

THE WINTER KILLS

by

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IN BLACK: THE SOUND OF RAIN.

FADE IN:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

Winter. Rain falling on the quiet city. The streets are empty and narrow, the buildings and tenements are old and brick, built by immigrants.

Across the Hudson River is a small galaxy of lights, the incredible expanse of NEW YORK CITY dominates the sky.

EXT. PALM MOTEL - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

A forgotten corner of the city, the Palm Motel is dark, tucked away in shadows.

POV: Upstairs on the top floor we are outside Room 23. Through the door - the sound of a bed squeaking, a headboard bangs against the wall.

Slowly moving closer to the door, to the room number, the noises continue. The rain slowly begins to turn, until it is SNOW.

OVER BLACK:

THE WINTER KILLS

FADE IN:

INT. PALM MOTEL - ROOM 23 -- CONTINUOUS

On the face of a young PROSTITUTE, SAMANTHA, twenty, she's on the bed, naked on her hands and knees. She's indifferent, on drugs, here for the money.

DETECTIVE TOM MATHIS, 55, does a bump of COCAINE off each dimple in her lower back. He's naked, on drugs and sweating.

A series of shots. Mathis having rough intercourse with her, doing cocaine. More cocaine and harder sex crash into:

INT. PALM MOTEL - ROOM 23 -- LATER

Quiet. Still. Mathis is a fall from grace. He's naked, sitting at the small table next to the bed. The temporary distraction of Samantha is over as he catches up with himself. He looks to her, she's thirty-five years younger, a prop in a lonely room.

Mathis pulls out a wad of cash and counts out ten twenties, two hundred dollars. He puts it on the table in her direction.

MATHIS

What's your name?

SAMANTHA

Samantha.

(re: the two hundred)
I'm only a hundred...

A beat on Mathis, he's unsure what to say.

MATHIS

Is Samantha your real name or your fake name?

SAMANTHA

My fake name... same as the last time we came here...

A beat on Mathis, he starts getting dressed, nods toward the money.

MATHIS

You can take it...

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- MORNING

5 AM, dark out still. Mathis sits by the window thinking. His walls are bare. The apartment is cramped and stagnant, he's holding a BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION that arrived in the mail - *Emily's Turning 12!* - balloons and colorful writing on the cover.

Mathis anxiously tapping his foot, he looks to the card then to an empty bag of cocaine, he's out of drugs. Coming down is hard.

Mathis looks to the NEWSPAPER next to him, at a PICTURE: The African American Community protesting at City Hall, holding signs: *No Racist Cops*. Next to it is a smaller insert picture of Mathis' face.

It's all under the HEADLINE: *Detective To Return After 6 Month Suspension.*

Mathis notices the sun is starting to rise, he looks into the window of the apartment across the street - POV: a COUPLE argues intensely, this is the start of their day.

Mathis watches, a voyeur. The Woman gets fed up and quits, she raises her hands in surrender. The relationship is over as she walks out.

Mathis watches the Man now sitting on the couch, alone, head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

Sunday service. JILL GRAY, thirty-five, sits with her daughter, LILY, three years old. Next to her is an EMPTY SEAT. She's annoyed, someone's missing, she checks her watch.

INT. CHURCH - BATHROOM STALL -- CONTINUOUS

Standing in the stall, DETECTIVE DAN GRAY, thirty-five, passionately watches a FOOTBALL game on his cell phone.

The outside door KICKS open, a WOMAN'S HEELS walking toward the stall.

GRAY

Damn...

He turns off the phone, stuffs it in his jacket. A BANG on the door.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Someone's in here.

JILL (O.S.)
Yeah, no shit...

INT. CHURCH -- LATER

The service over. Gray following Jill, Lily at their side, they are leaving in a line, everyone passes by the PASTOR on their way out the doors.

JILL
It's a great example you set for
your daughter.

GRAY
(whisper)
She doesn't know...

LILY
Did your team win, Daddy?

GRAY
Daddy was in the bathroom praying,
sweetheart.

Gray and Jill walk by RICHARD, he's looking at them, catches them:

RICHARD
Hey, everybody... good to see you guys.

Richard is fifty years old, he's socially awkward, church is his one day to shine. Gray dreads this weekly encounter.

Richard shakes Gray's hand and gives Jill a mistimed hug.

JILL
Good to see you too, Richard.

RICHARD
Hey, Dan... I took those pictures of your car for the auto-trader, I'll get 'em in this week's issue.

GRAY
Oh, great, thank you...

JILL
Thank you, Richard, that's a huge help in getting that monster out of my driveway.

Gray smiles at his wife.

GRAY
The car's not a monster, honey.
It's family.

She smiles back, having won this argument a long time ago.

JILL
Not for long...

Gray silenced, he shakes Richard's hand goodbye.

GRAY
That was a wonderful service. See you next week.

RICHARD
(he points to Jill)
See you day after tomorrow at the chicken dinner set-up?

JILL
Yeah, see you then...

Gray sneaks his family past the Pastor, they walk out the doors into a brutal cold.

A sign above the doors: *You Are Now Entering The Mission Field.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

Cold afternoon. Mathis is doing a bump of cocaine off his wrist, a bad habit's getting worse. He's sitting on the grass, well hidden behind an uneven sea of tombstones.

He peeks around a corner. Mathis' POV: a WOMAN with her two DAUGHTERS, holding one another, crying in front of a grave. It's hard, they leave flowers and walk away.

EXT. CEMETERY - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis standing at the same headstone now. His eyes are closed. The tombstone reads: DOUGLAS B. WALSH. 1952-2002.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- DAY

Driving through Jersey City. Gray's car is old, on borrowed time. Jill is annoyed with him for missing the service.

JILL

I want you to make a special call to Richard to thank him for the auto-trader thing.

GRAY

I've had the car since I was nineteen.

JILL

It leaks oil. My father's giving you a new car...

Gray's a provider, it rakes his ego having to take something.

GRAY

We can buy our own new car...

JILL

No we can't. We can't afford anything because we bought a house out of our price range. Remember?

Driving in silence. Gray smiles, looking at his pissed off wife, he knows it's not about the car.

GRAY
 I'm sorry I missed church. It's
 just that I believe in Evolution,
 and that Sunday is for football.

Gray pretends to start crying. Lily starts LAUGHING in the back seat. Jill trying not to smile. They stop at a red light.

GRAY (CONT'D)
 If you don't kiss me right now I'll
 lose strength, and if I lose
 strength I'll swerve. Lily's only
 three, she deserves to live.

LILY
 Kiss him, Mommy!

Jill shakes her head, a sucker for her husband. She leans over and kisses him. He looks at her, real love.

GRAY
 Thanks. We'll live now.

JILL
 It's green, Detective.

Gray pulls away.

LILY
 Daddy, what's Evolution?

GRAY
 It means you're a fish, baby...

CUT TO:

INT. COIN-UP LAUNDRY - JERSEY CITY -- NIGHT

Midnight. A dirty all night laundromat. Mathis waiting on his laundry tumbling dry, he's strung out again.

A piece of loose CHANGE comes out in the dryer... it begins BANGING around. It draws Mathis' attention and we CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROOFTOP - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

In silence. On the roof of an abandoned FACTORY. Confusion. Mathis RUNNING, gun drawn, YELLING orders to stop.

A young BLACK MAN, WINSTON SHELL is being chased to the edge of the roof, Mathis running toward him, Winston stops, he's trapped, nowhere left to go.

Winston's looking back and forth between Mathis and the ground eight floors down.

GRAY (V.O.)
He's comin' off a suspension...

Mathis stops. A stand off now. Behind Mathis DET. BILL WEXLER, "WEX", fifty-five, runs out onto the roof, he stops, sees the situation unfolding.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is silent, just the echo of pings from the heating duct. Gray and Jill in bed. His arms around her.

JILL
Why?

GRAY
It was about that black kid who jumped off the roof... this guy Mathis was the one there. He was the cop chasin' him before he went over.

Jill thinking, she hesitates with this, a bad feeling.

JILL
I guess there's a lot of people who don't think that kid jumped.

The sound of a GUN SHOT and we return to:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- FLASHBACK

Series of shots: moments later now, Winston Shell is gone over the ledge, Mathis is face down on the ground, he seems to have been TACKLED by Wex.

Wex lays next to him disheveled and out of breath, a horrified look across his face as Mathis picks himself up.

Both Detectives looking at MATHIS' GUN - five feet from them. Smoking.

JILL (V.O.)
Do you think he threw him over?

BACK TO:

INT. COIN-UP LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis staring at his clothes, the loose change still knocking around.

GRAY (V.O.)
I don't know... there's a lot of questions... he's got a history.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP -- FLASHBACK

Quick flashes: Mathis looking at Wex, both leaning over the ledge and looking down to the ground at Winston Shell dead.

INT. COIN-UP LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis' clothes done drying. Mathis sits still, he hasn't moved, sobered by his reflection in the glass dryer door. Mathis searching in his face for anything familiar.

GRAY (V.O.)
He had a partner that was killed ten years ago... tomorrow's the anniversary. And he hasn't had a new one since.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jill closes her eyes, moves into him for the night.

JILL
I bet if you see enough dead bodies and enough dead kids and enough suspects *jump off roofs* you become numb. And then nobody likes to be around you.

Tension, just below the surface.

JILL (CONT'D)
How come you get to be the lucky one?

On Gray laying awake, thinking. He closes his eyes.

GRAY
This is how I send my kids to the better schools. This is how I get the better things... the better paycheck, the better house, the better Christmas. The better everything.

(MORE)

GRAY (CONT'D)
(then)
The new fuckin' car.

INT. COIN-UP LAUNDRY -- NIGHT

Mathis hauling out his basket of laundry, the pay phone on the wall RINGS and Mathis stops, moments pass on him as he faces the relentless ringing. Finally he picks up.

MATHIS
Hello?

Someone on the other end. Light breath. No words. Birds chirp in the background. The person hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING.

Series of shots: Early morning cold, the commute crawling into the Holland Tunnel, everything across the city is frozen.

EXT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- MORNING

Mathis walks out to see "RACIST PIG" spray painted across the side of his car, hot pink paint against a dark blue car. Mathis looks around, people trying not to stare as they pass.

CAPTAIN BOYD (V.O.)
As I'm sure you've heard... it's
his first day back.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING

Mathis driving through the city, tagged a "Racist Pig" for the world.

CAPTAIN BOYD (V.O.)
And it was ten years ago today that
we lost Doug Walsh... so give him a
little space.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING

Gray at his desk, CAPTAIN STAN BOYD, 62, standing over him. Boyd is stern, a military background.

CAPTAIN BOYD

He's our best Detective. He gets all the good shit which means so will you from now on.

(then)

Come in my office after he gets here, I got something for you guys already... came in this morning.

Boyd pats Gray's desk as he walks away, reminds him:

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)

Give him some space.

GRAY

Yeah, you got it, Captain.

Moments pass, Gray looks around: The precinct is cold, sterile, cramped. A white linoleum floor with harsh fluorescent lights from the ceiling.

DETECTIVES stir around, no eye contact, it's all business.

Gray watches as Mathis walks in and walks through the room, he's bundled, scowling. Goliath. He doesn't look at anyone but Wex.

Gray watches as Mathis and Wex shake hands, welcome back, a quick hug. Wex is rock, loyal to cops and to Mathis.

MATHIS (V.O.)

Because I don't want a partner,
Stan...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN BOYD'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis pacing in front of Boyd behind his desk.

MATHIS

...especially him, some green fuckin' thirty year old.

CAPTAIN BOYD

He's thirty-five.

MATHIS

I'm off suspension.

CAPTAIN BOYD (V.O.)

I don't know what to tell you, Mathis. Comin' off your suspension the Department wants you to have a partner.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN BOYD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(then)
They specifically chose Gray.

MATHIS
How long we known each other...

CAPTAIN BOYD
...a long time. And my respect is
river-wide. But I'm in a position.
(then)
Why don't you think about retiring?

Mathis shakes his head, doesn't want to hear it.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
You were eligible to retire eight
months ago. Go fishin', Mathis.

Gray steps up to the door, knocks. Boyd nods him in, Mathis stands straight as they're introduced.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
Mathis, Gray. Gray, Mathis.
(then)
Judy, Cindy. Cindy, Judy.

They shake hands, Mathis remains professional.

MATHIS
How you doin', Gray? Good to meet
you.

GRAY
Yeah, you too...

CAPTAIN BOYD
Gray came up while you were away.
As of today you two kids'll be
playing together.
(he vouches for Gray)
Gray's got a big brain, he just got
his masters last month.

MATHIS
What'd you study?

GRAY
Criminal Law.

Mathis looks haggard, up all night on drugs.

GRAY (CONT'D)
You feel okay?

Moments pass on Mathis, he doesn't like Gray questioning him.

MATHIS
I forgot to get my flu shot, you
better load up on Vitamin C.

Boyd is done with introductions, he's handing Gray an address, presenting them their first case.

CAPTAIN BOYD
Call came in this morning... looks
like someone did up a pro over on
the west side.
(then)
Happy huntin' you two.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- DAY

Driving. Silence. Gray steals looks at Mathis, his face an impossible wall. Mathis negotiates through the traffic, he's calm, there's no rush.

Moments passing until Mathis makes a final turn: Gray is looking up the street now to the scene of a crime - COPS everywhere.

Mathis slowing down now as his face changes. Mathis is thrown off by something, something's not right, his heart beats faster. Gray notices.

GRAY
You alright?

Mathis parks the car, shuts off the engine, he looks up at the sign: *The Palm Motel*. The place we first met him.

MATHIS
Yeah, I'm fine...

EXT. PALM MOTEL -- DAY

We've been here. The motel is only shittier in daylight.

The throngs parting for Mathis. Gray sticks close behind as they walk up the stairs, putting on latex gloves.

The location has completely disrupted Mathis, he's on edge, looking out at faces in the surrounding crowd, everyone is a suspect.

Mathis and Gray walking past the room numbers - Mathis sees the body is in Room #23. The room he was in.

The CORONER - JOHN ELLIS - 48 years old, walks out. Ellis is young still, fit, today he's overwhelmed by the crime.

ELLIS

I can't say for sure yet, but she's been dead about a day. Extensive mutilation... her fuckin' hands have been cut off.

(shaking his head)

And I don't see 'em anywhere.

(then)

We haven't seen this *since...*

His eyes meet Mathis'. Mathis doesn't respond, he walks in. Gray looks to Ellis.

GRAY

Since what?

ELLIS

Since Mr. Winter.

The Coroner nods him inside the room.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You'll see...

Gray takes a breath, he goes in behind Mathis.

INT. PALM MOTEL - ROOM 23 -- CONTINUOUS

The room is dark, light bulbs broken, just dull light struggling through pulled curtains.

There's blood on the walls and in the rug, a body is covered in shadows on the bed.

Gray realizing the hell they've just walked into, he sees a simple METAL PODIUM in front of the bed, a BIBLE open, blood splattered across the pages.

GRAY

(re: the podium)

The killer was preachin' to her.

Mathis is still, unable to move, unable to look away from SAMANTHA covered in her own blood, eyes open, left murdered on the bed Mathis shared with her.

A DETECTIVE walks in behind them.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Was there a name?

DETECTIVE

Samantha Adler. 20 years old. ID says she's from Bayonne.

Mathis looks down. His mind going fast.

MATHIS

Samantha. That was her fake name
or real name?

DETECTIVE

That was her real name. We don't
have a street name on her yet.

On Mathis.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Mathis in a stall, thinking hard, doing bumps of cocaine off
his key.

MATHIS (V.O.)

This is his first kill. Mr.
Winter's back.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Mathis splashing water on his face now, mind racing on drugs.
No coincidences.

MATHIS (V.O.)

Ten years to the day he killed my
partner. My first day back from
suspension...

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN BOYD'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Mathis and Boyd. Mathis has stopped moving, thinking.
Captain Boyd feels obligated to say.

CAPTAIN BOYD

This could all still be a
coincidence...

