

Sealed With A Kiss

An original screenplay

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM EVE.

TIGHT on panic stricken eyes!.... They are locked in a gaze of desperate concentration. The **MAN'S** breathing is a continuum of rapid fire gasps,...his face is drenched in sweat.

MAN

Not like this.....I can't.... I can't do it like this.

The lace gloved hand of a **WOMAN** appears and gently wipes the sweat from his cheeks. The gesture appears to be one of warmth and affection; yet when she speaks, her voice is cold,... distant,... taunting.

WOMAN

Concentrate lover!.....You're just not concentrating.

Her hand slowly drops to her side. The twilight provides a glimpse of her thighs and hips as she sits astride him, wearing only a pair of black nylons and matching garter belt.

WOMAN

Come on. Impress me. I want to feel the earth move.

SUDDENLY the man begins to buck violently! The woman rides him with ease, moving her hips to the rhythm of sex.

MAN

Get the fuck off me, goddamnit!

WOMAN

That's better!....That's much better...

He doesn't last! Exhausted, he falls away in resigned defeat.

WOMAN

You're really not very good at this are you?

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND AND SLOWLY UPWARD, intimately exploring the woman's bare back. Each vertebrae glistens in the half light.

MAN

What is your problem lady?! What the fuck do you want from me?

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO FLOAT UPWARD, past her shoulder blades.....

WOMAN

(hissing)

Not much! And more than you've got!

.....and finally over her shoulders to again reveal the man's face as he fights to maintain an appearance of control.....using his anger to hide his fear...

MAN

Why are you doing this?! Tell me goddamnit!

...but a whimper soon escapes, followed by a sob. Eventually the tears flow unrestrained.

MAN

Tell me!.....Why can't you tell me?

The woman's hand touches his lips.

WOMAN

Hush now. Tough guys don't cry....and you're a tough guy right?

She places her hand gently over his eyes and brushes them closed. He continues to whimper softly.

MAN

...please...don't. Don't do this...please just go away.....

WOMAN

(taunting)

You can give it out, but you can't take it.....Is that it?

Her long flowing hair in tandem with the night shadows partially veils her face and breasts, but not the gleaming silver barrel of a 45 magnum that she holds in her hand.

WOMAN

Like all the others lover....you're
going out soft.

The gun explodes and the woman's body is instantly and totally engulfed in
blood, bone and flesh. She remains astride him.

WOMAN
Et spiritus sanctus.....Amen.

DISSOLVE TO: FULL VIEW OF THE BEDROOM.

With a listless elegance, the woman slides from the bed and glides across
the room in silence. She turns on the light in the adjoining bathroom.
Removing her stockings, she places them over her shoulder and
disappears into the shower. The spray of water is heard.

In the **FOREGROUND** and now back lit by the distant light, lies the lifeless
form of a man.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What we have here is one super
pissed bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY EARLY MORN.

Two cops move aggressively down the hallway. **JOE DEXTER**; mid-thirties,
speedy, uneasy. **CAPTAIN ROY MCCOY**; fifties, heavy set, a calm presence
within a tough seen-it-all exterior. They pass **NUMEROUS TENANTS** who
are standing about the hallway in various degrees of morning dress. A
UNIFORM COP keeps them back.

MCCOY
We got a name?

DEXTER
No I.D. on him, but the apartment is
leased to a James Northcote. Safe
bet it's him...With what's left a
positive I.D. is going to take awhile.

Dexter and McCoy arrive at suite #327. They each take from their pockets a
pair of latex gloves and begin to stretch them on.

MCCOY
No wallet?

DEXTER

Nothing on him.

They each slip a filter mask over their faces.

DEXTER

Levine figures he's been dead for at least 48 hours.

MCCOY

Lets get this over with.

INT. NORTHCOTE APARTMENT

McCoy and Dexter enter the living room of a well kept, expensively furnished apartment. Various articles of quality men's wear litter the floor leading to the bedroom. Several forensic cops are busily dusting, bagging and taking photographs. They go about their business silently and meticulously, barely acknowledging the arrival of Dexter and McCoy. Both men work their way toward the bedroom.

DEXTER

He was a photo journalist for National Geographic. Spent a lot of time out of town. Only a few of the tenants had ever met him.

McCoy moves toward the body. He examines it closely. Dexter hangs back near the doorway.

DEXTER

At first it looked like they were fucking, but there isn't any semen or vaginal fluid. I figure she was dry humping the poor bastard.

MCCOY

She leave us anything?

DEXTER

On top of the dresser.

McCoy goes over to the dresser and picks up a business card. The logo is one of an angel with a sword and it reads: 'with my compliments, Gabrielle'. She has also kissed the card leaving a blood red lip imprint.

DEXTER

By the pattern of blood splatter on the wall we figure she was sitting on top of him.

(With an incredulous laugh)

Shit man.....she's sitting two fuckin' feet away from him and she takes him out with a fuckin' bazooka.

MCCOY

Subtle she's not! Her kills are always nasty business.

DEXTER

Fuck, she's tough!...Shit, if I'm going to waste a guy, I don't want to taste him.

MCCOY

Contact the major credit card companies. If this guy went out Friday night he probably used plastic. I want to know where and who he was with.

McCoy has seen enough. He turns to leave the bedroom. As he passes Dexter.....

MCCOY

I've already put Cullen on this one.....I think they deserve each other.

DEXTER

Great! That'll make two psychotics I have to deal with.

MCCOY

At least one of them is ours. Have forensics take what they need, but try and leave everything else exactly the way it is until Cullen has been on sight.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LISA LAURIER'S HOME - MORN.

CLOSE ON a cold water tap as water rushes from its spout.

CLOSE ON MICK CULLEN'S POV as he studies his reflection in the mirror. Steel blue eyes stare back. 34 going on 50, not big, but built tough. Though only half awake we can still feel his intensity. With him it's not an emotion.....more a state of being.

He turns off the water, takes a deep breath and disappears out of frame. We hear a splash. In the reflection of the mirror we can see past the open doorway. From across the hall a woman (LISA LAURIER) partially dressed in a nurses uniform, exits the bedroom.

We hear the occasional sound of air bubbles...Then after what feels like a long while, Mick Cullen's face rises into frame; wet....wild.....and ready for action!

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Cullen, wearing only his jeans, is putting on yesterday's wrinkled shirt. Lisa enters. She is in her late twenties and possesses a warm natural beauty that she does nothing to accentuate. Slowly....perhaps even cautiously, she moves across the room. She sits on the edge of the bed and watches quietly as Mick continues to dress. Then...

LISA

So....L.A.'s favorite party girl was at it again!

CULLEN

Did her wild thing on some guy in Westwood.

Cullen takes his shoulder rig from the chair and begins to put it on. In addition to the holster that crosses left and the ammo carrier on the right, this harness also contains a padded pillow like holster concealed between his shoulder blades.

CULLEN

I'm meeting McCoy at 10:00 to go over the bluebook. He's already told Internal Affairs and the D.A.'s office that I'm working the case.

LISA

You've been unofficially working on this case for months why the coming out now?

CULLEN

After three killings McCoy figured the P.C. would agree to anything to avoid any more heat. He got him to put all

the personal bullshit aside and keep Internal Affairs out of my face until its over.

LISA

Do they know anything more about her?

CULLEN

I doubt it.

LISA

She fascinates me. Before her I thought serial killing was strictly a male thing.

Cullen sits in a chair and begins putting on his sox.

CULLEN

Yeah.....well you've come a long way baby!....Christ, I hate wearing the same sox two days in a row.

LISA

Maybe if you slept at home more often...

CULLEN

If you don't want to see me, then don't let me in.

LISA

(nervous laugh)

Oh yeah. I can see that going over real well.

Cullen crosses over to her and kneels down. He gazes playfully into her eyes. Without breaking eye contact he begins to grope about under the bed with his hand: his head is nearly resting in her lap....

CULLEN

I can be rational about this.....

.....as he pulls out from under the bed a 357 magnum and holsters it into his shoulder harness.

CULLEN
I just don't want to be.

LISA
(exasperated)
Why do you keep doing this to me?

Cullen reaches out to her, as if to embrace....

LISA
We agreed that for awhile we....

His reach extends beyond her. His hand slides under the pillow on the bed and removes a Browning 9mm. Cullen looks up at her matter-of-factly.

CULLEN
It's been awhile.

He places the gun in the holster pad behind his neck.

LISA
Right! Two whole weeks! Even then,
this is your second....

CULLEN
(cutting her off)
Lay over!

Lisa's anger and frustration explode in tandem! She pushes him away.

LISA
FUCK YOU!

She raises her hand prepared to strike him. Cullen appears unconcerned.

CULLEN
Will that make you feel better?

She hesitates....her arm hangs in the air as she reconsiders. Cullen reaches up and takes her hand. He slowly guides it to his face, feigning a slap on the cheek. LISA offers no resistance.

CULLEN
Do it if you want to!

LISA
Yeah, and what happens next?

There is a long pause. Lisa does nothing. Cullen begins to stand up. WACK!.....Lisa hits him hard across the face, which takes Cullen completely by surprise and knocks him off balance. Before he is able to recover.....

WACK!....This time its even harder. Cullen is amazed. He tries to maintain self control, but when he sees her hand turn into a fist and begin to descend on him a third time, he explodes, punching her hard in the jaw. Lisa falls back on the bed in pain and tears. Cullen's reaction was so sudden that it takes a moment for him to realize what he's done.

CULLEN

Oh shit!.....

LISA

You better leave now, before one of us gets hurt.

CULLEN

God damnit!....You just had to push it didn't you. Christ! You just had to push it.

Cullen storms out of the room slamming the door behind him. Lisa flinches at the sound. Grabbing a pillow, she curls up with it on the bed. The look in her eyes is one of troubled introspection.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- MCCOY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy McCoy is seated at his desk. the authoritative ambience of his office is only slightly undermined by his collection of miniature wind-up toys, which he has scattered about his bookshelf and window sill. Several have actually made their way onto his desk.

A small board table is butted up against the front of his desk. Seated at the end of this table is pathologist, HANK PASTORI. Cullen and Dexter sit opposite each other. Spread out before them are several files folders and numerous photos from the crime scenes. Pastori is giving his report.

PASTORI

As before, the bullet used is a 45 round nose with the tip scored to create excessive tissue damage. This accounts for the massive mutilation at the point of entry.....It's obvious to

me gentlemen that she is going out of her way to get our attention.

DEXTER

Well, she's got my un-fuckin-divided.

Cullen is leaning back in his chair. Something out in the squad room has caught his attention.

CULLEN'S POV - SQUAD ROOM

A young woman (CHRISTINE BELLOWS), is verbally attacking a man. The fact that he is nearly twice her size doesn't seem to concern her. Dressed upscale professional, she is both stunning and obviously fearless. The man neither says nor does anything, but the 'fuck you' grin on his face is a clue that he's not taking her too seriously.

RESUME: MCCOY'S OFFICE

PASTORI

We have prints, skin tissue, blood samples, hair; both pubic as well as several wig strands, lipstick, nylon fibers, and on and on and on. If you can find her, she's burnt toast.

DEXTER

She leaves clues around like a fuckin' Easter bunny! But all that we got adds up to squat, because it doesn't have wheels....It doesn't take us anywhere. We got no leads, no motive, and our three stiffs got nothing in common except their peckers.

MCCOY

Lazo was the only one with a sheet: a domestic about 3 months ago. Charges were dropped.

Cullen takes from McCoy's desk a miniature 'King Kong' wind-up and begins to play with it.

DEXTER

There is nothing similar about these guys, yet these aren't random hits. Each of them was set up.....and in

order to set them up, she had to have prior knowledge.

PASTORI

That's not the usual M.O. for a repeater.

DEXTER

This bitch is different. We can't expect her to make the same mistakes or take the same chances. She's in control, she's smart and balls or no balls they don't come any tougher.

With sparks shooting from his mouth, King Kong has begun his journey across the table. Dexter reaches over and picks it up. He lays it on it's back on McCoy's desk; it's little feet chattering away until it winds down.

MCCOY

We aren't boring you are we Mick?

CULLEN

It's borderline captain.

MCCOY

Stick with us a little longer. You'll be off leash soon enough.

Dexter glares at Cullen, who in turn flashes back his biggest 'bullshit' grin.

DEXTER

(To Cullen)

Let's get something straight! There are a lot of people looking the other way on this one, but I'm not one of them.

MCCOY

Cool it Joe!

DEXTER

I think setting you loose on this case is taking a bad situation and fucking it up the ass!

CULLEN

Maybe that's what it needs! At the rate that you've been going she'll be hitting double digits by Xmas.

DEXTER

A distinction she'll have to share with you!

MCCOY

That's enough Joe! Mick is on this case because I believe he can make a difference and right now that's the only thing that matters. Got it!

CULLEN

So now what? We call a truce, shakes hands, you suck me off and we call it square.

Dexter bolts out of his chair.

DEXTER

(To McCoy)

You want him, you got him! Just keep him out of my way.

Dexter leaves. Cullen seems mildly amused by the chaos he's created. McCoy isn't.

MCCOY

Well that could have gone a whole lot better!.....You know , Mick, I just might be the only friend you've got and I got to tell you that's a real shame....because even I don't like you very much!

CULLEN

You're just saying that to make me feel bad.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bull pen of police activity. Organized chaos amidst a myriad of cops, lawyers, and numerous forms of nefarious low life.

Cullen and Pastori exit McCoy's office. Roy has walked them to the door.

CULLEN

Before I take a look at Northcote's place, I want to see the Brooke woman.

MCCOY

You'll find her to be a well oiled piece of work.

Cullen waits for McCoy to elaborate, but before he can.....

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Roy!

McCoy turns to see Christine Bellows coming toward him.

MCCOY

Christine! You know Hank Pastori, and this is Mick Cullen.

Christine focuses her attention on Cullen.

CHRISTINE

I'm already aware of Mr. Cullen.

MCCOY

Christine has been appointed by the mayor to head up a new task force on domestic violence.

