mitch. Mitch hesitates. Rachel laughs at his expression..

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - BRODY HOUSE - DAY

Mitch is at the work-bench. He has a beer open. He's assembling the first pieces of A BABY CRIB. He has a wall of tools in front of him, each piece hanging on a hook. He takes down a screwdriver and we see there is a silhouette of it drawn on the wall. A place for everything.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch, Stuart and the rest of the DA's staff are crowded inside. All toast Mitch with a glass of champagne.

CUT TO:

A ROW OF SHOT GLASSES ARE SLOPPILY FILLED WITH TEQUILA.

INT. THE PAXTON TAP - NIGHT

Limes are jammed on the edges and the tray is lifted and carried through the crowds. Sports play on flat-screens. Music pounds. The tray is put down on --

A CORNER TABLE

where Mitch is wearing an oversized pin that reads "Baby Daddy!" and is sitting with FRANK, STUART, and JOE.

Great friends who all went to law school together. Empty beer and shot glasses litter the table.

STUART
Another toast.

STUART picks up a Tequila shot. The others follow suit...

MITCH
I'm pretty toasted already.

Stuart raises Mitch's hand anyway...

STUART
To the bastard who has it all. A beautiful wife, a great career --

FRANK
Awesome friends.

STUART
And now a perfect little girl.

Mitch lets this soak in. He does have a good life.

MITCH
To me.

They shoot the drinks...

INT. BATHROOM - THE PAXTON TAP - NIGHT

Mitch is at the urinal. Swaying. Singing to himself. He washes his hands at the sink. His phone rings. Mitch wipes his hands and answers it.

MITCH
Hello?

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
This is a collect call from an inmate at Concord Penitentiary. To accept this call press one.

Mitch's demeanor sobers. He clearly knows who it is. The door opens. Mitch kills the call...

FRANK
Hey, Baby daddy. You okay?

Frank approaches the urinal...

MITCH
Yeah.

FRANK

Not going to hurl are you? Stu'
just got another round.

MITCH

Bring it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PAXTON TAP - NIGHT

The streets are quiet. A light rain falls. Mitch, Frank, Joe and Stuart stagger out of the bar laughing. Frank claps Mitch on the back.

FRANK

I hope you're not driving,
counselor.

MITCH

Got the cab number right here.

Mitch shows his iPhone. Frank hugs him...

FRANK

Be well, man. Give Rachel our best
and let us know when we can come
over.

MITCH

Will do.

Stuart shakes hands with Mitch and bump shoulders...

STUART

See you at the office.

Joe hugs him...

JOE

Congrat's again, man. Can't wait
to meet her.

Frank, Joe and Stuart walk away talking and laughing.

STUART

And don't think I've forgotten you
owe me a Snicker's bar.

Mitch dials a cab. Then sees A PAIR OF GUYS admiring his parked Escalade. One of the Guys looks in the window.

MITCH
(can't believe these guys)
What the -- ?

Mitch looks around. Frank, Stuart and Joe vanish around the corner.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.S.)
Harvard Cabs.

Mitch kills the call and walks toward his Escalade. Fearless. You can take the kid out of Dorchester, but you can't take Dorchester out of the kid.

MITCH
Hey.

He zaps his keys. The Escalade's lights flash.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I help you guys with something?

The Guys see Mitch and walk away. Mitch stands firm by his car. Keys in one hand, phone in the other. What to do? He sees the Guys hanging at the street corner. Waiting.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Screw this.

Mitch opens the door and climbs in. Fires the engine. Thunder rumbles in the night sky as he drives away...

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rain falls on the windshield. Mitch tuns on the wipers. He sees a COP CAR sitting at an intersection. Mitch drives past on a green light. Doesn't look at them.

He lifts the center arm rest and pulls out a tin of mints. Pops a few in his mouth. Glances in the mirror as the lights change behind him and --

The Cop Car drives straight across the intersection and vanishes from sight.

Mitch breathes a sigh of relief. Turns his attention back to the road and --

BOOM! The Escalade hits a YOUNG MAN!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - A SERIES OF SHOTS

Mitch stomps the brake.

Young Man is dragged underneath.

Tires bite the wet road.

Horrendous thuds as Young Man tumbles and brakes beneath the undercarriage.

The tires finally grip and --

The Escalade stops.

MITCH

No, no, no, no....

Mitch stabs the seat-belt release and pushes open the door.

Mitch staggers out into the rain and sees the crumpled mess of a body lying fifteen feet behind the Escalade.

Mitch runs to the Young Man.

EXT. DARBY STREET - NIGHT

Mitch skids to a stop. Rain falls on the bloody body. Leg twisted at an impossible angle. Arms broken. Young Man blinks up at Mitch in the rain. Blood bubbling on his pale lips. Oil and blood matting his red hair.

We recognize him from the opening park - CECIL ACKERMAN.

MITCH

Oh, Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Mitch takes off his jacket and lays it over Cecil's coatless and shoeless body...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Don't move. I'm going to call an ambulance.

Mitch runs back to the Escalade...

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mitch grabs his iPhone and fires up the screen. He is met by a photo of Rachel and his baby.

He stops.

Looks back at Cecil lying in the rain.

At the picture on his phone.

Fuck.

He sees a PAYPHONE at the corner of the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAYPHONE - DARBY STREET - NIGHT

Mitch grabs the handset, hand covered with a handkerchief.
Dials 911. Covers the mouthpiece with his other hand.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
911 what's your emergency?

MITCH
I need an ambulance. There's been
an accident. Somebody was hit by a
car.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's the location?

MITCH
(looks around)
Darby Street. South of 20th.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's your name, sir?

MITCH
Just hurry. He's hurt real bad.

Mitch slams down the phone. Wipes the buttons. Takes a deep
breath...

EXT. DARBY STREET - NIGHT

Mitch runs back to Cecil.

MITCH
They're coming. You just hang on,
you hear me?

CECIL
(mumbles)
Help ... me...

MITCH
Help is on its way. You're going
to be okay.

Mitch HEARS a sharp, metallic SNAP from a side alley and stares into the darkness.

Is somebody there?

Rain drums but nothing else moves.

Finally, in the distance, Mitch HEARS the faint howl of an ambulance siren.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You hear that? They're coming. I
have to go now.

Mitch grabs his jacket, but Cecil clings to it with his one good hand. Cecil's eyes plead at him. He looks terrified.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I can't stay.

Mitch unpicks Cecil's fingers from the now bloody jacket...

MITCH (CONT'D)
I have a family. I can't be
involved. I'm sorry.

CECIL
Please...

MITCH
I'm sorry.

Mitch pulls his jacket free and business cards fall out. Mitch quickly scrapes them out of the blood and rain. Cecil stares at him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You're going to be okay.

Mitch turns away. Runs back to his Escalade...

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mitch climbs in and slams the door. Puts his hand on the shifter. A deep breath...

MITCH
I'm so sorry.

Jams it into drive...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

With a spin of tires, the Escalade zooms forward and hangs a hard right out of the street. All is quiet save for the distant siren and the fall of rain on the blacktop. THE CAMERA lingers on Cecil. Helpless. Precious blood mingling with the rain. Fear in his eyes...

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Streetlights whip hypnotic stripes across Mitch's face. He sees an AMBULANCE zoom past. Lights flashing blood red.

Mitch starts to gag. He pulls to the side of the road. Opens the door. Vomits.

INT. 24HR CARWASH - NIGHT

Huge soap-rollers spread foam over the Escalade. Scrub it clean. Mitch watches from beyond an observation window.

INT. GARAGE - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch parks the Escalade next to Rachel's Prius and climbs out. The automatic garage door closes with a whir and a clunk. Mitch climbs out, shoves his coat into a garbage bag, kicks off his shoes and throws them in, too. He then unbuckles his pants and removes his shirt. He looks at the washer and dryer in the room. Decides against it...

EXT. PATIO - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch carries the bag of clothes to the BBQ and removes the lid. He empties the clothes into the grill and squirts fluid onto them. He strikes a match. Slings it onto the clothes. They ignite. He stands there watching the fabric burn. Light flickering on his face...

INT. BATHROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch showers. Lets the steaming, hot water wash him clean.

INT. BEDROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch, in boxer shorts and a cotton T-shirt, looks at his sleeping wife, hand holding the edge of the baby's bassinet. The baby is cocooned in a white blanket. Tiny. Helpless.

Mitch climbs into bed beside Rachel. Wraps an arm around her and kisses the back of her head. She moans but doesn't wake. Mitch just lies there...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - FLASHBACK

Mitch hits Cecil. Boom!

INT. BEDROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

Mitch wakes with a start. Warm, morning light filters through the window lace. Mitch rubs his face. Looks at the time. Its 7am. Rachel and the baby are gone. Mitch climbs from the bed...

INT. BABY ROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

Rachel looks exhausted. She is pacing back and forth with the baby on her shoulder. Patting her back as the baby whimpers fitfully.

MITCH
Hey. You okay?

Mitch kisses Rachel...

RACHEL
She'd had me up since four.

MITCH
You want me to take her for a while?

RACHEL
No, I need to change her. Why don't you start the coffee.

EXT. THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

Mitch opens the front door and picks up the newspaper. He glances around the quiet street. A NEIGHBOR waves...

INT. KITCHEN - THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

Mitch spoons coffee into the drip filter and zaps on the television. Flips between morning news shows.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Mitch.

She startles him. Rachel walks in from the garage carrying the baby and handful of clean diapers...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(tired and irritated)
You want to tell me what happened last night?

MITCH

What -- ?

RACHEL

I'm talking about the truck.

Mitch's breath stops. Tries not to react...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You drove after promising you'd catch a cab.

Mitch breathes...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You get a DUI and you can kiss the DA's office goodbye.

MITCH

You're right. I'm sorry.

RACHEL

I'm serious. You're a father now. You can't take chances.

The baby rubs her tiny face with a perfect little hand and lets out a squeak...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

See, Ella agrees with me.

MITCH

(moved)

Ella?

(beat; reading her)

You're sure about that?

RACHEL

Yes. But don't change the subject.

Mitch gives her a hug. This means a lot to him. Kisses her. Kisses Ella...

MITCH

Thank you. For everything.

(beat)

I don't know what I'd do if I ever lost you guys.

RACHEL

Why would you lose us?

The doorbell rings...

MITCH

That'll be Frau Strudel. You should get back into bed.

RACHEL

Her name is Schultze. Be nice.

Rachel walks out and heads back up the stairs. Mitch looks sad. Feels like shit. Takes a deep breath and heads to the front door...

INT. GARAGE - THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

The garage door rises with a CLUNK. Light spills slowly across the Escalade and Prius. Mitch stands there in a suit, carrying a coffee and his briefcase. He looks at the Escalade. Then climbs into the Prius. Reverses out of the garage...

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING

Establishing shot...

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mitch Googles: "Boston Hospitals". An extremely short list of names come up. He picks up his phone and dials...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mass General.

MITCH

Hi. I'm with the DA's office and I'm following up on a hit and run that was brought in last night.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Just a second. Last night, you say.

Mitch taps his pen nervously...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's nothing in admissions.

MITCH

Around midnight. Caucasian male. Mid-twenties. Red hair.

Mitch's SECRETARY appears in the doorway. He raises a finger to her. She waits...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Sorry. You know, you could try
 Sinai - they sometimes get our
 spillover.

MITCH
 I will. Thank you.

Mitch hangs up. Looks at Secretary...

SECRETARY
 Staff meeting starts in five.

MITCH
 Right.

Mitch stands. Gathers his files...

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Could you do me a favor and call
 around the local hospitals and
 clinics. I'm trying to track down
 a young man who was involved in a
 hit and run accident last night.

SECRETARY
 Do you have a name?

MITCH
 No.

Mitch walks past her...

SECRETARY
 What case is it connected to?

MITCH
 Just let me know if you find him.

Secretary watches him walk toward the conference room.

WITH MITCH

as he walks toward the conference room. He takes a bottle of
 Tylenol from his pocket. Stuart falls in beside him,
 drinking coffee...

STUART
 How's the head?

Mitch gives him a "not good" look.

STUART (CONT'D)
 Man, I am so off Tequila.

Mitch stops at the water fountain. Stuart walks on. Mitch drinks the water and swallows the Tylenol. As he wipes his mouth he sees --

A PAIR OF UNIFORM COPS

standing at reception. The RECEPTIONIST points toward Mitch.

The COPS walk toward him.

Mitch is riveted to the spot.

The Cops approach, in seeming slow motion, removing their peaked caps and --

Mitch turns away. Walks into a Secretary carrying a tray of coffee.

Behind Mitch, the Cops are greeted by a different A.D.A. They walk into his office...

INT. BATHROOM - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mitch runs water on a hand towel and dabs at the coffee on his shirt and tie. Takes a long, deep, calming breath.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mitch walks toward his office. Glances at the Cops talking to the A.D.A. in his office. Nobody pays Mitch any attention. He really can breathe easy.

Before Mitch enters his own office, Secretary looks up from her work...

SECRETARY

I called everywhere and none of them admitted a hit and run last night. You want me to call outside the city?

MITCH

No. Thanks.

SECRETARY

Oh, and somebody named Doyle called. Wouldn't leave his last name.

Mitch stops. The name means something to him...

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

He said to tell you he's "out" and wants to see you. He left a contact number.

Mitch takes the post-it from her.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

You want me to get him on the phone for you?