Mathis looking at him, unable to share the truth about
Samantha and the motel.

MATHIS

He's talkin' to me, Stan.
Directly.

CAPTAIN BOYD

How do you know?

Mathis unable to answer.

MATHIS
I just... he is.

Boyd looking at Mathis, the dark bags under his eyes.

CAPTAIN BOYD
I'm gonna put a car at Gray's
house. We're gonna tap your house
and cell lines in case he calls.

Mathis nodding, thinking.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
I'm still gonna hope to God that
today is a tragic coincidence. But
either way, you need to make an
effort with Gray. If you think
Winter's back then take him
somewhere and sit him down. Fill
him in.

Moments on the two of them. Boyd's got a bad feeling now.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
You sure you don't want to go
fishin'?

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis walks out of Boyd's office, past Gray engrossed in a
FILE, written on the lip: DET. DOUGLAS WALSH -- 2002.

Mathis sees the file, keeps walking.

MATHIS (V.O.)
Doug and I were together eight
years.

FLASH: PICTURES of DETECTIVE DOUG WALSH, late forties.

MATHIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We came up the same time. We had
different ways of doing things, but
we got shit done...

FLASH: Det. Walsh in family photos, adoring his DAUGHTERS and
WIFE, they're all younger here, happy. Doug's smile is big
and contagious.

MATHIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He and I get a call one day... a
body's been found...

FLASH: Black & White CRIME SCENE photographs.

MATHIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...this pro was all cut to
 pieces... and that was it, it just
 started. A fuckin' serial killer
 comes out of nowhere. Five days,
 five bodies.

Gray flipping through the files and pictures. Five days,
 five bodies.

MATHIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 A whole blanket of terror came down
 over the city. People stayed
 inside.

Gray looking through NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS now. Serial Killer.
 The different headlines gage the fear of the city, the name
 of the killer recycled over and over: Mr. Winter.

MATHIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The fuckin' guy starts calling
 me...

Mathis walks back into the room, he walks up to Gray's desk,
 starts speaking, we don't hear the words.

GRAY (V.O.)
 What was he sayin'?

Gray gets up, grabs his coat, leaves following Mathis.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -- EVENING - CONTINUOUS

A dark sky, almost black - the last of daylight hanging over
 bones in the ground. Mathis and Gray standing in front of
 Doug Walsh's headstone - Gray shivers.

MATHIS
 Mr. Winter's a mission killer, he's
 a cliche', he thinks he's some
 divine apostle, chosen by God to
 cleanse the sin from the earth.

(then)
 His victims all had histories,
 there was a wife beater, a
 pedophile, a slum lord... all kinds
 of bad fuckin' people. One by one
 he started takin' 'em down.

Mathis lives this story, the details are his life.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
 Then... the killings stopped... his
 phone calls to me stopped.
 (MORE)

MATHIS (CONT'D)
As fast as it all started it ended.
(then)
Until a month later...

Mathis staring hard at his friends grave.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Doug turns up as the sixth victim.

It burns Mathis still, he collects himself for the millionth time.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Doug got a call from a guy who said
he had some info on the murders.
He invited him to the motel where
he was stayin' and Doug went.

GRAY
Alone? Where were you?

Mathis looks at him, he can only say:

MATHIS
I wasn't there.

FLASH: BxW Crime scene photos - Det. Walsh. Dead.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Doug walked into that room and was
shot once in the back of the head.
He was killed instantly.

(then)
Mr. Winter took his badge and his
gun. Trophies, I guess, I don't
know...

Gray looks over at Mathis, his ungovernable emotions.

GRAY
Why the Mr. Winter nickname?

MATHIS
It was the coldest five days in a
hundred years when he came to town.
And the press likes nicknames. It
sells papers.

GRAY
And that was it? After Walsh he
just vanished?

MATHIS
Right off the face of the earth.

Mathis looks over at Gray, a lifetime younger.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
There's no shame in turnin' back
before this thing gets started.

Gray staring at Doug Walsh's grave. No turning back.

GRAY
I'm in.

CUT TO:

INT. JERSEY CITY CORONER'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Samantha's body covered on the table. Mathis and Gray stand to the side. Ellis warns them ahead:

ELLIS
Ready?

They nod, Ellis pulls off the sheet: Gray winces, Mathis numb, staring at Samantha's face, still close and familiar.

Mathis loosens his tie, suddenly sweating.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
This girl was gutted. Fairly cleanly. Not something Joe serial killer knows how to do. Her hands were removed by the same instrument. I'm assuming some sort of hunting or cutlery knife. There are thirty-seven different burns from cigarettes that I've found so far... her skull is fractured in three different places and I'm assuming right now she died from blood loss after her first and/or second hand was removed.

Ellis holds up LARGE RUBBER STRAPS, his eyes meet Mathis'.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
These were tied around both her arms as half-ass tourniquets so she'd bleed, and eventually die, slower.

(then)
Judging by the podium and the Bible, I'd say she was preached a good sermon while she suffered. Tremendously.

Silence in the room. Everyone registering the details of her death.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I said it ten years ago and I'll say it again now. Winter's special... his cuts, they're precise. He's got extensive knowledge of the human body, he might've been a doctor or a surgeon at some point.

Ellis brings the sheet back over her. Gray makes it clear:

GRAY

We're not even sure it's him yet.

Mathis and Ellis share a look, they know better.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - BATHROOM STALL -- LATER

Mathis doing bumps of cocaine off his car keys, a sniff up each nostril. He closes his eyes, climbing stairs to heaven, he flashes back:

MATHIS' FLASHBACK:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Mathis watching Samantha get in his car from off the street, she closes the door.

BACK TO:

INT. JERSEY CITY CORONERS OFFICE - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis walks out of the bathroom, Gray waiting in the quiet hallway.

GRAY

You alright?

MATHIS

Fine... let's get out of here...

The Detectives walking out of the building.

A door opens down the hall, the quiet is stolen by the sound of a WOMAN CRYING, hard tears, devastation, a mother has lost a child. Samantha's MOTHER, Mathis' age, is helped by FAMILY down the hall.

Mathis and Gray stop, they let this pass, Mathis unable to look at her as she moves by, his eyes break for the floor. He's still.

GRAY
Must be the girl's mother.

On Mathis, the crying is unbearable. Mathis begins to SHAKE.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Poor fuckin' woman.

Gray watches Samantha's Mother exit the building. The hallway returns to quiet. Mathis disengages his emotions, tries to get out of this:

MATHIS
Let's call it a night. Meet me at the motel at 8:00. We'll start there.

Mathis makes no eye contact, walks away.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
There's gonna be a car at your house now for the duration. You're in danger.

GRAY
Why?

Mathis looks back over his shoulder.

MATHIS
You're my new partner.

Mathis keeps walking, moments passing on Gray, he asks Mathis down the hallway.

GRAY
Why'd Mr. Winter kill Doug Walsh?

Mathis stops. Turns back to him.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Why was his death warranted like the others?

Moments passing on Mathis' face. The question is too much to answer.

MATHIS
Mr. Winter never gave a reason, he never called me again after...

Gray and Mathis in silence, facing each other at opposite ends of a long hall.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Doug was clean as a whistle. Ask anyone.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray driving home, staring out onto the city streets at night.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gray looking out his window at the cop car parked down on the street. The room is quiet, Jill already sleeping as he climbs into bed, closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis is restless, pacing, the apartment is a cage. He looks out his window and notices something, he shuts off the light:

Mathis now watching his NEIGHBORS, the Couple in the opposite apartment. He notices all their things are in boxes, some of the furniture is already moved, it's a final goodbye as they hug.

Mathis sits back in a chair. In the dark now he is finally still.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING

Series of shots: Gray working the street around the Palm Motel, asking NEIGHBORS and STRANGERS questions. Everyone shaking their head. No info for the cops.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM STALL -- MORNING

Mathis is creating a fake urine sample. He's pouring urine from one jar into another jar. He twists the caps shut tight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis walks toward his desk holding his sample, waiting
there is DAVID ROSS, thirty-eight years old, young, very
confident, ready to make his mark.

Mathis walks over. David extends his hand.

DAVID ROSS
David Ross...

Mathis shakes his hand.

MATHIS
Michael Jackson.

DAVID ROSS
I'm with Internal Affairs...

Mathis hands over the jar of his urine. David takes it.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
You just go? It feels cold.

MATHIS
I can put it in the microwave if
you want.

Mathis sits back at his desk, in front of the hard PHOTOS
from room 23.

DAVID ROSS
I wanted to talk to you about
Winston Shell and the events of
July 2nd.

MATHIS
I'm off suspension and that case is
closed. I'm required to piss in
the cup and that's it. I gotta go
meet my partner.

DAVID ROSS
Actually, I've just been given the
Shell case.

Mathis looks at him. And?

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
And I'm gonna keep it open.

Mathis smiles, David is looking him up and down.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
Your eyes are glassy. You okay?

INTERCUT:

EXT. PALM MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Gray standing on the street outside the motel. He checks his watch, waiting for Mathis. He looks back to the motel, up at Rm. 23. The door. The entrance to hell.

BACK TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

David Ross staring at Mathis, he's ready to slay the giant.

MATHIS

Do you read?

DAVID ROSS

Yeah.

MATHIS

Do you read a lot?

DAVID ROSS

As much as I can.

MATHIS

Did you read the fuckin' report?

Because all these answers are in there.

DAVID ROSS

I'm just here to see if there's anything you'd like to add... something maybe you're just remembering now.

MATHIS

Well, there was...

Mathis stops himself...

DAVID ROSS

(intrigued)

There was what?

A beat on Mathis.

MATHIS

We saw a herd of Unicorns... they were running wild through the streets.

EXT. PALM MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Gray's starting alone, he's up on the second floor now, walking past the rooms, he stops at 23 and begins removing POLICE TAPE across the door.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

At Mathis' desk.

DAVID ROSS

Was there any contact between you and Mr. Shell before he went over the ledge?

MATHIS

No. No contact before he jumped. But the Unicorns flew off. In a V formation.

DAVID ROSS

Why was your gun fired? I don't understand that part.

MATHIS

Read the report.

DAVID ROSS

The report's vague. The report says you simply dropped your gun. I find that absolutely impossible.

INT. PALM MOTEL - RM. 23 -- CONTINUOUS

Gray slowly moving through the room, still stained in blood.

MATHIS (V.O.)

Why are you really here?

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

David smiles.

DAVID ROSS

I wanted to come down here and look you in the eye. I wanted to see what kind of man you were.

MATHIS

And what's your gut tell ya?

DAVID ROSS

My gut's sayin' that you use excessive force and you have for a long time. And this time you took it too far.

Mathis sits back in his chair, smiles, David Ross now here for his amusement.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)

Why do you think he jumped?

MATHIS

I think he was lookin' at doin' life in prison... then I think he made a choice.

DAVID ROSS

A lot of these reports of abuse filed against you over the years have been with mostly African Americans. Winston Shell was African American too.

MATHIS

Fuck you.

DAVID ROSS

Are you a racist, Detective?

MATHIS

Fuck you.

DAVID ROSS

It's just a question.

MATHIS

And I answered it. Twice.

Staring each other down. Mathis moves his FILE toward David. PICTURES of Samantha's dead body now visible. David shifts, uncomfortable.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

We still haven't found her hands...

INT. PALM MOTEL, RM. 23 -- CONTINUOUS

Gray stands in the middle of the room. He notices something with the wall. The way the light hits it.

There's a rough patch. He rubs his hand over it. The white paint is a slightly DIFFERENT shade here. Brighter. Newer.

EXT. PALM MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Gray walking back to his car, walking beside him is the MANAGER, Egyptian, he's speaking nervous, broken English.

GRAY
When was that room painted last?

MOTEL MANAGER
Seven months ago.

Gray opens his trunk.

GRAY
Was there a hole patched at any point since?

MOTEL MANAGER
No. No holes.

Gray pulls out a crow-bar.

GRAY
Are you sure?

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

David getting up to leave.

MATHIS
Ya know... it kinda feels like you're callin' me a murderer.

DAVID ROSS
I'm not.

David smiles, gaining confidence.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
Not yet.

INT. PALM MOTEL - RM. 23 -- CONTINUOUS

Gray standing before the wall, he begins chipping away at the painted sheet rock. Carefully. Delicate.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis watching David walk away.

MATHIS
Winston Shell killed his pregnant girlfriend with a knife.
(MORE)

MATHIS (CONT'D)
He stabbed her seven times. It
took her fifteen minutes to finally
die.

David stops, looks back. A beat.

DAVID ROSS
Doesn't mean you get to throw him
off a roof.

INT. PALM MOTEL - RM. 23 -- CONTINUOUS

Gray pulling away sheetrock. The SMELL hits him. He pulls
his tie up to his nose. Gray pulling away the wall. He
sticks his hand into the hole. Feeling around.

Gray touches something. Pulls his hand out. BLOOD. He
SMASHES the crow bar into the wall. Urgency now.

Until Gray rips off a last piece.

He stops. His heart pounding, racing now, his eyes don't
move as he starts backing up... backing up.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis turns to a MAP OF JERSEY CITY next to his desk. The
map is big - 4ft. by 4ft. - a big RED TACK marking the
location of the Palm Motel - the 1st victim.

Mathis' desk phone rings.

CUT TO:

INT. PALM MOTEL - RM. 23 -- LATER

Mathis standing with Gray, Wex and Captain Boyd. The wall is
peeled away now. Inside are Samantha's TWO HANDS, they are
BOUND and HUNG together, a GUN, 45mm, glued and tied to the
palms - as if an offering to the Detectives.

Mathis knows right away.

MATHIS
That's Walsh's gun...

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- DAY

Mathis, Gray and Wex sitting together. The Map of Jersey
City hung beside them. Mathis staring at the lone red tack.

Captain Boyd getting off the phone with Ballistics.

CAPTAIN BOYD

That's Ballistics... it's what we knew, it's a match, it's Doug Walsh's gun.

(making it official)

It's the return of Mr. Winter.

(then)

There's one other thing...

A beat, this gets their attention.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)

There's fresh residue. The gun was fired. About twenty-four hours ago.

WEX

Was the Prostitute shot?

GRAY

No.

The Detectives silent, no direction - a game has begun.

CAPTAIN BOYD

How'd Winter pay?

GRAY

Cash. The owner says the guy was tall. White. Forty-five to fifty years old.

CAPTAIN BOYD

So he matches ninety-eight percent of the city? Excellent.

GRAY

There were no other witnesses, no working cameras on the premises.

(then)

He did say the guy specifically asked for that room.

Mathis' heart beats faster. Boyd shakes his head, it all adds up to a headache.

CAPTAIN BOYD

I gotta eat somethin'...

Boyd walks away. Wex walks away across the room to his desk. Mathis and Gray alone in silence.

GRAY

So where's he been? Why was he dormant?

Mathis exhales, no ideas.

Mathis looks across the room, David Ross now in the building, he's sitting down across from Wex.

Wex and Mathis share a quick look.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Who's that?

MATHIS
If he ever talks to you, I want to know about it. He's from Internal Affairs. He's the bottom of humanity, the bottom of everything.

A beat on Gray, he chooses a moment carefully:

GRAY
I heard they're keeping the Winston Shell case open?

Mathis looks to Gray, he clarifies so there's no questions.

MATHIS
What happened on that roof was a murderer didn't feel like spendin' the rest of his life in prison.

David Ross turns to look at Mathis... but his eyes catch Gray instead. Their eyes meet, a long moment, Gray looks back down at his file.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
I gotta get out of here.

GRAY
Can you give me a ride home?

Mathis stops, this oversteps their relationship.

GRAY (CONT'D)
My car's old. It wouldn't start in the cold this morning.
(off Mathis' look)
No worries if it's out of your way.

Mathis feels obligated.

MATHIS
Let's go...

David Ross locked in on Gray.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Quiet. Mathis driving.

GRAY
So you married? Got any kids?

MATHIS
No.

GRAY
Ever married?

MATHIS
No.