CHRISTINE

As it happens one of the cases I'm working on has to do with your wife Mr. Cullen.

CULLEN

You don't say!

CHRISTINE

As it involves a police officer the file was turned over to me to deal with. It appears that you have ignored the conditions set out in your wife's

restraining order. Is that true Mr. Cullen?

CULLEN

This is all bull shit.

CHRISTINE

Do I take that as a yes or a no?

CULLEN

You can take it how ever you want!

CHRISTINE

I've been going over your file. You appear to have had a rather frisky career, wouldn't you say? 107 complaints in 10 years; 11 shootings, 3 of which I.A. still finds questionable, 24 assaults, 3 against fellow officers...If you didn't have a badge, I'd bet you could make our most wanted list without any extra effort at all.

CULLEN

You going some place with this?

CHRISTINE

You can count on it!

CULLEN

You're in my way lady. Move!

They glare at each other! Christine eventually steps aside. Cullen passes by.

CULLEN

This is turning into a real shitty day.

He exits. Christine turns to McCoy.

CHRISTINE

How does a cop like that keep his badge?

MCCOY

I guess you must have skimmed over those pages.

McCoy returns to his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN AFFLUENT RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

A battered 68 white Mustang hurls into a driveway and screeches to a sudden halt; its original body paint now faded to the shade of an old lady's slip. It makes a distinct contrast to the fashionable colonial styling of the Brooke home. Cullen gets out of the car and proceeds up the front walk.

INT. - BROOKE LIVING ROOM

TIGHT on a large portrait of Mr. & Mrs. Brooke with their daughter, Barbara. It hangs prominently over the fire place. The subjects in the painting radiate the sharp edged countenance of the well bred.....almost aristocratic.

MRS. BROOKE (O.S.)

I must say Lieutenant, I'm at a loss as to what you could possibly ask me that hasn't already been covered adnauseum.

PULL BACK to reveal MRS. BROOKE. She is a striking woman, who evokes a persona of absolute control; upper class in look, style and attitude. She comes fortified with a patronizing smile.

CULLEN

For starters your daughter doesn't show up in the blue book or in any other transcripts. Why didn't anyone question her?

MRS. BROOKE

She wasn't here. Since the age of 14 Barbara has spent the greater part of each year attending a private school in New England.

Cullen glances about the living room. For a moment he appears engrossed in the abundance of family bric a brac that fills the room; heir looms, photographs, diplomas, framed news clippings.....Mrs. Brooke watches him with a deigned amusement. Then.....

CULLEN

Before we get started, is there a chance I can use your john?

MRS. BROOKE
(With that smile of hers)
Upstairs, the second door on the left.

INT. UPSTAIRS - BROOKE HOME

Cullen arrives at the top of the stairs. There are two doors to his left and another two off to his right. From the far end of the hall a large stained glass window casts it's reflective colors about the foyer. The first door on the left is open. It is the master bedroom; a vision of co-ordinated elegance. The washroom is the next door. Cullen takes a quick glance in and then turns his attention to the doors on the other side of the hall. The first is a linen closet. The last door opens to reveal a small home office, furnished in white wicker; very feminine and very proper. This appears to hold some relevance to Cullen.

RESUME ON LIVING ROOM as Cullen returns.

CULLEN
Nice place! What you got here, two,
three bedrooms?

MRS. BROOKE
Three. We turned the one on the main
floor into a den soon after we bought
it.

CULLEN
How long ago was that?

MRS. BROOKE
A while.....Aren't you going to ask
something more relevant Lieutenant?

CULLEN
Relevant!....Yeah, sure...Here's one.
How does a man of your husband's
stature end up starkers in a dump
that charges by the hour?

MRS. BROOKE
I'm sure I don't know.

CULLEN
Is there a chance that he might have
had a thing going with the killer?

MRS. BROOKE

As in a fling...an affair! Not likely.

CULLEN

We know that she had to have some personal knowledge of your husband prior.....

MRS. BROOKE

Lieutenant! You'll find that I'm an irritatingly perceptive woman. If my husband were having an affair, I would know about it. As to this woman knowing Richard....he was not without his influence in this community, and that does tend to raise one's public profile.

CULLEN

Well, he was definitely looking up someone else's skirt the night he got popped.

MRS. BROOKE

He was seduced! There isn't a man alive who can not be controlled by the promiscuity of a beautiful woman.....I'm certain not even you Lieutenant. I'm not going to pretend that Richard's indiscretion didn't upset me, but one must weigh it against twenty years of faithfulness and devotion.

CULLEN

You seem to be pretty sure about that!

MRS. BROOKE

Why drink ginger ale when there's Dom Perignon at home..... Richard had no reason to stray. We had an excellent sex life.....You see Lieutenant, I'm very very good at it.

CULLEN

No shit!

MRS. BROOKE

No shit!

CUT TO:

INT. CULLEN'S MUSTANG - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The upholstery is frayed and tattered. Electrical tape covers several gashes where the dash has split open. The floor and passenger seat are littered with wrappers, newspapers, soda cans, etc. This is a well lived in car! With coffee in one hand and a phone in the other, Cullen still manages to steer and shift.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

South side, homicide.

CULLEN

Val, it's Mick. Is McCoy there?

VAL

He's down at Parker Center. He should be back before five.

CULLEN

I'll catch him later....Got a question for you Val.

VAL

What?

CULLEN

You got family back east right?

VAL

New Canaan, Connecticut. Why?

CULLEN

When you go back, where do you stay?

VAL

What do you mean, 'where do I stay'?

CULLEN

You stay with your folks right?

VAL

Where else would I stay?

CULLEN

Probably in your old room? Maybe even in your old bed?

VAL

Of course! Mom leaves it exactly the way it was when I left....only neater. I guess she figures it's still my room.

CULLEN

I think most mothers do.

VAL

I never thought about it before. I just took it for granted. That's kind of weird isn't it?

CULLEN

I've got a hunch I want you to check out for me. A runaway. Barbara Brooke; age 15 or 16, blonde hair, blue or grey eyes, medium height, very pretty. Focus on the greater L.A. basin. I'll catch you later.

VAL

I'll get someone on it right away.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY ENTRANCE TO #327

The door of the apartment is sealed with police tape. Cullen rips it off, unlocks the door and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NORTHCOTE APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

It looks the same as it did earlier this morning, but this time we're looking at it through Cullen's eyes. The room is a showpiece.....an expensively furnished work of art. The wall units are back lit, as is the white oak and glass display cabinet. Each exhibits it's assigned art pieces and bric a brac with a definite aesthetic orderliness. Even the C.D. and video library is categorized.

Conversely, the seating area, though still furnished with impeccable taste, is littered with magazines, newspapers, dishes and a pair of dumbbells. Several open C.D.'s and video tapes are scattered about on the entertainment unit. Its not that its a filthy mess, but neither is it consistent

with the neatness of the rest of the room. CULLEN takes all this in and then heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The fridge door opens and casts it's light about the room. Inside there is a six pack of beer, several Chinese 'take out' containers and not much else. There are a few frozen dinners in the freezer.

Cullen takes out a beer, twists it open and takes a swig. He rests his arms on the open fridge door and scans the room. There are dishes in the sink and on the counter. The rest of the kitchen is clean and orderly. It is also well equipped and includes a fully stocked spice rack. This is not the kitchen of someone who makes frozen dinners and orders 'take out'. Cullen takes from the fridge one of the containers, smells it, shrugs and closes the fridge door.

TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

RESUME ON LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Cullen is slouched in an armchair, nursing a beer, the empty 'take out' container lies nearby. As he stares off in the distance he appears to be fading away and then his eyes lock onto something on the floor..... men's clothing. **FOCUS** on the shoes.

RESUME on Cullen. He's thinking something through.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - TOTAL BLACKNESS

A light goes on as the door opens. Cullen takes a quick scan and finds the shoe rack. He grabs one of the shoes and the closet door again closes to blackness.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Cullen is back in his chair. He wears a shoe on each hand, like a pair of puppets: one from the closet, the other from the floor. He lines them up sole to sole. They appear to be about the same size. This obviously disappoints him. He leans back to reflect, letting his shoe/hands drop to his lap. There they begin to do a slow and simple tap number on his thighs. Cullen absently gazes at them. A smile gradually creeps across his face.

CULLEN

Bingo!

As the shoes continue the 'old soft shoe', we too notice that one is laced in the usual criss-cross pattern, but the other uses a straight across style, like railway ties.

Cullen puts his head back in the chair and takes another swig from his beer.

CULLEN

Now who the fuck are you?

He grabs a phone from the side table and rests it in his lap. He picks up the receiver and finger punches the numbers. A moment later, Lisa's voice is heard over the phone.

LISA (O.S.)

Hi! I'm not in right now, so leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

CULLEN

Lisa, it's Mick. Are you there?....(beat)
I guess you're not back yet...
Anyway....how you doin'?.....Listen, I
feel real shitty about this morning. I
was out of line and I'm.....I feel real
bad.....(beat), but you did push me
though, you gotta know that....but,
hey who'se keeping score. I'll come
by later. Maybe we can catch a
movie or something.....I don't
know!...Anyway, I'll see you
later.....It's me, Mick...

He hangs up. This was not what he had wanted to say.

CULLEN

Shit! Fuck! Piss!

He stares down at the phone resting on his lap. He now notices that it also has a built in answering machine. He presses the play button. The machine announces that there is only one message.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, where are you man? I just got
back on Tuesday and I'm already

bored. It's Chuck! Call me before I
turn to dust and blow away.

Cullen listens as the machine automatically rewinds. There is a little flip up lid on top. He opens it and several buttons appear. One is labeled the 'greeting check'. Cullen presses it.

NORTHCOTE (O.S.)

Hi! This is Jim. I'm in the Galapagos on assignment for Geographic, but I should be back around the 28th. Until then Don Mackey can be reached at this number.

Cullen settles back in the chair.

CULLEN

Not any more he can't!

FADE TO:

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY EVE.

Cullen's car pulls up in front of a small white bungalow on a pleasant working class street. Like most of the homes here, it is tasteful and well cared for.

Cullen goes up the walkway and rings the door bell. A face appears through the drawn shades of a nearby window. A moment later the door opens and Lisa Laurier steps out onto the porch. Though she's wearing a frumpy house coat, her hair and make-up are in readiness for an evening out. As she steps into the light we can see that she is truly a stunning woman. Lisa holds the door almost closed behind her. Its obvious that she's doing this to keep Cullen out. She's not thrilled to see him.

LISA

What do you want Mick?

CULLEN

I left you a message.....You look terrific.

LISA

I had already made other plans.

CULLEN

You can change them! We need to talk.

LISA

NO! Not tonight!

CULLEN

Damn it Lisa!You know that this isn't something I'm good at...but I'm here trying! That's got to count for something.

LISA

It does....But it doesn't change the fact that I've made other plans.....You need to give me a little space here.

CULLEN

Come on! We'll go get something to eat. You can tell who ever he is that something's come up.

LISA

Good night Mick!

CULLEN

Hell,.....I'll tell him myself! When's he getting here?

Cullen makes an effort to enter the house. Lisa stands her ground.

LISA

I swear to god, if you set one foot inside this house, you'll ruin what little chance we have left! Do you hear me?!

Cullen backs off.

CULLEN

Alright!.....alright.

LISA

You're doing this to yourself Micky.....Go home.....We'll talk tomorrow. I promise.

CULLEN

Have a lousy night.

LISA
Go change your sox.

Lisa watches Cullen leave. A definite sadness crosses her face.

FADE TO

INT. PADDY'S PUB - EVE.

CLOSE ON strong thick fingers as they grasp the shaft of a dart. Aim is taken, the wrist cocks, then snaps forward and fires. O.S. there is an outburst of cheers and groans.

Off in the B.G., Cullen is seated alone. He watches the dart game with mild curiosity.

The Dart Player (HERB HALA) pulls his darts from the board and as he returns to the throw line, his face comes into view. It's the same man Cullen saw with Christine Bellows earlier. He's wearing the same shit-faced grin. A waitress (TRIXIE) arrives at CULLEN'S table and unloads two mugs of beer.

CULLEN
So Trix,.....how's tricks?

TRIXIE
I'm still working here aren't I? That should be your first clue.

CULLEN
Some things are never meant to change.

TRIXIE
(dripping sarcasm)
I can't tell you how good that makes me feel!

CULLEN
Come on Trix, you know this place would fall apart if you weren't around.

TRIXIE
That'll be four dollars.

CULLEN
(as he pulls out his wallet)
What do you know about the big guy over their with the happy face.

TRIXIE

Herb somebody.....Used to play hockey.

CULLEN

Pro?

TRIXIE

Black Hawks.

CULLEN

No shit!

TRIXIE

Paddy calls him the 'shadow' something.

CULLEN

The 'red shadow'?

TRIXIE

Yeah, something like that. You heard of him?

CULLEN

Watched him play. He was a tough son-of-a-bitch.

TRIXIE

Like you said, some things never change.

Cullen takes one of his mugs and returns it to Trixie's tray.

CULLEN

Send this over. Tell him we've got a mutual acquaintance.

TRIXIE

You got it.

Cullen watches as Trixie makes her way over to Hala. She says something to him and points toward Cullen. Hala's grin broadens as he takes the mug, salutes Cullen and chugs it down. Even at his most serious, Hala's expression looks like he could burst into laughter at moment's notice. It is a charming yet disarming quality. He heads over to Cullen's table.

HALA

So who is it we're talking about here?

CULLEN

I don't think you're going to like it.

HALA

Hey, as long as it don't involve you and my old lady!

CULLEN

Christine Bellows! She works out of the D.A.'s office. The domestic task force.

Hala's smile broadens.

HALA

You're right. I don't like it. You a cop?

CULLEN

I cover a different beat.....Actually, I don't like her much myself.

HALA

What's your name?

CULLEN

Cullen! Mick Cullen.

HALA

Well Mick, I've got to hand it to her. She pussy whipped me real good and there was fuck all I could do about it.

CULLEN

What set her off?