MITCH

No. I got it.

Mitch goes into his office. Closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. KERRY'S CAFE - DAY

An overweight DELIVERY DRIVER gets into his Fed-EX truck and drives away. Mitch is sitting in a window seat of Kerry's Cafe. Grease and caffeine are all they sell...

INT. KERRY'S CAFE - DAY

Mitch sips a coffee and looks at DOYLE LOGAN, 30s, cropped hair, tattoo poking above the collar of his sweater, sitting opposite. Doyle chomps on a bacon sandwich. Moans with delight.

DOYLE

Bacon. I tell you, man, it's the simple things you miss.

MITCH

So, how've you been?

DOYLE

(smiles; mouth full)

How've I been? You mean apart from dating a guy called Bubba for most of the last decade and having "enter here" tattooed on my ass-cheeks?

MITCH

What?

DOYLE

I'm kidding, bro. I'm good. Never better.

MITCH
Are you clean?

DOYLE
Straight to the point. Eight
years.

MITCH
Listen...

DOYLE
(knows what he's going to
say--)
Don't sweat it. I wouldn't have
come to see your ass either.

Mitch breathes -- been let off the hook --

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I got your card when da' died,
though. That was nice.

MITCH
He was a good man.

DOYLE
He was a drunken ass.

Mitch laughs and nods. Doyle sees Mitch's wedding band...

DOYLE (CONT'D)
You got hitched.

MITCH
Yeah.

DOYLE
Any kids?

MITCH
One. Ella.

DOYLE
After your ma'.

MITCH
Yeah.

DOYLE
How old?

MITCH
 (checks his watch)
 Two days, seven hours and thirteen
 minutes.

DOYLE
 A newbie. Congratulations, pops.
 You got a picture?

Mitch slides his iPhone across to Doyle. Rachel and Ella are
 the screen-saver image.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Nice. And the baby's cute, too.

Mitch takes the phone back...

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 You've done real good for yourself,
 Mitch. I almost shit a brick when
 my parole officer said you worked
 for the D.A.

MITCH
 It's early days.

DOYLE
 Don't do that. You made something
 of yourself. Be proud.

Doyle raises his coffee cup in toast and sips...

MITCH
 Where are you staying?

DOYLE
 Why, you offering?
 (beat; cracks a smile)
 They've got me crashing in some
 halfway house. It's part of my
 reintegration program. You know -
 help me back into society.

He digs through his pocket. Pulls out a scrap of paper...

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Here it is. Cardiff Street. I
 wrote it down for you.

Mitch takes the paper...

MITCH
 How is it?

DOYLE

Four walls and a roof. Anything's better than Popes Hill or the pen, you know what I'm saying?

Doyle raises his cup and gestures for a refill.

MITCH

How are you fixed for money?

DOYLE

They've set me up with a couple of interviews. I didn't call to hit you up or nothing.

MITCH

That's good because between student loans, mortgage payments and a new baby, I ain't got shit.

DOYLE

Maybe I could spot you some. I've got a little stashed away. The bit da' left me. Your ma's government bonds.

MITCH

She wanted you to have them.

DOYLE

Christ, it's good to see you, Mitch. It really is. You look great.

Mitch smiles then sees the face of CECIL ACKERMAN appear on the TV. He looks fresh faced and happy, but it's definitely him. Cecil's photo is replaced by a MALE REPORTER outside a Boston Police Station.

MITCH

(to Waitress)

Excuse me. Could you turn that up?

Doyle looks from the TV back to Mitch.

DOYLE

What is it? What's going on?

Waitress turns the sound up.

REPORTER

What started out as a routine traffic stop last night turned into a gruesome murder investigation when Boston PD Officers stopped this white van...

We see a WHITE VAN through the chain-link fence.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(uninterrupted)

...parked here behind me in the police impound - for nothing more than a broken tail light.

Camera comes back to Reporter...

REPORTER (CONT'D)

When officers, climbing from their vehicle, saw blood dripping from a rear door they demanded that the driver open the van. It was then that they discovered the body of Cecil Ackerman, a 24 year old parolee from Somerville.

Mitch watches -- breath held --

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Early reports are that the driver, who for now must remain nameless, claims his innocence. Saying that he found Ackerman dying in the road, the victim of an apparent hit and run, and was merely trying to get him to a hospital.

Mitch pushes up to his feet --

MITCH

I gotta go.

REPORTER

This is Jeff Franklin, reporting live, from Back Bay.

DOYLE

Do you know that guy?

Mitch digs out his wallet...

MITCH

It's ... it's a work thing.

DOYLE
 Hey, if you've gotta go, you've
 gotta go.

Mitch holds out a twenty. Doyle waves it off.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Your money's no good here.

MITCH
 I'll call you.

Mitch walks away.

DOYLE
 Let's arrange a time for me to come
 meet my new family. Mitch?

But Mitch just pushes out the street door. Doesn't look
 back. Waitress tops up Doyle's coffee. Mitch's departure
 stung Doyle, but he covers it with a smile...

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 That was my brother. He's a big
 shot D.A. He's working an
 important case.

WAITRESS
 Uh-huh.

Waitress walks on. Doyle chomps on his bacon sandwich...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

As Mitch pulls up to a meter in the Prius, he sees a pair of
 NEWS VANS camped outside the station. Mitch climbs out and
 walks toward the station doors. Looks through the familiar
 chain-link fence into the impound yard and sees the white
 van.

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Mitch approaches the DESK SERGEANT. Shows him his ID...

MITCH
 Detective Kanon is expecting me.

INT. DETECTIVE KANON'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE BLAKE KANON, 48, hair tied back, is typing a report
 into her computer, glasses perched on the tip of her nose, a
 hunt-and-peck two finger typer.

Her office is a mess of paperwork. Shelves lined with baseball trophies. A signed photo of Kanon and Micky Mantel hangs on the wall. She's a woman in a man's world.

Mitch knocks on the open door.

MITCH
Detective Kanon?

Kanon gestures for him to come in and sit. She types a last couple of words and then --

KANON
How many tees in committed?

MITCH
Two.

Kanon fixes it, saves, and takes off her glasses...

KANON
Paperwork. Worst part of the job.
Do you touch type?

MITCH
I have a secretary.

Kanon pops a Nicorette gum...

KANON
Nice.
(offers him gum; he declines--)
So, you got here quick. You said on the phone you were interested in the Ackerman murder.

MITCH
That's right.

KANON
DA assigned just you?

MITCH
This is a provisional enquiry.

KANON
Walk with me.

Kanon picks up a stack of papers. They leave the office...

KANON (CONT'D)
Suspect's name is Tobias Levy.
Forty-Nine years old.
(MORE)

KANON (CONT'D)

Car mechanic by trade. Couple of assault charges, nothing he did time for. No relatives. Wife and daughter were both murdered a few years back.

MITCH

It said on the news that he found Ackerman in the road.

KANON

We've had officers out there. No broken car parts, no blood that we can see...

MITCH

It was raining pretty hard last night.

KANON

True -- but with the dead kid's blood and hair on his clothes -- not to mention the bloody tools and plastic sheets we found in the back of the van -- we've got enough to charge him. You guys need to decide if it's enough to convict.

Mitch looks through a window and sees --

TOBIAS LEVY

sitting handcuffed in a chair in the middle of an interview room. Levy is an unassuming man. Hair thin. His clothes taken as evidence. He is wrapped in a large blanket. Hands stained with dry blood.

MITCH

He looks scared.

KANON

You think the guilty ones don't? This guy's staring down twenty to life for this one alone.

MITCH

What do you mean "this one"?

KANON

I ran some keywords through the database -- tools, torture, male victims. It flagged a string of unsolved homicides. We're pulling the files now.

MITCH

You think this guy's a serial killer? You don't even know he did this one.

KANON

Listen kid, I just work the evidence. Every detective here has a caseload this high -- and only 24 hours in the day to work 'em -- so if it turns out this guy clears up five unsolveds -- that's a good day in my books.

Kanon starts to walk away...

KANON (CONT'D)

Tell your boss he'll get everything we've got when we get it, okay?

MITCH

What if he really is just a "Good Samaritan"? Did you consider that?

Kanon just waves -- doesn't look back. There is a commotion down the hall. A PRIEST is there arguing with OFFICERS.

PRIEST

Then let me talk to somebody in charge.

Officers beckon to Kanon who sighs and approaches the Priest.

Mitch -- alone now -- steps closer to the window. Looks in on Levy who just sits there. Unmoving. Calm.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You must have made a mistake. Tobias wouldn't hurt a fly. I'm not leaving until I see him.

Mitch looks down the hall at the Priest and Kanon talking.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Hasn't he been through enough?

Mitch looks back at Levy. We see Mitch's reflection in the glass. Their faces line up over each other, like Mitch and Levy are interchangeable...

CUT TO:

INT. THE PAXTON TAP - AFTERNOON

The place is quiet. A few early drinkers. Mitch is sitting at the bar nursing a beer. BARTENDER (GIO), 40, friendly, slides him a shot of Scotch.

MITCH
What's this?

BARTENDER
Hair of the dog.

MITCH
I'm not hungover.

Mitch rubs his hand through his hair. Needs to talk...

BARTENDER
So, why the face like a slapped
ass?

Bartender pops the cap off a Bud Lite and hands it to a customer. Writes on their tab...

MITCH
Buddy of mine did something stupid
and he doesn't know how to fix it.

GIO
What are we talking - stupid stupid
or illegal stupid?

MITCH
Lose everything - career, wife,
freedom - kinda stupid.

BARTENDER
Does anybody else know your friend
did this thing?

MITCH
No.

BARTENDER
Then, shit man - whatever it is -
tell him to say twelve Hail Marys
and take it to the grave.

MITCH
Somebody else is being blamed for
what he did.

BARTENDER
Ouch.

MITCH

He only has two choices, right?
Fess up or let the guy take the
rap. And either way he's screwed.

Mitch downs the Scotch.

BARTENDER

Personally - and I'm an asshole -
I'd still choose the Hail Marys and
throw in a prayer that he doesn't
get a prosecutor like you.

MITCH

What do you mean?

BARTENDER

This may come as a surprise to you,
Mitch, but some prosecutors lose
cases from time to time.

Somebody further along the bar signals to Bartender. He
walks away...

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Yes, pal? What can I do you for?

Mitch sits there. The wheels of his mind turning. He gets
up and throws a twenty on the bar. Hurries out the door...

CUT TO:

INT. JONES' OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

D.A. JONES is at his desk working. There is a knock at the
door. He looks up as Mitch enters...

JONES

Mitch. I thought you'd left for
the day.

MITCH

I have a request, sir.

JONES

Oh?

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Through the glass wall of Jones' office we see Mitch making
his case. Eventually Jones nods. Mitch steps out of the
office and breathes.

SOUND UPCUT - A HARSH BUZZER and --

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CITY JAIL - DAY

A steel gate rolls back and clangs to a stop. Mitch and Stuart walk through passing GUARDS. The gate is rolled closed again behind them and SLAMS. Mitch flinches...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CITY JAIL - DAY

Mitch and Stuart walk in. Levy is wearing a badly fitting prison jumpsuit. Wrists cuffed. Sitting beside him at the table is a wet-behind-the-ears PUBLIC DEFENDER - TERRY LUNDGREN. Lundgren stands to greet them. They trade business cards...

MITCH

Mitch Brody, D.A.'s office. This is my associate Stuart Kemp.

LUNDGREN

Terry Lundgren, Public Defenders office.

Mitch looks at Lundgren's card. A printed name has been crossed out and Lundgren's name written in by hand. He's that new.

LUNDGREN (CONT'D)

I haven't got my own cards yet.

Mitch and Stuart take seats across the table. Take files from their briefcases. Levy just stares at Mitch.

MITCH

Mister Levy, we're going to ask you a few questions about the night of the 4th. If you could answer as clearly and accurately as possible.

LEVY

Are you my prosecutor?

MITCH

Yes. Yes I am.

LEVY

I'm innocent.

Levy hold's Mitch's look.

MITCH

Then you've got nothing to worry about.

LEVY

Do I have your word on that, Mitch?

MITCH

Absolutely.

Levy sits back...

STUART

Can you tell us where you were earlier that night, Mr. Levy? Were you out drinking?

LEVY

I don't drink. I finished work, went to group, then I went for a drive.

Mitch notices Lundgren write that down. Or try. His pen is out of ink.

MITCH

Group?

Mitch slides Lundgren a pen.

LEVY

I help out at support groups and church meetings.

MITCH

I see. And the drive?

LEVY

Just something I do. Helps me sleep. Haven't you ever taken a drive at night, Mitch?

MITCH

That's beside the point. I'm not the one under arrest for murder.

Again Mitch feels Levy hold his gaze. It's penetrating. Uncomfortable.

LEVY

Right.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES' OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch and Stuart are sitting opposite Jones.

JONES

What do we know about the victim?

MITCH

Cecil Ackerman.

Mitch hands Jones a rap sheet with a photo of Ackerman on.

MITCH (CONT'D)

A registered sex offender. Two counts of statutory rape. Been out on parole for three months.

JONES

So, a real loss to humanity.

MITCH

So far, there's no connection between him and Levy.

STUART

Other than Levy's hammer in the back of his head, you mean.

JONES

Tell me about the murder weapon.

STUART

Weapons. Plural. Coroner couldn't be exact but the wounds are consistent with the type of tools and machine parts found in the back of Levy's van.