Mathis doesn't force conversations. They stop at a red light. A gang of TRANSVESTITES laughing as they cross the street in front of Mathis' car.

A beat on Gray, watching them, he smiles:

GRAY
When I first became a cop in the city, we were tryin' to get rid of a trans-gender prostitution problem and I volunteered to go undercover.

Mathis checks his watch, the light turns green, he starts driving.

GRAY (CONT'D)
We rented a limo and my old partner Bill Delaney was pretending to be the driver. I was in the back as the John... and the code once we got them to proposition us was "turn right here", and then we'd pull over and book the guy. Everything was being recorded for evidence.

(then)
So we pick up this guy. A man. A real man-man, you know... but in a dress. And he's comin' on to me, tryin' to kiss my neck, and finally he says his thing so I'm like "turn right here"... and... Delaney pretends not to hear me... and all the sudden I got this dude clingin' to me, this fuckin' construction worker... tellin' me all the stuff he's gonna do and I'm like "turn right here, *please.*" And he's still drivin'... and it's gettin' weirder and I'm like TURN RIGHT HERE! And Delaney's still pretending not to hear me...

Mathis' lips could almost smile.

GRAY (CONT'D)

FINALLY I'm kickin' the wall with
my foot... TURN RIGHT HERE, YOU
FUCK, TURN RIGHT HERE!!!

(then)

And... he finally turned. But they
got it all on tape. Everyone got a
copy at the Christmas party that
year.

Mathis is slowing down, his POV: a BLACK MAN standing back in
the shadows, a PROSTITUTE stands down the street.

Mathis shuts off his lights, pulls over, the engine still
running.

GRAY (CONT'D)

What's up?

MATHIS

Stay here... I'm gonna talk to
someone...

Mathis gets out of the car, Gray watching him walk to CURTIS,
36, Mathis' dealer, he nods to Mathis.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis walks up to Curtis, there's an exchange - a wad of
CASH from Mathis for a brown PAPER BAG folded up. Mathis
stuffs it in his pocket.

Mathis walking back to his car. He sees the PROSTITUTE'S
FACE, she smiles at him, he stops.

MATHIS

How you doin'?

HOOKER

You lookin' for a date tonight?

On Mathis, debating, looking her in the eye. His hand
clenches the brown bag tighter.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis gets in, puts the car back in drive and pulls away.
Gray is on his cell phone:

GRAY

Milk? Okay, I'll stop and get
milk. Love you too.

Gray hangs up. Looks over at Mathis.

GRAY (CONT'D)
That was fast.

MATHIS
He didn't know nothin'...

Mathis pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray in his car, the engine running, parked on an abandoned dirt road, the sound of the New Jersey Turnpike echoes across miles of train tracks, refineries, black marsh and wasteland.

Gray is tired. A long day is almost over as he checks his watch, there's a KNOCK on the window. Gray reaches over, unlocks the door and David Ross gets in.

DAVID ROSS
Nice to see you today, he say
anything about me?

GRAY
He said you were moody... and
unlikable.

DAVID ROSS
Funny. Are you okay with this
case? It could snowball.

Gray having second thoughts, but nods, he's fine.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
It's gonna hit the front page in
the morning, they're gonna go crazy
with this "Mr. Winter" shit.

GRAY
Anything from the witness, did she
call again?

There's a hint of desperation in Gray's voice, he waits for an answer that might rescue him.

David Ross shakes his head, he plays it down.

DAVID ROSS
Like I said, she's afraid to
talk... we gotta do this on her
time... we gotta be patient.
(re-affirming)
(MORE)

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)

...but she saw Mathis throw that kid off the roof and we're gonna take him down for it.

(then)

No matter where this other case goes... no matter how fucked up it gets... you're working for me, you're investigating *him* first and foremost. Everything else is second.

Gray nods, it's understood. David reading more off him.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)

What else?

Gray thinking through a feeling. Then

GRAY

Doug Walsh... something's not right about it. He doesn't fit. His kill was different. All the other deaths were long and drawn out. Walsh's body was left alone. He was killed instantly, a single bullet to the head. There was a respect for him.

(thinking)

And it was a month later... separated from all the rest.

David Ross dismissing it.

DAVID ROSS

Look, don't get side tracked... what's that have to do with us?

GRAY

What I'm saying is maybe Mr. Winter, whoever the fuck he is, didn't kill Doug Walsh. It was only made to look that way.

David listening now.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Maybe Walsh had somethin' on someone... and so they wanted him gone.

DAVID ROSS

Or maybe Doug Walsh has some skeletons in the closet we don't know about.

(thinking)

You think Mathis had somethin' to do with it?

Gray quiet, he dismisses it for now.

GRAY

I don't know, I have no idea. It just came into my head and I wanted to say it out loud.

(then)

Let's get some sleep.

David nods, he opens his door and gets out.

DAVID ROSS

Don't forget to stop and get us milk?

GRAY

Yeah, sorry, he got back in the car...

DAVID ROSS

From doin' what?

Gray thinking.

GRAY

I don't know...

Mathis is shady, they both know it.

DAVID ROSS

Two percent... it's the blue top.
And get some cookies.

He closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mathis alone in a tremendous silence. Cocaine on a mirror. Three lines are gone. Three remain.

A car horn HONKS from down on the street. Mathis looks.

EXT. MATHIS' APARTMENT - STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis gets up to the drivers side window. The Coroner, John Ellis, rolls down the window of his black Mercedes. He hands Mathis a brown PAPER BAG, stealing a look into Mathis' eyes.

ELLIS

Party's started, huh?

Mathis doesn't talk about it.

MATHIS
(re: the brown bag)
We're good to go with this for awhile.

ELLIS
Long as you need it.
I'm on your side, Mathis.

MATHIS
I owe you. Anything you need.

Ellis sees the drugs in Mathis' eyes. Rolling up his window.

ELLIS
Just go easy...

Ellis pulls away. Mathis watches his taillights disappear down the street. A beat on Mathis, his breath in the air.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis opening Ellis' brown paper bag. A small jar of URINE, the same kind of jar Mathis cheated from before.

Mathis sniffs a line of coke off the mirror, he walks to his window, looks across the street to the neighbors apartment. The Girl is gone now, the Guy is left alone, packing the last of his things.

Mathis licking his lips, grinding his teeth, he looks to his telephone sitting silent.

INTERCUT:

INT. PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mathis having sex with Samantha, it's maniacal, the dark side of a man.

BACK TO:

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis is standing at the window, his eyes are running deep, mind in chaos.

JILL (V.O.)
Why is there a cop car parked in front of our house.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jill washes her face in the bathroom. Gray on the bed looking at PICTURES of his car in the weekly AutoTrader. The day still with him as he looks up at the ceiling and closes his eyes.

GRAY
It's just a precaution.

JILL
That you don't get murdered? Like his last partner?

Gray's exhausted, they've been running through this.

JILL (CONT'D)
And I can't talk on the phone?

GRAY
You can talk on the phone. It's just the phone will be tapped in case this person tries to make any contact with me, so people might be able to hear you.

JILL
So I can't talk on the phone?

Jill suddenly dragged into something bad. Gray walks over to her.

GRAY
This is just a step along the way... you know that. When I'm where I want to be... things are gonna be great for us.

He pulls her into him, holds her. She lets him off the hook for now, looking at the AutoTrader on the bed.

JILL
Call Richard and thank him for doing that for free.

GRAY
I will. Then I'll tell him how you only half believe in Jesus and I don't believe at all.

She smiles.

GRAY (CONT'D)
I'll tell him about how this is all a ploy to make our daughter feel guilty about doing bad things.

She kisses him.

JILL
Call him and say thank you, tell
him I'll see him at the setup
tomorrow. And un-tap my phone.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gray standing in the doorway watching his daughter sleep.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

At an upstairs window, Gray looking down out onto the street, rain pouring from the sky now, TWO COPS sitting in their patrol car drinking coffee. Staying up all night. Gray looks up and down the block, all clear for now.

Out of the silence Gray's cell phone RINGS, it startles him, he answers quickly.

GRAY
Hello...
(then)
This is Detective Gray speaking...

On Gray, listening...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray driving through a downpour of rain, his wipers slapping back and forth.

EXT. HILLCREST DINER -- NIGHT

Gray gets out of his car, running through the rain to the diner. He stops. He sees a WOMAN in the window sitting alone. We recognize this Woman as Doug Walsh's WIFE from the cemetery.

CUT TO:

INT. HILLCREST DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Gray now sitting with KELLY WALSH, 55, a widow, wounded still, the years have been hard.

GRAY

Let me first say Mrs. Walsh, I'm sorry for your loss. I didn't know Doug but I've heard great things.

KELLY

Thank you, call me Kelly.

GRAY

Okay, Kelly...
(then)
So what can I do for you?

She pulls out an OLD PIECE OF PAPER and hands it to Gray. He opens it to see written in faded pen:

Brook Falls

KELLY (O.S.)

That's Doug's handwriting...

Gray looks off the page back up to Kelly. Confused.

GRAY

What's it mean?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

I don't know...
(then)
In our backyard there's a tree.
And sometimes Doug would go out
there with a beer and just sit...
and think. It was kind of his
spot.

(then)

A couple months after he died I
finally got the strength to go out
there, and there was this old piece
of paper. He must've had it out
there with him. I don't know what
it means... or if it has anything
to do with this... But after I
heard they found Doug's gun, and
the killer'd come back... something
told me to call you.

Gray nods. He has to ask:

GRAY

Does Detective Mathis know about
this? Why didn't you call him?

KELLY

I didn't want to give it to
Mathis...

There's a real disdain for Mathis, it's impossible to hide.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I don't wanna have to see that man
ever again.

A beat on Gray, he waits for her to explain.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Doug was alone because Mathis was
gone... he was wasted in a bar.
(then)
I think the killer made a mistake.
I think it was supposed to be
Mathis and not Doug. Mathis is the
animal. The sinner. Mathis is the
one. I can't prove it but you
better believe Mathis threw that
kid off the roof. Mathis is
crazy. I wouldn't be surprised if
he hears voices.
(then)
That's why Doug's body was left
alone. The killer knew he'd made a
mistake. My husband died for
Mathis' sins.

A beat on Gray.

GRAY
What were Mathis' sins?

KELLY
Then or now?

GRAY
Both.

KELLY
Drugs. Murder. Arrogance. Abuse.

She stops herself.

GRAY
Do you have proof of any of that?

KELLY
No. I don't... I just wanted to
give you that piece of paper. And
tell you I hope you catch the man
that killed my husband.

On Gray.

GRAY
I'm gonna have to tell Mathis about
this, and that I saw you...

KELLY
Do whatever you want. He knows how
I feel...

Kelly gets up, leaving. She looks back at Gray.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You have a family?

GRAY
Yeah.

A beat on Kelly.

KELLY
Stay alive.

Gray watches her walk out. He looks back down to the paper:
Brook Falls - Doug Walsh's handwriting.

Heavy breathing... someone RUNNING, we CUT TO:

MATHIS DREAMING:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- FLASHBACK

Mathis' POV: chasing Winston Shell across the factory rooftop, Winston running for his life, getting closer to the edge of the building, Winston Shell stops, hesitates, he turns back to Mathis and their eyes meet.

Then Winston notices someone across the rooftop, Mathis looks and sees SAMANTHA - watching them.

CUT TO:

MATHIS WAKING UP!

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis deep from out of a nightmare, thrown back into his apartment, back into reality: The distant sound of a phone RINGING.

Mathis on his chair, suddenly awake, the RINGING phone remains as he gets up, looking around for it now, unsure from which direction.

Mathis searching, he walks to his window, he opens it and leans out onto the fire escape. The ringing is louder now, he looks down on the street, a CELL PHONE left there directly below.

Mathis staring at the phone, he has a bad feeling, he jumps out onto the fire escape.

EXT. MATHIS' FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUOUS

More ringing. Mathis CLIMBING DOWN from the top floor, four flights, he's trying to get to the phone in time. He gets to the second floor, pulls the lever to drop the stairs, they rattle and screech down to the street.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis jumps off the stairs, runs to the phone and picks it up.

MATHIS

Hello...
(then)
Hello...

Silence. Mathis losing his patience:

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Hello...

MR. WINTER

I'm gonna do horrible things.

A chill runs up Mathis, his heart drops, he pulls out his gun and gets cover behind a car.

The voice of the killer is electrifying, Mathis is speechless. Mr. Winter remains a voice. Always calm, clear, emotionless.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)

They'll write about us one day. I
still believe that.

Moments of silence passing, in the background the faint sound of BIRDS chirping. Mathis listening, gritting his teeth. He looks up and down the sidewalk, no sign of anyone.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)

Tom, are you there?

MATHIS

I'm here.

MR. WINTER

The Lord has spoken. He's
spoken... and I've listened.

(then)

(MORE)

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
Keep this phone between us, you
don't want them listening to these
calls. Not with the things I know.

Mathis listening, he's cornered.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
I've seen you, Tom. I've watched
you. I'm the only person on this
earth that you could have a truly
honest conversation with.

MATHIS
I'm gonna find you this time.

MR. WINTER
I'd like that very much.
(then)
It'll get interesting now. You'll
see in the morning.

Mr. Winter hangs up.

It's abrupt. Mathis' left with the phone in his hand. He's frozen. He waited ten years for that.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis penned in his apartment, he's holding the cell phone from Mr. Winter. He sits, confused.

He walks over to the window, opens it and steps out onto his fire escape.

EXT. MATHIS' APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis looking over the city, miles of lights spread across the darkness. A vast stage. A killer is loose.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING

Series of shots: the morning sky is heavy over the city.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The windows frosted, Mathis is asleep in his clothes, his own cell phone RINGS, he wakes and grabs it fast.

MATHIS
Mathis.

Mathis staring at his table, the cell phone Mr. Winter left him laying there.

CAPTAIN BOYD (O.S.)
You better get down here, right
away.

Mathis hangs up, grabs his coat, his gun, Mr. Winter's phone, he turns the ringer to VIBRATE and puts it in his jacket.

EXT. MATHIS' BUILDING -- MORNING

Mathis walks outside, he looks over to the NEWSSTAND next door. He sees the morning headline: BODY FOUND, WINTER RETURNS.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MORNING

Chatter, phones ringing, Mathis walking by desks, he keeps seeing the paper, the headline.

The other DETECTIVES in the room are uneasy, Mathis feels the leering eyes. POV: Gray, Wex and Captain Boyd waiting outside Boyd's office.

MATHIS
What is it?

Captain Boyd nods them all inside.

INT. CAPTAIN BOYD'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Captain Boyd sits at his desk. Gray and Wex off to the side, Mathis is the last to know.

CAPTAIN BOYD
We found the bullet from Walsh's
gun.

Gray and Wex look uncomfortable, Mathis feeling it.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
Give Wexler your gun.

MATHIS
Why?

CAPTAIN BOYD
Give him your gun, Mathis. Right
now.

Mathis looks fearful now, he hands over his gun to Wex. Once Wex has possession Boyd begins to explain:

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
He shot the second victim in the head. It was an eighteen year old girl named April Owens. She was found early this morning in Newark. John Ellis thinks she was killed yesterday. She was baby-sitting at the time.

Beat. Mathis is confused.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
The girl being baby sat is missing now...

Mathis waits. Everyone breaks eye contact with him.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
It's your daughter...

Everyone braces for the impact. Mathis looking at the floor.

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
Tom?

Mathis looks up. Looks at Gray. At Wex. Gray sees Mathis for the first time, emotional, shaken to the bone.

Mathis' POV: his world is sucked of life and of sound - everything goes to SILENCE - Mathis is still, Boyd is talking, Gray and Wex touch his shoulders, he closes his eyes.

Sound would slowly fade back in on:

CAPTAIN BOYD (CONT'D)
...we got the whole Goddamn state looking for her right now, her picture's on every TV station in the Northeast. Every Detective in this building is coming on the case.

(then)
Wexler's gonna come on with you and Gray till we get her back.

Mathis looks to Wex, Wex pats his back.

WEX
We'll get her back.

Mathis is still, shoulders limp.