HALA

Wife and I got into a fight. I gave her a little love tap..... No big thing, but she got pissed and called the cops. The next thing I know I'm getting dragged downtown and introduced to the bull bitch from hell.

Hala turns toward the bar and calls out for a waitress.

HALA

Hey nurse! Bring us another round of Miller.I've been working for the Miller brewery ever since my knees gave out. I go from bar to bar promoting their brands. A lot of x-jocks do it. I buy a few rounds and pal around with the regulars. It's an easy way to make a buck.

Trixie arrives at their table with the beer. Both men take a long swallow.

CULLEN

You and your woman fight a lot?

HALA

She does this thing that drives me fuckin' crazy. She'll lock onto something and just won't let go. It can be anything; a movie, the color of my tie, how thin the woman next door is. It doesn't matter. Her brain goes into fuckin' 'lock shock' and she can't think or talk about anything else....Its sort of like listening to 'One Hundred Bottles Of Beer On The Wall', and not knowing for sure that its ever going to end.Anyway, there is only so much I can take before I lose it.....You married?

CULLEN

For seven years. Split up a year ago.

HALA

I couldn't do that....Kathy's the ultimate dick ornament.....a fuckin' knock out.... perfect body, gorgeous face. Back when I was playing for Chicago, Hefner's people were crawling all over her to do a spread. And I gotta tell you, she looks as good today as she ever did.
.....As I see it, there is only one thing worse than never being able to fuck that woman again.... and that's knowing someone else is.....That don't bother you?

CULLEN

It's a trade off.....but, yeah, when I start thinking about it, it can get to me.

HALA

You're fucked when you've got one and fucked up when you don't.....Anyway pal, I got to head on down the road. I got another bar to hit before closing.

CULLEN

See you around.

HALA

You bet.

Hala gets up and leaves. Cullen stays behind and continues to drink his beer.

INT. PAYPHONE - PADDY'S BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Cullen, navigating his mind through a heavy beer fog, is huddled over a payphone. He is noticeably downcast as he waits nervously for someone to answer. Graffiti and phone numbers cover most of the wall around him. Eventually someone answers and Cullen tries to snap into lucidity.

JOAN

(half asleep)

Hello...

CULLEN

Joannie! How's it going?

JOAN

Who is this? Is that you Mick?

CULLEN

What, you can't tell anymore?

JOAN

I'm going to hang up now.

CULLEN

I was just checking to see how you were doing.

JOAN

Much better thanks. Good night!

CULLEN

Christ! Can't you give me a god damn minute here?

JOAN

I gave you seven years! An extra minute isn't going to change a thing.

CULLEN

I never meant for things to get as out of hand as they did. I want you to know that. I don't always know what it is I'm doing or how far I've gone. I know it's not right, but its hard to keep a lid on it.

JOAN

Yeah, right! You and the rest of the Cullen clan. Where men are men and women are black a blue.

CULLEN

You know I don't mean to.....

JOAN

You're just like your father, Mick..... Jesus ...what he put you mother through,I swore I'd never let you treat me that way.

CULLEN

Joannie, I know that time at Rosco's I crossed the line....

JOAN

It wasn't just one time!....and besides, once is too much. Where do you think you get the right to.....I really don't want to have this conversation.

CULLEN

Come on Joan, you know this isn't something I'm good at.....but at least I'm trying. That's got to count for something.

JOAN

No, Mick, it doesn't. This isn't about you doing a noble contrition here. Its about you alone in some bar getting plastered.....and when you drink alone you get pathetically maudlin....That's all this is! Your feeling sorry for yourself.....and you don't want to be alone.....so you call me. Bad idea Mick!and tomorrow you're going to find out just how bad.

CULLEN

Ahh, come one Joannie.....

JOAN

You're in breach of your court order again.

CULLEN

Shit, I'll just deny it Joannie.

JOAN

Fuck you!

CLICK!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP OF AN OLDER OFFICE BUILDING - EVE.

The door leading to the roof creaks open and a vision of ultimate sexuality appears. Her short tight skirt rises dangerously high and the top plunges to breathtaking depths. Every turn and curve of her body is exposed to maximum effect. She glides gracefully across the gravel/tar deck toward the ledge's retaining wall. Silhouetted by the moonlight and nearby neon, she stands in 'contra pose', staring off toward the stars, clutching her purse.....waiting!

A MOMENT LATER, a shadowy image of a **MAN** steps through the doorway and slips in behind her. His lips begin to explore the nape of her neck.

MAN

So that was the stair way to heaven!

SLOWLY he turns her toward him, brushes the hair from her face and gazes into her eyes.

MAN

I don't know where or when...and it's crazy to think I could ever forget, but I know we've met before.

GABRIELLE

Only in your wet dreams lover.

The Man kisses her passionately! She responds by slowly grinding and gyrating her body against his.....moving in, until she has him pinned against the retaining wall....Eye to eye!...She smiles seductively and slowly begins to unbutton his shirt. The Man begin to shiver with anticipation. Gabrielle is now in complete control. Her lips begin to stroke his chest,...then his stomach, as they follow her fingers further south.

MAN

Jesus!.....I don't believe this.... Dear Penthouse, I never use to believe those letters, until.....

We hear a belt buckle unfasten and zipper opening. The Man turns spastic, incoherent. He sucks in his breath and readies himself for the inevitable.

MAN

(chanting and blithering)

Oh yeah.....oh yeah.....oh yeah....oh yeah.....OH YEAH.....oh yeah..... Christ! Come on do it! Put lipstick to dipstick you sweet dream-fuck-bitch.

GABRIELLE

All this and a poet too!.....Be still my heart.

Her lips begin to kiss and nuzzle their way upwards. She smothers the Man's protests with a deep lingering soul kiss, again gyrating and twisting her body wildly against his. Drenched in passion and barely conscious, the Man is not aware of what exact moment Gabrielle pulled her lips away and smoothly slipped the barrel of her 45 down his throat. As this realization finally computes, the Man's eyes bulge out and crazed passion turns to whacked out terror.

GABRIELLE

Wrap your lips around this dipstick!

The Man begins to struggle, but she has him securely pinned. She cocks the trigger!

GABRIELLE

Don't jerk around like that lover.... It's liable to go off.

The Man's terror-filled eyes ask.....why?

GABRIELLE

Oh what the hell! Who am I kidding right?

She blows the back of his head off.

GABRIELLE

Et spiritus sanctum.....Jerk!

THE CAMERA TILTS UPWARD. As the winds blow gently by, we begin a short laborious climb toward the night sky. Then, like a roller coaster having reached it's apex, the fall begins. The street rushes up to meet us. The velocity increases and the wind begins to roar!

HARD CUT TO:

THE STREET BELOW

From the street gutter, an EXTREMELY LOW ANGLE of the curb. The Man's lifeless body smashes into the sidewalk, only inches away. The head rolls to the side and his blood filled eyes stare right through us. They still ask.....Why?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CULLEN'S BEDROOM - DEAD OF NIGHT

A RINGING PHONE SCREAMS URGENTLY THROUGH THE BLACKNESS. A flailing hand searches for the receiver.

CULLEN

(exhausted)

I'm listening!... This better be good.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Is this Detective Cullen?

CULLEN

Yeah!....Who wants to know?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You want to tell me what's going on?

CULLEN

Who is this?

MALE VOICE (O.S)

I've been in the air for the past 24 hours. That gives 'jet lag' a whole new meaning. I'm standing here in last months clothes, covered in last weeks dirt.....

Cullen sits up and switches on the night light.

CULLEN

Is this Northcote?

NORTHCOTE (O.S.)

It's 3 in the morning and all I want to do is have a hot shower and get some sleep, but I can't, because there's a note from you on my door that tells me I can't enter my own goddamn apartment.

CULLEN

Stay put! I'll be there in thirty minutes.

NORTHCOTE (O.S.)

Humor me! Make it twenty.

Cullen hangs up and wipes the sleep from his face. He makes a phone call.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Dispatch!

CULLEN

This is Lieutenant Mick Cullen with south side homicide. I need a black and white to 3622 Griffith Park.

DISPATCHER

What's the problem?

CULLEN

I just got a lead on a homicide and It needs to be checked it now..... I was out drinking last night and I'm still over .08.

DISPATCHER
What's your I.D.#

CULLEN
#322

DISPATCHER
(beat)
Your car is on its way.

Cullen hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTHCOTE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - 30 MIN. LATER

Cullen is leaning against the open door way while NORTHCOTE takes his long awaited shower. Cullen is looking real dragged out.

NORTHCOTE
(while in the shower)
Up until three months ago I hadn't seen or heard from Donald Mackey forit must have been over ten years.

CULLEN
He contact you?

NORTHCOTE
Actually I ran into him and his wife at a gallery opening. I didn't even know he was living in L.A.

CULLEN
He was married?

NORTHCOTE
He was then. They separated shortly after. I think she was fed up with him.

Cullen is fighting to stay alert. He goes over to the sink and takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

CULLEN
What makes you think that?

NORTHCOTE

Well....I know she issued a restraining order against him. That's why he needed to sublet my place for the month.

Cullen turns on the cold water and fills the sink.

NORTHCOTE

CHRIST!!!!

CULLEN

Sorry about that!...I'll be right back.

Cullen dips his head into the sink for a moment. His hands search blindly for the towel rack. He finds one and lifts his head from the sink and begins to dry off.

CULLEN

How did you know him?

NORTHCOTE

Florida State. Class of 82. I majored in American history and Don majored in sun, suds and sex, which usually came pretty easy to him. Back then we called him the 'bushwacker'.....He wasn't above applying a little force when necessary. Today they call it 'date rape'.

CULLEN

You know I gotta tell you, for someone whose just found out that his buddy is now part of his bedroom wall paper, you're taking things pretty well.

Northcote turns off the shower and reaches out for the towel that Cullen has taken. Cullen places it in Northcote's searching hand.

NORTHCOTE

Detective, I'm a photo journalist. In just the past month I've seen things that make this whole event P.G. entertainment. As for him being a buddy,....I don't think so.

CULLEN

If you didn't like the guy, why did you rent him your apartment?

NORTHCOTE

I like to think that I've grown up some since my college days. I guess I was hoping he had to. I was wrong, but by the time I realized it, I had already agreed to let him stay.

CULLEN

What about after the separation? Was he seeing anyone?

NORTHCOTE

He had just met a girl at a club called 'Mariah's', A very sexy dancer, Brazilian I think. She must have been pretty hot, because the last time I saw him his whole body was twitching with anticipation. It looked like he had finally met his match.

CULLEN

Where are you going to be staying for the next few days.

NORTHCOTE

The Roosevelt is up the street. I'll pack up some fresh clothes and head over there now.

CULLEN

Tomorrow I want you to go to South Side Division. There are two cops there, Dexter and McCoy. I think they'll get a real kick out of meeting you. Tell them I sent you.

NORTHCOTE

Good night Detective.

CULLEN

Now there's a thought.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGH IN THE HILLS OF GRIFFITH PARK EARLY MORN.

It's called DEVIL'S PEAK! A rocky perch, shaped like the mast head of some enormous ship, it stretches out and beyond the cliffs and hills below. From this place the entire eastern half of the L.A. Basin is visible.

Sitting in its rocky bosom, and barely visible is Mick Cullen. He looks out onto the city below. There is a serenity about him that we have not seen before. This is a special place for him.

Far below, the Golden State Freeway continues to weave its way toward the downtown corridor; a ribbon of perpetual motion. Yellow clouds form holding patterns over the downtown skyline.

We are distanced even more from the urbanity below by the sounds of peepers, crickets, birds and numerous woodland creatures as they scurry about through the brush.

SUDDENLY, a coyote appears along the horsetrail only yards away from Cullen. They acknowledge each others presence with passive curiosity.

Then the serenity of the moment is shattered by the sound of Cullen's beeper. He looks down to see whose calling. When he looks up the coyote has disappeared. A moment later two young woman jog around the bend along the horse trail. Civilization has begun its daily encroachment. They pass within 30 feet of Cullen, but neither notices him. The anonymity pleases him. He gets up and makes his way back along the rock path, across the horse trail and through a wooded section, which opens up onto Hollywood Mountain Drive. Cullen's car is parked against the shoulder. We are now completely extracted from the tranquility that exists only a few short feet away. Cullen reaches into his car and retrieves his radio handset.

CULLEN

This is Cullen. What have you got?

DISPATCHER

I have two messages for you Lieutenant. Captain McCoy wants you to meet him at 9236 Beverly. He's there now. You also had a call from a Bellows in the D.A.'s office. She wants you to call her. She says it's important, but to let you know that has nothing to do with the phone call you made to your wife last night.

CULLEN

Tell McCoy I'll be there in 30 minutes.

Cullen hangs up..... pats the roof of his Mustang.....

CULLEN

Hi yo Silver And Away!

.....gets in and drives off.

EXT. STREET EARLY MORN.

BRYAN WHITE'S BODY remains spread out in the gutter. The ambulance attendants roam calmly among the police officers. There is no urgency here.

Roy McCoy stands over the body. One cop is taking photos while another pulls various items from the dead man's pockets and bags them. One item catches McCoy's attention.

MCCOY

Let me see that?

The officer hands him a crumpled business card that was stuffed in one of the pockets. It's Gabrielle's calling card.

On the roof of the building several officers can be seen peering over the edge.

Dexter and another cop return to street level. As they come through a fire exit door onto the street, something catches Dexter's attention. The other cop continues on over to McCoy, but Dexter has stopped to look at the door latch. He notices that there is tape residue around the lock. he scrapes at a bit of it with a pen knife. It comes off easily; a sign that it's fresh.

IN THE B.G. Mick Cullen's Mustang glides into view. He gets out and ambles across the street. Cullen and Dexter reach McCoy at the same time.

COP #1

(To McCoy)

There's a lot of blood up there. He was damaged goods before he landed.

DEXTER

Try and keep up with us Cullen! Maybe you'll learn something.

CULLEN

(ignoring Dexter)

Who was he?