MITCH

Though they also found significant amounts of motor oil and grit in the wounds which corroborates his hit and run story.

STUART

True, but the vic's DNA and blood were all over Levy's clothes -- inside his van...

MITCH

All of which is explainable by transference when he lifted Ackerman into his van.

STUART
Or when he murdered him.

FLASHBACK

BAM! Mitch's Escalade hits Ackerman.

BACK TO SCENE

STUART (CONT'D)
Levy has three counts of aggravated assault.

MITCH
At a time when his family had just been murdered in a home invasion. He hasn't had so much as a parking ticket since.

STUART
That doesn't negate the fact that he took a tire-iron to three men and hospitalized them.

JONES
What's concerning you, Mitch?

MITCH
I don't see motive.

STUART
Ackerman was a pedophile.

MITCH
Levy's daughter was murdered, not raped. It doesn't fit.

Secretary knocks and enters.

SECRETARY
Terry Lundgren just called. There was a 911 call. Tape's on its way.

Mitch looks worried...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Secretary slots the cassette into the machine. Mitch and Stuart sit opposite Jones.

SECRETARY

Somebody called in an accident twenty minutes before Levy was picked up. When the ambulance got there ... there was no body.

JONES

Let's hear it.

Secretary presses play. Static fills the room. We can feel Mitch stop breathing as --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

911 what's your emergency?

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

There's been an accident.

Mitch watches the room for any hint of recognition...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

What's the location?

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's Darby Street. Just south of 20th. Hurry.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

What's your name, sir?

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

Please hurry. He's hurt real bad.

There is a click and the call ends. Secretary presses stop.

JONES

That's it?

SECRETARY

You want me to play it again?

MITCH

No.

JONES

The location matches Levy's story but we can't rule out the possibility that he made the call himself.

STUART

Is there any way we can find the caller?

MITCH
He used a payphone.

Stuart looks up from documents that came with the tape.

STUART
How do you know that?

JONES
Because we'd have the man's name if
it wasn't.

Mitch breathes...

JONES (CONT'D)
Okay, the tape's potentially
damaging but not conclusive. Maybe
it was a crank, maybe not, but if
we can't find the caller then
defense can't. Hell, it could be
anyone in Boston. It sounds like
Mitch. Where were you that night?

Stuart and Secretary laugh. Mitch smiles.

JONES (CONT'D)
Bottom line. Do we have enough for
a conviction?

MITCH
Without motive? I say no.

JONES
Stuart?

STUART
Levy was caught - pardon the pun -
red-handed. We have physical
evidence, a documented history of
violence, no alibi, and his public
defender is the kind of guy Mitch
eats for breakfast.

Jones weighs a decision. To prosecute or not to prosecute.
Mitch says a silent prayer and --

JONES
Charge him. Murder one.

Mitch's shoulders sink. Jones gets up and leaves. Stuart
and Secretary gather papers and the tape. Stuart pats his
shoulder...

STUART

You've got to have more faith in
yourself, buddy.

Mitch is left alone. He just sits there...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - BOSTON MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Establishing. A crisp day.

INT. COURTROOM - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Mitch and Stuart take their seats. Mitch looks at Lundgren
and Levy at the next table. The jury is already seated.
Mitch flexes his hands. Tense.

A door opens and Judge McKenna walks in and goes to her seat.

COURT BAILIFF

All rise.

Mitch and the rest of the room stand. Judge McKenna sits and
straightens her papers.

COURT BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Court is now in session. The
Honorable Judge McKenna presiding.

JUDGE MCKENNA

Be seated. Are counsel for the
prosecution and defense both
present?

MITCH

We are your honor.

Judge makes a note...

JUDGE MCKENNA

In the case of the people versus
Tobias Levy, your client entered a
plea of not guilty. Does he wish
to change that plea here today?

LUNDGREN

He does not, your honor.

JUDGE MCKENNA

Very well. Defense may go ahead
with its opening statement.

LUNDGREN

Thank you, your honor. This case is nothing more than a huge misinterpretation of the facts...

JUDGE MCKENNA

Not to me, Mr. Lundgren. To them.

Judge McKenna indicates the Jury. Lundgren turns to them. Stuart smiles. Mitch exhales... throwing this case is going to be harder than he thought.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The sun is low outside the windows. The CORONER is on the stand. There are blow-up photos of tools from the back of Levy's van on display...

MITCH

You examined the body, Doctor. In your professional opinion what was the cause of death?

CORONER

Blunt force trauma to the skull.

MITCH

Do you know what caused that trauma?

CORONER

The back of the skull was badly crushed so its hard to narrow it down to any one item but some of the marks seem consistent with a hammer found in the suspect's van.

MITCH

You said "seem" consistent.

CORONER

That's correct.

MITCH

Your report talks of abrasions and impact wounds with motor oil and grease in them. The defence, I'm sure, is going to argue that those wounds indicate a car ran Cecil Ackerman over and that the rest is a misinterpretation of the evidence.

CORONER

The accused is a mechanic who used his van to transport old parts to and from the wrecker's yard. If I remember correctly there was an axle, leaf springs, suspension arms inside... And the interior was covered in grease and motor oil. So any type of violent struggle in that environment could have caused those wounds and left that trace evidence.

MITCH

I see. And did you identify any of those parts as things he used?

CORONER

There was blood on a lot of things -
- it might be easier to say which one's he didn't use.

This gets a reaction from the jury. They look at Levy. Disgusted. Like he's a monster. Mitch breathes. He's not swayed the Jury one inch...

MITCH

No further questions, your honor.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MITCH'S HOME - NIGHT

Mitch has the entire case spread over the table in front of him. He sips a coffee and rubs his eyes. Rachel walks in carrying Ella.

RACHEL

Bit late for coffee, isn't it?

She looks over his shoulder. Sees a photo of Tobias Levy - years younger than the man we know - happier...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Is that him?

MITCH

Four years ago. This is before his family were murdered in a home invasion. He was forced to watch and then left for dead.

Mitch pulls out a picture of Levy with his wife and daughter.

RACHEL
That's horrible. Did they catch
the killer?

MITCH
He was gunned down in another home
invasion the next night.

RACHEL
Is that what made his snap?

MITCH
That's the general consensus.

Mitch sips his coffee...

RACHEL
Here, I know you're working, but
can you take Ella for a bit? I
need to take a shower before bed.
I smell like milk and my hair feels
like straw.

Rachel hands him Ella. He cradles her in his arms.

MITCH
Does mommy smell like milk because
of you? Does she?

Ella's eyes sparkle as she looks up at him. She grips his
finger with her tiny hand. Mitch takes a big sigh. This
little life is why he's doing everything he's doing...

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's Darby Street, just south of
20th. Hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Mitch is listening as the tape is played over speakers for
the Jury...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What's your name, Sir?

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)
Please hurry. He's hurt real bad.

The call ends. Everyone looks to --

DR. EVELYN BROWN, 50s, professional, blind since birth, who
is sitting, calmly on the stand.

JUDGE MCKENNA
Your witness, Mr. Brody.

Stuart leans in to Mitch...

STUART
Piece of cake. The jury has no
idea what she's been talking about.

Mitch takes that onboard and --

MITCH
I'm not very familiar with your
field, Dr. Brown and I'm sure
neither is the jury.

Brown looks toward Mitch. Even behind her black glasses we
sense her staring at him with some sense of recognition...

It gives Mitch pause. He coughs...

MITCH (CONT'D)
Just how accurate is forensic
linguistics?

DR. BROWN
Extremely.

Mitch stands. Begins to pace.

MITCH
But not perfect.

DR. BROWN
Perfection doesn't happen in
science.

Her head follows him as he moves. Listening...

MITCH
On a sliding scale of one to ten
then?

JUDGE MCKENNA
(to Lundgren)
You might want to object,
counselor. The witness' field is
not on trial here.

Before Lundgren can respond...

MITCH
I'll withdraw the question, your
honor.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

You stated earlier that the caller was genuine - and by that I assume you mean he was reporting a real accident.

DR. BROWN

Correct.

MITCH

And you can tell this just by listening to his voice.

DR. BROWN

It's more complicated than that, but - yes.

MITCH

Can you tell us anything else about the caller?

DR. BROWN

Probably white. Medium build. He's from the south of Boston, but he's tried hard to soften the accent - again, not unlike yourself counselor. You're from where - Dorchester?

MITCH

That's right.

DR. BROWN

The caller had a strict Roman Catholic upbringing - so there's probably Irish in there - which we can tell by an almost inaudible prayer he mumbles while the operator is talking. I'm sure he didn't even know he did it himself. And he's cool under pressure which we know from the way he gives no personal details and had the forethought to use a payphone even in his heightened emotional state. All of which tells me he has either a legal or criminal background. None of which matches Tobias Levy.

MITCH

Legal or criminal. That's quite a spread.

DR. BROWN
Actually, the psychological traits
for both professions are
surprisingly similar.

MITCH
So, in your professional opinion is
it even in the realm of possibility
that Tobias Levy made this 911 call
himself - to establish an alibi?

DR. BROWN
No. It is not.

The Jury trades nods of understanding. Stuart drops his pen
on the desk. No idea what's going on. Judge McKenna just
stares at Mitch.

CUT TO:

INT. MCKENNA'S CHAMBERS - COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Judge McKenna hangs her gown and goes to sit behind her desk
as Mitch and Lundgren enter.

JUDGE MCKENNA
Shut the door.

Lundgren closes it.

JUDGE MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Okay, what the hell is going on out
there?

LUNDGREN
Your honor, I...

JUDGE MCKENNA
I'm not talking to you, Mr.
Lundgren. The way you're going,
your client will be lucky if he
isn't put away for life. But I
guess you were sick they day DeVry
taught cross examination.

Lundgren shuts up.

JUDGE MCKENNA (CONT'D)
I'm waiting.

MITCH
I'm just trying to get to the
truth, your honor.

JUDGE MCKENNA

Don't bullshit a bullshitter, Mr. Brody. You practically made the defense's case for them with that last witness.

MITCH

That wasn't my intention.

JUDGE MCKENNA

What was?

MITCH

I thought I could shake her credibility.

McKenna stares at him. A beat...

JUDGE MCKENNA

I'm going to say this once, and once only. If I sense anybody isn't playing straight on this I will call for a mistrial and start the whole thing over. Do you hear me?

LUNDGREN

Yes, your honor.

But Judge McKenna is still looking at Mitch...

MITCH

Of course.

JUDGE MCKENNA

Get out of my sight.

INT. HALLWAY - COURTHOUSE - EVENING

Mitch and Lundgren part ways. Mitch strides along the hallway. Glances at --

Dr. Brown talking to Det. Kanon. Kanon watches Mitch. Mitch feels under the microscope...

EXT. PARKING LOT - COURTHOUSE - EVENING

Mitch puts the key in the Prius door and A HAND spins him around. Mitch throws his hands up. It's Doyle.

MITCH

What are you doing? You scared the crap out of me.

DOYLE
You should be scared.
(beat)
I was in there. I heard the tape.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mitch is sitting in a booth with Doyle. Both have beers...

MITCH
I didn't know what else to do. I'd
been drinking. I panicked.

DOYLE
You've got a lot to lose.

MITCH
That's no excuse. I should have
stayed.

DOYLE
But you didn't. And I don't blame
you. But what the ef' were you
thinking taking the case?

MITCH
I couldn't let somebody else
prosecute. There are ADAs in my
office who were ready to crucify
him. The evidence is so ambiguous
you can paint any story you want
onto it -- he'd be railroaded.

DOYLE
He would with this public defender.

MITCH
I thought I could just ease back
and let the guy win but this idiot
couldn't try his way out of a paper
bag.

DOYLE
So, let him go down. You don't owe
this schmuck anything.

MITCH
He's innocent.

DOYLE
Pen's full of innocent men. He'll
fit right in.

MITCH
I'm not joking, Doyle. A man's
life is at stake here.

DOYLE
So, throw the case.

MITCH
I've been trying. Now the judge is
watching me like a hawk. I'm
screwed.

(a long beat)
I think I'm going to have to
confess.

DOYLE
That's just stupid.

MITCH
I'm out of options.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch walks in from the garage. His iPhone rings. He puts
down his briefcase and answers it...

MITCH
Hello.

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Brody, it's Kanon.

MITCH
(rubs his eyes)
Detective Kanon. What can I do for
you?

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Just checking in. We lost a point
or two on that forensic linguist.

MITCH
She gave compelling testimony.

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Right.

Mitch gets a knot in his stomach...

MITCH
It's late, Detective. Is there
something you need?

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 No. Just wanted to know that
 you're ready for tomorrow.

Mitch HEARS a BEEP on the line...

MITCH
 What was that?

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 What?

MITCH
 Are you recording me?

KANON'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Why would I be recording you?
 (beat)
 Lawyers. And they say cops are
 paranoid. See you in court.

Click. The line goes dead. Mitch feels very uneasy. He hangs up. Looks up the stairs...

INT. BEDROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch looks down on Ella. So tiny ... so vulnerable. She whimpers in her sleep. Mitch picks her up. Sees Rachel, in the bed, open her eyes and start to rise. On exhausted autopilot...

MITCH
 Go back to sleep, babe. I've got
 her.

Rachel flops back down. Takes a big tired sigh. Mitch crosses to the window and looks out at the neighborhood. At the stars in the sky. The stillness of it all. Thinking...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun is rising.