CAPTAIN BOYD
Your wife's outside.

MATHIS
My wife? She's here?

Gray watches Mathis walk out of the room.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis staring at his WIFE, KAREN, forties, waiting at his desk. She sees Mathis for the first time in years and begins sobbing.

Mathis wants to hold her but intimacy is so foreign. He's able to touch her shoulder.

MATHIS
I'm gonna find her...

Gray walking out of Boyd's office, he catches the image of Mathis touching her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM STALL -- DAY

Mathis snorting coke in a stall, madness setting in.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM -- DAY

Mathis splashing water on his face, world unraveling. Gray walks in.

GRAY
You okay?

MATHIS
I just, I don't...

Mathis PUNCHES a stall door then KICKS it, he leans against the wall, composes himself and gets back to business.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Whatta' we got to go on from it?
What're they telling you?

GRAY
There were no witnesses to anyone coming or going from the house. No one heard a gunshot.
(beat)
We got nothin'.

Moments passing on Mathis, he looks to Gray.

MATHIS

My wife and I got divorced seven years ago. I haven't seen my daughter since.

Mathis looking Gray in the eye, asking stern:

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Was there a car at your house last night? All night?

GRAY

Yeah.

The sound of VIBRATION from Mathis' pocket. The cell phone from Mr. Winter. Gray looks to the noise, Mathis thinks fast.

MATHIS

It's my phone. I gotta take it.

Mathis rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

The phone still vibrating, Mathis gets into the stairwell, a beat as he composes himself solid and answers.

MATHIS

Hello...

Moments passing. Breath on the other end of the line.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Hello...

MR. WINTER

It's amazing what we'll do to other peoples daughters. Isn't it? Mathis?

Mathis still.

MATHIS

She didn't do anything, she's not one of your fuckin' sinners.

MR. WINTER

But you are, Mathis. You. Are.
(then)
Go out front right now and I'll leave something for you...

Mr. Winter hangs up. Mathis runs out of the stairwell.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

The rooms all buzzing, phones all ringing - Gray sits at his desk in the middle of chaos - holding the paper from Kelly Walsh: *Brook Falls*.

Gray turns to his computer, he types into a GOOGLE search: *Brook Falls Doug Walsh*. He gets a screen of irrelevant matches.

Gray scratching off a list of searches:

Brook Falls / Tom Mathis - Brook Falls / Murder - Brook Falls / Serial Killer - Brook Falls / Mr. Winter.

Gray shakes his head. Chasing his tail. He looks up and catches Mathis RUNNING through the precinct, Wexler sees Mathis too... they both instantly RUN after him.

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis runs out front, everything is normal - Gray and Wex follow Mathis out, confused by his urgency.

GRAY

What's wrong? Mathis?

Mathis looking around, nothing out of the ordinary.

WEX

Mathis, what the fuck?

Then a ten year old KID walks up to Mathis.

KID

Are you Detective Mathis?

MATHIS

Yeah, that's me...

The Kid hands Mathis a folded piece of paper.

KID

(nodding)

The guy over there told me to give this to you.

Mathis looks, there's no one there. Mathis opens the piece of paper. An address: *6464 Sunset Street. Jersey City*.

Mathis hands the paper to Gray.

MATHIS

What guy? Where?

The Kid looks. Gray hands the address to Wex.

KID
He's gone.

MATHIS
What'd he look like?

Mathis' tone scares the Kid.

KID
He was... in a blue jacket.

Mathis pulls out his gun, Gray and Wex follow. The Kid frightened stiff now.

WEX
Where, kid, where?

KID
Over there...

MATHIS
Where over there!?

The Kid starts to cry, unsure what's happening. Wex screams out to every COP around him.

WEX
BLUE JACKET!!!

Frantic now, Mathis and Gray looking around, no blue jacket anywhere. Mathis looks at the address.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY -- MORNING

Mathis' car RACING through the city, weaving fast through the traffic.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis and Wex up front, Gray in the back, flinching at every near miss. Wex is talking to dispatch:

WEX
...suspect is in a blue jacket,
should still be within' a couple
blocks of the station if he's on
foot. We are on our way to 6464
Sunset Street...

Wex hangs up. Mathis driving fast. Gray thinking in the back, he looks over to Mathis.

GRAY
Why were you running outside?

Mathis points up ahead, saved by the address.

MATHIS
Look at this...

The Detectives look out up ahead - a CHURCH - the building is spectral, 19th Century, gothic blacks and grays.

EXT. CHURCH - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

The Detectives getting out, towered by the cathedral. Mathis pulling out his gun, starting up the long stairs.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Candles lit at the top of the room, light is beaming through stain glass windows. Biblical murals on the ceiling. The pews are dark polished wood and empty.

Mathis, Gray and Wex moving in slowly, ready, shoot to kill, their heels echo out into the empty room.

MATHIS
(whispers)
Wait... shh... stop.

Gray and Wex stop. Mathis looking at them.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Hear that?

Listening close, the distant sound of RADIO STATIC, a station coming in and out.

Wex points to a side HALLWAY in the far right corner of the room, the sound coming from behind an office door.

INT. CHURCH - SIDE HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The Detectives moving up to the door, the radio static is louder now, the station coming in and out is of a CHRISTIAN PASTOR delivering a sermon.

Gray's mind racing, he's got a bad feeling. Mathis is getting himself ready, he's gonna bust through the door.

Mathis tightens the grip on his gun, BARKS OUT:

MATHIS
POLICE! IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

There's no sounds or movement, the radio doesn't change.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
POLICE!

Nothing. Mathis looks back to Gray and Wex. Ready? Mathis turns back and KICKS open the door. He rushes in. Fearless. Gray and Wex follow.

INT. CHURCH - OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The Detectives move into the single room, a PASTOR, 63, sits behind his desk, his back to us, he's facing the back wall.

WEX
Hey, Asshole, wake up...

MATHIS
Hey... HEY!

The Pastor is not responsive, Mathis moving around him, gun aimed at his head, quickly he sees the Pastor is dead. He's BOUND to his chair. A pool of BLOOD beneath him.

Gray shuts off the radio and with the radio off they all instantly turn to the sound of RUNNING WATER, a SHOWER.

They immediately notice the office has a small bathroom.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
POLICE!

A sense of uncertainty in his voice.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
(screaming now)
POLICE!!!

Moving to the door. Slowly. Gray and Wex move to opposite sides of the door, then Mathis KICKS it open. The Detectives look into the room, there's blood dripping down a clear shower curtain.

Mathis slowly steps over and rips the curtain open.

WEX
Oh, fuck...

The Detectives are DISGUSTED, instantly turning back into the room.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

The sound of a city street in the afternoon. Police radio in the distance. Then

A phone line ringing:

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

On Gray's face, further disturbed by unfolding events, he's on his CELL PHONE, the line ringing.

Gray looks to the car, Wex is on the radio trading information. Mathis is down the street buying a cup of coffee from a lunch truck. Gray watches him, studies him.

BROOK FALLS COP (O.S.)
Brook Falls Police Department...

Gray hesitates, unsure how to say this.

GRAY
Yeah, ah... this is Detective Dan Gray, I'm with Homicide in Jersey City...

BROOK FALLS COP (O.S.)
Okay, what can I do for you, Detective?

The Brook Falls Cop is curt, Gray feels rushed, irritated.

GRAY
We got a case right now involving a serial killer and the missing daughter of a Detective. Any kind of fuckin' respect would be nice.

The Cop is quiet, scolded.

GRAY (CONT'D)
You ever hear of Doug Walsh?

BROOK FALLS COP
No.

GRAY
He was a Jersey City detective murdered. We found a piece of paper that said Brook Falls so I'm tryin' to see if that means anything to anyone. I need you to ask around or put me in touch with someone who can.

Moments pass.

BROOK FALLS COP
Look, I'm sorry, I been dealin'
with assholes all day...
(then)
I'll ask around if anyone knew your
guy.

Gray shakes his head - it feels hopeless.

Gray sees Ellis coming out of the church, down the stairs toward him.

GRAY
Ask around. I'd appreciate any
help...

Gray hangs up the phone.

ELLIS
You know who this is right?
This is pedophile pastor Andrew
Reilly, he went to trial, everyone
knew he was guilty but the jury.

Ellis lights a cigarette.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Mr. Winter tied him to the chair
then he cut off his genitals... as
you saw in the tub. Looks like he
let him sit there and bleed to
death...

Ellis looking at Gray, he notices his attention to Mathis handing over cash to the Vendor.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Must be so hard to be Mathis right
now. I heard they're keeping the
Winston Shell case open...

GRAY
Yeah, I heard that too...

ELLIS
The way I see it... if you stab
your pregnant girlfriend seven
times you deserve to go off a
roof... head first.

GRAY
You think Mathis threw Winston
Shell off the roof?

A beat on Ellis, staring at Gray.

ELLIS

I don't know how Winston Shell went off that roof. I'm just glad he did. And IA should just leave Mathis the fuck alone. He's the best guy we got.

Wex getting out of the car, walking over to them, Mathis walking back with his coffee. They huddle together.

WEX

I talked to Boyd, the description the kid gave is fuckin' worthless, but Samantha Adler's mother is talking...

Mathis looks back up at him, waiting for details.

WEX (CONT'D)

Her daughter was a drug addict, she hung out with a lot of shady people.

Mathis stares back down at the ground.

WEX (CONT'D)

But she was a stripper at the Sage Lounge, that shithole out by the Turnpike. She danced the night she was murdered.

Wex nods to the scene inside the church.

WEX (CONT'D)

You don't need this shit, Mathis... not today. Why don't you and Gray go talk to some strippers and I'll stay here.

Mathis looks him in the eye, nods. The group breaks.

WEX (CONT'D)

We'll meet back at the station... 4 o'clock.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- DAY

Mathis' car parked in front of The Sage Lounge. The club is tucked away, a dark cave to disappear in. Mathis watching the people who go in and out.

MATHIS

I gotta go to the bathroom real quick. Meet me at the bar.

Mathis gets out, slams his door shut. Gray remains inside watching him through the windshield.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAGE LOUNGE - BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis doing bumps of cocaine, breathing, getting himself on track. The music is loud through the walls, shakes the room.

INT. THE SAGE LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis walks out of the bathroom into MUSIC - to NUDE GIRLS dancing on stages. Mathis doesn't move, his eyes move from girl to girl, he stares their bodies up and down.

Mathis looks to the bar, Gray already watching him. Mathis caught wiping his nose. Gray sees his face, his eyes, there's no hiding it anymore.

Mathis walks over.

GRAY
Manager's over there.

Gray nods across the room to LANCE, late forties, he's eating lunch in a booth, a STRIPPER beside him.

INT. THE SAGE LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis and Gray come across the room, stand over Lance's table. Lance slithers, he's from the underworld, he works in sex and money. He knows they're cops, he knows why they're here.

LANCE
What can I do for you?

MATHIS
Jersey City Homicide.

LANCE
Who's dead?

Mathis looks at the Stripper, he nods at her to get lost.

The Stripper gets up and goes. Mathis sits down next to Lance. Gray remains standing.

MATHIS
I want to talk to you about
Samantha Adler.

LANCE
Is she dead?

MATHIS
Yeah, she is. It happened two
nights ago after she left here.

LANCE
I don't know anything about it...

MATHIS
Who here might?

LANCE
Don't know. I don't want to get
involved...

Lance goes to get up, leaving. Mathis reaches under the table and GRABS Lance's balls, squeezing them hard. Lance's face clenched in pain.

Gray is watching Mathis work. Lance nodding, sweating now as Mathis lets go.

MATHIS
Speak.

LANCE
What do you want me to say? She was just another girl, man. They show up... who knows where they come from, and they leave, who knows where they go. They fuckin' dance, they fuckin' get paid...

Mathis grabs Lance's balls again, now RIPPING them off. Lance sings:

LANCE (CONT'D)
Stacy... talk to Stacy, that was her friend.

Lance nods to the stage: STACY, 21, is dancing naked for a room of hungry wolves. Mathis gets up from the table and stands next to Gray, the Detectives both watching her, the way her body moves under the lights.

Mathis says over the music:

MATHIS
You should know one thing about this city, Detective... if you don't know it already... everyone is lying to you. You do what you have to for what you need.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAGE LOUNGE - BACK ALLY -- MOMENTS LATER

Stacy's in a little outfit under a big winter coat. She's taking a break, smoking a cigarette.

Mathis and Gray walk out, flash their badges.

MATHIS
We need to talk to you about
Samantha Adler.

Stacy drags off her cigarette, strong eye contact from a lost girl.

STACY
Whatta' you want to know?

Gray notices her face, loneliness as bravado, experience that drowned youth a long time ago.

MATHIS
It happened after she left here two
nights ago. Were you working?

STACY
Yeah.

A beat on Stacy's face, her expression, there's something more to the story and she's hiding it.

STACY (CONT'D)
What'd Lance say?

MATHIS
It doesn't matter what he said...
your friend's fuckin' dead, do the
right thing.

Mathis is stern, Gray jumps in, quickly, nicely, looking for the quick way to answers.

GRAY
It doesn't matter what Lance said.
What can you tell us? What
happened the other night?
(reminding her)
Anything you say we didn't hear
from you.

Moments on Stacy, she nods, starts talking to the Detectives.

STACY
Lance... we dance for him... and...
he gets us work.

MATHIS

And he gets you work? What kind of work does he get you?

Stacy hesitates again, she lights another cigarette.

GRAY

It's fine... take your time... just tell us what happened.

STACY

We do calls for Lance. He sets them up. We go. Or if someone comes in and they want to go further, we'll meet them at a motel. They pay Lance, then Lance pays us. Lance is the middle.

(then)

Samantha left with someone that night. Lance set it up.

Mathis nods, believes her.

MATHIS

Okay, let's go back inside.

Mathis and Stacy go back inside, Gray follows but Mathis stops him.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Just wait here... I'm comin' right back out. Two seconds.

Gray waits. As the door closes his cell phone rings, he sees the number and quickly picks up.

GRAY

Hey, I'm gonna have to go in a second...

DAVID ROSS (O.S.)

How's he doin'?

GRAY

Not good.

(then)

Listen... Doug Walsh's wife called me last night, I met her and she gave me a piece of paper that said *Brook Falls* in Walsh's handwriting. What's that mean to you?

DAVID ROSS (O.S.)

Means nothin'. What'd she say?

GRAY

She didn't know what it meant
either. She said maybe it means
nothin'.

DAVID ROSS (O.S.)

What's Mathis say?

GRAY

I didn't tell him yet...

Gray's STARTLED when:

The door BURSTS open and Lance is tossed out head first.
Mathis steps out after him - the wrath of God.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I gotta go... I gotta go...

Gray hangs up. Walking over to them...

MATHIS

Who the fuck did she leave with...
who?

Lance turns back to punch Mathis. Mathis smiles.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Hit me so I can beat you.

(waiting)

Hit me so I can beat you...

Gray watching. Lance is scared, nothing between him and
Mathis. Mathis stops himself, calms down.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Tell us what happened, give us what
we need... and we go.

Lance nods.

LANCE

She left with this dude. White
dude, he was stoic, kinda creepy,
about my age. I'd never seen him
before. He specifically asked for
Samantha. I tried to sell him
another girl, but it had to be
Samantha.

GRAY

Why did it have to be her?

Mathis knows, he looks away guilty.

LANCE

I don't know. He didn't say. He just wanted her and that's it.

A beat on Lance, he nods toward the Detectives, he wants reassurance.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You gonna be cool with me, I'll be cool with you?

Mathis and Gray nod.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I can get you his name.

Mathis gets back in his face.

MATHIS

How?

LANCE

The one thing unusual with this guy... he didn't pay in cash. He paid with credit card. I only work in cash, but he insisted on the card. And I don't turn down money.

(off their looks)

He bought a bottle of water and I charged him two hundred dollars for it. I can get his name out of the receipts.

INT. LANCE'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Lance obediently digging through receipts. Mathis and Gray staring down at him waiting.

LANCE

Here it is...