MCCOY

His name was Bryan White. He was a doctor over at Glendale Memorial.

CULLEN

Why does that ring a bell?

DEXTER

He was the doctor that alibied Barry Kuda a couple of years back.

CULLEN

Was it her?

MCCOY

Card was in his pocket.....same M.O....He fell from the roof.

CULLEN

(Looking up toward the roof)
Those pesky Santa Anna's.

DEXTER

The lock on the fire exit was taped....She set this guy up just like the others.

CULLEN

Speaking of the others, I got a guy coming by to see you this morning.

MCCOY

Who is he?

CULLEN

You believe in an 'afterlife'?.....I'm going to check out what I can on the first victim, Lazo. Then I'm heading over to a night club in Hollywood.....

MCCOY

You didn't answer my question Mick.

CULLEN

Just a guy who's got some information on one of the victims.

DEXTER

Which victim?

CULLEN

Mackey, Donald Mackey.

MCCOY

Who the fuck is Donald Mackey?

CULLEN

He'll tell you all about it.....I'm just doin' my damnest trying to keep up with you seasoned professionals.....Catch you later.

MCCOY

Who is he Cullen?

McCoy and Dexter yell out after him as he crosses the street. Cullen ignores them and heads toward his car.

Located directly across the street from the murder scene is a small neighborhood bank. Cullen notices that it has an ATM machine. He walks over to it, enters his card and punches in the PIN #. While waiting for the money, he glances into the bank. Through the large store-front window, several bank employees can be seen watching the police investigation. There is nothing unusual about the decor and layout of the bank, but Cullen becomes faintly aware of something. He can't put a handle on it..... but he knows it's relevant.....His mind reaches out for it.....but comes up short. He shakes the feeling off, grabs his money and heads back to his car.

CUT TO:

EXT RESIDENTIAL STREET-SILVERLAKE DISTRICT DAY

Cullen is at the front door of a small low rent house. The lawn is overgrown, shopping flyers, newspapers and bulk mail litter the front step. He knocks on the door. There is no answer. Cullen is about to go around to the back.....

BEN (O.S.)

You looking for something?

Cullen turns to see an OLD BLACK MAN peering across the fence from next door. This old guy is 70+, but he has a strength and fearlessness about him that says he can still take on all comers. He holds his ground as Cullen comes over to him. Mick flashes his badge.

CULLEN

Who's asking?

The Old Man takes his time sizing up Cullen before he decides to answer.

BEN

Mr. White! Ben White, like in 'be white'.

CULLEN

Well Ben White, this house looks pretty vacant.

BEN

She moved out a few weeks back.

CULLEN

Say where she was going?

BEN

When you don't want to be found, you don't go tellin' everybody where you be going. That wouldn't be smart.

Cullen is amused by this old man's candor and directness.

CULLEN

What about her husband?

BEN

Dead!.....Hot footin'it by now, I suspect.

CULLEN

What can you tell me about him?

BEN

Weren't no man in my books. Beatin' on his woman all the time. I don't stand for that shit. That's cowards business. Best thing that ever happened to her, him gettin' dead.....She was a good woman. You should be leavin' her alone too.

As Cullen considers Ben's advice, his beeper goes off.

CULLEN

Yeah.....You're right Ben. I think we'll just leave her alone.

Cullen turns and heads back to his car. Ben watches for a moment. After some consideration.....

BEN

I gotta tell you something. My name ain't Ben!

Ben bursts into gut busting laughter. Delighted with himself, he turns and heads back to his house, continuing to shake his head in amusement. Cullen reaches into his car and retrieves his radio handset.

CULLEN

It's Cullen....what have you got?

DISPATCHER

It's Christine Bellows again! She wants you to meet her 5:00 at the carousel in Griffith Park. I'm to tell you that she's with Barbara Brooke.

CULLEN

Thanks.....

CUT TO

INT. MARIAHS NIGHT CLUB MID-DAY

Cullen enters MARIAHS and finds that he's on the promenade level of a very classy two level night club. The upper level is reserved for dining. Several bus boys are setting their stations. The surrounding balcony overlooks the dance floor and bar area below. At the far end of the upper level there are two sets of stairs, one descending from the right and the other from the left. They meet at a secondary landing and turn into a grand entry to the first floor. From the balcony Cullen can see only one person on the lower level; a woman (ANDREA). She has a clip board in her hand and appears to be taking an inventory from behind the bar.

INT. MARIAHS-LOWER LEVEL SAME

Cullen crosses the dance floor heading toward the bar. Andrea looks up and notices him for the first time. She is the perfect example of California inbreeding; exceptionally beautiful, blonde hair, blue eyes, stunning figure and a winning smile. In addition, she has a smart easy going confidence about her.

ANDREA

I'm sorry, but we don't open until five.

Cullen flashes her his badge.

CULLEN

I need to ask some questions. Are you in charge here?

ANDREA

My name is Andrea. I'm one of the owners and I manage the lower level. Is there a problem?

CULLEN

I'm looking for a woman. Brazilian, mid to late 20's. A real head turner especially on the dance floor.

ANDREA

That's probably Jasmine. She can be very provocative on the dance floor.

CULLEN

She's pretty hot?

ANDREA

Good foreplay rarely gets this hot!

CULLEN

When did you last see her?

ANDREA

About a week ago. Thursday night I think.

CULLEN

How often does she come in?

ANDREA

It varies.

CULLEN

I want to show you something. I've got a few shots here. You look at them and tell me if you recognize any of these guys.

Cullen pulls out four wallet size photos from his pocket. A photo of each of the victims. Andrea looks them over. She points out MacKey.

ANDREA

This guy looks familiar.

CULLEN

That's Donald Mackey! Could he have been with Jasmine?

ANDREA

Yeah! I think he was. I couldn't swear to it, but that sure seems right.

She looks through the rest of the photos.

ANDREA

.....Now this guy I know I've seen.

CULLEN

Richard Brooke? Are you sure?

ANDREA

Oh I'm sure. One of my waitresses refused to serve a very young date of his unless she provided I.D. He got upset and I was called over to deal with him. As soon as I showed up he calmed right down. I think he didn't want to cause too much attention. Now that I know it was Richard Brooke I can understand why. I knew he looked familiar, but I just couldn't place him.

CULLEN

Can you describe the girl he was with?

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CULLEN

Do you remember how long ago that was?

ANDREA

Well, I remember it was Cindy's last week here; that's the waitress. She was going back to college, so I guess that would place it in late August or early September.

CULLEN

Then it was late August. By September he had slowed down a lot.....What about MacKey?

ANDREA

About a month ago.

CULLEN

The next time you see this Jasmine, I want you to call me at this number. They will page me right away. I want to know the moment she arrives. You understand?

Andrea takes exception to the authoritative tone in Cullen's voice. She cuts him down with a mock 'Shirley Temple salute'.....

ANDREA

Yes SIR!

Cullen's hard boiled style eases up just enough to let a smile sneak by. He salutes her back.

CUT TO

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND, GRIFFITH PARK DAY

CLOSE UP on the intricately detailed head of a carousel horse as it rises, then dips out of frame. Another takes its place. As each horse dips out of frame, we catch glimpses of Cullen and Bellows as they walk up the grassy knoll toward the carousel.

BELLOWS

She can make a connection between two of the victims; her father and White.

CULLEN

The flying doctor! How did you find her?

BELLOWS

I use to work at Central Juvenile. Barbara was in my runaway file.

The cadence of the merry-go-round begins to slow, taking a little longer for each new horse to appear until, eventually one comes to rest in frame. From above a pair of female hands slide over the horses mane and forehead. They explore the finely crafted nicks and crannies of the wooden sculpture. Cullen and Bellows arrive at the platform.

BELLOWS

Barbara, this is Detective Cullen.

REVERSE ANGLE

BARBARA BROOKE has the kind of angelic face that will likely always look 16. There is a clarity about her. The natural outgrowth of her obvious intelligence.

She has none of the beaten down trappings usually found in street kids.

CULLEN

Your mother told me you were going to private school back east.

BARBARA

She did? Did she tell you how I was doing?

CULLEN

Nope!.....How are you doing?

BARBARA

I'm in the character building stage of life.

CULLEN

I've been told that your father was acquainted with a Doctor Bryan White?

BARBARA

They knew each other.

CULLEN

What can you tell me about him?.

Barbara slides off the horse. She looks directly into Cullen's eyes. She studies him for a moment trying to decide, then.....

BARBARA

Why not! When I was 14 my dad took me to New Orleans. He was observing Carl Gunter's run for governor. Anyway I got sick and had to see a doctor..... That's how I found out I was pregnant. I knew that I needed to have an abortion, but because Louisiana is a parental consent state.....

CULLEN

What's that?

BELLOWS

In certain states if a girl is under the legal age, she has to have the consent of both her parents before she can have an abortion.

CULLEN

Makes sense.

BARBARA

Depends on who the father is!

Both Cullen and Bellows are caught off guard. The implication is clear.

BELLOWS

Not your father?!

Barbara confirms this by not denying it.

BARBARA

The next thing I knew I'm in a private bungalow behind the St. Moritz in Baton Rouge. Doctor White has arrived from L.A. He's brought a nurse with him..... Two hours later it was over.....The worst experience of my life.....I swore then that I would never let him touch me again, even.....if it meant mother finding out! When we returned to L.A., I knew the moment I saw her that she already knew....that she had always known! About a month later my dad tried to fuck me again and I went nuts. My screaming finally scared him off. The next day there was an envelope on my bed with a \$1,000 and a one way ticket to New York. That was almost two years ago and I've been on my own ever since.

After a long pause.....

CULLEN

And you have never seen either of your parents in the past two years.

BARBARA

Not even a glimpse.

CULLEN

Did your father ever mention the name, Barry Kuda?

BARBARA

There's a name you don't forget! Dad brought it up in conversation several times. He may have been one of his backers. I don't know for sure. I don't think I ever actually met him.

BELLOWS

Barbara.....Why didn't you tell me before?

BARBARA

Because I just wanted it over with and it wouldn't have been if I hadn't kept quiet.

BELLOWS

Did White know?

BARBARA

I'm sure of it! Why are you so interested in him?

CULLEN

He took a header off the Stonewall Building last night. It was the same person who killed your father.

Barbara begins to slowly saunter up to Cullen.

BARBARA

Actually, Mr. Cullen, I hope you never catch her.

CULLEN

That so?

BARBARA

At least not for a very long time.

CULLEN

So she can keep on killing? You become a fan of hers?

BARBARA

Lets just say I understand her! That summer when I was in Louisiana, a senator stood in the legislature and said "Inbreeding is how we get championship horses!" How many good old boys does it take to elect a guy like that, and how many of them are screwing their daughters? There are so many bastards out there in need of a wake up call. So many men...so little time.....and so long Mr. Cullen.

As she turns to leave, there is nothing left of the 16 year old girl. Her gait and form reveal the maturity of a woman.

CULLEN

She's got her mother's mouth!

BELLOWS

Barbara's rage is the fuel that made her a survivor.

CULLEN

What does she do to earn a buck? Safe bet it's not hooking!

BELLOWS

She started out selling roses on street corners! She's now got vending rights to most of L.A.'s top clubs and restaurants. Last I heard, she had about a dozen girls working for her..... (A Beat)You asked her about Kuda.

CULLEN

I was just fishing!

BELLOWS

Right!.....You and I both know that domestic violence is the single thread that connects these killings and that the murder of Carolyn Kuda is one of the most infamous cases of domestic violence on record..... Add to that the fact that he appears to have known at least two of the victims and that he's scheduled for release on the 25th.... I'd say that makes Barry Kuda an irresistible target! I want to be there when you interview him!

CULLEN

Tell me something? Just when and how did you buy into this case?

BELLOWS

In my effort to put an end to this disease, I have pursued every avenue available to me. In doing so I have learned as much about the aggressors as I know about the victims. I knew that Hector Lazo was a serious wife beater and that Donald Mackey was that and worse. I now know that Richard Brooke committed incest. And I also know that with the exception of Lazo, none of this was common knowledge.....But she knew! And when you figure out how she knew, you're real close to finding out who she is.....For her to have access to this kind of information..... I know that our paths have had to cross..... I just know it..... I can help you find her.

CULLEN

I'll think about it?

CUT TO

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Herb Hala and another BOOZER stand shoulder to shoulder near the far end of the bar. They each have 5 full draft glasses lined up on the counter. A crowd has gathered around them. Amidst the shouting and cheering, bets are being waged.

Cullen sits at the other end of the bar quietly nursing a beer.

Hala closes his eyes and begins a visualization. He slowly begins to rock back and forth, almost trance like.....searching for the ideal cadence.....an exact arc of movement. The Boozer views this preparation with obvious impatience. Hala finally positions himself over the counter and signals that he's ready. Someone begins the count down.

PATRON

three, two, one. blast off!

With the draft glass in his hand, Hala snaps himself back in a motion that literally tosses the beer to the back of his throat and straight down his gullet. He drops the glass to the floor as he rocks forward, the second glass already in his hand. He throws it back, then the third. His rocking motion is continuous and fluid, forward then back with the forth glass, and finally number five. Hala's speed is unreal. You see it, but you don't believe it.

Meanwhile the Boozer is still spilling his way through number two.

PATRON

6 seconds. You're slowing down
Herb.

The Boozer looks up from his beer. It takes a moment to register that the contest is already over.

PATRON (To the Boozer)

I've seen him do it in under 5.

Hala helps himself to the stunned Boozer's unfinished beers, taking one in each hand. He chugs the first down at mere human speed. He then notices Cullen and salutes him with the other beer before downing it as well. He's wearing that same totally shit-faced grin of his that can be so fucking annoying, but its not the grin that Cullen sees. His gaze is focused on Hala's eyes. They are vacuous, cold and devoid of emotion. The smile is a lie!

CUT TO

INT. CULLEN'S CAR

Cullen drives through the night in silence. Hala is seated in the passenger seat. He's in a state of perpetual motion, fidgeting with everything and anything. He plays with the seat controls, checks out what's in the glove compartment, changes the radio station. He's edgy.....agitated. He begins to tap the dash board to the beat of the music.