INT. KITCHEN - MITCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

That same house-rattling CLUNK from the garage door. Through the window we see Mitch reversing out. He pauses in the driveway. A sad look on his face. Then drives away. THE CAMERA moves away from the window to the coffee pot where --

A NOTE sits with two words written on it: "I'm sorry."

EXT. BOSTON MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Mitch walks toward main doors like a man walking to the gallows. He glances at a car parked by the curb. Sees DR. BROWN being helped out of the passenger side.

Mitch passes KANON standing by the doors, drawing on a cigarette. Mitch nods to her. Enters the building...

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Mitch scoops a handful of water from the faucet. Drinks it. Fixes his tie. He can do this.

INT. COURTROOM - COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Mitch takes his seat beside Stuart.

STUART

Hey, champ. You look like you didn't sleep a wink.

MITCH

I've got a lot on my mind.

Mitch looks across at Levy. Alone. Lundgren isn't here yet. Levy looks back. Mitch turns away.

COURT BAILIFF

All rise.

Judge McKenna enters and takes her seat. The rest of the court retakes their seats. Mitch remains standing...

MITCH

Your honor, before session begins, I'd like to approach the bench.

Suddenly the door opens and Lundgren hurries in clutching a pile of files and papers.

MCKENNA

I won't tolerate tardiness, Mr. Lundgren.

LUNDGREN

I'm sorry, your honor, but there's been an important development. Defense would like to call a new witness.

STUART

Objection, your honor. Prosecution wasn't informed of this.

LUNDGREN
Defense wasn't aware of their
identity until late last night.

JUDGE MCKENNA
What's the relevance of this
witness, Mr. Lundgren?

LUNDGREN
He's the man who made the 911 call,
your honor.

Mitch's world crushes in...

STUART
Again, your honor, we object.
Without an opportunity to validate
the claims of --

JUDGE MCKENNA
I understand the objection.

LUNDGREN
Dr. Brown's lab ran voice analysis
overnight and we got a 96% match.

Mitch can barely breathe. His window to confess is closing
fast...

JUDGE MCKENNA
How soon can defense present this
witness?

LUNDGREN
Right now, your honor. He's been
in this courtroom the entire trial.

There is a scraping of chairs and people look around the
room. Voices mumble and chatter at once. McKenna bangs her
gavel...

JUDGE MCKENNA
Order.

MITCH
Your honor...

JUDGE MCKENNA
I'm inclined to allow it, Mr.
Brody.

MITCH
I understand but, if I could just
say something...

JUDGE MCKENNA
My mind is made up!

MITCH
Please, I just --

Judge McKenna BANGS her gavel hard. Cuts him off.

JUDGE MCKENNA
Enough!
(to Lundgren)
Call your witness.

LUNDGREN
The defense calls --

Mitch closes his eyes, holds his breath and --

LUNDGREN (CONT'D)
-- Doyle Logan to the stand.

Mitch opens his eyes and looks around.

DOYLE

rises from a seat at the back of the court and walks forward.
Mitch stares at him. Doyle refuses to make eye contact...

Doyle climbs up to the witness stand. COURT BAILIFF holds a
bible out before him...

COURT BAILIFF
Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

DOYLE
(hand on the Bible)
I do.

Doyle takes his seat. Mitch sits. Lundgren walks forward.

LUNDGREN
Mr. Logan...

Doyle leans into the mic and softens his Boston accent a
little - like Mitch...

DOYLE
Call me Doyle.

REPORTER (O.S.)

In a surprise twist of events, a witness came forward today and ended the prosecution's case against Tobias Levy.

CUT TO:

A CAMERA IMAGE

Of a REPORTER standing outside the courthouse.

REPORTER

The witness saw the victim Cecil Ackerman mowed down in the rain by a hit and run driver, in a red Ford Explorer, and left in the road to die.

EXT. BOSTON MUNICIPAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courthouse is emptying. The trial over. THE PRESS are gathered before Lundgren on the steps. From the way he holds himself you'd think he won the case on his legal skills...

LUNDGREN

(to the reporters)

It seems that Tobias Levy was not the only Good Samaritan in this trial. Despite Mr. Logan's initial reluctance to get involved, due to being out on parole, he finally put his own comfort aside and did the right thing.

REPORTER #1

What about the wounds on the body?

LUNDGREN

The prosecution's case was founded entirely on a gross misinterpretation of the forensic evidence.

Mitch sees Levy standing to one side. Away from the limelight. Mitch approaches him.

MITCH

Mr. Levy. I just wanted to congratulate you and wish you all the best.

They shake hands...

LEVY
 You told me if I was innocent I'd
 have nothing to worry about.

MITCH
 Yes, I did.

Levy pinches the filter off a cigarette and drops it onto the
 steps. He lights the rest of it with his Zippo.

LEVY
 What happens now?

MITCH
 You go back to your life.

Levy SNAPS the Zippo closed again. Something about the
 lighter draws Mitch's attention...

LEVY
 I mean the hit and run driver. The
 one the witness saw.

Levy pockets the Zippo.

MITCH
 Who knows. Maybe he'll come
 forward.

LEVY
 Would you?

Levy smiles. It was a joke. Mitch walks away.

Kanon was watching the whole interaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - MORNING

The Provincetown II passenger ferry cuts a steady path across
 the bay. The Boston downtown skyline in the background...

EXT. DECK - PROVINCETOWNN II (MOVING) - MORNING

Doyle stands at the rail with a coffee, looking out at the
 city. Mitch approaches and stands beside him.

DOYLE
 You smell that? That's the smell
 of freedom.

MITCH

You took a huge risk taking that test for me.

DOYLE

We grew up in the same house. Went to the same schools. Same friends. Same church. How hard could it be?

A long beat.

MITCH

You didn't have to do it.

DOYLE

Is it really that hard for you to say thank you?

MITCH

I'm not used to relying on anyone else to get me out of a jam.

DOYLE

Well, you're welcome.

A beat. There's a question building inside Mitch. He has to ask...

MITCH

Why did you do it?

DOYLE

You're my brother.

MITCH

I mean, ten years ago. Why did you do that to me?

DOYLE

I was stupid. I've had a lot of time to think about my life and who I was, and I let you down.

(sincere)

I won't let you down again.

MITCH

I won't let you.

DOYLE

I was doing a lot of drugs back then. I wasn't thinking of anyone but myself.

MITCH

I'd only worked at that warehouse two months. I begged you not to hit that payroll. I could have been done as an accessory.

DOYLE

But you weren't. I made sure of that. I kept your name out of it.

MITCH

My name shouldn't have been in it in the first place!

(beat)

You know that night guard never walked again?

DOYLE

It got out of hand.

MITCH

It always does with you.

A long beat.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You know, what you did today means we can't have contact for a while.

DOYLE

Like that matters to you.

MITCH

I've got to go.

DOYLE

I called your house the other day, you know, looking for you.

Mitch stops. Looks at him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Your wife - she doesn't know who I am, does she?

MITCH

You've been gone a long time.

DOYLE

How could you not tell her about your own brother--?

MITCH
 (cuts him off--)
 Stepbrother.
 (Doyle looks at him)
 And let's face it, legally not even
 that.

DOYLE
 Oh, you to play it like that.

Doyle looks away. It was the worst thing Mitch could say to him. Doyle tries to tough it out...

MITCH
 I met her when I was graduating.
 She processed my application form
 to the D.A.'s office. And seeing
 as my ma' never officially married
 your da' --

DOYLE
 You figured why mention us.

MITCH
 It was better for me not to have
 ties to a criminal past -- and once
 I'd lied on the forms, I couldn't
 very well tell her something
 different...

DOYLE
 I understand.

Doyle pushes away from the rail.

MITCH
 I'm not that kid anymore, Doyle.
 Dorchester was another life.

DOYLE
 You're lucky. I only got the one.

Doyle disappears inside the cabin. Mitch looks out at the city. Alone. Curses under his breath...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - THE BRODY HOUSE - EVENING

Mitch pours himself a Scotch. Drinks it. Takes a big sigh of relief. Pours another. Rachel walks in pulling a small towel from her shoulder. She puts a baby-monitor on the counter.

RACHEL

Hey.

She wraps her tired arms around him. Buries her head into his shoulder.

MITCH

Hey. How's Ella?

RACHEL

Demanding. She only stopped crying ten minutes ago.

MITCH

You smell like milk.

RACHEL

Ella was sick on me.

MITCH

Nice.

RACHEL

This is my third shirt today. How do people do it?

MITCH

It'll get easier.

She kisses him.

RACHEL

I'm sorry about the trial.

MITCH

It's fine. It's - good - actually.

RACHEL

Yeah?

MITCH

The guy didn't do it. So, this is a good day for justice.

RACHEL

Does Jones see it that way?

MITCH

(laughs)
Of course not. I lost the case.

RACHEL

Talking of sorry. I found your note.

Mitch looks at her. What is she -- ? Oh, shit.

MITCH
Right. The note.

RACHEL
What was that about?

MITCH
I've just been ... tense ... and
haven't helped around here as much
as I should and ... I'm sorry.

Mitch kisses her.

RACHEL
(suggestive)
Oh?

He kisses her again.

MITCH
I'm really sorry.

He kisses her deeper.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Really, really...

Ella starts to cry. Rachel moans. Tired. Pulls away.

RACHEL
I'll take a raincheck on that
apology.

Rachel heads back out of the kitchen. Mitch downs his
Scotch.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Mitch puts another few pieces of the crib together. He rubs
sand paper over a joint. Feels it with his fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Establishing. Thousands of cars line the parking lot. The
mall offers everything from Macy's to ice-skating.

INT. BABY SECTION - MACY'S - DAY

Rachel and Mitch are shopping for baby clothes. Rachel talks with a SALES ASSISTANT about sizes etc. Mitch sees other bored dads. Trades sympathetic nods with one.

MITCH

Hey, Rach', I'm going to get a soda. You want anything?

RACHEL

Diet Coke.

Mitch walks away.

INT. FOOD COURT - SECOND FLOOR - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Mitch pays for two sodas. As he collects straws he looks around the sea of hungry shoppers hunched over burgers, pizza slices and MSG laced cuisine and sees --

TOBIAS LEVY

sitting at a table near the railing. Looking down on the CENTRAL COURTYARD below. Mitch ducks behind a pillar. Doesn't want to talk to him.

Mitch looks out. Levy, face partially obscured by a baseball cap, is intensely focused on something below. Mitch follows his glare down to --

A HISPANIC COUPLE

Who are arguing. The man, VICTOR GONZALES, 35, slaps his wife across the face. Other shoppers react.

A PAIR OF SECURITY GUARDS walk over and Victor swells his chest. We see the tattoos on his arms and neck. He challenges them in Spanish. Then spits and walks away...

Mitch looks back at Levy, but his seat is empty. Mitch steps out and scans the area. Finally he sees Levy riding the escalator down a level.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Mitch jogs. Runs by the lake. Pushing himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - THE BRODY HOUSE - EVENING

RACHEL'S WHOLE FAMILY is sitting at a long table eating food and talking. MOM, DAD, SISTERS, HUSBANDS. Wine and soda are flowing. Mom coos over Ella while Rachel gets to eat uninterrupted for once.

Mitch watches them all. A little sad...

INT. HOME OFFICE - THE BRODY HOUSE - EVENING

The sounds of Rachel's family laughing in another room. Sounds like charades. Mitch picks a photo frame off his desk. Inside is a picture of himself as a small boy, standing with his mom. He opens the back of the frame and takes out the photo. We see it was folded in half. In the other half is a man holding another boy. He's Mitch's age. It's Doyle...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch is at his desk. A pile of files and paperwork waiting to be gotten to. Mitch writes notes.

INT. KITCHEN - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch walks in with his cup. A couple of secretaries are taking a break. Mitch glances at the newspaper one is reading. Stops in his tracks. He tilts his head to get a better look at the photo of --

Victor Gonzales, the Hispanic man from the mall...

CUT TO:

AN INTERNET NEWS BROADCAST

a body is being lifted from the river. Police boats. Cops on the shore.

NEWS BROADCASTER

The body of Victor Gonzales was found early this morning...

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch watches on his computer.

NEWS BROADCASTER

...floating just off shore. His family say the last time anyone saw him alive was at the North Mall on Saturday.

Mitch sits there a beat. Stunned. Then stands and grabs his jacket. Secretary walks in with messages...

MITCH

Not now. If Jones asks for me, I wasn't feeling well.

And Mitch is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - BOSTON CITY MORGUE - DAY

Mitch strides along the corridor. Hanging a "visitor pass" around his neck.

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

Mitch is sitting at a desk under harsh fluorescent lighting. He opens the file. Spreads out photos of the Victor Gonzalez's broken body. Flips through pages of notes. We see words:

"hammer" ...

"rage" ...

"tools" ...

"torture" ...

Mitch sits back. Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARBY STREET - DAY

Mitch's Escalade pulls into the familiar street and stops. Mitch gets out and walks back to the exact spot of the hit and run. Looks down at the empty tarmac and sees --

FLASHBACK

Ackerman in the rain looks up at him...

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch kneels down and looks around.

FLASHBACK

A metallic SNAP in the darkness. Mitch looks through the rain toward a dark alley.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch looks into the same alley, now lit by daylight, behind an old warehouse.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Mitch walks slowly past dumpsters ... piles of trash. He looks back at the street. It affords the perfect view of the accident site.