(reading the receipt)

His name was Mathis. Tom Mathis.

Mathis rips the receipt from his hand. Sees the imprint of the card, the signature: *Tom Mathis*.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAGE LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Detectives walking back to the car, Gray is on his cell phone reading the credit card info.

GRAY
7654-7765-9876 - it expires 11/18.
The name is Tom Mathis...
(then)
No, I'm not kidding. *Tom Mathis*.
We need every transaction and an
address...

Gray hangs up. The Detectives walking back to the car.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis starts the car, a moment before he pulls away, he runs his face in his hands.

GRAY
You okay?

Mathis looks up, far from okay.

MATHIS
My daughter... she's scared, I know it. She's somewhere right now and she's scared... and I remember when she was born and there's nothing I can do.

Mathis shaking his head, seconds from a tear.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
I was already bad... then after Doug I just went fuckin' crazy. Everything got worse. That was when my wife left.
(then)
She said if I could stay clean she wanted me to be a part of our daughter's life. She invited me to her fifth birthday party.

GRAY
And what happened?

MATHIS
I couldn't stay clean. I didn't go. And she's invited me to every birthday party since. She's gonna be thirteen this year and all I know about her is that she's somewhere right now wondering if she's gonna die.

Gray watching him.

GRAY
We're gonna get her, Mathis. We're
gonna get her back.

Mathis's face carries his sins.

MATHIS
The truth is, I don't know if I'd
even recognize her.
(he looks to Gray)
What's that say about me?

Gray looking at Mathis - a sad and aging man, seconds from
self-destruction.

GRAY
It says you've had a rough road.

Gray's hand comes out of his pocket, the piece of paper from
Kelly Walsh - he debates telling Mathis.

Gray's phone rings.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Gray...

Wex's voice coming in from the other end.

WEX (O.S.)
We got an address... 841 Washington
Avenue. Apt. 406. I'm gonna meet
you there...

CUT TO:

EXT. 841 WASHINGTON STREET - JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

The dregs of this city surrounding an OLD TENEMENT BUILDING.

Mathis and Gray pull up, get out of the car. Wex is already
there, he steps right into their stride - pulling out their
GUNS walking into the building.

INT. 841 WASHINGTON STREET - HALLWAY -- DAY

The Detectives walking old creaky floors, the lights that
work are pale yellow and dim. Mathis leads, their guns
drawn.

GRAY
It's 406.

They stop at Apartment 406. A thick ENVELOPE nailed to the
door. Mathis POUNDS on the door.

MATHIS
POLICE... OPEN UP!

He KNOCKS again, Mathis ready to storm the place. The Detectives looking at the envelope.

WEX
I'm gonna open it up...

Wex puts on latex gloves, he carefully picks up the envelope, trying to only touch edges. He opens it.

WEX (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck...

Mathis and Gray wait as Wex pulls out a POLICE BADGE.

MATHIS
Doug's badge.

Mathis touches it - a piece of his dead friend.

INT. 841 WASHINGTON STREET - APT 406 -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS: Mathis kicks in the door. The Detectives pour in. Spread out. Clearing empty rooms.

MATHIS
Nobody touch anything.

The cell phone Mr. Winter gave Mathis begins vibrating in his pocket. Mathis freezes. Gray and Wex look to the noise.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
I gotta take this...

INT. 841 WASHINGTON ST. - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis walking into the hall, he picks up. His voice a whisper, keeping this from his partners.

MATHIS
Hello...

MR. WINTER
She's scared, Tom. It's not pretty.

Mathis is devastated.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
It's hard isn't it. Being the father of a girl who's out there somewhere... alone...
(MORE)

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
not knowing if she's being taken
advantage of...

Mathis closes his eyes and hangs his head, he doesn't see
that Gray has walked out into the hallway behind him.

Gray watches Mathis on the phone, suspicious of the hushed
tone, he's eavesdropping now, he hears:

MATHIS
Whatta' you want me to do? You
want me to quit, you want me to
confess my fuckin' sins, my fuckin'
demons, you want me to tell the
whole world... I will. Let her go
and I will...

In an instant - Gray's heart is beating fast - he realizes
Mathis is talking to the killer.

MR. WINTER
I want you to go in the kitchen.
In the drawer to the left of the
sink. Inside there's a tape.
(then)
I was there, I saw what happened on
the roof that day with Winston
Shell. The proof is there.

Mathis is silent. Not believing this.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
I'm looking at her. She has your
eyes.

Mr. Winter hangs up. Mathis turns around, Gray frozen,
caught listening.

MATHIS
What're you doin'?

GRAY
Waitin' for you to get off the
phone...

A moment between them, both unsure now of what the other
knows.

Mathis stuffs the phone in his jacket, he's walking back down
the hallway into the apartment.

INT. 841 WASHINGTON STREET - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis walks in fast, staying ahead of his partners.

Mathis opens the drawer left of the sink. Inside the drawer is messy, a black MINI-DV tape is labeled: *Mathis*.

Mathis snatches it out as Wex comes up behind him:

WEX
What's wrong?

Gray stays behind, he hangs back just outside the kitchen, listening to Mathis and Wex whisper.

Mathis looking out for Gray:

MATHIS
There's a tape. He's got a tape.

Wex confused.

WEX
Who? A tape of what?

MATHIS
The roof. He's got a tape from up on the roof. Mr. Winter.

Wex's face sinks, he's silent, nervous. Gray is listening to gold.

WEX
How do you know?

A beat on Mathis, he pats Wex's shoulder, false reassurance.

MATHIS
It's bullshit... he's just fuckin' with me.

WEX
Who's just fuckin' with you? Did he call you?

Gray walks back in, looking at two faces in trouble.

Gray looks into the open drawer. Mathis quickly shuts it. But Gray QUICKLY opens it back up. First this would seem a challenge to Mathis, but then Gray reaches in and pulls out PICTURES:

They are the pictures of his car, the ones in the auto-trader, the ones Richard from church took.

Gray is swaying, slow steps backward, Mathis and Wex now concerned.

WEX (CONT'D)
You okay?

Mathis sees the pictures.

MATHIS
Is that your car?

A state of shock sinking into Gray, he mumbles as he puts it together.

GRAY
...right now... at church... at a
chicken dinner set up... he's with
my wife and daughter, he goes to my
church.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- DAY

Speeding FAST through the city - Mathis is driving. Gray on the verge of tears, his whole life on the tight rope.

Mathis looks to Gray.

MATHIS
Just... hang in there. We'll be
there in a second. They're gonna
be fine.

INT. GRAY'S CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

The chicken dinner set-up. The CHURCH PEOPLE setting up tables, chairs.

Richard is watching Jill and Lily across the room. His expression unreadable.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Speeding. Time is still for Gray, on the ledge of madness, tears welling.

Mathis looks back to Wex in the rearview, their eyes acknowledge bad possibilities.

Gray pulls out his gun.

MATHIS
Easy.

INT. GRAY'S CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Jill about to lift a stack of plates. Lily at her side.

RICHARD
Can I help you with those, Jill?

JILL
Sure you can, thank you.

LILY
Can I help, Richard?

He smiles.

RICHARD
Sure you can.

He hands Lily two plates.

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

Speeding up to the church, screeching to a stop at the front door. The Detectives get out, running inside, weapons drawn.

INT. CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Gray EXPLODES into the room, YELLING, his GUN is to the ground but people see it and they SCATTER, scared.

GRAY
JILL! LILY! WHERE ARE THEY!

Mathis and Wex come into the chaos. Guns drawn. Jill sees her husband looking for her.

JILL
Dan... DAN!

Gray sees Jill, sees Lily, he pauses. They're safe.

MATHIS
Gray, where is he... WHERE IS HE???

Gray turns, sees RICHARD, points.

GRAY
THERE! GREEN SHIRT!

Mathis and Gray RUSH at Richard and TACKLE HIM.

MATHIS
(gripping Richard's neck)
Where's she, where's my fuckin'
daughter?

Wex shows his BADGE to the crowd.

WEX
Police... it's okay, it's okay,
everyone's safe.

Gray walks over to his wife and daughter, catching his breath. Jill's pissed, embarrassed.

JILL
What on earth are you doing right now?

Gray picks up Lily, hugs Jill.

GRAY
He's a... he's a murderer.

JILL
(irritated)
Richard?

Gray calms Lily, she's crying, scared.

GRAY
It's okay, sweetheart. It's okay.

Mathis and Wex leading Richard out to the car, he's cuffed, bleeding now from the face.

GRAY (CONT'D)
I gotta go. I'll explain later.

JILL
Oh, I know you will.

Gray realizes EVERYONE is staring at them, he's looking at Jill's face, suddenly having second thoughts on Richard.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Richard exhausted, beaten. Gray doesn't look much different.

RICHARD
I've never been to that address.
My car was broken into two days ago. The pictures were stolen.

GRAY
Did you file a police report?

RICHARD
Yes. I don't know what else I can say. I was working at a shoe store in Albuquerque ten years ago.

Gray believes him, he walks out of the room.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - ADJACENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Gray walks in, he's given up. Captain Boyd stands next to Mathis, both looking closely at Richard sitting alone.

CAPTAIN BOYD

This guy's a squirrel, he's not the killer, keep him till everything checks out.

Boyd goes to walk out as Wex comes in, breaking news:

WEX

Two more bodies... a penthouse on the river.

Mathis waiting in suspense.

WEX (CONT'D)

A husband and wife. Higher profile this time. She's the newscaster from Channel 11 and he's a TV producer.

CAPTAIN BOYD

Which shows did he produce?

WEX

(reads from the report)
Reality shows. "Stealing Husbands", "The Fattest Loser" and "Finding Mommy and Daddy."

MATHIS

What'd he do to 'em?

A beat on Wex - hesitant to say these things in front of Mathis now:

WEX

He shaved off her hair... then he cut her tongue out of her mouth, they found it in the garbage disposal...

(then)

While she bled to death, the husband was forced to video tape it all... some real reality I guess.

MATHIS

What'd he do to the husband?

WEX

He let the husband live. The husband called 911 then jumped off the balcony. The tape's on its way here... so I guess we'll see why.

MATHIS

It's all on tape?

WEX

All on tape.

GRAY

Maybe he likes to tape things.

Looking at Mathis, Mathis looks down.

WEX

It'll be here in twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BATHROOM STALL -- LATER

Mathis putting coke up his nose, it's sloppy, he's strung out. As he puts the vile back in his pocket, he pulls out the TAPE from the apartment, his name written across the label.

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - ROOF -- LATER

Gray and Mathis standing on the roof, waiting out twenty minutes. They're drinking coffee, looking across the Hudson River. The New York City skyline being hit by the orange glow of the sunset.

Gray is rattled, his family almost taken from him, Mathis has a restless leg.

GRAY

How long you been sober?

Mathis looks at him. Glassy, beading eyes. A beat.

MATHIS

Six months.

GRAY

Congratulations.

Mathis chewing words, still staring at the sky.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Why do people say you're a racist cop? I don't see it.

MATHIS

Because sometimes people need to be physically persuaded to tell the truth. Like today. Some of the people I've physically persuaded have been black. Not all of them, just the ones Internal Affairs pays attention to... and on top of all that shit... Winston Shell up on the roof... he was black.

Moments on Mathis, the racist tag eats him.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

I'm from Buffalo, NY. I moved to New York City because I was twenty-two years old and in love. She was goin' to college at NYU. Her father hated me, hated my fuckin' guts.

(then)

Wanna know why he didn't approve of me with his daughter?

GRAY

Why?

MATHIS

She was black. I was white.

(then)

And she listened to him. She broke it off.

(then)

So as far as Winston Shell and what happened on that roof. I have a lot of sins...

(he points)

I have sins from here all the way over there to that streetlight.

But I'm not a racist, and I'd never murder someone. I'd never throw someone off a roof.

Moments passing on Gray, Mathis' words are convincing.

GRAY

What'd you take out of that drawer today?

Mathis looks at him, then starts walking back inside.

MATHIS

Nothin'...

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DUSK

The room is dark. The windows blacked out. The Detectives sit in front of a flat screen TV hung on the wall.

Wex pulls out a MINI-DV tape from the evidence bag. Mathis staring at the tape, the same exact kind in his pocket, it makes him uncomfortable, unsure what he's about to see.

The video starts, on Screen: The WIFE, early forties, is crying, scared, pleading for her life through the DUCT TAPE over her mouth.

Then a buzzing off screen, a pair of HAIR CLIPPERS come into frame and move toward the Woman's hair. Through the tape she screams.

On Gray, the sounds of screaming and of hair being shaved takes us into instant SILENCE:

Reactions - Gray flinches, the images suddenly becoming unbearable. Gray looking for a way out, the room closing in.

Mathis and Wex are stone, unable to blink, finally forced to look away.

Gray covers his ears, he can't stand it, suddenly shaking his head, he's breaking, his stomach turning, he gets up and leaves. Moments pass until Wex has to walk out too.

Mathis is left alone, the screen casting light onto his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Dark now. Gray walking away from the precinct. On his cell phone. Upset.

GRAY
Be there in twenty-minutes... leave
now. Because I want to talk to
you...

Gray hangs up. Walking to his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. L ST. DINER -- 20 MINUTES LATER

Gray's car pulling behind the diner, David Ross already parked and waiting, his lights off, engine running.

Gray parks his car, gets out and gets into David's.

INT. DAVID ROSS' CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

David is patient, lets Gray speak.

GRAY

I'm done. I quit. I can't take anymore of this shit... you hear me. I can't do it.

DAVID ROSS

Look... listen... this isn't gonna last much longer...

Gray interrupts:

GRAY

Then you come do it... put your fuckin' family at risk.

DAVID ROSS

Hey, you knew what you could be getting into. I warned you. *Mathis* warned you.

GRAY

If something happens to my wife or my daughter I'm gonna hold you directly responsible. I want someone trailing them at all times. I want someone at my daughter's school, if my wife goes to the store I want someone following her... I want fuckin' *helicopters* hovering over her... I'm not ending up like *Mathis*.

Moments pass, both sitting in silence - David repeats himself:

DAVID ROSS

This isn't going to last much longer...

(off Gray's look)

I'm going to meet the witness, we're gonna sit down.

Gray is happy, this is great news.

GRAY

She's gonna talk?

DAVID ROSS

We're gonna sit down. Off the record. But it's good. It's movement in the right direction.

David is hesitant, there's more.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
I didn't want to tell you...
because I didn't want you to act
any different around him.

GRAY
Who?

DAVID ROSS
Look, the woman who came forward...
she's not real. I made her up.
The witness is someone else...

Gray is confused. A beat on David.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
John Ellis is gonna testify against
Mathis. He says Mathis confessed
the killing one night when he was
drunk.

Gray remains still, it leaves him thinking.

GRAY
When're you meeting him?

DAVID ROSS
I'm meeting him tomorrow night at
his apartment.

Gray thinking about this, it doesn't sit right.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
It's good news. It means I can
pull you the fuck out of this
nightmare really soon.

Gray thinking, then shaking his head, this is all too much
for him, his face falls into his hands.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

GRAY
Mr. Winter and Mathis are in touch.
Mathis has an extra cell phone he's
been carrying with him, it rang
today.
(then)
And I think there's a tape.

DAVID ROSS
What kind of tape?

GRAY

I think Mr. Winter's got a tape
from up on the roof with Winston
Shell.

David smiles. Jackpot.

DAVID ROSS

Get the fuck out of here...

GRAY

That's what it sounds like...

DAVID ROSS

Who's got it?

GRAY

I think Mathis has it. I think it
was left in a drawer for him to
find.

DAVID ROSS

We need the tape. You gotta get
that tape.

David gets Gray's eye, makes it clear.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)

You want this to end immediately?
You gotta get that tape before it
ends up in the Hudson River.

Gray seeing the fast ticket out of this.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)

You get that tape and we don't need
to wait on anybody. Mathis goes
down for murder...

Gray thinking hard, a feeling in his gut he has to share.

GRAY

There's this part of me that
doesn't think he threw that kid off
the roof.