HALA

If you weren't a cop you wouldn't be doing this!

CULLEN

Maybe not.

HALA

No 'maybe' about it.

CULLEN

Truth is, how else am I going to see this wife of yours.

HALA

I got you curious, have I?

CULLEN

A bit.

Hala turns away and stares out the window.

HALA

(Under his breath)

Yeah! She's a real piece of work.

Hala's focus shifts to his hands. He brings them up to his face and begins to flex and curl his little fingers, manipulating them like tiny puppets.

HALA

My old man got arthritis in his little fingers. They curled up on him just like this.....and he could never keep them straight.....They would get in his way sometimes.....putting on gloves, playing pool,....counting to ten...Well, anyway I guess he figured if they weren't doing him any good, why keep them...So... he had them cut off! Gave it no more thought than a haircut. That was how my old man saw things. If it ain't working, get rid of it!

He turns to Cullen and lets out a short burst of laughter.

HALA
Snip, snip.....

CUT TO

EXT. HALA'S HOUSE

The Mustang pulls into the driveway. Cullen gets out and goes around to help Hala out. He shoulders him to the front door and rings the bell. Hala leans against the door frame. He pulls a bottle of beer from his jacket, twists off the cap and takes a swig.

CULLEN
Haven't had enough?

HALA
I'm still standing aren't I?

CULLEN
It's a close call.

The door opens to reveal a stunning woman in her late 20's! Large doe eyes framed by a mane of golden hair. KATHY HALA radiates wholesome innocence. She's dressed in jeans and a T shirt, accenting both her figure and youthfulness. There is an openness in her manner that makes you care about her immediately.

As Cullen takes all this in, he notes the flash of fear in her eyes. She recovers and turns to him.

KATHY
Excuse me. I'm sorry.....I'm Kathy.

Cullen hands her Herb's car keys.

CULLEN
Mick Cullen. The car's parked in back of Paddy's Pub.

KATHY
I really appreciate this. I know he didn't give them up easily.

CULLEN
No big deal.

HALA
(To Cullen)

So what do you think? Am I right or am I right? Is she not one of the best looking women you've ever laid eyes on? You can look, but you better not touch. Isn't that right Kathy? No one touches....

He sticks his beer bottle against her crotch.

HALA

Here! Keep this on ice! I gotta take a piss!

Kathy grabs the bottle before it drops to the ground. Hala pushes past her and disappears inside. Cullen and Kathy share an awkward moment. Stepping out onto the front step, Kathy pours out the beer.

KATHY

My looks have always been a double edged sword for Herb. I'm sorry you had to witness that.

CULLEN

You O.K.?

Kathy looks up at him with a gentle smile.

KATHY

Yeah, I'm O.K..... He's probably already passed out somewhere in the house. It's Herb's weird version of hide and seek. I'm never quite sure where I'll find him.

CULLEN

Nice meeting you.

KATHY

Like wise. Thanks again Mick Cullen.

Kathy enters the house as Cullen returns to his car. Before getting in, he looks back toward the house. He feels an uneasiness growing inside him. Something isn't right.

THEN HE HEARS IT! A helpless, pitiful scream that chills the night air. Cullen rushes back to the house and bangs on the door.

CULLEN

Herb! Open the door!

He hears the sounds from inside of objects breaking and a woman's sobbing, then another scream.

CULLEN

Open the fuckin' door Herb! This is serious shit your stepping into here...HERB! Goddamnit!

The screaming and yelling becomes muted....receding to the back of the house. Cullen searches for a path to the back yard.

EXT. BACK YARD SAME

Cullen flies through the back gate! A huge set of sliding glass doors run the entire width of the living room giving a full view of what is occurring inside. Hala is dragging Kathy into the living room by her hair!

NOTE: WITH THE INTERCUTS BETWEEN EXTERIORS AND INTERIORS, the sound level changes drastically. From the outside, the sounds are muted, but when we enter the living room, the same sounds crash in on us.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kathy is thrown over the couch landing on a glass coffee table. It shatters under her weight.

HALA

When I tell you I want a blow job, you get down on your knees and start licking your lips. You got that?

Hala picks her up, grabs her jaw and looks into her eyes.

HALA

Did you get that?

Kathy is now sobbing uncontrollably. She is unable to catch her breath and respond and Hala isn't ready to wait for an answer. He slugs her with such tremendous force, blood and teeth escape from Kathy's mouth. The whole bottom of her face caves in and her head snaps back. We hear the definite sound of her jaw breaking.

EXT. BACK YARD

Cullen is stunned by the ferocity of the attack. From his POV we see Hala as he grabs Kathy by her T shirt, pulling her toward him on her knees. As Cullen watches, he begins to hear VOICES in his head.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I told you I don't want that old hag hanging around here when I'm not around.

Cullen bangs against the glass doors. Hala ignores him.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

She's my best friend Carl and there is no one else around to talk to during the day.....

INT. LIVING ROOM

Hala fumbles for his fly. Through her tears Kathy begs him not to hurt her. Hala thinks that she is resisting him again. He hits her in the eye! Her cheek bone snaps and she ends up hard on the floor, her legs bent unnaturally behind her. The force of Hala's blow spins him around and he falls to the floor.

EXT. BACK YARD

Cullen picks up a lawn chair and throws it, but it just bounces off. He begins searching for something else to use.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

What did I just say? You gone deaf woman?! Do you want me to clean your ears out for you?

Cullen finds a large ceramic flower pot. He throws it at the glass doors.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

No! I heard you. I'll tell Mable not to come by anymore. Please don't Carl! The boy is just up stairs.

The pot shatters against the glass door. It cracks, but not enough to create access.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kathy's blood drenched hair is matted and stuck to her face. She tries to get up, but Hala brings his foot down hard on the back of her elbow. It disintegrates. This is followed by a hard kick to the kidneys, which forces more blood from her mouth.

GUN SHOTS RING OUT! Hala turns to see Cullen standing outside with his gun aimed at him.

EXT. BACK YARD

Cullen's POV. Hala smiles at him, then begins to pace about the room like a caged tiger.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You use that boy as an excuse every time I lay the belt to you. Why do you think it's going to stop me this time?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Hala suddenly turns and kicks Kathy in the head.

EXT. BACK YARD

CULLEN

Jesus Christ! That's enough. Now back away with your hands in the fuckin' air!

Cullen's POV as Hala cups his hand to his ear pretending he can't hear. He pulls Kathy up so that she's in a sitting position on the floor leaning against the arm chair. He looks about the room for something. He settles on the poker from the fire place.

INT. LIVING ROOM

HALA

If I can't 'do' you, I'm going to fix it so no one else can.

He winds up for the death blow!

EXT. BACK YARD

CULLEN

NO!

Knowing that nothing is going to stop him, Cullen fires.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The shot catches Hala right between the eyes. This bear of a man does not drop immediately. He has time to register shock and surprise as he looks at Cullen. His smile begins to broaden. Blood spews forth from his forehead as he drops to his knees and then falls across his wife's lap.

EXT. BACK YARD

Cullen is shell shocked. He enters the room through the now shattered glass door. He hears the sickening sounds of Kathy's breathing.....rattling gasps for air, that never sounds like enough.

KATHY

Please.....help us.

CULLEN

My Jesus lord!.....Fuck me!....OK, OK,....Alright.....OK! You hold on, you here. I'll get help, but you just gotta hold on...Holy Fuck! I don't believe this.

He picks up the phone and calls 911. Beside the phone is a photo of the Hala's in happier times. While waiting on the line Cullen turns to see how Kathy is doing. She has taken her good hand rested it on Hala's hand. She strokes the wedding band, then takes hold of his finger. This moment of affection is mind warping. She continues on with her fight to keep breathing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

No Carl, Please don't. I'm sorry!

CULLEN

(To his demons)

There was nothing I could do! I couldn't stop him.

Cullen hears sounds from another part of the living room. He turns to see a young boy no more that 3 or 4 dressed in his Roy Roger's pajamas. He stands at the entrance of the living room, terrified to come in. Cullen can only look on in disbelief. There is a connection here that he finds paralyzing. The operator comes on the line.

CULLEN

I need an ambulance at 1327
Morningside.

As he continues to give information to the operator, Cullen looks up to find that the little boy has disappeared.

CULLEN

My name is Detective Mick Cullen.
This is a domestic. The husband is
dead and the wife soon will be if
someone doesn't get here pronto.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Red lights flash and the siren wails as an ambulance slices through the night! Cullen's Mustang follows closely behind.

INT. MUSTANG NIGHT

The ambulance light flashes across the whacked out eyes of Mick Cullen. Suddenly, he turns the steering wheel hard, swerving and sliding onto a deserted side road.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

The tail lights of the Mustang disappear into the blackness of the night.

CUT TO

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION NIGHT

Lisa Laurier stands at a payphone near the nurses station. She holds the receiver in her hand reluctant to hang it up. There is an expression of worry on her face. She is lost in her thoughts when.....

STEVEN (O.S.)

Hey Lisa, who took your smile?

Lisa turns to see DR. STEVEN KATZ standing behind her. Katz is in his mid- 20's, wears rimless glasses and has a comfortable easy going manner about him. His good looks are a blend of his intelligence and playfulness. Lisa hangs up the phone and turns to him. She smiles weakly.

LISA

Steven!..... I was just talking to my
sister. My mother is back in the
hospital.

STEVEN
I never knew she was ill!

LISA
She was treated in June for
Thrombosis. Now it looks like she's
developed an embolism.

STEVEN
When are you leaving?

LISA
I should, shouldn't I?

STEVE
What good is it to have a nurse in the
family if she's not around when you
need her. No question! (Tracy Ullman
impression) Goooooo home!

LISA
Yeah, You're right! Thanks!

INTERCOM
Attention O.R.! You have a code red
with a 3 minute E.T.A. Repeat, a code
red. Prepare to receive!

Steven immediately shifts gears, turning into a cool efficient, take charge professional.

STEVE
Alright Lisa, I want you prepped and
ready to assist in 4 minutes. Move it!

Steven rushes off to emergency. As he hurries down the corridor, he's joined by several interns and nurses. Lisa runs off to O.R. to prep.

INT. CORRIDOR HOSPITAL

Doors fly open! Kathy Hala has arrived! She is in the eye of a hurricane! As her gurney is being rushed down the corridor, Steven drills the medics for her most recent vitals, then he barks out instructions to his staff. Some run ahead helping clear the corridor. Everyone is moving at top speed as they crash through the doors leading to O.R. As the doors swing open we see Lisa standing in her smock, gloves and mask. The doors swings closed.

Through the port hole Lisa and another nurse can be seen preparing Steven for surgery.

THE CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL AWAY. Slowly at first, but the momentum begins to build as it continues backing down the now silent corridor.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. GUN RANGE LATE NIGHT

THE CAMERA IS NOW RUSHING through billows of gun smoke and flashes of gunfire, accelerating as it bears down on the distant image of a gun man who repeatedly fires directly into it. It ends on a **TIGHT CLOSE UP** of the wild eyed face of Mick Cullen.

THE CAMERA WRAPS AROUND CULLEN, taking on his POV. At the far end of the shooting range we see the target as it is eventually blown away. Even after there is nothing left, Cullen continues to fire into the blackness.

The gun empties! Cullen pulls another from his shoulder holster and continues firing, barely missing a beat.

A holographic image appears out of the blackness. Its a replay of Herb Hala as he drags Kathy into the living room, prior to his beating of her. Cullen nails him with five rounds. The image reacts to the shots and falls to the ground.

Hala's image dissolves into that of **MICK'S MOTHER (circ: 1950)** as she falls face first onto a bed. A man stands over her in the shadows. He has removed his belt and is wrapping it around his fist. The man steps out of the shadows and Cullen nails him with another five rounds. The man drops to the ground.

Cullen has emptied the second gun. As he reaches behind his neck and pulls out his third gun, a third image appears. This time Cullen sees himself as he slaps his wife across the face. Over the image he hears her voice.

JOAN (V.O.)

**The Cullen Clan! Where men are men
and their women are black and blue.**

Cullen fires on himself, but this time the image appears not to react. It dissolves into an image of him hitting Lisa during the slapping episode.

LISA (V.O.)

**You better go before one of us gets
hurt.**

Cullen holds up on his firing as the next image appears. It's his mother! She holds a young Mick to her bosom and strokes his hair. Her eyes are red and puffy, her face is marked with bruises.

MOTHER

You can't stop him Micky. Please don't get in his way..... I couldn't stand to see you hurt.

CLOSE UP ON CULLEN. Emotionally drained, his head hung low.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL SAME ANGLE ON CORRIDOR AS BEFORE - HOURS LATER

There is minimal activity. The O.R. doors swing open and nurses and interns appear. Lisa is among them. They all appear exhausted. As Lisa removes her cap, she hears someone call out her name.

MCCOY (O.S.)

Lisa?

Lisa turns to see Roy McCoy. He's dressed in a pair of old baggy jeans and a plaid shirt. Lisa breaks into a warm smile.

LISA

Roy! This is great! I need a friendly face right about now.

MCCOY

What's wrong?

LISA

(weepy)

My Mom isn't well.....and I just came out of real brutal surgery.

MCCOY

Kathy Hala?

LISA

(recovering)

So that's what brings you here. You don't look like you're on duty.

CULLEN

I'm not! Is she going to make it?

LISA

No way to tell. She was a real mess. It's not the worst beating I've seen, but it's up there.

MCCOY

It was Mick who shot the husband! I.A. will probably try and make something out of it.

LISA

(Furious)

You tell I.A. that if Kathy Hala lives, she has Mick Cullen to thank.

MCCOY

How are things between you two?

LISA

We have a lot that needs to be work out. I don't know!.... He has his demons and they can be overwhelming sometimes, for both of us.

MCCOY

I've always felt responsible for introducing you two.

LISA

You shouldn't! I asked you to introduce us if you remember.

MCCOY

Yeah, well I knew you could be good for Mick, but I also knew that he could be poison for you.