Mitch turns his attention to the alley floor. Kicks aside trash and papers. Is about to give up when he notices --

A CIGARETTE FILTER lying on the ground. Mitch bends and picks it up. Looks at it. It's been torn off.

FLASHBACK

Levy tears the filter off a cigarette outside court.

BACK TO SCENE

As Mitch looks around with renewed energy. On the brick wall, sheltered by a fire-escape, he sees a bloody smear.

Mitch approaches and places his hand over it. It's a hand-print.

Mitch sees another blood smear on the corner of a dumpster.

The wheels of Mitch's mind turn and --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

BOOM! The rear doors of TOBIAS LEVY'S WHITE VAN burst open and Ackerman bursts out through hanging, plastic sheets into the rain --

At first he looks almost fine - but then as he passes us we see the back of his head is smashed -- blood soaking the back of his clothes --

Ackerman runs -- barefoot -- slaps a hand against the brick wall. Dizzy from blood-loss. He clips the dumpster. Runs on. Eyes blinded with blood. Running toward the light...

INT. LEVY'S VAN - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Levy gets behind the wheel of the van and is about to fire the engine when he sees --

Ackerman runs out into the street and --

BAM! Mitch's BLACK ESCALADE hits him.

Levy stops. Watches Mitch runs back into view and drop down beside the body of Ackerman.

Levy calmly takes out a packet of cigarettes and pinches off the filter. Drops it out the window. He lights the cigarette with his Zippo and then SNAPS it shut.

Mitch looks toward the sound.

Levy, safely swathed in darkness, smokes his cigarette. Casual. Unhurried. Enjoys the show.

EXT. ALLEY / DARBY STREET - DAY

Mitch walks back to where the alley meets the road -- and looks at where Ackerman was lying that night and --

EXT. DARBY STREET - FLASHBACK

Ackerman is lying in the rain. Mitch's Escalade zooming away. Suddenly a shadow falls over Ackerman and we see Levy - looking down on him -- smoking casually.

Levy grabs Ackerman by the collar and drags him -- whimpering and pleading -- back into the darkness of the alley...

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Phones ring. The station bustles. Kanon is talking to another OFFICER.

MITCH (O.S.)
Detective Kanon.

Kanon sees Mitch striding down the corridor...

KANON
Not now, Brody, I've got a lot on my plate.

MITCH
I need two minutes.

KANON
Whatever case you're sniffing after
this time, you can't have.

MITCH
It's about Victor Gonzales.

Kanon looks at him...

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - DAY

Kanon dumps a stack of files on her desk and pops another
Nicorette.

KANON
Two minutes.

MITCH
I think it was Levy.

KANON
Times up.

MITCH
I'm serious. I saw him at the mall
the same day as Gonzales.

KANON
You saw Gonzales at the mall?

MITCH
We were buying baby clothes.
That's not important. Levy was
watching Gonzales slap his wife
around.

KANON
So were you, it seems.

MITCH
The point is, I looked at the
autopsy results and the wounds are
similar to those found on Cecil
Ackerman.

KANON
Ackerman was a hit and run.

A COP in the corridor beckons Kanon. She gathers more papers
and prepares to leave.

MITCH

What if it was both? What if Ackerman ran into the path of a car because he was trying to get away from Levy? It explains why the forensics were so confusing.

KANON

I appreciate your enthusiasm, counselor, but I have to go...

And Kanon is heading for the door --

MITCH

Wait. You're not listening to me --

Mitch grabs Kanon's arm and --

KANON

Hey!

MITCH

Sorry, I --

KANON

(now she's pissed--)
Now I'm guessing this was pretty hard on you, what with your impeccable track record and all, but a word of advice -- move on. Sometimes people lose cases!

-- and Kanon leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. FULLER'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - EVENING

Pickup trucks pull in and out of the yard. Cars of all shapes and sizes are in the bays being repaired. Levy's white van is parked in the parking lot. Levy carries a primed Mustang fender into one of the bays.

Mitch's Escalade is parked across the street beyond the chain-link fence.

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mitch watches the car mechanics clock off for the night. He sees Levy walk to his white van. The van pulls out of the parking lot. Mitch ducks low in his seat as it passes, then sits up and fires the engine.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Levy's white van drives through town. A couple of cars behind, Mitch's Escalade follows.

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mitch keeps his eyes on the back of the white van.

EXT. LEVY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Levy's van pulls up to the curb before a run-down two story house. The small garden overgrown. Levy walks up the steps and into the house as --

Mitch's Escalade stops opposite.

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mitch loosens his tie and watches Levy's house. A light goes on in the living room. Levy sits with a microwave meal in front of the TV.

The clock on Mitch's dash reads: 6:04pm.

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - A SERIES OF SHOTS

Mitch's follows Levy's white van.

The clock now reads 7:55pm.

They wind through the city streets.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Levy's van pulls into the parking lot where other cars are arriving. Mitch pulls up across the street.

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Mitch watches Levy shake the hands of MEN smoking outside. Mitch watches as Levy pinches the filter off a cigarette and lights it.

Mitch watches Levy go inside with the other men.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Mitch walks inside and looks around. The main chapel is empty. He HEARS voices. Follows a short corridor to a church hall and --

THROUGH A SLIVER OF WIRE-GLASS IN THE DOOR

-- sees a men's group of some kind. Everyone sitting in a circle. Sharing. No sign of Levy. Where is he? Then Mitch sees him making coffee and laying out donuts on a table at the back of the room.

Mitch picks up a flyer off the desk beside the door. Looks at the words: "NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS".

Mitch looks back through the glass and sees Levy staring at him. Mitch ducks aside.

MITCH

Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch stands under the hot water. Steam billows around him. Doesn't know what the hell to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. Nothing moves.

INT. KITCHEN - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Empty Chinese take-away cartons line the counter top. Dishes are piled in the sink. A digital clock glows on the microwave. Changes from 03:06 to 03:07...

INT. BEDROOM - THE BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch is asleep in bed with Rachel. Ella is bundled safely in her bassinet. An ominous shadow falls over Mitch and we reveal --

TOBIAS LEVY

-- standing over him. He has a HAMMER clutched in his gloved hand. He stares down at Mitch and --

Ella whimpers ... softly. It draws Levy's attention. He crosses to the bassinet and looks down at the soft, fragile life it contains. He strokes Ella's face with his gloved finger. His eyes and intent unreadable...

ANGLE ON - MITCH

as Ella whimpers uncomfortably O.S. and then ... silence.

Dread builds and --

MITCH WAKES

-- gasping from a bad dream. He throws back the covers and gets out of bed. Crosses to the bassinet. Ella is fine. Mitch breathes. It was just a dream...

EXT. THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

The Paperboy cycles past. Slings the newspaper up the path.

INT. GARAGE - THE BRODY HOUSE - MORNING

Mitch opens the door and walks in ready for work. He's carrying a travel mug of coffee and his briefcase. He pops the locks on the Escalade and then notices --

The garden door stands open. Mitch crosses to it and looks out into the garden. There's nobody there. He locks the door, then turns and sees --

His organized wall of tools now has many holes. Pale silhouettes show what should be hanging there.

Mitch then notices a small note pinned to the crib he was making.

He walks closer and sees it's not a note --

It's a PHOTO of --

Mitch's business card -- covered in dry blood.

FLASHBACK

Mitch pulls his jacket from Cecil Ackerman's fingers and his business cards spill out. As Mitch quickly gathers them we REVEAL one under Ackerman's arm...

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch stares at the photo. Slips it in his pocket. Looks at the wall of tools. At the space where a hammer used to hang. That was no dream last night. Levy was in his house.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch is at his desk working. The phone rings.

MITCH

Hello.

LEVY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Did you get my photo?

Mitch tenses. Closes his office door.

MITCH
What do you want?

INT. FULLER'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Cars are jacked up on hydraulic lifts. Wheels are off. Brakes replaced. A new V8 engine is being winched into the engine bay of a '69 Mustang.

Levy is on a payphone in the breakroom.

LEVY
To talk.

INTERCUT - MITCH AND LEVY

MITCH
You want to talk? I'll talk. You ever come near my house or my family again, I will kill you. You hear me?

LEVY
I hear you. Do you hear me? Stop following me.

MITCH
I was at the mall. I know what you did.

LEVY
And yet the police haven't come knocking. Why is that, do you suppose?

Mitch looks at the photo of the bloody business card.

MITCH
If you knew I was the driver, why didn't you just turn me in?

LEVY
Believe me, I was going to, but there was no point playing my ace at the station -- no -- they could have still come back to me -- even now -- I needed it to go to court -- I needed a jury of my peers to see your card and find me innocent.

MITCH
You wanted double jeopardy.

LEVY
Exactly. A free pass.

MITCH
But you didn't expose me.

LEVY
There was no need. You were showing such a conscience. And from the moment you questioned that first expert I knew what you were planning. It was impressive, Mitch. It took balls.

MITCH
Is this a fucking game to you?

LEVY
Far from it.

MITCH
I won't let you get away with this.

LEVY
You will -- or I'll ruin you -- and after you're locked up for a hit and run -- who'll look after Rachel and Ella?

MITCH
What did you say?

LEVY
Family is a precious thing, Mitch. It's our job as men to protect it.

And Levy hangs up --

MITCH
What does that mean? Levy?

Mitch sits there listening to dead air. Gripping the phone with white knuckles. He slams it down. A look of grim determination on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

A cruiser pulls out of the lot on patrol and passes --

INT. MITCH'S ESCALADE - DAY

Mitch turns his face away until the cruiser has passed, then looks back at the station. He sees Kanon walk out and head into the parking lot.

Mitch climbs out and strides toward the station entrance...

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Mitch walks in. Sees the Desk Sergeant at his post. He sits beside a COUPLE OF DRUNK THUGS who are handcuffed and waiting.

MITCH

How long have you guys been waiting?

DRUNK 1

Two hours.

MITCH

Did they offer you a soda? If they didn't they can't charge you, you know.

DRUNK 2

Bullshit.

MITCH

No shit, man. I work for the DA.

Mitch flashes his ID. Drunks get up...

DRUNK 1

Hey, where's my motherfucking, soda?

DESK SERGANT

Sit down.

DRUNK 1

I know my rights, man. Give me my soda or cut me the fuck loose.

Mitch slips away down the corridor unnoticed.

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch closes the door and hurries to Kanon's filing cabinet. Its locked. He crosses to her desk and sits. Begins searching through drawers and paperwork as --

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Kanon's car pulls out of the parking lot. Then stops. She checks her bag. She's forgotten her phone -- which we'll know as we CUT TO --

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - DAY

KANON'S CELL PHONE lying on her desk -- as Mitch looks through papers. Sits back. He's getting nothing. He switches on her computer --

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kanon climbs from her car and walks toward the station entrance.

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch does a search for "TOBIAS LEVY" documents and a string of stuff comes up. Mitch searches down the list and finds a Word document titled --

"POSSIBLE CONNECTED CASES?"

-- and opens it. Sees a short list of UNSOLVED MURDERS and case numbers. Mitch hits PRINT. But the MACHINE just flashes -- out of paper. Shit.

Mitch digs KEYS out of his pocket -- the FOB is a USB THUMB-DRIVE -- and slots it into the computer as --

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kanon walks into the chaos in the lobby. Cops restraining the agitated drunks...

KANON

What the hell's going on?

DRUNK 1

I want my soda. The DA said I get a soda!

KANON

What DA?

DESK SERGEANT

I don't know what the hell he's talking about?

Kanon strides past them --

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitch copies the document to his thumb-drive, unplugs it, and shuts the computer down as --

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - DAY

Kanon strides along. ANOTHER OFFICER approaches her with paperwork --

INT. KANON'S OFFICE / ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

Mitch hurries out of the office, closing the door behind him, and strides toward a corner in the corridor -- is about to walk into Kanon coming the other way -- until he HEARS --

ANOTHER OFFICER (O.S.)

Hey Kanon, can I ask you about this report?

-- and Mitch darts sideways through A BATHROOM DOOR as Kanon strides into view --

KANON

(to Officer--)

Give me a minute.

And she passes the bathroom. Sees her office door is closed. She pushes it open and walks in to find --

The office is deserted.

Behind her, Mitch strides out of the bathroom and around the corner, heading for the exit.

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Mitch hurries across the street and gets into his Escalade. He breathes, clutching the thumb drive, and drives away.

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kanon can't help feeling she missed something. She crosses to her desk, reaches for her CELL PHONE and notices --

THE BLINKING LIGHT on the printer.

Kanon grabs paper from a cupboard, slots it in the tray and the printer spits out the list of possible connected cases.

Kanon looks at it. Putting 2 and 2 together...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Stuart walks in and sees Mitch scribbling information on a whiteboard beneath 8 photographs. The last two are Cecil Ackerman and Victor Gonzales...

STUART
What's all this?

MITCH
Shut the door.

Stuart closes the door...

STUART
That's Ackerman and the guy from the news. What are you doing?

MITCH
I need to figure out what links all these men. How he's picking them and why.

STUART
How who's picking them?

MITCH
Tobias Levy.

STUART
What?

MITCH
These are the unsolved homicides that Kanon said matched Levy's m.o.

STUART
Levy's innocent. The witness proved that.

MITCH
I wish it were that simple.

STUART
What's going on, Mitch? First you almost blow the Levy case and get yourself disbarred and now you're trying to prove he's the Boston Strangler.

MITCH
If I could explain, Stu, I would.