DAVID ROSS

He did it... are you kidding?

FLASHES OF:

ROOFTOP FLASHBACK - David's version: Winston Shell and Mathis are WRESTLING, Winston knocks the gun from Mathis' hand, the gun FIRES as it hits the ground.

DAVID ROSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I know he did, I see it in his
face.

Mathis PICKS UP Winston Shell by the collar, he DRAGS him to the edge and THROWS him off the roof in a fast moment of rage.

David turns to Gray.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
You're gonna bring down Mathis and
Mr. Winter all at once. And people
are gonna talk about you forever.
(then)
Dan Gray. Legend.

Gray doesn't care, it doesn't feel good anymore.

GRAY
I want to go home to my family now.

DAVID ROSS
Get that tape and you will.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- NIGHT

Mathis is at his desk, running on fumes, the tape in his hands. Behind him the large map of Jersey City looms - now four red tacks marking each victims location.

Gray comes up to Mathis' desk, Gray immediately sees the tape, a beat as he and Mathis look at one another. Gray asks casually as Mathis places it back in his pocket.

GRAY
What's on the tape?

Mathis shrugs it off.

MATHIS
Some bullshit from an old case.

GRAY
I'm gonna go. I'm gonna call it a
day. I told my wife I was comin'
right home.

A buzz in Mathis' jacket pocket, Mr. Winter's cell phone vibrating, Gray and Mathis both looking at it, then at each other.

MATHIS
I'll see you tomorrow.

Gray nods, walks away, he looks back at Mathis who's turning his back to the room, answering the phone.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Hello.

MR. WINTER
That couple was poison.

Mathis is still, looking around the room, Gray is gone, no one notices he's on the phone.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
Every night I watched her fake face, and her fake body parts... spreading fake news. And I watched the cancer he sold as reality.
(then)
They both begged me not to. Their parties and their money couldn't save them. Not from me.

Mathis listening, shaking his head.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
Are you wondering if that tape's the only copy?

Mathis silent.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
Have you seen it yet?

MATHIS
No.

Mathis pulls the tape from his pocket, looking at it.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
I've been sitting here wondering how it'd be possible for you to know we'd be up there that day?

MR. WINTER
Money. People tell you anything for the right price. Greed is more powerful than loyalty. It's a reflection of our society.

(explaining)
I paid off the people Winston Shell trusted. That's how I knew he was hiding out in that factory.

(then)
There was an anonymous call that came in that morning... telling you he was up there. Remember?

Mathis closing his eyes, realizing the setup.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
 I set up a camera from another
 roof. I expected things to get
 rough, but... I could've never
 imagined what I saw that day.

Mathis closes his eyes, shaking his head.

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
 There's a verse in the Bible... one
 that makes me think of you right
 now.

(then)
*"He that covereth his sins shall
 not prosper... but he who
 confesseth and foresaketh them
 shall have mercy."*

MATHIS
 You gotta fuckin' tell me! Do you
 want me to turn the tape in?

MR. WINTER
 I want you to chase me like a fool.
 (then)
 I'm always with you. Sometimes
 we're feet apart. Sometimes I
 watch from far away. Your
 painfully mundane life. Sitting in
 your car alone. Doing your laundry
 alone. Sitting in that small
 shitty apartment alone. Thinking
 about the family you lost.
 Thinking about the partner that I
 killed.

Mathis is taunted, breathing hard, seething...

MR. WINTER (CONT'D)
 I see you buy fake piss... I see
 you buy drugs... and sex...

MATHIS
 FUCK YOU!

Mathis SLAMS his fist to his desk. Everyone in the precinct
 turns to him, he looks back at them, waves them off,
 everything's fine. He lowers his voice again into the phone:

MATHIS (CONT'D)
 I want my daughter.

MR. WINTER
 Then come and get her...

Then in an instant, MATHIS' DAUGHTER is put on the phone.

EMILY MATHIS (O.S.)
Hello...

She's scared, Mathis has jumped to his feet.

MATHIS
Emily? Is that you? Are you okay?

EMILY MATHIS (O.S.)
I wanna go home. Who is this?

MATHIS
This... this is your father... I'm
gonna get you...

Mr. Winter abruptly comes back on the line:

MR. WINTER
I'm gonna kill your daughter.

Click. Dial tone. Mathis left alone in hell.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray sitting in his parked car, he's on his cell phone with Jill, she's upset.

INTERCUTTING Gray in his car and

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jill sitting at the table.

JILL
Is Richard okay?

GRAY
He's fine.

JILL
Did he do something wrong?

GRAY
No.

JILL
You scared everyone at church. You
scared me. You scared your
daughter.

GRAY

I'm sorry.

JILL

That's not good enough. You embarrassed me.

GRAY

I thought you and Lily were in danger.

JILL

I saw the news. Are they gonna find his daughter?

GRAY

Everybody's lookin', everybody's tryin'.

JILL

That poor man.

Gray nodding, he looks out his window.

JILL (CONT'D)

I want you to get off this case. I want you to ask yourself if your daughter's next. I see this shit... I see it on the news, I saw it on your face today, I hear it in your voice right now... and I feel like my family is in danger. I feel like my husband will slowly start to slip away if I don't stop this. Get off this case. Please.

GRAY

I can't.

JILL

Why?

Gray shaking his head, scratching for validity.

GRAY

I'm just... tired. I just want to go to bed. I just wanna come home. But I'm gonna be late tonight. I'm sorry.

Gray's POV: he's parked outside Homicide Special - sitting low in his car across the parking lot - suddenly he's now watching Mathis walk out of the station and to his car.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I love you. I gotta go...

JILL
I love you too.

GRAY
I love you more...

Gray hangs up. He watches as Mathis gets to his car.

Ellis' black Mercedes pulls up behind Mathis. Ellis gets out of the car. Gray watching this close now. Mathis and Ellis begin talking, the conversation straight, unreadable.

INTERCUT:

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis and Ellis in conversation.

ELLIS
...I gotta talk to you. David Ross
is all over me...

MATHIS
Forget about it...

ELLIS
Mathis, I can't just forget about
it... I get you piss, clean piss,
to hide your little tickle.
That'll cost me my job, I could go
to jail...

MATHIS
For what?

ELLIS
For assisting a dirty cop.

Mathis looks at him, it's a hard title to swallow.

MATHIS
Just bare with me, alright. I just
gotta get through what's goin' on
right now. David Ross is gonna go
away.

Ellis looks down. He's nervous, didn't think this would happen.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something...
(off Ellis' look)
Anyone ever ask who it's for?

ELLIS
What?

MATHIS
The clean stuff. Anyone ever ask?

Ellis smiles.

ELLIS
Mathis, we live in the shadow of
New York City... where you can get
anything you want... no questions
asked.

Ellis touches Mathis' arm, trying to get through about the drugs.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Maybe you need to go easy for a
second.

INTERCUT:

Gray in his car, watching the image of Ellis touching Mathis' arm. Gray watches as the conversation ends, Mathis and Ellis shake hands.

Ellis gets in his car and leaves. Mathis gets in his car, starts the engine and pulls away.

Gray starts his car - he waits, then pulls out - following Mathis now.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

On Gray, focused, drinking coffee, following Mathis' taillights through the city.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis driving. Rubbing his tired eyes.

Mathis pulls over in front of a PAWN SHOP, before Mathis gets out of the car he looks in the display window at a stack of Television sets: his DAUGHTER'S FACE on the news, the word MISSING below her. Mathis is slain.

INT. PAWN SHOP, JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

Series of shots: Mathis showing the CLERK the mini-dv tape, then buying a cheap CAMCORDER camera.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

Driving. Back and forth between Mathis and Gray's cars.

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Parked down from Mathis' apartment, Gray is watching him walk inside. As Mathis disappears Gray gets out of his car, starts walking fast toward the building.

EXT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

From the street Gray watches Mathis' light turn on. He sees the fire escape outside Mathis' window, that's where he needs to be.

Gray moves quickly toward the building, thinking for a way up. The tenement rooftops are all an even level up and down the block.

Two buildings down a WOMAN walks outside, her dog on a leash. Gray pulls out his badge, shows it to her.

GRAY
Hold that door...

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis pulls out the camcorder camera, he begins plugging it into his TV.

BACK TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Gray riding the elevator up, it's not moving fast enough.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

On Mathis' TV:

ON TAPE: Amateur footage of Mathis chasing Winston Shell across the factory roof.

The footage is steady, clear. It's hard for Mathis to watch.

INT. BUILDING -- NIGHT

Gray running up a flight of stairs, then out onto the roof.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

ON TAPE: *Winston Shell has stopped at the edge of the roof, Mathis has stopped, his gun drawn.*

Mathis stares down the TV hard, in shattered disbelief now at what he watches.

EXT. MATHIS' ROOF -- NIGHT

Gray running across buildings, hopping a wall onto Mathis' roof - he lands light - above Mathis now.

Gray hurries to the fire escape and begins climbing down, slowly, quietly.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

On Mathis frozen. We hear from the tape: the distant sound of Mathis' gun discharge - once. Mathis closes his eyes.

ON TAPE: *Mathis and Wex, alone on the roof now, Winston Shell is gone. The Detectives looking down over the ledge.*

EXT. MATHIS' FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT

Gray spying in on Mathis now, he can't get an angle on the television.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis rewinding the footage, watching it again.

ON TAPE: *Winston Shell at the ledge.*

Mathis shuts off the tape, pacing now, he's hot, he walks over to the fire escape and cracks the window open.

EXT. MATHIS' FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUOUS

Gray is scared to death, he's jumped back, he's pressed against the wall tight, praying Mathis won't look out.

Moments passing on Gray's face. Slowly he returns to the window, peeking in again. POV: He's scanning over the apartment. The bare walls. The mess.

Gray looks into the NEIGHBORS APARTMENT across the street, the Young Couple is gone. The apartment is vacant and dark.

Then Gray notices someone inside. A DARK FIGURE is standing at the window looking at Gray and into Mathis' apartment.

The Dark Figure raises a cell phone and makes a call, instantly from inside we hear buzzing, the vibration of the phone Mr. Winter gave to Mathis.

Gray peeks in the window, sees Mathis going for the phone, Gray looks back to the building, realizing he has a visual on Mr. Winter.

In an instant Gray has no choice, he POUNDS on Mathis' window.

GRAY
MATHIS!!!

Gray opens Mathis' window all the way, climbing into his apartment now.

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Gray gets into the kitchen, Mathis is spooked, his gun out, he's holding the phone.

GRAY
He's right there. Look, he's
rights there...

Mathis drops the phone, moves to the window, looks out and Mr. Winter is still there. Calm. Still.

Mr. Winter hangs up the phone, turns on a light in the kitchen. He's dressed in black clothes, black gloves, a black mask. For a moment everyone's still, just looking at each other. Then

Mr. Winter takes off one glove. He licks his fingers. All five. One at a time. Then he presses his fingertips against the glass of the window: Leaving a perfect set of FINGER PRINTS.

Mr. Winter pulls off his hand and quickly RUNS AWAY...

MATHIS
Let's go...

Mathis and Gray run out the door.

EXT. MATHIS' BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

A series of shots: Mathis and Gray running out of the building. Across the street through traffic.

INT. OPPOSITE APARTMENT - 4TH FL. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Guns out, Mathis and Gray running down the hall. They slow down, hesitating now, trying to figure which apartment it is. They see a door left open and run toward it.

INT. OPPOSITE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis and Gray come in. The apartment is empty now. They both look to the window: The gold glow of a streetlight shines through a perfect set of FINGER PRINTS. Gray walks to the window.

GRAY

We got him.

MATHIS (O.S.)

Did you call it in?

GRAY

Yeah.

Off screen the door shuts. Locks. Gray turns to see Mathis is aiming his gun at his head. Gray is unnerved.

MATHIS

Then start talkin' motherfucker.
What're you doin' outside my
window?

GRAY

Look...

MATHIS

Answer the question.

Gray snaps at him, yelling now:

GRAY

What's on that tape? And how
long's he been talkin' to you?
What the fuck're you withholding
from this investigation and why?
(re: Mathis' gun)
Get that fuckin' thing out of my
face right now.

Mathis points his gun away.

MATHIS
He and I talk...

GRAY
Oh, you guys talk? You're
girlfriends?

Mathis doesn't answer.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Did you kill Winston Shell?

MATHIS
No.

GRAY
Did Wex?

MATHIS
No.

GRAY
Then what's on that tape?

MATHIS
Give me your word. As a man. On
your Daughter. Are you talkin' to
David Ross or anyone else at
Internal Affairs?

A moment on Gray, his conscience stands him straight.

GRAY
No.

MATHIS
What'd you see through the window?

GRAY
Maybe I saw you throw Winston Shell
off the roof.

MATHIS
Tell me what you saw...

GRAY
I didn't see anything.

Mathis reading him, calming down.

MATHIS
What do you wanna to know,
Detective? He jumped.

GRAY
Bullshit.

MATHIS
You think so?

GRAY
Put the tape on.

MATHIS
No.

GRAY
Why not?

Mathis doesn't answer.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Why did your gun go off?

MATHIS
I dropped it.

GRAY
Bullshit. He came at you.

MATHIS
Why does it matter? Why the fuck
does it matter to you? When
Winston Shell was on the edge of
that building... he was lookin' at
two things... the ground... and at
life in state prison. He made a
choice. He chose the ground.
(then)
And I can't say I wouldn't of done
the same goddamn thing.

Gray looking at Mathis, Mathis staring down at the floor.

There's a hard KNOCK at the door, they both look up, the
SUPER'S VOICE.

SUPER'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's goin' on in there... open
the door.

Mathis staring at Gray, a beat, he's thinking. Sirens in the
distance.

CUT TO:

INT. OPPOSITE APARTMENT -- LATER

Gray talking with Forensics, he's standing next to Captain
Boyd, he's looking at Wex and Mathis out in the hall.

INT. OPPOSITE APARTMENT - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Wex is pressing Mathis.

WEX

Did you watch the tape? I'm fuckin' scared, man. I'm supposed to retire in a year.

(then)

Maybe we should just talk. Cut a deal now, tell 'em what happened.

Mathis is a ball of nerves, looking in and out of the room, his eyes catch Gray watching him, he keeps moving.

Boyd and Gray walk out into the hall.

BOYD

It's a clean set of prints. I guess he wants us to know who he is. I don't know what else to say right now.

There's a suspense, the identity of their killer is close.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Get some sleep. Earliest we're gonna get a name or answer is late tomorrow afternoon...

Boyd walks out. Wex is stressed, loosening his tie.

WEX

I'll see you guys in the morning.

MATHIS

Get some sleep, Wex.

Wex walks away. Mathis and Gray left alone.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Just give me some space. Okay? It's the way he wants it for now. It could be my daughter's life.

Gray staring at him.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray parked in his driveway, he's still, unable to go inside, sitting in the dark alone. The longest day of his life is over. He looks at the Police car parked on his street.

His cell phone RINGS.

GRAY
Detective Gray...

INTERCUT:

INT. BROOK FALLS POLICE DEPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS
DETECTIVE JOE O'MALLEY, 48, he's up working late tonight.

O'MALLEY
Detective, this Detective Joe
O'Malley. Brook Falls. Sorry to
call you so late.

Gray sits up. Listening.

GRAY
You got somethin'?

O'MALLEY
Maybe.
(then)
Your guy Doug Walsh... he died on
February 22, 2002...

GRAY
Yeah, that's right...

O'MALLEY
We had one up here, same date.

GRAY
A murder?

O'MALLEY
A suicide.
(then)
A lot of us don't think it was a
suicide.
(moments pass)
For whatever it's worth... just
thought I'd pass that along.

Gray quiet, thinking about this.

GRAY
How'd it happen?

O'MALLEY
He jumped off a bridge.

Gray thinking, he decides.

GRAY
I'll be there in the morning...

INT. MATHIS' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mathis is sitting, displayed for himself on the table: a birthday party invitation, his gun and badge, a vile of cocaine, the tape with his name, a stack of twenties.