LISA

He's a good man Roy!.... with a bad past.

MCCOY

The guy he shot was a friend of his and I know he witnessed most of the

beating. It got to him Lisa! I think one of those demons struck a vein. He's hurting.

Lisa reaches out and gives Roy a warm hug.

LISA
Nothing is ever simple is it?

FADE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS NIGHT

The Santa Anna winds are blowing hard. Newspapers, plastic bags and various other debris fly violently throughout the night sky, backlit by the headlights of the approaching Mustang.

The car slowly works its way up the steep incline of a narrow winding road, pulling into a space in front of a two story duplex that tightly shoulders the street.

Cullen gets out. He's carrying a small bag of groceries. As he walks to the side of the house to check his mailbox.....

CUT TO

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - SAME

A POV looking out through a pane glass window. A curtain has been pulled back revealing Cullen below. He takes his mail and begins to climb the stairwell, disappearing from view.

SUDDENLY a strong gust of wind blows against the window. The latch slips and the windows blast open, smashing hard against the wall. The curtains fly into a rage! A WOMAN'S hand rushes into frame to close and relatch the windows. One of the glass panes has broken. The Woman removes a long jagged piece of glass and places it in the palm of her hand. She studies it closely.

The POV turns revealing the dimly lit interior of a small apartment. In the F.G. of the bedroom is a large overstuffed chair. At the far end, past the bed and dresser, is an open doorway that leads to blackness. Until.....

In the B.G. the front door opens. The porch light spills into the foyer. From this angle part of a small kitchen can be seen adjacent to the door. Cullen enters the kitchen, opens the fridge and stuffs the entire bag of groceries inside without unpacking it. Taking a near empty container of

orange juice, he finishes it off and sticks the empty container back in the fridge. Using the light from the open fridge, Cullen sorts through his mail. Many pieces hit the floor unopened. The remainder are stacked on the kitchen counter....to be opened later.

Cullen closes the fridge. He returns to the front door and closes it as well, casting himself into total darkness! Then.....like an apparition he slowly reappears as he makes his way to the bedroom. He has unbuckled and removed his shoulder harness. As he reaches for the light switch.....

LISA (O.S.)

Don't!

Cullen looks up to see Lisa. She stands in front of the balcony windows, wearing one of his white shirts.....and nothing else. The effect is very sexy!

CULLEN

You need a little work on your timing!

LISA

Shhhh.

Lisa crosses over to him and begins to slowly unbutton his shirt. Cullen gently pushes her hands away.

CULLEN

Can we make this a rain check. I'm really not in the mood for feeling good.

Cullen slips past her and slowly moves toward the chair. Listless and drained, he settles back into it. After taking a moment to gather his strength, he leans forward to untie his shoes.

Lisa appears! She kneels before him and helps him.....then, reaching up, she begins to unbutton his shirt....then his belt. Cullen doesn't resist, nor does he participate. Lisa rises from the floor and moves in, straddling Cullen in the chair. She takes his face in her hands forcing him to look into her eyes.

LISA

Just so you know, this is as much for me as it is for you.

She leans forward and gently kisses his eyes, then on to his shoulders,.... chest,.... neck..... and eventually his lips. Her kisses become more demanding and Cullen gradually begins to respond. As his excitement increases, other emotions begin to make their way to the surface; anger, frustration and pain.

There is a violent edge to his lovemaking, but Lisa seems unconcerned. If anything, she appears to encourage it by increasing her intensity.....urging him on, drawing out his intimate rage. She coaxes his pain to the surface, licks his wounds, absorbs his violent thrusts.

SUDDENLY Cullen sits upright and hugs Lisa tightly....desperately. He is totally spent. Lisa continues to stroke his hair and cradle him. They rock back and forth in each other's arms.....Cullen is sobbing. The white transparent curtains continue to blow in the wind.

LISA

Shhhh! It's O.K.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

RESUME ON SCENE - 30 MIN. LATER

Lisa is now seated across Cullen's lap. They remain in the chair.

CULLEN

When I was a kid a gang of us took over a ravine just outside of town. We built four or five forts and connected them with a series of tunnels. We were always looking for extra scrap to build the tunnels. Someone remembered a huge metal coke sign laying in the ditch out side of Cugnet's Autobody.....so we went out to get it. As we lifted it up to put on the wagons, we saw this swarm of maggots crawling in and out of the carcass of a cat. They filled his guts and poured in and out of his mouth and eye sockets.....

Any way we cleaned the sign off and took it back to the ravine.

A couple of weeks later I was hiding in one of the tunnels, playing cops and robbers..... waiting to make my move, when I looked up and saw that I was under the old coke sign! It was like I was just another of the those maggots crawling around.....The feeling that came over me at that moment was like nothing I've ever

been able to describe..... until tonight. Until Hala stuck a mirror in my face. Like Pogo said, 'I've seen the enemy and the enemy is me.'

LISA

You made a difference out there tonight Micky! Why is that so hard for you to realize? You saved a woman's life!and yes,.... there are times when you can't make the difference and things don't turn out the way they should. You need to come to terms with that as well. Some day you are going to have to let go of the past and just accept it.

CULLEN

Lets just drop this, O.K.?

LISA

I was talking to my sister tonight. My mother is back in the hospital and this time it looks very serious. I feel very close to loosing her and I deeply regret all the precious moments that we never had a chance to share.....They're not around forever Mick!

This comment was obviously directed at CULLEN and he knows it.

CULLEN

Is this heading into my back yard again?

LISA

I'm just saying that I am trying to come to terms here with the fact that I may be loosing my mother and it makes it hard to understand how you can ignore trying to get yours back.

CULLEN

Its not that simple!

LISA

What happened was not your fault
and it sure as hell wasn't hers. I'm
just saying reach out before its too
late.

Sensing Cullen's growing uneasiness, Lisa lets the subject drop. She rests her head on his chest and curls up tightly.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP of a chess time clock just as an enormous hand comes down hard on the button.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF BARRY KUDA.

KUDA

Mate in three moves.

Crow black eyes, deep set.....hypnotic. Capable of searing your guts with a single glance. The face is taunt; a strong jaw and receding hair line concealed by a very short cut. This is a very dangerous man! His expression is cold....defiant....and totally in control. He says very little, but when he speaks, his voice is pure silk! Soothing.....articulate and dangerously comforting. He speaks quietly, drawing you close to him.

CUT TO

INT. REC ROOM - MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON DAY

The rec room is small and drab. All of the windows are wire meshed. Couches, chairs and tables are disbursed about the room. Guards are posted at each of the doorways. There is a TV, numerous board games and a small paper back library, but most of the inmates interest is centered on the chess game.

CHESS PLAYER

You're full of shit Kuda! I've got you
in check with my next move.

KUDA

We'll see. Play on my friend.

THE CHESS PLAYER makes a move and captures a pawn. He tags the clock.

CHESS PLAYER

Check!

Kuda counters instantly!

KUDA

Mate in two!

The speed and conviction of Kuda's move is unsettling. The Chess Player bears down, studying the board with extra concentration.

CUT TO

INT. PRISON - SECURITY STATION SAME

The Security Station is manned by TWO GUARDS who observe the ever changing images that appear on dozens of monitors. It's separated from the cell block by two sets of electronic doors. The Station intercom rings. One of the guards pick up.

GUARD

Monitor Code Number.

INTERCOM VOICE

Post 35, M.C. Code A19

The guards bring Post 35 up on Monitor A19, revealing another Guard on the phone.

GUARD

You are confirmed.

INTERCOM VOICE

Bring up Barry Kuda. The Warden wants to see him.

Guard #1 leaves the station and positions himself in front of the electronic doors. Guard #2 activates the release and Guard #1 passes through. The second set of doors do not open until the first have closed. He begins to walk down a long cold flourecent lit corridor.

CUT TO

The Chess Player. He decides on his move, taking Kuda's knight.

CHESS PLAYER

Check again!

Before he can get the words out Kuda has made his next move.

KUDA

Mate in one!

CUT TO

As the Guard continues down the corridor. He arrives at the Rec Room. Another Guard admits him.

RESUME on the Chess Player.

CHESS PLAYER

You're so full of shit.....

He makes another move, this time capturing a rook.

CHESS PLAYER

Check again.

The Guard comes up to Kuda.

GUARD

Kuda! The Warden wants to see you.

KUDA

(To Chess Player)

You're too concerned about winning the battles. The only thing worth winning is the war. Check mate!

The Chess Player stares at the board in total disbelief. Kuda gets up and leaves with the Guard.

CHESS PLAYER

I don't fuckin' believe it!

CUT TO

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE SAME

Institutional green walls and hard wood floors darkened with age. The only source of light comes from the caged overhead lamps. The WARDEN is seated behind his large oak desk. Like all the rest of the furniture it's thick, heavy and old. Several wooden arm chairs are lined up against the wall nearest the door. Bellows, with a pen and pad in hand, is seated along with Cullen near the desk. The acoustics of the room add an eerie hollow reverb to every sound.

the Guard ushers Barry Kuda into the room and then takes a position near the door.

WARDEN

Pull up a chair Kuda. These folks want to ask you a few questions. This is Ms. Bellows from the D.A.'s office and Detective Cullen.

Kuda grabs a chair, walks over to Bellows and sets it down directly in front of her..... purposely crowding her space. He sits down and stares at her.

KUDA (To Bellows)

Christine! You're even more stunning in person.

BELLOWS (incredulously)

Excuse me?! How do you know my name?

Kuda says nothing. He just continues to stare at her. Bellows will have nothing to do with this.

BELLOWS

Warden, would you ask Mr. Kuda to move his chair so that he's not right on top of me.

Kuda slowly gets up and moves the chair back several feet. He turns and straddles it.

CULLEN

I'm investigating a series of killings that have taken.....

KUDA

Yeah, I know! The pussy killer?! And you're here to ask me about Brooke and White?

CULLEN

I want to know what the common ground is with the three of you.

KUDA

Not much. We knew each other. Brooke was just a hip pocket that

didn't amount to much. No great loss. But I liked Whitey. He tried to save my wife after her beating by some "unknown assailant".

BELLOWS

Oh I'm sure that the assailant isn't totally unknown!

KUDA

Meaning?

BELLOWS

Meaning you arrived at the hospital moments after your wife was admitted, which is a little suspicious considering no one had yet notified you of the beating.

KUDA

I do have my own sources Christine! Why should that surprise you?

CULLEN

Did you have something on White?

KUDA

Why do you ask me that?

BELLOWS

Why else would he perjure himself on your behalf?

KUDA

That's a drastic accusation Christine. Are you sure you can back it up?

CULLEN

When White testified that your wife had actually died moments before the shooting.....

BELLOWS

A fact he neglected to mention to anyone else in the O.R.!

CULLEN

That meant that you could no longer be charged with accessory to murder, and as no one was ever able to tie you in to the actual beating, the charges got reduced to accessory to attempted murder. You copped a deal with the D.A., threw him a few bones and your charges get pleaded down to J. walking.

KUDA

So what's your point? That I had my wife killed?

BELLOWS

Witnesses say that when the gun man broke into O.R. you barely blinked an eye! He fired 3 shots, then disappeared.... You showed no out rage at what had just happened. You made no effort to move toward your wife's body!..... no attempt to comfort her or grieve for her. Nothing!

KUDA

Where do you get this stuff? I thought you were here to discuss the pussy killer. I think she's far more interesting than rehashing all of this.

Bellows is too wound up to stop.

BELLOWS

It was a Grade A hit! Very chancy and very expensive. Why would anyone, other than perhaps you, have reason to go to this much trouble to make sure she was dead?

KUDA

I have lots of enemies Christine! Maybe one of them was sending me a message, or maybe they were trying to set me up. I had no reason to kill my wife.

BELLOWS

There was a rumor that she wanted out of the marriage, but was afraid of what you might do. She wanted to be able to disappear and was considering turning you over in exchange for entry into the Witness Protection Program.

KUDA

The inherent problem with rumors Christine, is that by their very definition, they can't be proven. If they could, they would cease to be rumors. For example I have heard rumors about this pussy killer of yours, but I can't say as I have any proof.....and I'm not one to gossip.

CULLEN

What are you saying exactly? That you know something about her, but you're not going to tell us?

Kuda gestures to his surroundings and smiles.

KUDA

How could I know anything that you're not already aware of?

CULLEN

I don't know. You tell me!

KUDA

A man can be very vulnerable when he thinks he's about to get fucked and she uses that to her advantage..... She teases them, takes them to the edge... The ultimate cock teaser.....

And once she is in complete control, she begins to humiliate them. Mock them. The whole seduction is about power and a chance at a little humiliation.

That's why I call her the pussy killer. She likes to play with her food before she kills it. I can appreciate that in a woman.

CULLEN

You seem to know a lot about her.

KUDA

I'm a quick study.

CULLEN

I figured that she might be going after you next. She's already made contact hasn't she? Did she mention a club called Mariahs?

KUDA

You insult me when you use such moronic antics on me Detective. I never said anything about having had any contact with her.

CULLEN

She is coming after you!

Kuda turns his attention back on Bellows. His look is threatening. It's as if he was speaking only to her.

KUDA

.....Let her come! I can take care of myself..... In fact, I'll deliver her to you with a big red bow around her neck.

Bellows is paralyzed by his stare, unable to look away from him. She lets go of her pen and it falls to the floor. As she bends forward to pick it up, Kuda does the same. With their hands near the floor and out of view, Kuda grabs her wrist tightly. He holds her down so that they are now ear to ear.

KUDA

(whispering)

Et spiritus sanctus, bitch!

Aware that something is happening, the guard moves in on Kuda. The Warden rises from his desk.

WARDEN

Back away now Kuda! I mean right now! You're way out of line here.

Cullen doesn't move. He is more intent on watching the look on Bellow's face. This is the first time he has ever seen her show any vulnerability. The guard holds Kuda in his chair with his night stick. Kuda makes no effort to resist. He appears satisfied with the response he got from Bellows. The Warden gestures to the guard to take him away. As Kuda is being led out....