Stuart sighs...

STUART

What have you got so far?

MITCH

All these men were murdered with what the pathologists thinks were tools. The first took place eight months after Levy's family was killed. He'd already had a run-in with the law after hospitalizing those three men, so lets assume he needed time to get up his courage again.

STUART

So he kills Bob Smith.

MITCH

But why? Was it random? A loss of control? I don't think so. I think he picked him. He picked all of them. So what do they all have in common?

STUART

Ackerman was a child molester.

MITCH

None of the others were. Though they do all have criminal records.

STUART

So does half this city.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Levy's van pulls into the graveyard and parks.

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

STUART

You say it started with the death of his family. Remind me what happened there.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Levy walks through the graves carrying flowers.

MITCH'S VOICE (V.O.)

A man broke into their home and butchered his wife and daughter.

Levy reaches the grave of his wife and daughter. He removes the wilting flowers from a vase.

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MITCH

The killer made Levy watch everything. Then slit his throat and left him for dead.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Levy stands looking at the grave. At the framed photo of his wife and daughter standing beside the flowers.

MITCH'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's a miracle he survived.

Levy absently touches his throat. We see the FAINT SCAR beneath his stubble.

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

STUART

So he was tortured. And all these men were tortured, too.

MITCH

But of all the ex-cons in Boston, why target these specific men?

A long beat.

STUART

You really can't tell me why you're doing this?

MITCH

You're going to make DA, one day, Stu. It's best you stay as far away from this as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON LIBRARY - DAY

Mitch walks through the stacks clutching a piece of paper with numbers written on it.

INT. READING ROOM - BOSTON LIBRARY - DAY

Mitch is sitting at a desk. He has a stack of binders containing NEWSPAPERS inside. He thumbs through the pages.

Finds the news story: "HOME INVASION MASSACRE."

CUT TO:

MICROFICHE BLURS

and settles on another story --

INT. MICRO-FICHE ROOM - BOSTON LIBRARY - DAY

Mitch reads the "GAS STATION SHOOTING" story on the screen before him. He zooms in on areas of text. Finds the man who murdered Levy's family was --

"career criminal"...

"in and out of prison"...

"recently paroled"...

Mitch moves on. Then stops. Backtracks. Focuses on the word --

"PAROLED".

Mitch turns from the Microfish machine and digs into his briefcase. Pulls out files on each of the victims. Skims through pages. Finds the words --

INSERT - "RECENT PAROLEE".

He moves on. Skims the next file. Finds --

INSERT - "PAROLED"

He skims Cecil Ackerman's file. Finds the same thing.

Mitch sits back. Pondering this fact.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARDIFF STREET - DAY

A low-rent neighborhood of liquor stores and welfare housing. Mitch's Escalade drives into the run-down street.

INT/EXT. MITCH'S ESCALADE (MOVING) - DAY

Mitch has the scrap of paper that Doyle gave him. He parks outside the "halfway house". EX-CONS are sitting on the steps smoking and talking.

Mitch gets out and approaches them. Asks about Doyle. They gesture to a bar down the street.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Dark as a dungeon. Mitch walk down the steps and looks around the gloom. There is A MAN slumped at a table. Mitch approaches him and lifts his head. It's not Doyle.

A noise. Mitch looks round and sees Doyle coming in from storage carrying a crate of beers. He works here.

Doyle sees Mitch standing over the drunk.

DOYLE

That's what you think of me, huh?

Doyle puts the crate down and begins stocking the fridge. Mitch approaches him...

MITCH

I need to talk to you.

DOYLE

So, talk.

Doyle continues to work...

MITCH

I need your help.

DOYLE

I thought you didn't need anybody's help.

MITCH

We made a mistake. That man we freed. He's a serial killer.

Doyle slows. Shakes his head...

DOYLE

Bullshit.

MITCH

He broke into my house. He threatened Rachel and Ella.

Now he has Doyle's attention. Mitch holds his gaze.

DOYLE

You're serious.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - BEHIND BAR - DAY

Doyle and Mitch step out of the bar. Doyle stacks a crate of empty bottles. Looks around. The alley is deserted.

DOYLE

So, the only reason Ackerman was in the road that night was because he was running from Levy.

MITCH

Yes.

DOYLE

And after you left he finished the job.

MITCH

Exactly. I was so wrapped up in my own guilt that I didn't see the evidence for what it was. I didn't even stop to ask why Ackerman was out in the rain without a coat. With no shoes on. And his eyes. He was begging me not to leave him. I thought he was just scared...

DOYLE

Fuck.

MITCH

I've got to do something.

DOYLE

What do you mean? Leave it the fuck alone.

MITCH

I can't.

DOYLE

You're going to have to.

MITCH

He all but told me he's going to kill again. I can't live with that.

DOYLE

I think you're forgetting -- I perjured myself -- you left the scene of an accident, manipulated a trail --

MITCH

I know. It's bad. But all we need is proof. Levy can't be retried for Ackerman but if I can get evidence that he killed the other men, I can cut us both a deal. What you said under oath - what I did - that all goes away.

Doyle nods -- it sounds logical --

DOYLE

So, what are you thinking?

MITCH

We need to get inside his house and look around. He targeted those men. He tortured them. He may have overlooked something that links them to him.

DOYLE

I'm on parole. I get caught breaking into some guy's house...

MITCH

I'll break in. All I need is for you to tail him. Warn me when he's coming back.

DOYLE

So, just a little aiding and abetting.

(beat)

This fucker really break into your house?

MITCH

While we were sleeping.

Doyle weighs his options. He doesn't have any...

DOYLE

He knows your ride. Rent me a clean set of wheels. I'll meet you after my shift.

Doyle goes back into the bar.

MITCH

Thanks, Doyle. I mean it.

DOYLE

I may be an asshole, but I'm still
your brother.

Doyle lets the door close behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Thunder rumbles in the sky. A light rain falls. Levy walks out of his front door and locks the dead-bolt behind him. He gets into his white van. Passes a new, grey, Dodge Challenger...

INT/EXT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Doyle watch the van reach the end of the street. Doyle starts the engine. It growls to life.

DOYLE

Listen to that engine. Man, this
is a sweet ride.

MITCH

And it's rented in my name so don't
scratch it.

DOYLE

Got full collision waiver, didn't
you?

MITCH

Just call me in plenty of time to
get out.

DOYLE

Chill, bro. I got this.

Mitch gets out and slams the door.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Oh, Mitch - what's your number
again?

Mitch pauses. Doyle laughs. Drives away with a ROAR of the engine.

Mitch turns his collar up against the weather. He crosses the street toward --

EXT. LEVY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch glances up and down the deserted street. Slips through the gate.

EXT. SIDE PATH - LEVY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Overgrown. Mitch tries the back door. Locked. He looks through the glass. Sees a 50s style kitchen.

Mitch moves toward the back garden. Notices a low basement window. Pushes it with his foot. It moves. He gives it a stronger kick...

INT. BASEMENT - LEVY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bolt breaks free of the rotten frame. Mitch pushes the window open. Slides inside feet first. Lands.

Mitch pulls a pen-light from his pocket and looks around the room piled with boxes and furniture. Levy's entire family life in boxes. Framed photos of Levy with his wife and daughter. Stuffed toys. Anything luxurious.

EXT. FULLER'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - AFTERNOON

Levy's van drives in through the gate and parks. Doyle's Challenger pulls up across the street.

INT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER - AFTERNOON

Doyle looks through the chain-link fence. A fork-lift drives past carrying a crate of tires. Levy goes inside the factory. Doyle kills the engine.

INT. HALLWAY - LEVY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The basement door opens and Mitch steps up into the hallway. The walls are bare. Pale squares show where family photos used to hang. Mitch goes into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - LEVY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- and sees the TV, sitting on a folding table. One wooden chair faces it. Newspapers are piled beside it, like a coffee table. A week of microwave meal trays are piled on the papers. A fly buzzes in the air...

INT/EXT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER - AFTERNOON

Doyle presses eject on the CD player. Bored. A Barry Manilow CD pops out. Doyle drops it out the window. Sees Levy getting into his van. Doyle starts the engine. Levy pulls out of the Repair Shop grounds. Drives away.

Doyle starts to pull out after him. A passing car HONKS.
Doyle stomps on the brakes.

INT. LEVY'S VAN (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Levy looks in the mirror. Sees the Grey Challenger.

INT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER - AFTERNOON

Doyle waits impatiently. Pulls into traffic.

INT. BEDROOM - LEVY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mitch opens the bedroom door and looks inside the empty room. Monastic is the best description. A sweat-stained bed. A crucifix hangs on the wall. Mitch approaches the night-stand and picks up the bible resting there.

His cellphone rings. Loud. Mitch jumps.

MITCH
(into phone)
Doyle?

DOYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Scare ya'?

MITCH
Is he coming back?

INT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Doyle is driving a few cars behind Levy's white van.

DOYLE
Nah. I'm just checking in. See
how it's going.

INT. LEVY'S VAN (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Levy looks in the rear view mirror at the Grey Challenger a few cars back. At Doyle talking on a phone.

Levy fires his blinkers and turns off the main road. Looks in his mirror again. Sees the Challenger turn also...

Levy reaches over to the police scanner and fires it up. Police radio chatter fills the van...

INT. LEVY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mitch flicks through the Bible. Sees whole passages have been marked and highlighted.

MITCH

The guy has nothing in his house except a Bible, a TV and microwave meals. It's like he can't bear to be reminded of his wife and kid. He's hidden everything in the basement.

DOYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Anything tying him to the victims?

Mitch picks a calendar off the wall. Every day has the schedule of some self-help group or other...

MITCH

Not so far. It looks like the man eats and sleeps here ... but that's about it.

INT. DOYLE'S CHALLENGER (MOVING) - EVENING

Doyle is still tailing Levy. They approach a huge cement factory. The signs on the billowing stacks read CEMEX WORKS. But just before they reach it --

The white van turns off the road, through a chain-link gate, toward an --

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EVENING

And Levy parks outside. Weeds are overgrowing. Windows boarded up. Walls graffiti scarred.

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)

He spends the rest of his time at self-help groups.

Doyle parks on the road and watches as Levy gets out, unpadlocks a door, and goes inside.

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He sometimes goes to two a night.

DOYLE

Now that's just masochistic. I only have to go to one and that's enough for me.

INT. LEVY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Mitch continues to search through empty rooms. Sees one that was obviously the daughter's room from the girly wallpaper.

MITCH
What do you mean "have to"?

INTERCUT - DOYLE AND MITCH

DOYLE
It's one of the conditions of my parole.

MITCH
You're court ordered to go?

DOYLE
A lot of ex-cons are.

Mitch walks into the hallway and back down the stairs....

DOYLE (CONT'D)
And a lot of them need it.

Doyle keeps watching the factory. Where the hell is Levy?

MITCH
What do you mean?

DOYLE
I mean, I don't know how some of them even swung parole - they're so obviously going to re-offend.

MITCH
They admit that?

DOYLE
Right there in group.

Mitch stops. Looks at the calendar. Mind racing...

MITCH
That's it. That's how he picks them.

FLASHBACK

Mitch's view of Levy making coffee at the back of the church hall. Listening while the group of men talk...

BACK TO SCENE

MITCH (CONT'D)
Nobody notices the guy making coffee. He just hangs around - listening - like a fly on the wall.
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)
 And when he hears somebody who says
 they'll re-offend...

DOYLE
 He offs them.

Doyle sees Levy walk out of the factory carrying a hammer and away from his van. He disappears from view behind an old wall...

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 (silent)
 What the hell?

Doyle looks around. Can't see Levy anywhere...

MITCH
 He's stopping what happened to his
 family from happening again.

Mitch's foot CREAKS on a floorboard. He stops. Backsteps. It creaks again. He bends and feels the edge. Lifts it to reveal --

A CAVITY beneath the floor. He digs his arm in.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Hang on. I think I've found
 something.

Mitch pulls out a black plastic bag. He opens it. Inside he finds --

MASSACHUSETTS IDS

-- for all the victims. Cecil Ackermann, Victor Gonzales etc...

MITCH (CONT'D)
 He kept their IDs.

Doyle gets out of the car and looks around the deserted street. The noise of the Cemex Works fills the air. Mitch HEARS it through the phone...

MITCH (CONT'D)
 What's that noise?

DOYLE
 It's the cement works.

Mitch leaves the bag of IDs and hurries to --

THE WINDOW

-- and looks out at the billowing stacks of the Cemex Works only a few blocks away - beyond the opposite row of houses.

MITCH

Is he coming back?

DOYLE

No, we've stopped. He went inside some old warehouse, then came out again carrying a hammer and I lost him.

MITCH

Carrying what?

DOYLE

A hammer.

Doyle SENSES somebody behind him and turns as --

MITCH

Doyle, get out of -- !

BAM! The hammer smashes Doyle across the face and sends him slamming into the car window. Glass SHATTERS on impact.

INT. LEVY'S HOUSE - EVENING

MITCH

Doyle?!

Mitch REACTS. Runs for the front door. Rips it open. The CAMERA takes in the bag of IDs still lying on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVY'S HOUSE / STREET - EVENING

Mitch charges down the path and shoves through the gate. SLAMS into an OLD MAN walking his dog.

Mitch runs straight across the street and into another garden. Shoulders through the side gate.

EXT. A SERIES OF SHOTS - EVENING

Mitch barrels through a back garden.