Mathis descending into hell, looking at death, at his guts. He sees his whole life in a long single stare.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gray putting blankets and a pillow on the floor next to his Daughter's bed. He's sleeping next to her tonight.

He slips his gun under the pillow.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- MORNING

The NEWSPAPER hits the stand, pictures of the MURDERED COUPLE under a headline: *Winter Continues, Police Urge Vigilance.*

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- MORNING

Gray speeding fast, passing the Brook Falls County line, miles of farms and rural New Jersey out the window.

INT. BROOK FALLS POLICE DEPARTMENT -- LATER

Gray at a table with O'Malley. O'Malley showing him files of JAMES "JIMMY" CONWAY, 38 years old at the time of his death.

O'MALLEY

He was at the bottom of the Mayflower Bridge. Looked like a clean jump.

Gray looking over the pictures and file.

GRAY

So why do you think it wasn't a suicide?

O'MALLEY

Look, I knew Jimmy since High School, not the best, but I'd see him around every once in awhile. I knew his fiance Ashley too. He was a good guy, real happy, he was at a good place in his life.

(then)

No way he jumped.

(MORE)

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
You go ask Ashley, she'll tell you
the same thing.

On Gray.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - ASHLEY'S TRAILER -- DAY

Ten years later, ASHLEY, 45 years old, she's poor, a HUSBAND
and TWO CHILDREN inside.

Her and Gray step out front.

ASHLEY
Man, you're bringin' up the dead by
askin' about Jimmy.

GRAY
Someone said you don't think he
committed suicide?

ASHLEY
He didn't. No way. He was the
happiest person on earth.

GRAY
Well, then what do you think
happened?

Moments pass on her. Gray waits.

ASHLEY
I don't know... I have no idea. I
been waiting for one'a you guys to
come and tell me ever since.

GRAY
Do you know if he had any contact
with a Detective in Jersey City?

She smiles. Shakes her head.

ASHLEY
Knowing Jimmy, he probably did.

GRAY
Why? Why would he do something
like that?

ASHLEY
Well, he probably thought he had
some break in some murder case...

Gray's heart starts beating faster. Gray steps toward her,
eager now for more.

GRAY

What're you talkin' about?

ASHLEY

Jimmy was obsessed with serial killers. He'd spend ten hours a day online... in chat rooms, on websites... he followed unsolved cases all across the country. There's a whole community of people that do it. Some people like cooking, some people like football, some people like to follow serial killers, I guess.

(then)

He said his goal was to help catch a killer one day...

Gray is thinking hard about this, looking for pieces to put together.

She's staring at Gray, decides she can trust him, she looks back over her shoulder, making sure her Husband can't hear.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I still have a trunk of Jimmy's stuff in a storage unit across the way here.

She nods Gray to follow her.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - STORAGE UNITS -- MOMENTS LATER

A row of storage units, each trailer gets one. Ashley moving boxes, digging all the way to the back, she drags out a TRUNK and leaves it at Gray's feet.

ASHLEY

Jimmy's family are either dead or long gone from this town.

(she nods to the trunk)

Anything left of Jimmy is right here. Good luck.

She walks away and leaves Gray to go through it.

Series of shots: Gray digging through it all, top to bottom - going through junk, clothes, files.

Finally he gets to the bottom, he finds a FOLDER laid flat, he pulls it out, the folder is thick - internet articles, newspaper clippings - all to do with SERIAL KILLERS.

Gray's cell phone RINGS, he answers quickly:

GRAY
Gray...

WEX (O.S.)
We're expecting an ID on the prints
by four. FBI's comin' in. Where
are you?

Gray looks at his watch.

GRAY
I'll be there.

Gray looks around - he opens his winter coat, he tucks the folder inside his jacket and steals it clean.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- DAY

A series of shots: Jersey City, morning into afternoon, the sun melting itself across the blue sky.

Gray driving back into the city, he looks at Jimmy Conway's folder laying on his passenger seat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis and Wex waiting. Wex looks anxious, he's worried, barely sitting - he's watching Mathis who remains still.

Gray walks back into the room, the folder under his arm. He senses the tension between them - everyone is quiet.

WEX
... they should be here any second.

Gray's eyes meet Mathis', Mathis sees the folder.

GRAY
I'll be at my desk.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - GRAY'S DESK -- MOMENTS LATER

Gray sitting at his desk. He opens the folder, begins looking through it.

It's thick, stacks of material - articles, copies of public police reports from all over America, all over the world.

Gray sifting through different cases. Faster and faster, nothing grabbing his attention.

Then he finds it: *Brook Falls Press* - an old ARTICLE, yellow newspaper - a mass animal killing in Brook Falls - 1973 - Gray skimming the article, across words:

...twelve animals - ritualistic killings - cigarette burns - mutilation - hunting knife - no suspects - it feels familiar. Gray's hooked on this. He picks up his phone. Dials.

The line ringing, Detective O'Malley answers:

O'MALLEY (O.S.)
O'Malley...

GRAY
Yeah, it's Detective Gray in Jersey City... I need a favor.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)
What's up?

GRAY
I need you to get me whatever you can on an old case from up there.
(then)
July 1973 - a group of animals killed on a farm... if you can get me whatever you can find...

Gray looks up, sees FBI AGENT WILLIAM STAFFORD, 52, walking toward Boyd's office, he nods to Mathis and Wex, introducing himself, shaking hands.

GRAY (CONT'D)
I gotta go... as fast as you can...

INT. CAPTAIN BOYD'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Everyone's in. Out the window night crawls over the city, William Stafford stands in front of Captain Boyd and the Detectives. He brings a file from his briefcase and drops it on the desk.

Stafford looking at Mathis' empty face, black rings under his eyes.

STAFFORD
Let me first say, Detective Mathis... I'm sorry about your daughter.

Mathis nods. Restless.

MATHIS
Who is he?

STAFFORD
His name's Walter McKinley... an ex-Marine. A decorated Gulf War veteran. The first Gulf War.

Stafford pauses. Mathis grows impatient.

MATHIS
And what else?

STAFFORD
And he's dead. Eleven years now.

WEX
He died eleven years ago?

Bewilderment. A fog across their faces. Mathis hangs his head, it's only getting worse.

Stafford pulls out an 8x10 picture of WALTER MCKINLEY, he hands it to Mathis first.

Walter McKinley is Caucasian, thirty-eight years old in the photo, he's muscular, a soldier, his face is conservative and cold.

Mathis shaking, staring deeply into the picture. Finally the face of his killer. Stafford hands out two other pictures - 1st: McKinley with his MARINE UNIT. 2nd: McKinley alone.

STAFFORD
This is the first he's turned up so this is all new, we're tryin' to get more pictures, more information.

(then)
But so far what we know is he ran a fishing boat. The boat was found, abandoned, his body never found. They declared him dead two months later after pieces of his clothes washed up.

GRAY
So he swam to shore.

STAFFORD
It was in the middle of January. Two miles off the Barnegat Inlet. He didn't swim anywhere.

(then)
He's a trained kill machine... he was in an elite unit...

(MORE)

STAFFORD (CONT'D)
no one would know better than him
how to just disappear.

CAPTAIN BOYD
Well let's get his face out to the
whole fuckin' world...

STAFFORD
We will. But I think he's done.
(then)
I don't know what that means for
your daughter, Mathis, but I think
he's spoken.

MATHIS
Why?

STAFFORD
Look at his locations from ten
years ago...

Stafford pulls out a aerial photo of Jersey City - dated 2002 - five marked DOTS for each victims location - then lines drawn connecting the dots - making a CRUCIFIX, each victim is a point in the cross.

STAFFORD (CONT'D)
The first thing I noticed... he
kills in the pattern of a crucifix.

Mathis moved by new information, the fresh look.

Stafford grabs a black marker, walks over to Mathis' map of Jersey City, the red tacks marking four kill locations.

Stafford puts the map on its side - connects the four locations making four points of the cross now - the fifth point, the center - is still missing.

GRAY
So we know the next location... we
got him...

Gray getting excited, Wex going with it too, Captain Boyd and Mathis see Stafford's not as enthused.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Well... what? Someone's gonna have
to get murdered at that location...
right?

Stafford looks down at the ground. Mathis walks to the map - sees the location. Realizes.

WEX
What is it?

Mathis looks away.

MATHIS
It's the location of the factory
Winston Shell went off the roof.

Mathis looks up, all eyes on him. He says calmly, stern:

MATHIS (CONT'D)
No one was murdered there.

Captain Boyd walks to the window, over looking the city now, he can't deny Mathis' black eyes, half shut.

CAPTAIN BOYD
Mathis, I'd love to get a word with
you outside...

Gray sees Mathis and Wex share a quick look. Mathis gets up and follows Boyd out of the office. Wex gets up, leaving for air.

WEX
I gotta get a cup of coffee...

Gray and Stafford left alone, Gray thinking - he looks across the pictures of Walter McKinley.

GRAY
Where's Doug Walsh fit into this.
His murder doesn't fit.

STAFFORD
He's the wildcard. He breaks the
pattern.

Gray staring at the map of Jersey City now, the center point of the cross, the location of the factory.

GRAY
Maybe nobody was killed there...

STAFFORD
I don't think so...
(beat)
I think he's sending a direct
message about Detective Mathis.
(then)
And we had a team go through the
factory about an hour ago. There
was nothin' there.

Out the window of Boyd's office Gray sees a FAX coming in to his desk.

GRAY
Excuse me...

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - GRAY'S DESK -- MOMENTS LATER

Gray gets to the fax machine - the reports of the animal kills coming through from O'Malley in Brook Falls. Gray picking them up, reading them.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis and Boyd.

CAPTAIN BOYD

Tom, what happened on that roof?
What's goin' on with you? I can't
look past it anymore.

MATHIS

I got the flu...

CAPTAIN BOYD

Bullshit... what the fuck're you
on? I'm askin' you as a friend...

MATHIS

I'm fine...

CAPTAIN BOYD

Tom, we gotta get you help... and
you gotta be honest about what
happened...

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - GRAY'S DESK -- CONTINUOUS

Gray continues reading the police reports - and then he FREEZES - he stops as his heart begins to race.

Gray looks back on the Brook Falls police report. POV: the suspect is eleven year old *JOHN ELLIS*. A mug shot of the Jersey City Coroner, John Ellis, as an eleven year old boy - Gray sees the words "*will be charged as a minor.*"

Gray stands, thinking hard about this, he walks back to Boyd's office.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BOYD'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Gray walks back in... Stafford on his cell phone... Gray grabs the three pictures of Walter McKinley - looking through them, Gray stops on the group photo of Walter McKinley's Marine Unit.

Gray looking over the faces - then he stops - the case breaks open - Gray sees Ellis was in the same unit as Walter McKinley, they knew each other.

In an instant Gray realizes David Ross is with Ellis. He pulls out his cell phone - auto dials - the line ringing.

INT. ELLIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

David Ross sitting at Ellis' table. A crucifix hung up on the wall above him. David waiting while Ellis pours him a drink in the kitchen.

ELLIS
It'll be good to finally talk to
you...

David gets an incoming call from Gray. He ignores the call.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis and Boyd still talking in the hall.

CAPTAIN BOYD
...I don't know how the fuck you're
getting around IA, but it's gotta
stop...

Gray storms out into the hall, he's getting David's voicemail, he's PANICING, trying to do two things at once - dialing David again and screaming:

GRAY
Mathis!

Mathis starts following Gray instinctively, senses something is very wrong.

CAPTAIN BOYD
What's he talkin' about?

Mathis going after Gray, until, the cell phone from Mr. Winter begins vibrating in his pocket. Mathis' priorities switch. He picks up the phone. He looks to Boyd:

MATHIS
I gotta get this.

Mathis walking away.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
Hello...

MR. WINTER
Hello...

MATHIS
Walter McKinley...

Mathis trying to get further from Boyd who watches him.

MR. WINTER
Gray knows where to come next.

Mr. Winter hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Outside now... Gray on his cell phone, David's line ringing. Over and over.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Ellis walks back into the room, he sets a glass of water in front of David. David checking a text from Gray, it reads simply:

GET OUT!

David looks back up at Ellis, Ellis looking at him.

DAVID ROSS
Excuse me, may I use your bathroom?

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Mathis walking through the building. Looking for Gray now. He's desperate, at one point he yells:

MATHIS
GRAY!!!

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Gray on his cell phone, the line ringing, finally David picks up:

INTERCUT:

INT. ELLIS' BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

David Ross speaking low, running water to drown out sound.

DAVID ROSS
What's the problem?

GRAY
Where're you?

David Ross smiles.

DAVID ROSS
I'm talkin' to Ellis. This guy's
fuckin' gold...

GRAY
You gotta get outta there... he's
in on it...

DAVID ROSS
What're you talkin' about?

GRAY
Mr. Winter... he's two people. You
gotta get out of there...

David looks beneath the bathroom door, at the light shinning
in underneath from the hallway. He notices the SHADOW of
Ellis walk up next to the door.

David says loud:

DAVID ROSS
Okay, honey, I'll get some milk.
The blue top.

David staring at the shadow, a sudden bad feeling grows, he
instinctively puts his hand on his gun.

GRAY
Hang up and text me the address
right now.

DAVID ROSS
I don't feel so good, I'm gonna
come home right now, okay...

David hangs up on Gray. He's watching the shadow, he says
something random to test the response.

DAVID ROSS (CONT'D)
You got a great place here... I
like it a lot.

The shadow walks away. No response.

EXT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- CONTINUOUS

Gray hanging up. Standing in the cold. He's breathing
heavy, debating how to explain this now.

Mathis comes barging out the door, Gray looks up to see him towering at the top of the stairs.

MATHIS
He says you know where?

Breaking the quiet is the CHIME of an incoming text message on Gray's phone.

Gray pulls out his phone - reads the ADDRESS from David Ross. His eyes meet Mathis'.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Mathis and Gray speeding through the city...

MATHIS
How long's he been talkin' to you?

GRAY
He's not talkin' to me...

Mathis getting angry, sensing information is being withheld from him.

INT. ELLIS' APARTMENT - DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

David Ross coming back to the table... he's looking differently at Ellis now, and Ellis is looking differently at him.

The moment is quiet, until out of the quiet we hear THE SOUND OF BIRDS CHIRPING. It startles David. Ellis asks him:

ELLIS
Are you okay?

Ellis' eyes shift off behind David's shoulder, something behind him.

David notices, he turns around to look. He SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Mathis is driving. Speeding through the city, horns honking all around them, tires screeching off each turn. Mathis looking at Gray, wanting answers. Gray is giving directions from off his cell phone map.

MATHIS

What the fuck are you not telling
me? Where we going?

GRAY

Turn left at the light...

Mathis making the turn.

GRAY (CONT'D)

We're goin' to John Ellis'...

Mathis confused.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Mr. Winter's two people... Ellis is
one of them.

(then)

Doug Walsh was on to it...

MATHIS

Wha...

Gray interrupts him. There isn't the time.

GRAY

Listen to me. I want you to shut
up. Shut up and listen to me.
There's a lot I need to tell you
fast....

Mathis waiting, tense.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Doug Walsh's wife called me and we
met for coffee.

Mathis blows up, this is an insult...

MATHIS

And you didn't tell me! My dead
fuckin' partners wife calls you
and...

GRAY

Shut up! What'd I fuckin' say?
Listen to me! Listen to me...

Mathis shuts up.

GRAY (CONT'D)

She gave me a piece of paper of
Doug's that said Brook Falls... she
found it after he died. She didn't
know what it meant, I didn't know
what it meant either. So I looked
into it...

Mathis driving FASTER, he's getting more upset.

GRAY (CONT'D)

There was someone killed up there on the same day Walsh died. It was ruled a suicide but no one seems to buy that.

Mathis looking at him now, he's listening.

GRAY (CONT'D)

The guy was a ten-cent serial killer enthusiast, I think he'd contacted Walsh about the similarities of a case from up there and Mr. Winter.

MATHIS

What was the case?

GRAY

A group of animals were killed... tortured and cut to pieces.