The Warden crosses over to Bellows who is now standing. He leads her to the door.

WARDEN

Are you going to be alright?

BELLOWS

(slightly dazed)

I'll be fine.

Cullen bends over and picks up the pen by the plunger. He sticks it into his breast pocket and follows her out.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIAHS BAR THE DANCE FLOOR AREA NIGHT

JASMINE is on the dance floor.....a picture of feminine perfection. With her stunning beauty and her lethal body, Jasmine is well aware of her effect on the men who circle the dance floor. There is a powerful, dangerous undertone of carnality about her as she radiates sexuality through her every gesture and movement.

ANGLE ON THE BAR

Cullen watches her from his stool at the bar. He takes out his wallet and counts out a number of small bills. Andrea is serving behind the bar. Cullen gestures her over.

CULLEN

Can you turn this into a C note and send it over with one of the girls.

ANDREA

That will certainly get her attention.

CULLEN

She's already got mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR as a waitress hands Jasmine a hundred dollar bill, then points in the direction of the bar. Jasmine considers for a moment then.....

The crowd appears to part as Jasmine comes into view. Her hips swinging as she sashays her way toward Cullen. Her pace is deliberate,...all business; her walk is casually self-possessed. She comes up to Cullen, gives him a careful once over and then slides into the stool next to him. With the \$100 bill in her hand.....

JASMINE

Do I know you?

CULLEN

Not yet!

Jasmine appears somewhat intrigued. Leaning back in her stool she conspicuously crosses her legs for added effect. The illusion is remarkable. Her long shapely legs appear to be longer and her short skirt has all but disappeared.

JASMINE

The first thing you're going to find out is that I never fuck on the first date.

CULLEN

How about the second?

JASMINE

(teasing)

If there is a second..... Then you're in for the time of your life.

CULLEN

That's what Donald Mackey said.

JASMINE

You knew Mackey?

CULLEN

Knew?.....So you are up on your current events.

JASMINE

(with a perceptive smile)

You're a cop aren't you?

Cullen shows his I.D.....an apathetic glance from Jasmine. Cullen turns serious. Jasmine notes the increased intensity in his eyes, but she shows little concern. Coyishly she takes the \$100 bill and sticks it in her cleavage. She puts her hand on his thigh and leans in.

**JASMINE
(taunting him)**

Are you a dangerous man Mr. Cullen?.....

Just how dark is your dark side?.....

I'll get my purse and we can go somewhere private.... You can interrogate me.....ask me about Mackey, Brooke and the others. Just promise me you won't leave any bruises.

Jasmine gives him a succulent smile, then slides off her stool and leaves. Her remarks have really nailed him. Feeling invaded by her insight he remains seated, momentarily dazed.

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR

Jasmine returns to the dance floor area, where she is met by her date and another LATINO. She speaks to them, then hands the Latino the \$100 bill. She looks back through the crowd at Cullen. The other two men follow her gaze.

TIGHT ON Cullen as he begins to realize that he may have just been had. He follows after her.

Cullen's POV as he moves through the crowd. He sees Jasmine's date move in behind her and begin caressing her. Jasmine wriggles her body against his loins and bends her head back offering him her neck. She keeps her eyes on Cullen all the time, smiling wickedly. There is something very dangerous about her. She pulls away from her date indicating that its time to leave. As they climb the stairs to the second floor.....

Cullen gives chase! As he reaches the stairs his path is suddenly blocked by the Latino. Cullen feels the blade of a knife push against his gut. The Latino gestures for him to turn around. He directs Cullen to a door that is located under the stair well, hidden from general view. A jab from the knife tells Cullen to open it. He does and they enter.

STORAGE ROOM

The Latino turns Cullen around and then pushes him up against the wall. Cullen stands with his hands finger locked behind his head. The Latino takes Cullen's gun from his shoulder holster. He looks down for a split second in order to place it in his belt buckle. By the time he looks back up, Cullen has pulled the gun from behind his neck and has the barrel on the Latino's forehead. For a split second it's a stand off.

CULLEN

Now who would you rather be right now? You or me?

The Latino gets the message. He lets the knife drop to the floor. Cullen pulls his other gun from the Latino's belt and then pushes him up against the opposite wall. The guns are now pressed up against the Latino's left and right temple. Cullen is doing his crazy thing and the Latino is shaking in terror.

CULLEN

Now give me back my fuckin' money!

FADE TO:

INT. KATHY HALA'S HOSPITAL ROOM EVE.

A gentle moonlit glow highlights the face of Kathy Hala as she sleeps. Cullen is sitting quietly in a chair watching her and reflecting.....

FLASH CUT TO:

An MOS image of Cullen's mother (ROSE) (circ: 1950), her face abruptly appearing in the EXTREME F.G., as she falls hard onto the bed. Her husband, CARL stands over her in the B.G. He has removed his belt and is beginning to wrap it tightly around his fist.

A YOUNG CULLEN, age 3 or 4 and wearing Roy Roger's pajamas, quietly slips into the room. He sees the look on his father's face and his mother in tears. He scampers over to her and grabs her arm. He attempts to pull her off the bed,..... trying to get her away from his father's reach. Carl begins yelling at him to get out. Fearful that he might get hurt, Rose tries to shoo him away. Young Cullen bursts into tears, but he refuses to leave. Instead, he climbs onto the bed and tries to push his Mother off, but this is hopeless. He just isn't strong enough..... His father grabs hold of Young Cullen and throws him across the room, where he lands hard against the closet door. Rose screams at the sight of this and lashes out at Carl. This infuriates him even more and he begins to beat her. Young Cullen won't quit! He climbs back up on the bed and then onto his father's back, trying in vain to pull him away from his mother. Carl hits him hard with the back of his hand and knocks him back off the bed and hard onto the floor. Again

Young Cullen tries to get up, but he falls back dazed..... unable to find his balance. Rose looks down at her son. She is heart broken and ashamed that she is unable to protect him. HOWEVER, what Young Cullen sees in her eyes is what he feels in his heart..... that he has somehow let her down. He watches helplessly as his Mother is slowly pulled away from the edge of the bed, eventually disappearing from his view.

FADE TO

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM.

TIGHT ON Kathy as she shifts in her sleep. The sound of her movements brings Cullen back to the present. He is obviously troubled by his inner thoughts. Kathy continues to sleep soundly. **TIGHT ON** Kathy's face and.....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CULLEN FARM HOUSE LATE EVENING.

TIGHT on the battered face of Rose Cullen as she is loaded onto a stretcher. Sheriff JOHN MYRON stands over her. He gives her hand a gentle squeeze before they carry her away. John Myron is in his late 50's, a craggy looking man, with a twinkle in his eyes. Tough....fearless.....clear thinking and compassionate. Like a benevolent dictator, he is not above bending the rules if he feels that they are in need of some bending.

In the B.G., Carl Cullen is leaning against his truck smoking a cigarette. John Myron walks over to him. It isn't until he's arrived at the truck that John Myron sees Young Cullen. He is sitting on the running board partially hidden by his father. He is sobbing quietly and has a large welt across his face. John Myron picks the boy up in his arms. His hands gently search Young Cullen's head, looking for any other damage. Young Cullen begins to trace the outline of the Sheriff's badge with his finger.

SHERIFF

Are you OK Micky? Did your dad do this to you?

CARL

Hey, leave my kid out of this!

SHERIFF

Shut up, Carl! What happened son?

YOUNG CULLEN

I couldn't make him stop. I tried.....

SHERIFF

Carl, why don't you head on over to the barn and I'll catch up to you in a minute. Why don't you do that right now, Carl?!

Reluctantly, Carl heads toward the barn. Young Cullen continues to play with John Myron's badge.

YOUNG CULLEN

There was nothing I could do...I'm just not big enough.

SHERIFF

Well maybe I am.....

John Myron puts Young Cullen down and heads toward the barn. Once he has disappeared inside, Young Cullen follows. He slips through the crack of the partially opened door and hides in one of the stalls behind bales of hay.

John Myron is putting on a pair of leather gloves as he paces back and forth in front of Carl. He reprimands Carl, but it seems to have little effect. Suddenly John Myron stops pacing, grabs Carl by the shirt collar and begins to slap him repeatedly. CARL starts swinging back and lands a hard punch on JOHN MYRON'S jaw. JOHN MYRON takes the blow without flinching. He now gets down to serious business with a volley of hard punches, that put Carl onto his knees.

JOHN MYRON

You're never going to know when I'll be visiting you next, but I promise you, it's going to be a whole lot more often than you'd like. And if I ever see so much as a scratch on either of them I'm on you like a grizzly in heat. Is this getting through to you?

Young Cullen watches as his father, like the wicked witch of the North, melts away at the hands of John Myron

RESUME ON HOSPITAL

C.U. on Cullen. He has been startled by someone's hand on his shoulder. He looks up to see Lisa.

LISA

(mockingly)

I thought I might find you here.

CULLEN

Hi..... They said you were busy, so I thought I'd see how she was doing..... I got your message..... When do you leave?

LISA

Flight leaves at 10:40.....Micky, are you alright?

Cullen looks down to see that his hand is clutched around something in his pocket. As he pulls it out he discovers that its his badge.

FADE TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK PICNIC AREA SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE ANNUAL POLICE PICNIC AND FIELD DAY

There are games and sports of all kinds: soft ball, frisbees, dodge ball, field day events, chess, checkers..... something for everyone young and old. But the main event that has even attracted a gathering of spectators, is the annual "fathers and sons" football game. Dexter and his 10 year old son, JIMMY are among the players.

In the distant B.G. a lone figure appears. It comes over the knoll and across the field.

CLOSE on Dexter as he catches a pass for a T.D. As he crosses the goal line he notices the figure and recognizes it as Mick Cullen.

DEXTER

Well I'll be damned!

ANGLE ON FIELD DAY EVENTS

Roy McCoy is trying not to laugh as a group of young children teeter and fall over, trying to get into their potato sacks for the race. He is the referee and even has a cap and whistle to prove it. He looks away to hide his giggling and catches sight of Cullen heading in his direction.

MCCOY

(to himself)

This is interesting!

McCoy turns back to the kids.

MCCOY

OK! Listen up everyone. You have to hop up to where Mrs. McCoy is standing, then turn around and come back. Is everyone ready! On your mark, get set.....

He blows the whistle just as Cullen arrives! The kids are off in clumsy chaotic haste.

MCCOY

(to Cullen)

In the ten years I've known you, you've never shown up to one of these things.

CULLEN

I'm not planning on staying. I just needed to ask you something, before I change my mind again.

MCCOY

Sounds serious.

CULLEN

Not really!.... I want to know what the chances are for me to take off a couple days so that I can go back home.

MCCOY

When?

CULLEN

It wouldn't be until after Lisa gets back. I want to ask her to come with me. What do you think?

MCCOY

(after a long beat)

I think its a good idea. I'll see what I can do to make it work for you.

Young Jimmy Dexter comes up to Cullen.

JIMMY

Mister! We need another big guy on our side. We're getting clobbered.

CULLEN

I don't think so son.

MCCOY

You want me to scratch your back.....
then you can scratch the kids back!
Besides, you got no where else to go
anyway. This is Joe Dexter's son.

Cullen looks over to McCoy for a reprieve, but gets none. Reluctantly he heads off to the football field with Jimmy.

CULLEN

What's the score.

JIMMY

28 to 7, but we can take them. I know
we can.

MCCOY

Don't expect miracles kid!

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: FOOTBALL FIELD DAY

Cullen appears out of place and less than enthusiastic. On the first couple of plays he simply stands around the playing field while all the action rushes around him.

A player on the other team jig jags about the back field then makes his move around the left end. Cullen shouldn't be there, but he is! He reaches out and makes an easy tag. One of the kids comes up and gives him a low five.

Cullen is defending. He jogs slowly down the field.... months behind the man he's supposed to be covering. The ball is thrown and somehow it ends up in Cullen's hands. No one is more surprised than he is. He begins to trot toward the end zone, but as the other team closes in on him, his ego prevails and he breaks into a full gallop. While trying to deek a defender he trips himself up. Someone tags him while he's on the ground. He looks up to see Dexter.

Cullen is jumping up and down in the open waiting for a pass, but the ball is thrown to someone else. Cullen kicks the dirt, like a pissed little kid.

Cullen is chasing down an opposing player. He finally closes in..... reaches out and tags him. His legs can't keep up with his forward motion and tumbles to the ground.

Cullen is again jumping up and down in the open. This time he gets the ball. He turns to run and makes a few yards before he's tagged. Cullen ignores the tag and keeps running until he crosses the goal line. He complains bitterly when he's called back.

After a long run and incomplete pass, Cullen pulls up winded.

Cullen is now quarterback. He falls back and throws a long bomb. His fist pumping gesture tells us that its complete.

Cullen fakes a hand off and makes a bootleg around the opposite end. Its perfect. He nonchalantly heads away from the action and then breaks into warp speed. A defender is coming at him from down field, cutting him off. Cullen knows that he can't get around him. He sees Jimmy running along side him. At the last moment he laterals the ball to Jimmy and blocks out the defender. Jimmy takes it in for a touchdown. Cullen is bent over with his hands on his knees trying to catch his breath. Dexter comes up to him.

DEXTER

You might have a bit of the old team
player in you after all.

Cullen can't catch his breath to speak. He just smiles weakly and waves him off. There is no question that he is having a great time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK CAMP FIRE AREA EVENING

Parents and kids are gathered around the campfire. Some sing, or roast marshmallows... others simply contemplate the dance of the flames. Off in the distance several cops are gathered around the picnic tables, nursing beers. Cullen Dexter and McCoy are among them.

COP #1

So this guy can barely stand up and he's trying to drink this can of coke. He's so skunk drunk he can barely get it to his mouth. So I tell him not to drink the coke because I had just pissed in it. He looks up at me, gets real belligerent and says, "You did not! I got it out of the machine."