Leaps at the fence. Scrambles over.

Lands in an alley. Runs on through puddles.

Shoulders through another gate.

Through another garden.

Over another fence.

Runs on.

Back out into another street.

A BUICK slams on the brakes. Mitch leaps. Slides across the hood. Runs on.

Feet pounding the asphalt.

The smoke, billowing from the Cemex works, getting closer.

MITCH
(into phone)
Hang on, Doyle. I'm coming.

Mitch rounds a corner into the street leading to --

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch sees Doyle's Challenger by the roadside. The broken window. The blood.

Sees Levy's white van parked by the abandoned factor.

Mitch runs toward it with grim determination.

Runs straight toward the unlocked warehouse door. Rips it open. Barrels inside. No thought for his own safety.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the Cemex works booms through the dank, cavernous space...

MITCH
Doyle?! Doyle, where are you?!

Mitch HEARS a noise above. Bolts toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pounds upward, three steps at a time and --

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- hits the upper hallway. Mitch follows the noise. Runs toward the wall of plastic sheeting that hangs at the end.

He bursts through the plastic wall and into --

INT. KILL ROOM - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch sees Doyle on the floor. Twitching in a pool of blood. Beaten and broken. Blood oozing from his cracked skull. Tools glistening with blood lie around him...

MITCH

No!

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Levy climbs into his white van, carrying Doyle's cellphone. We see him dial 911 as he starts the engine...

LEVY

(into phone; acts
desperate)

Help me. Please. Mitch Brody is
trying to kill me...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

We don't hear the rest of the conversation. The white van drives calmly away. Thunder rumbles in the sky and a drizzle rain starts to fall...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Mitch tries to stem Doyle's bleeding.

MITCH

Stay with me, Doyle. Stay with me.

Mitch tries to dial 911. His iPhone has no signal.

MITCH (CONT'D)

No. Come on. Come on.

He moves it around. Gets one bar. Dials again.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I need an ambulance.
(a garbled response)
Hello?

The call disconnects. He tries again. It disconnects. Frustration builds.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Doyle, I'm going to have to move
you. I'm sorry. It's going to
hurt.

Mitch scoops Doyle up into his arms and lifts him.

Doyle ROARS in pain.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Stay with me, brother. Stay with
me.

Mitch carries Doyle through the plastic sheets...

INT. SECOND FLOOR/STAIRWELL - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Mitch hurries along the upper hallway and down the stairs.
Every footfall is excruciating for Doyle...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EVENING

We HEAR distant police sirens approach. See PATROL CARS come
into view.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The noise of the Cemex works booms. Mitch carries Doyle
toward the door. Kicks through it into the daylight as --

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Police cars skid to a halt in the drizzle rain. Cops spew
out of them as --

Mitch appears, drenched in blood, carrying Doyle in his arms.

MITCH
Help me. He needs a doctor.

Cops draw their guns at the sight. Aim them at Mitch.

COPS
(ad lib)
On your knees. Put him down.

Cops move in on Mitch as he drops to his knees holding Doyle.

MITCH
Help him. Please.

Boom! Doyle is pulled from him. Mitch is slammed into the
mud. Knees in his spine. Hands cuffed behind his back.

A COP checks Doyle's pulse and begins CPR on him.

Mitch and Doyle stare into each others eyes across the mud...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Silence. Mitch is seated. Cuffed. Covered in dry mud and Doyle's blood.

INT. LOBBY - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Phone rings. Activity. Rachel stands before the Desk Sergeant. Ella cries...

RACHEL

I demand to see my husband, right now.

DESK SERGEANT

I can't do that. He hasn't been processed.

RACHEL

What is he even being charged with?

DESK SERGEANT

I can't tell you that either.

RACHEL

That's ridiculous. I'm his wife!

DESK SERGEANT

Listen, lady. Your baby is cold and unhappy. Why don't you take her home and I'll call you as soon as you can see him. Okay?

He slides a pad of paper and pen over to her.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I can't say fairer than that now, can I?

She writes down her number...

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kanon walks in and sits opposite Mitch...

MITCH

How's Doyle?

KANON

Mr. Logan is still in surgery, but the prognosis looks hopeful.

Mitch visibly relaxes...

KANON (CONT'D)

You want to tell me what your relationship is to him?

MITCH

We're stepbrothers -- our parents just never married.

Kanon nods. Understands now...

KANON

Which is why he'd purger himself for you in court.

MITCH

Exactly.

Mitch feels like a dick for every bad thing he said to Doyle.

KANON

So, why turn on him now?

MITCH

What?

KANON

Was he blackmailing you? Had he had enough of what you were doing?

MITCH

What are you talking about? I didn't do this. Tobias Levy did it.

Kanon slides a photo across the table. It's of the bloody hammer...

KANON

Using your hammer.

MITCH

Yes! He broke into my house and stole my tools.

KANON

There were no other prints on the hammer than yours.

MITCH

Then he wore gloves. I called 911 for Christ sake. Why would I do that if I was guilty?

KANON
You tell me. You did it on the
4th.

MITCH
What?

Kanon plays the 911 call.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
911 what's your emergency?

MITCH'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
There's been an accident. A young
man was run over by a car.

Kanon presses stop...

KANON
Or are you going to deny that's
you?

MITCH
No. I mean, yes, that's me. I did
it. I hit him with my car and I
left. But I was scared -- I'd been
drinking. It was an accident --

KANON
And was Doyle an accident?

MITCH
I didn't hurt, Doyle. I wouldn't
hurt anyone!

KANON
Except Ackerman. We found this in
the bottom of your toolbox.

Kanon slides a plastic evidence bag across the desk toward
him. Mitch's business card is covered in blood.

MITCH
That's because Levy put it there!

KANON
It has two types of blood on it --

MITCH
I'm being framed!

KANON

-- and by your own admission we can now link you to three victims.

MITCH

Jesus Christ - can you think logically? Why would I do this? What's my motive? And if I was the killer why didn't I crucify Levy in court? He was the perfect scapegoat.

KANON

You tell me.

Mitch SLAMS the table with his cuffed fists.

MITCH

Because I'm innocent!

Kanon just sits and looks at him. Mitch breathes...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Okay. Listen to me. There's a bag.

KANON

A bag.

MITCH

Levy kept the IDs of all his victims. He's targeting violent parolees who are going to re-offend. Like the man who murdered his family.

KANON

Where is this bag?

MITCH

In Levy's house.

KANON

In his house?

MITCH

Yes.

KANON

And you know this how?

MITCH

I broke in.

KANON

How do I know you didn't plant them?

MITCH

Because I didn't! Jesus, detective, I know you've only got 24 hours in the day but even you must have given a shit about the truth at some point.

Kanon just looks at him. She's like a stone wall and it's time for Mitch to stop banging his head off it --

MITCH (CONT'D)

I don't think I should answer anything else until I have a lawyer present.

KANON

That's probably the first honest thing you've said.

Kanon stands and walks out of the room. The door clunks closed behind her.

Mitch puts his head in his hands and --

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - DAY

Kanon pauses outside the door of the interview room. She pauses. Something in her face makes us think that maybe she does believe Mitch -- a little. She walks away...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - A SERIES OF SHOTS

Time passes. We see the workings of the police station.

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kanon is at her desk. She slaps a baseball from palm to palm. Lost in thought. She looks at her computer.

A beat.

She puts down the ball and fires types on the keyboard.

INSERT SCREEN - the words "MURDERED PAROLEES" appear in a search field.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - NIGHT

A MIDDLE AGED COP (TRAVIS), should have gone home hours ago, walks along the corridor. Pulls a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocks the door to --

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Travis opens the door. Mitch is still sitting there.

TRAVIS

Your lawyer's on the phone.

Travis un-cuffs Mitch from the table. Leads him out into --

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Travis leads Mitch to the payphone on the corridor wall. Steps away as Mitch picks up the handset.

MITCH

Stuart, where the hell are you?

LEVY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry, Mitch. This was the only way I could get to talk to you.

Mitch goes cold. Grips the phone...

MITCH

Listen to me, you sonofabitch, you almost killed my brother.

INT. LEVY'S WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Parked at the side of a quiet suburban street.

LEVY

That was your fault, not mine.

INTERCUT - MITCH AND LEVY

MITCH

I will get you.

LEVY

If only you'd have had this much backbone that night in the rain. You could have waited for the ambulance and Ackerman would still be alive. Of course then he'd be free to continue raping small children.

(MORE)

LEVY (CONT'D)

You do know that's what he was about to do when I grabbed him, don't you?

MITCH

What do you want?

LEVY

I want to help you.

MITCH

Then turn yourself in.

LEVY

That's funny, but no. I believe you were faced with the same exact choice to ruin my life or your own. Yet you found a third option.

MITCH

You don't have a third option.

LEVY

That's not true. If another murder with the same m.o. happens while you're in custody they'd have no choice but to acknowledge your innocence --

MITCH

That's insane --

LEVY

-- and by the time the police turn their attention back to me, I'll have moved on. New name. New state. Consider it a parting gift.

MITCH

You don't know the police would even connect the murder to me.

INT. LEVY'S WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Levy watches Rachel drive past in her Prius and pull up the driveway to Mitch's house.

LEVY

Oh, believe me, they'll connect it to you.

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Rachel hits the garage-door remote and --

INT. POLICE STATION - BACK BAY - NIGHT

Mitch recognizes the house-rattling CLUNK of his garage door as it begins to rise. His eyes go wide.

MITCH

No!

Click. The line goes dead. Mitch stabs the buttons...

MITCH (CONT'D)

Wait!

Mitch holds down the cutoff buttons and then starts to dial. Nothing. Tries again...

MITCH (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Line! I need a line!

Tries the phone again. Travis walks toward him...

MITCH (CONT'D)

I need an outside line. It's an emergency.

TRAVIS

You only get one call.

MITCH

He's after my wife!

TRAVIS

You only get one call.

Mitch grabs Travis.

MITCH

You're not listening to me. He's going to kill my wife!

Travis slams Mitch against the wall. Cranks his arm up his back. OTHER COPS come running...

MITCH (CONT'D)

I have to warn her!

Travis hooks a cuff on Mitch's wrist. Mitch grimaces in pain. If the other cuff gets on he's done for.

Mitch plants a foot on the wall and pushes backwards with all his strength.

Slams Travis into the opposite wall.

Mitch drives his head back into Travis' face.

His nose breaks.

Travis releases him.

Mitch pulls the 9mm from Travis' holster. Zeros the approaching Cops.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Stay back.

Mitch pulls Travis in front of him like a shield. Jams the gun into Travis' throat.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'll shoot him. I swear to God.

Mitch glances behind him and looks at the EXIT sign. Pulls Travis backwards with him.

INT. KANON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kanon sees Cops run past her office door. Pulling guns.

She gets a bad feeling. Rises from her seat.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Mitch pushes back against the emergency exit bar. The door opens. An ALARM sounds. Mitch looks out into the indoor parking lot. It looks deserted.

INT. INDOOR PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pulls Travis inside and slams the door again. Grabs Travis' nightstick and jams it through the handles as --

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Cops shoulder the door. It won't budge.

COPS

Go around!

INT. PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Mitch marches Travis toward a Patrol Car. Opens the door. The ignition is empty.

MITCH

Where's the key?

TRAVIS
In the lock-box.

Travis indicates the valet-style cupboard on the wall.

MITCH
I'm sorry.

Mitch pistol whips Travis. He drops to the floor. Mitch rushes to the lock-box. It won't open. He points the gun at the lock and -- BOOM!

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kanon runs in as the GUNSHOT echoes through the station. There are monitors covering all areas.

KANON
Who's shooting?

The POLICE WOMAN manning the monitors looks at her...

POLICE WOMAN
Your suspect.

On a monitor, Kanon sees the image change to Mitch clambering into a Patrol Car with a gun. She sees the Cop lying on the concrete. Not moving...

KANON
(to police woman)
Close the gate.
(into radio)
Officer down. Repeat - Officer is
down. Suspect is in the parking
lot. He is armed and dangerous.

INT. ARMORY - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Cops grab M-16s from the rack. Head toward the parking lot at a run.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mitch fumbles the key. Fires the engine. Slams the shifter into reverse. Tires smoke. He shoots backwards. Hits the brakes. Slams her into first and zooms toward the exit gate.

He sees the gate closing. Mitch guns the gas and --

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! The Patrol Car RIPS one of the metal gates clean off its hinges. Sparks fly. Metal rends, but the car's "bull bars" protect the engine. Mitch zooms toward the road as --

M-16s open fire on the car. BULLET HITS snake across the rear doors...

INT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Mitch ducks as the rear windows IMplode. Bullet hits POP the rear seat. Stuffing turns to confetti.

Mitch slaloms out into traffic. Other cars shield him from more gunfire...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kanon approaches Cop. He is coming around. Head bleeding. Other Cops helping him.

KANON

What happened?

COPS

He got a phone call and went crazy.

KANON

A call from who?

COPS

His lawyer. He was ranting about making another call. Said somebody was going to kill his wife.

KANON

Who?!

COPS

I don't know. He just kept saying it.

STUART (O.S.)

What's going on?

Kanon looks and sees Stuart standing there with his briefcase.

KANON

Who are you?

STUART
 Stuart Kemp. DA's office. I'm
 Mitch Brody's lawyer.

KANON
 (urgent--)
 Did you just call Mitch?

STUART
 No.