Mathis looking over at Gray, waiting for more.

GRAY (CONT'D)

John Ellis, our coroner, was convicted, he was eleven years old, charged him as a minor.

Mathis shaking his head, in denial.

GRAY (CONT'D)

And Ellis served in the Gulf War. In the same unit as Walter McKinley. They know each other.

Mathis is dead silent now. Now it's real.

GRAY (CONT'D)

...that's why Walsh was killed out of context. One clean shot to the head.

MATHIS

He wasn't a sinner. He was just in the way.

Mathis is sick... betrayed. Gray reading directions from the map on his cell phone.

GRAY

Turn left at this light... then it's four buildings down...

MATHIS

How do you know he's here?

Gray quiet. Mathis wants an explanation.

GRAY

He's there right now with David Ross. I think David got set up.

MATHIS

How do you know David Ross is there?

Gray is suddenly unable to lie. Mathis looks over, a bad feeling now.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

You guys talk?

Gray looks at him, Mathis knows. It takes one to know one.

GRAY

Right now, this is about your daughter.

MATHIS

Is Boyd or Wex in on it?

GRAY

No.

(then)

I don't think you threw Winston Shell off the roof.

Mathis looks at him, pulls over to the side of the road, to Ellis' apartment.

MATHIS

Go fuck yourself.

The Detectives get out, separated now, running together toward the building.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIS' BUILDING -- NIGHT

A series of shots: Mathis and Gray running into the building, running up three flights of stairs, down a long and quiet hall.

INT. ELLIS' BUILDING - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Coming up to apartment 301. Slowly. Guns drawn. Mathis bangs on the door:

MATHIS
Ellis!

Mathis bangs the door again.

MATHIS (CONT'D)
ELLIS!

Mathis checks the door, unlocked, he opens it to see: David Ross is hanging DEAD from the ceiling fan. A noose around his neck.

INT. ELLIS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clearing rooms fast, Gray is having a hard time looking at David hanging dead, his eyes dull and open.

Out of the silence Mathis hears the BIRDS begin chirping. It sends a chill down his spine. A CELL PHONE RINGS from David's pocket.

Mathis and Gray STARTLED. Mathis sticks his hand into David's jacket pocket. He picks up.

MATHIS
Hello...

Gray watching, waiting.

MR. WINTER
Come now. No cops.

MATHIS
Where?

MR. WINTER
On the roof of the factory where Winston Shell went off. She's here. If I see one cop she goes over just like he did.

Mr. Winter hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Speeding across town to the factory. Gray's got a bad feeling.

GRAY
We should call this in... we gotta...

MATHIS
No cops.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY -- NIGHT

Back across several vacant lots - the old abandoned factory stands as a black castle of steel and cement.

Mathis and Gray getting out of the car, Mathis moving quickly. Gray stops, Mathis looks back:

GRAY
I got a bad feeling about this.
It's a trap. He's gonna kill us.
(reasoning)
We're just a part of his story,
Mathis. Let's get some back up, go
in like a fuckin' army.

MATHIS
Are you not listening? No cops.
My daughter's up there.

Moments pass. On Gray, thinking about his own wife and girl.

GRAY
I can't go... I can't do it. And I
don't think you should either.

Mathis thinking. He takes out his cell phone. His wallet. His badge. A wad of cash. He only keeps his weapon.

The two detectives looking at one another, moments pass, this is their ending.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Don't go.

MATHIS
No cops. No matter what. You owe
me that much.

Mathis begins walking toward the factory, then he's running, disappearing into darkness, the sound of his footsteps fade away.

A push and pull in Gray, he wants to stay and he wants to follow.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

Series of shots: Mathis running through a vacant lot toward the factory, past garbage, old furniture and scattered junk, his gun out, he's ready for anything.

Running up to the factory, the building is dark, condemned. He looks eight stories up to the roof. No sign of anyone.

At the factory - Mathis stops. Second thoughts.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

On Gray, still battling himself, taking deep looks toward the factory, looking for any sign of Mathis.

INT. FACTORY - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Mathis inside now. His FLASHLIGHT works its way around the room - the STAIRWELL not far - Mathis FLASHBACKS:

INT. FACTORY -- DAY

In the same spot: Mathis and Wex, right after Winston Shell went off the roof - they are running down the stairs - running for the body outside.

BACK TO:

INT. FACTORY -- NIGHT

Mathis shaking off the memory, moving through darkness, quietly, slowly, the building creeks and moans around him.

Mathis stops, he's still, quiet, he shuts off his flashlight. He's listening now to the echo of movement, footsteps from different directions, confirmation there's other people inside.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Gray's vulnerable, looking around. He collects Mathis' things and puts them in his pockets.

Mathis' cell phone begins ringing. Gray sees Wex's name on the caller ID. Gray doesn't answer, hearing Mathis in his head - No cops.

INT. FACTORY - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Mathis getting to the roof, the doorway is open to the outside. Mathis waits. The wind whistles and howls.

Mathis closes his eyes, he feels it, a power comes into him, a man in his last possible moments of life.

Mathis STEPS OUT onto the roof, gun drawn. The roof is empty - until Mathis is HIT ON THE SIDE OF THE FACE.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK. SILENT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Mathis' face pressed against the roof, bleeding from the mouth and face, he's barely conscious.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Gray still waiting on edge, unsure what to do. Mathis' cell phone starts ringing again. Again it's Wex. Gray letting it ring out, but finally he picks up:

GRAY
Yeah... Wex...

Hearing Wex through the phone, he's very suspect:

WEX (O.S.)
Where's Mathis? Why do you have
his phone?

A beat on Gray, he's unsure what to say.

GRAY
He ahh... he just went to get some
air...

Wex can't hold the news:

WEX (O.S.)
Well go get him cos' I got great
fuckin' news... his daughter just
walked into the station...

Gray looks back toward the factory, knows now Mathis has walked into a trap alone.

GRAY
Wexler... listen to me...

WEX (O.S.)
What's wrong?

GRAY
The factory where Winston Shell
went off the roof... get here...
get everyone here right now.
Mathis is up there alone...

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Mathis on his back, he rolls over, focus', gets up on all fours, coming back now into consciousness. He looks up, dazed, defenseless, he sees Ellis alone, standing in front of him.

ELLIS

What'd you expect? Horns and a pitch fork?

Mathis can barely get out the words:

MATHIS

Where is she?

Ellis smiles.

ELLIS

They're gonna write about us...

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ -- NIGHT

Gun out, Gray running toward the factory. Running through the same maze Mathis did.

EXT. FACTORY - ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Mathis on all fours - crawling toward his gun ten feet away. Ellis isn't worried, letting Mathis crawl.

EXT. JERSEY CITY -- NIGHT

An army of POLICE CARS racing across the city for the factory.

EXT. FACTORY - ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Mathis crawling, he reaches his gun, he grabs it, turns to Ellis, aiming for his head now. Ellis stands calm, he's got control.

ELLIS

You get a culture like ours when accountability no longer pertains to everyone.

Mathis standing up, barely, gun aimed at Ellis.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
If I'm hurt, if I'm arrested, if I
don't walk out of here alone...
Walter will not stop until yours
and Detective Gray's families are
dead and in pieces. We are in full
control of this, Mathis... not you.

Mathis is trapped, realizing his gun on Ellis is pointless.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
What Walter and I have started will
be paid attention to now. The news
channels will show our crosses and
our faces and names... we will be
a mirror held to the face of a
country so sick and so lost, it'll
have no choice but to see itself.

Ellis sees the look on Mathis' face, he resents the
dismissal.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
We didn't ask for this... do you
know the sacrifices we've made?
The time it's taken? Walter
watched his own funeral. He
watched his mother cry. Can you
imagine how hard that would be? To
watch your mother cry. But he knew
his purpose was more. When he and
I met in the war we knew we were
special.

MATHIS
You get to examine your work after.
What's it like when you're alone
with the bodies? In the room. You
get a feeling? The same feeling
when you were a little kid in Brook
Falls?

Ellis smiles.

ELLIS
I sat with Walsh's body for eight
hours. Just me and him in the
quiet.
(then)
He came to me and told me about the
guy who'd contacted him. I got a
chill because I knew they'd both
have to die... and that was
exhilarating. They were both dead
within' five hours. I waited to
see if anyone picked up where they
left off, but no one ever did.
(then)
(MORE)

ELLIS (CONT'D)
I'm sure you would've known about
it had you been around... and in
your right mind.

Mathis grinding his teeth, Ellis looking at him, pushing him now...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Turn that gun to yourself, Mathis.

Mathis staring at him, the facts of his life clear across his face...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Go ahead... turn that gun to
yourself.
(then)
Because we let your daughter
live...
(off Mathis' look)
And now she'll never be the same,
not after what she's been through.
She will always hate you after she
realizes this was all over your
sins. Think what everyone will
know when they see the tape from
the roof. Or when it comes out
about the drugs and the
prostitutes. What will your
daughter think? The kids at school
will look at her and talk... point
and laugh.

Mathis breaking down, shaking, stripped of energy, watching blood drip from his face to the ground.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
I kill your daughter by letting her
live. And that monkey will always
be on your back.

Mathis SCREAMS, falls to the ground, holding his head.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Turn that gun to yourself, Mathis.

Mathis holds the gun up to his head, he's lost his mind, his finger shaking on the trigger.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Stop yourself right here, Mathis.
No more.

Mathis could do it.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Go, Mathis... Go...

Mathis sweating, breathing hard...

GRAY (O.S.)
MATHIS! NO!

Ellis turns to Gray, rushing out onto the roof, his gun aimed at Ellis, Gray's yelling at Mathis:

MATHIS
Put the gun down... MATHIS!

Ellis has his hands up, telling Gray calmly.

ELLIS
I walk away from here Gray...
explain it Mathis...

GRAY
Mathis, put the fuckin' gun down!
MATHIS! She's safe... Wex has her
at the station...

ELLIS
She'll wake up crazy, Mathis...
afraid of the dark.

Mathis firms up the gun to his head. Gray moving toward Mathis, gun still on Ellis.

GRAY
Mathis, I will fucking shoot you,
drop the gun... let it go...

ELLIS
We'll be together in the story,
Mathis...

Mathis about to commit suicide, his finger restless on the trigger, he's crying, Gray screams:

GRAY
MATHIS!

ELLIS
Do it...

GRAY
NO!!!!

Mathis PULLS THE TRIGGER - his finger finally moves, pulls back - CLICK - Mathis pulls the trigger OVER AND OVER AND OVER. Empty clicks all the way around, the bullets removed.

Gray JUMPS ON MATHIS - in the confusion Ellis RUNS for the door.

Gray holds Mathis down, he turns to see Ellis getting away, Gray pulls out his gun, pushes Mathis behind cover and FIRES at Ellis - Ellis pulls out his gun and FIRES back at Gray.

A GUNFIGHT, Gray and Ellis shooting at each other. Mathis lays on his back, unable to die, too broken to move. The hiss and ping of bullets back and forth around him.

Ellis shoots his way to the door, Gray hiding behind cover, changing his clip as he watches Ellis disappearing back into the factory.

Gray about to run into the unknown, he gets up to follow but he's GRABBED by Mathis. Held back. Gray turns to Mathis at rock bottom, stopping him from going.

MATHIS

She's safe. You got a family. Let him go...

Mathis lets Gray go, too weak to hold on. He falls to his back again, he's breathing, staring up at the stars. Gray stays. Staring at Mathis. Catching his breath.

Mathis digs in his pocket, he pulls out the TAPE from Mr. Winter, he tosses it to Gray.

MATHIS (CONT'D)

Sometimes this job pushes people too far. And they do things they're ashamed of.

(re: the tape)

Do whatever you gotta do.

(then)

I quit.

On Gray, holding the tape. Sirens coming in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Gray driving home from the factory. The tape from Mathis on the passenger seat.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL -- NIGHT

Mathis walking through the desks and Detectives working late. He's bleeding, black and blue. He walks into Boyd's office.

INT. HOMICIDE SPECIAL - BOYD'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mathis leaves his badge on Boyd's desk. Boyd nods, accepting his resignation.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gray pulls out the tape and puts it into a CAMERA hooked up to the TV.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Mathis driving home, he's exhausted, he's unhealthy. Mathis closes his eyes as his car bounces over the holes in the road, he FLASHES BACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

Winston Shell running for his life. Mathis chasing him.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Intercutting between Mathis' flashbacks and Gray's television - the truth plays out:

Mathis chasing Winston Shell to the edge of the roof. Winston gets to the edge and gets scared. Mathis pleads with him: *Don't jump.* The final truth shows us a surprising tenderness from Mathis.

Winston's scared, looking back and forth between the ground and life in prison.

Winston gets up on the ledge, he looks back at Mathis. Mathis is telling him still: *Don't jump.*

Winston Shell JUMPS. In an instant he is over the ledge and to the ground.

We remain on Mathis. Mathis remains still. He knows Winston is dead.

Mathis begins to breakdown. Cry. Crumble. The last bit of tragedy a man can take.

Mathis' emotions build to him raising his gun to his head. Mathis can't take anymore of the life.

On Mathis. Gun to his head. His finger on the trigger. Every moment is closer to suicide. Then

Wex comes running up onto the roof. He sees Mathis. Sees what's about to happen. Wex runs to Mathis and TACKLES him, knocks the gun from his hand, as the gun hits the roof it FIRES.

On Wex and Mathis, Wex on top of him, keeping him from himself.

The shots would end on:

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Gray watching his television, watching the truth Mathis was trying to hide.

INT. MATHIS' CAR -- NIGHT

Mathis driving, slowing down, he pulls to the side of the street and stops.

Out from the shadows his dealer Curtis walks into the street light, he comes up to Mathis' window.

The window goes down, Curtis looks into the car.

Moments on Mathis, looking down at his steering wheel, he's exhausted, his face is beaten. He's thinking clearly, simply.

Mathis looks up at the street. Moments pass. The car begins to move forward as Mathis lets his foot off the brake.

Mathis slowly pulls away, idling until he steps on the gas. Money in his hand.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER -- NIGHT

Gray at the edge of the river, lost in the Manhattan skyline across the water.

He takes the tape from his pocket and throws it into the river.

Gray watches the ripples fade away and we CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

TWO YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. BIRTHDAY PARTY -- DAY

Mathis is sober. Two years now. He looks good, he lost weight.

He's surrounded by teenage girls, he's awkward but present, finally able to attend. He smiles as his Daughter blows out her birthday candles.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY CITY DELI - SIDEWALK TABLE -- DAY

A warm summer afternoon. Det. Gray, thirty-seven years old here, eats a sandwich, casually he answers questions for a MAGAZINE WRITER.

WRITER
Are you afraid?

GRAY
Of what?

WRITER
That they'll return... out of the blue.

GRAY
No...

WRITER
Well good for you, I almost didn't take this assignment, I don't want anything to do with this...

GRAY
Well then why write it?

WRITER
Because I'm broke...
(then)
And because it's a great article.
A lot of people talk about this case... it's popular now. All kinds of theories about what really happened... have you been online lately?

GRAY
What'd Mathis say?

WRITER
He told me to go fuck myself. Are you two in touch?

GRAY
Nah... he's retired now... he's fishin' up-state.
(then)
Look, I'm sorry. I don't talk about cases that aren't closed.

The Writer nods. A moment passes.

WRITER

One last quick question. There's a case going on up in Portland right now. A serial killer they think. A lot of people in the blogosphere think it's John Ellis and Walter McKinley. There's a lot of similarities.

GRAY

I don't know anything about what's goin' on in Portland.

The Writer nods.

WRITER

Well I appreciate the time.

Gray nods, goes back to his sandwich.

WRITER (CONT'D)

Oh, and congratulations. I heard you made Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Mathis walking through the terminal, he looks clear and focused.

Mathis hands his ticket to a FLIGHT ATTENDANT and enters into the boarding tunnel. He walks past a sign - FLT 810. Non-Stop service to: PORTLAND.

Mathis disappears into the tunnel, never giving up.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.