And Kanon runs toward her car --

KANON
 Get Brody's home address. Have it
 sent to my phone.

She jumps behind the wheel and fires the engine...

KANON (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Tell SWAT and tactical to meet me
 there! And somebody call the wife!

She pulls out. Tires smoking...

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. Rachel answers it. Levy is standing
 there.

LEVY
 Mrs. Brody?

RACHEL
 Yes?

LEVY
 I'm detective Kanon. I'd like to
 talk to you about your husband if
 you don't mind?

We HEAR Ella cry inside the house.

RACHEL
 No. Not at all. One second.

Rachel disappears inside to fetch Ella. Levy glances around
 the deserted street, steps inside and closes the door.

The CAMERA moves away from the door to find the TELEPHONE
 WIRE running up the outside wall of the house.

It's been cut.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel picks up Ella and turns to go back to the front door. She sees Levy is now inside. It gives her pause.

LEVY

I hope you don't mind.

RACHEL

Not at all. Can you tell me what you've arrested my husband for?

LEVY

Murder.

RACHEL

What? That's insane.

LEVY

Don't worry. I know he didn't do it. Could I trouble you for a glass of water?

RACHEL

Of course.

Rachel goes into --

INT. KITCHEN - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel puts Ella in her bassinet, on the kitchen table, and nudges a stack of Mitch's files. Papers spill onto the floor. They can wait.

RACHEL

I don't understand.

She grabs a glass and turns on the faucet.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

If you know he didn't do it, why are you holding him?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Levy takes a leather tool-roll from inside his coat and unties it. He rolls out the set on the dining table. Chisels, blades, screwdrivers...

LEVY

Other people don't believe it yet - but they will.

INT. KITCHEN - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel tests the water with her finger. Glances down at Mitch's papers on the floor.

LEVY (O.S.)
There's just something I need your
help with first.

RACHEL
Oh?

Rachel notices something among Mitch's papers that makes her blood freeze...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Levy selects a brutal looking chisel. He walks toward the kitchen door. Stands to one side. Can HEAR the faucet running.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Would you like ice?

LEVY
As it comes is fine.

Levy steadies his breath. Clutching the chisel and -
Nothing.

The faucet continues to run.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Brody?

Still nothing but the sound of running water.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Hello?

Levy lowers the chisel and pushes through the door into --

INT. KITCHEN - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The faucet continues to run. Rachel is gone. Ella is missing from the bassinet. Levy sees the papers on the floor. Among them is --

LEVY'S MUG-SHOT.

Suddenly, he HEARS the BEEP of the Prius alarm as the car unlocks. Levy races out of the kitchen toward the garage.

A beat.

The pantry door opens and Rachel steps out clutching Ella and the Prius keys/remote. She rushes toward the garage's connecting door...

INT. GARAGE - MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Levy looks inside the Prius. No sign of Rachel. He senses movement behind him. Spins to see --

Rachel slam and lock the connecting door.

Levy flies back at it. Tries to shoulder the door. It won't budge. He looks around and sees --

A DOUBLE-HANDED AX among Mitch's tools. He grabs it and --

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel, carrying Ella, moves back from the door and --

BOOM! The AX cleaves the wood.

Rachel SCREAMS and runs back through the house.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. MITCH'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Mitch slaloms through traffic at high speed. Leaning on the horn. Flashing his lights. He looks at the controls. Finds the siren switch.

The cherries flash and the siren wails. Traffic parts before him like the red sea.

Mitch guns the engine...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel snatches up the phone. The line is dead. She HEARS the house-rattling CLUNK of the garage door opening.

Rachel runs to the front door and tries to open it. It's locked. She twists the dead bolt. Undoes the chain. Her hands shaking. Ella is crying...

Rachel keeps looking back toward the garage corridor. No sign of Levy yet.

Rachel rips open the front door and --

Levy runs toward her with the ax.

Rachel tries to SLAM the door again but Levy hits it with his full weight and --

BOOM! He's through.

Rachel is flung backwards onto the stairs. She shields Ella from the impact.

Levy hits the hall table and mirror. Shatters glass. Falls to the floor.

Levy shakes it off. Scrambles for the ax as --

Rachel leaps to her feet and runs up the stairs.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel reaches the top of the stairs. Levy is coming up after her. She bolts through the bedroom door. Swings it shut behind her. Slam.

Levy shoulders straight through the flimsy wood and into --

INT. BEDROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel is trapped. She backs around the bed. Into the corner. Levy catches his breath. Stalks her.

RACHEL

What do you want? Why are you doing this?

LEVY

Put the baby on the bed.

RACHEL

No.

Levy swings the ax and takes a lamp off the dresser. It shatters against the far wall.

LEVY

Put the baby on the bed!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Mitch skids the patrol car into his street. Guns it. Sees Levy's white van. He slams on the brakes outside --

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch leaps out of the car clutching the stolen 9mm. Bolts up the driveway toward the open front door...

MITCH

Rachel?!

Mitch runs through the door into --

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch sees the shattered hall mirror. He runs into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch looks around. Gun ready. Sees the roll of tools on the dining table. He pushes open the kitchen door...

MITCH

Rachel?! Where are you?!

Mitch looks down the corridor and sees the axed garage door.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Rachel?!

Mitch bolts back into the hallway and up the stairs...

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pounds up the stairs and reaches the bedroom door. He sees the splintered wood. Hears Ella whimpering inside. A muffled sob and --

INT. BEDROOM - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch bursts in. Gun up. He scopes the room and sees Levy standing behind Rachel. Ella is on the bed. Levy has the blade of the ax against Rachel's throat like a knife.

RACHEL

Mitch --

Levy flinches the blade. Shuts her up...

MITCH

Don't hurt her.

LEVY

Drop the gun.

Mitch weighs up his options. He doesn't have any. He takes his finger off the trigger. Opens his palms. Drops the gun.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Kick it towards me.

Mitch kicks the gun to Levy's feet.

LEVY (CONT'D)
Now, Rachel, I want you to slowly
bend with me.

Rachel and Levy bend at the knees. Levy picks up the gun.
They straighten. Levy sighs. He drops the ax.

Mitch makes a move.

Levy has the gun at Rachel's temple in a flash.

Mitch freezes.

MITCH
Whatever you're thinking of doing,
Tobias, don't. Please. I'm out.
My alibi's shot. You don't have to
hurt them.

LEVY
You know too much. I don't have a
choice.

MITCH
You do! You do have a choice.
What happened to you was terrible,
but doing this won't change that.

LEVY
No, but you'll finally understand
why I do what I do.

MITCH
Please. I already understand.

LEVY
No, you don't. But you will --

Levy trips the hammer to fire and --

MITCH
I understand that you watched your
wife and child be butchered and you
did nothing!

Levy looks at him --

MITCH (CONT'D)
I understand you were a fucking
coward!

Rachel stares at Mitch in horror. What is he doing?

LEVY
(angry)
No!

Mitch begins inching toward Levy...

MITCH
You froze!

LEVY
I didn't.

MITCH
You piece of shit! You cared more
about saving yourself than your own
flesh and blood.

LEVY
NO!

MITCH
You're lying!

Mitch continues to inch forward. Goading Levy. Willing him
to turn the gun away from Rachel, onto him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Admit it!

LEVY
He never should have been out of
prison! It was the system's fault.

MITCH
This isn't about the system. It's
about you. If you were a man you'd
have died first! I know it -- and
you know it.

LEVY
(screams)
There was nothing I could do!

Mitch is almost to Levy now.

MITCH

Bullshit! You just don't have the balls to kill the one who deserves to die...

(beat)

You!

Levy ROARS in pain. Swings the gun away from Rachel and stabs the barrel into Mitch's chest. Eyes blazing with murderous anger.

Mitch stops.

Rachel's breath stops.

LEVY

What about you? Are you willing to die first?!

MITCH

Yes.

Mitch catches the barrel with both hands and clamps it firmly to upper chest and --

MITCH (CONT'D)

Rachel, run!

Before Levy knows what's happening, Rachel pulls away.

Levy tries to turn the gun but Mitch holds on with an iron grip. This gun ain't pointing at anybody but him.

Rachel snatches Ella up from the bed.

Levy FIRES.

BOOM! A bullet shoots through Mitch's shoulder. A vase behind him - across the room - EXPLODES.

Mitch ROARS in pain but hangs onto the barrel. He'll die before he'll let go.

RACHEL

(screams)

Mitch!

MITCH

Get out of here!

Mitch staggers in pain but still grips the gun.

Rachel is almost out of the room as --

BOOM! Another shot rips through Mitch's shoulder -- shatters a family photo behind him -- and Mitch releases his grip. Almost collapses in pain.

Levy turns the gun on Rachel and squeezes the trigger as --

MITCH (CONT'D)
Nooooo!!!!

Mitch drives his good shoulder into Levy.

BOOM! The gun fires wide. Takes a chunk out of the door frame as --

Mitch tackles Levy backwards toward the window and --

EXT. UPPER WINDOW - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glass EXPLODES outward.

Mitch and Levy fly out into space.

They slam down through the branches of a young tree.

Are spun apart.

Hit more branches.

Slam down into --

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - MITCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Levy and Mitch both lie on the lawn. Gasping. In pain.

Levy gets to his feet and bends to pick up the gun. He turns to Mitch and --

BAM! Mitch punches him in the face. Levy's head snaps to the side. Mitch hits him again. Levy drops the gun. Then swings a fist into Mitch's bullet-ravaged shoulder.

Mitch ROARS in pain. Drops to one knee. He only has his right arm. His left hangs impotently.

Levy stands over him. Punches Mitch in the face. Grabs Mitch and drags him to his feet. Hits him again. And again.

Mitch looks done-for. Then BAM! He punches his right fist into Levy's kidney. And with all his remaining strength he drives his forehead into Levy's nose.

BAM! The two men stagger apart.

Mitch collapses in pain and exhaustion. Shoulder pumping blood. He lies there gasping for air as --

Levy claws for the fallen gun. Blood streams from his broken nose. He climbs back to his feet and --

Stands over Mitch.

Aims the gun down into his face.

Mitch laughs through the pain.

MITCH

You - are a - fucking - pussy.

LEVY

I was afraid, God help me. Are you?

Levy thumbs the hammer back and --

MITCH

No.

A flicker of hurt crosses Levy's eyes. The only thing keeping him sane was that any man would have done what he did. Mitch has proved him wrong.

WHAM! Rachel hits him in the back with the ax.

Levy staggers in pain. Trying to reach the handle. He turns to look at Rachel. He raises the gun. Is going to shoot her when --

MITCH (CONT'D)

Noooo!

Mitch tries to rise, but can't, and --

BOOM! A bullet blows the back of Levy's head out.

Mitch looks around for the source of the bullet and sees --

KANON

at the edge of the driveway. Gun raised. Smoke curls from the barrel. The SCREAM of more patrol cars fill the air. Lights flash...

Mitch looks up at the stars above and sighs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mitch is sitting on a bed. His left shoulder and chest are heavily bandaged. An IV gives him fluids. There are COPS standing guard at the edge of the curtained area. Mitch's good arm is cuffed to the metal bed-frame.

Kanon walks in past the cops.

KANON
How are you feeling?

MITCH
Relieved.

KANON
Doctor said the bullets didn't even clip a bone. You're lucky.

Mitch looks past Kanon at Rachel and Ella...

MITCH
I know.

Kanon follows his look. She pulls keys from her pocket and uncuffs him...

MITCH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KANON
I think you're family's been through enough for one night, don't you?

Mitch looks at her. She's serious.

MITCH
Thank you.

Kanon pockets the cuffs.

KANON
Don't make the mistake of thinking a few bullets in the shoulder gets you off the hook, counselor, because it doesn't. I'll expect you down at the station first thing tomorrow to give a full statement.

MITCH
Understood.

Kanon gestures to the Cops to let Rachel and Ella through.

MITCH (CONT'D)
If only I hadn't left the accident.

KANON
Then you'd be behind bars and Levy
would still be out there. Where's
the justice in that?

Kanon is about to walk away when --

MITCH
Any word on Doyle?

KANON
He's in recovery. I hear he was
lucky too.

Mitch nods. Grateful. Kanon leaves as Rachel rushes in with
Ella and hugs Mitch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOYLE'S RECOVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAWN

Doyle's heart monitor beeps. He has IVs coming out of him
and bandages covering his wounds and skull. His face is half
swollen.

Mitch enters the room, arm in a sling, and stands at his
bedside.

MITCH
Doyle?

Doyle's eyes flicker open. He smiles. Sleepy but happy to
see Mitch.

DOYLE
Hey. You bring me flowers?

MITCH
I brought you something better.

Rachel walks in carrying Ella.

MITCH (CONT'D)
This is my wife, Rachel.

RACHEL
Hello, Doyle.

Doyle blinks and tries to sit up. It's excruciating...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Try not to move.

MITCH
And this is your niece.

Mitch puts Ella into Doyle's arms. Doyle's eyes well up..

DOYLE
Hello, Ella.

Ella gurgles and smiles..

RACHEL
I guess we've got some catching up
to do.

Rachel sits on the side of the bed.

EXT. HOSPITAL WINDOW - DAWN

THE CAMERA pulls back. Looking in at Rachel, Mitch and Doyle talking. Doyle continues to hold Ella. They don't yet look like a family, but it's a start...

THE CAMERA takes in Boston and the rising sun. It's going to be a beautiful day.

FADE OUT:

THE END