COP #2

So I say, Yeah, but he pissed right into the machine. Now this clown is really confused. He looks at the

can.....thinks about it for a minute, then he starts pouring some of it onto the floor. I ask him what the fuck he's doing. He looks at me with this huge shit-faced grin and says, "I poured out the piss!", and he starts drinkin the rest of it.

There is an eruption of laughter from the group. Jimmy Dexter comes over to his father and offers him a roasted marshmallow off his stick. As Dexter pulls at the gooey glob, Jimmy turns to Cullen.

JIMMY

You don't like my old man very much do you?

Cullen and Dexter catch each other's gaze.

JIMMY

That's OK! He doesn't think much of you either, except he figures you could be a pretty good cop if you wanted to be.

DEXTER

(embarrassed)

Jimmy, why don't you go and roast me up a few more of these.

JIMMY

(To Cullen)

Do you think my old man's a good cop?

DEXTER

(To Jimmy)

Get out of here now, before anything else pops out of your mouth.

CULLEN

(After a beat)

Your dad's a good cop! A little tight on the corners sometimes, butyeah, he's a good cop.

Jimmy runs back to the campfire.

DEXTER

Answer a question for me! It's obvious you don't even like cops. Why on earth would you ever decide to be one?

CULLEN

When I was a kid the toughest man I knew was a town cop. He must have been sixty when I saw him take on my old man and win. Maybe that's why..... I guess..... I don't know..... That's quite a kid you got.

DEXTER

(proudly)

Yeah, I think I'll keep him. You ever going to have kids?

CULLEN

Nope! With my luck it would turn out just like me.

DEXTER

(joking)

Yeah... That is a scary thought.

CULLEN

I gotta go!

Cullen heads out across the field. Dexter turns to McCoy.

DEXTER

Is this the same guy!

MCCOY

He got caught in a situation a few days ago..... Had a mirror shoved in his face and he didn't like what he saw. It scared him a little..... a lot!

CUT TO

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

In the **DISTANCE** the silhouette of man as he walks briskly down the corridor, his trench coat flows out behind him like a cape. The **SOUND** of a set of doors as they clang open and spill sunlight into the F.G. As the man gets closer it can be seen that its Kuda. He disappears into the harsh whiteness of the sun's rays.

REVERSE on Kuda as he steps out of the prison gates. A pair of limos await him. The chauffeur of the first stands with the back door open. Three men stand in front of the second limo. Two of the men are obviously enforcers, but the third is slighter and older.

CHAUFFEUR

Good to see you again Mr. Kuda.

KUDA

Thank you Eric. It's good to be out.

He glances at the slighter man.

KUDA

Ray, you ride with me!

Ray heads toward the first limo. Kuda slides into the back seat.

INT. LIMO

KUDA

Talk to me Ray!

RAY

We're set up at the St. James Club. Everything is on schedule. Ninety percent of our holdings have been liquidated and we should be completely off shore by the 16th. The lawyers will have gone over all the documents by Monday. Victor found you a personal assistant who has agreed to be on 24 hour call until we leave.

KUDA

Alright! Now what about the other business.

As Ray hands Kuda a file folder, the contents slip out of the side landing spread out on the seat and floor.

TIGHT on each page as Kuda picks it up. The pages are photo copies of press clippings on the murders. Each page also contains a succinct taunting note such as: 'Wish you were here', 'Thinking of You', 'This bud's for you', etc. There is also the salutation 'et spiritus sanctus' and the unmistakable signature of 'G' and her lipstick marking.

RAY

This one arrived on Tuesday.

Kuda opens it. The letter simply says, 'Now it begins'. It too is from Gabrielle.

Still in the file folder there is a manilla envelope with Christine Bellows name on it. Kuda opens it. Inside he finds more press clippings, this time on Christine herself. There is also a bio and fact sheet. Referring to a phone number on the face sheet, Kuda picks up the car phone and places a call.

KUDA

Now we begin.

A moment later, Christine's answering machine picks up.

BELLOWS (O.S.)

You have reached 660-9981. I'm not in right now, so leave a message and I get back to you as soon as possible.

KUDA

Christine! Its Barry Kuda. I think you and I have some unfinished business to deal with. Lets quit the cat and mouse thing shall we.....

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BELLOWS'S LIVING ROOM EARLY EVE.

CLOSE ON Bellows answering machine as it replays Kuda's message. **PULL FOCUS** on to Bellows who is curled up in a chair in the B.G., a drink in her hand. As the message plays the **CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN** on her.

KUDA (O.S.) Cont'd

.....You want me and I want you.
So....like you say, now we begin.
Your buddy mentioned a club called
Mariahs. I'll meet you there at ten.

THE CAMERA is now **TIGHT ON** Bellows. The look on her face is stone cold..... Void of any emotion. The answering machine gives the time of the call.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Thursday, 3:20 P.M.

As the CAMERA inches even tighter on Bellows, another message is played.

NADIA (O.S.)
Chris, it's Nadia. You were going to get back to me about dinner on Sunday.... Let me know O.K.?

ANSWERING MACHINE
Thursday, 5:44 P.M.

The CAMERA is obtrusively TIGHT on her face. She slowly raises her wrist to check the time. This is followed by a deep tired sigh.

FADE TO:

INT. BELLOW'S BEDROOM 9:00 P.M.

Bellows is all made up for the evening, wearing a stunning dress that shows her off extremely well while still remaining tasteful and classy. She goes over to the night table, opens the drawer and pulls out a gun. She places it in her clutch purse and prepares to leave. As Bellows passes the mirror, she stops to look at herself. She takes an extra beattrying to psych herself up. When she feels capable of staring down her reflection, Bellows leaves.

EXT. STREET: OUTSIDE OF MARIAH'S EARLY EVE.

A car pulls up across the street from the club. Kuda gets out and crosses the street. He's alone.

EXT. MARIAH'S NIGHT CLUB

As Kuda arrives at the club entrance he is approached by a young flower vendor, her face never revealed.

VENDOR
A rose sir?

Kuda ignores her. He enters Mariahs.

INT. MARIAH'S NIGHTCLUB THE PROMENADE LEVEL EVE.

Kuda enters the club on the upper level..... dining area. As he slowly makes his way along the edge of the promenade, he becomes aware of the frantic activity on dance floor below.

PULL IN on the **DANCE FLOOR**. Jasmine is back! There is a circle of admirers that have gathered around to watch her. She is as sexually provocative as ever, slithering and gyrating into each and every man's imagination.

RESUME on Kuda. He watches her with curiosity. He too is caught up in the sexual charge that she creates. His thoughts are interrupted when a waitress taps him on the shoulder. She points across the promenade at Bellows, who is sitting alone at a table near the balcony. Kuda smiles and begins to make his way over to her.

TIGHT on Bellows. She is searching for something in her clutch purse. In addition to the gun it also holds a small tape recorder. She turns it on, closes her purse and places it on the table.

There is a commotion growing on the lower level that has captured the attention of many of the patrons. Bellows looks over the balcony to see what is happening.

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR LEVEL. Plain clothes cops have swarmed over the dance floor and are making arrests. Three latino men have already been handcuffed. What is really turning the crowd ugly is that Jasmine is also being arrested. Sensing the growing hostility, the cops work quickly to maintain control of the situation.

Bellows has lost sight of Kuda in the now active mingling crowd. Deciding to abort the rendezvous Bellows begins to fight her way to the door. When she gets to the exit, she feels a forbidding terror wash over her. She slowly turns to find herself face to face with Kuda. He comes in close as if to whisper in her ear. She is paralyzed with fear. He leans one hand on the door just above her head. With the other he begins to slowly reach into his suit pocket. Bellows struggles to open her purse. Kuda's hand begins to reappear from his pocket. **SUDDENLY** the door opens from the outside and they both stumble out onto the street. Bellows purse falls to the ground.

DEXTER

I guess it is true that opposites can attract.

They both look back to see Dexter standing with one hand on the door.

Kuda appears amused. He salutes Bellows and then walks away. Dexter bends over and picks up the clutch purse. It is heavy and by feeling it he can easily make out the outline of the gun.

DEXTER

I know you're just dying to tell me what this is all about.

Bellows looks at Dexter and smiles weakly. There is another commotion at the door as the cops exit with the three men and Jasmine.

EXT. MARIAH'S SAME

Kuda arrives at his car. As he places the key in the door, the interior light automatically goes on, illuminating a message written on the driver's window in lipstick. "Flynn Estate, Friday at 5, Don't be Late. It is signed "G." and includes her kissing lips trademark.

CUT TO:

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE: MIDNIGHT

McCoy puts Bellows's gun down hard on his desk..... hard enough to make a point. He paces back and forth behind his desk. Bellows sits in a chair in front of him watching as his blood pressure red lines, too furious to be able to speak. He picks up the gun again and gestures towards Bellows with it. He puts it back down on the desk....HARD. Bellows absorbs his anger.

BELLOWS

Roy! The man has threatened my life twice and he's been out of prison for less than a day.

MCCOY

You should know better than anyone how to handle this! You call a cop! You call me!

BELLOWS

And you would have told me what we both already know..... that you can't do anything until he strikes. That's just not good enough!

MCCOY

So you're going to go out and shoot him?

BELLOWS

I wasn't going to shoot him! I wanted his threats on tape. I wanted proof. It felt like the best option I had. The gun was only for protection.

MCCOY

He thought that you were Gabrielle.
It's not an unreasonable assumption
considering.

BELLOWS

Considering what!?

MCCOY

You knew several of the victims. You
had access to confidential records.
And it's obvious that you have no
hesitation in taking the law into your
own hands.

BELLOWS

If you really believe that, why don't
you charge me?

MCCOY

Because Cullen has already cleared you!

BELLOWS

How's that?

MCCOY

I think this belongs to you!

McCoy shuffles through a pile of papers on his desk. He pulls out a small manila envelope and hands it to her. Bellows opens it to find her pen inside.

MCCOY

Cullen had a print match done on it.

BELLOWS

That son of a bitch.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - VIEWING BOOTH MIDNIGHT

MOS. Through the viewing glass as Cullen enters. Dexter is already seated at a table interrogating Jasmine. They both look tired. Cullen pulls up a chair and listens as Dexter continues to ask her questions. Inside the viewing booth, a monitor hangs from the ceiling. It shows a duplicate image of what is taking place through the viewing glass in the Interrogation Room. The **CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS IN** on the monitor until it becomes our primary visual source. At one point Cullen glances up and looks directly into the surveillance camera.

INTERCUT: TIGHT on the surveillance camera located inside the Interrogation Room. In the B.G. Dexter can be hear as he questions Jasmine.

TIGHT on Cullen as he becomes totally mesmerized by the camera. There is something very relevant here. His mind reaches out for it.....

FLASH BACK: Cullen is standing outside of the bank across the street from the murder sight of Bryan White. While waiting for money from the ATM machine, he glances through the window. This time he sees something he never noticed before. The security cameras!

TIGHT on Cullen as he makes the connection.

CUT TO:

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE 1:00 AM

McCoy is leaning back in his chair as Dexter enters and flops into another chair. He is dog tired. A beat later Cullen appears at the door way. He leans against the door frame.....listening, yet preoccupied.

DEXTER

She isn't legal! That's why she took off on Cullen.

MCCOY

Why would she go back to the same club?

Cullen takes out his wallet and begins to search through it. He finds what he's looking for..... a ATM receipt.

DEXTER

She was gleaning a couple of heavy rollers that hung out there. She figured that she was close to having one of them make her legal. Her cousin heads up a pick pocket ring. He got to a couple of her dates. That's what happened to Donald Mackey's wallet.

MCCOY

You think it's her?

DEXTER

I don't know. We'll see if her prints match.

MCCOY

Well something else we do know. Kuda is going after Gabrielle, and that gives us cause to put a tail on him.

DEXTER

When?

MCCOY

Now!

DEXTER

Well its now going to be me. I've already been up for nearly 24 hours.

CULLEN

I'll take the first shift if you'll follow up on something else.

Cullen hands Dexter the ATM receipt.

CULLEN

Contact this branch of Cal Fed. Ask them to release their security tapes for Sept. 28th. With a little luck we might get our first look at her.

Dexter studies the receipt.

DEXTER

Available funds, \$23,560?

CULLEN

I don't get out much.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO SUITE TOTAL BLACKNESS 3 AM

THE SCREEN IS PITCH BLACK FOR A BEAT before the lights come on to reveal a Video Suite. The Control Panel and Monitors dominate the far wall. The rest of the room has been designed for comfort; plush carpeting, a couple of couches, side tables, a mini fridge, telephone, etc. DEXTER

enters carrying a handful of video tapes. It's obvious that he still has had any sleep. He is followed by a VIDEO ENGINEER.

ENGINEER

You don't get a very sharp image with a security camera, but this deck can give you a little extra edge. It contains a computerized image enhancer..... How long you figure this is going to take?

DEXTER is already on the phone.

DEXTER

You want pizza or chinese?

CUT TO:

INT. CULLEN'S CAR 3 AM

The St James Club can be seen through the windshield of MICK CULLEN'S CAR. Built in the 30's and expensively refurbished in the 80's, this hotel, with it's classy art deco styling epitomizes the golden age of Hollywood. CULLEN sips on a thermos of coffee. He picks up a Raymond Chandler paperback and begin to read, keeping one eye on the entrance to the hotel. He appears resigned to a long wait.

FADE TO:

INT. VIDEO SUITE 4 AM

The ENGINEER is at the controls with DEXTER at his side. ON THE MONITOR SCREEN, the bank personnel and their customers scurry about the bank in a perpetual state of 'fast forward'. They enter, do their banking, then leave. In the B.G., the metal door that leads to the parking garage can be seen across the street. Due to the DOWN WARD ANGLE of the security camera, the top part of the door is out of frame. DEXTER loosens his tie and reaches for another cold slice of pizza. The ENGINEER tries to fight off a yawn. Even at double speed, banking can be very boring.

FADE TO:

EXT. ST. JAMES CLUB HOTEL EVE.

NOTE: SAME ANGLE on The St. James Club as before, but it is no longer a POV from the interior of CULLEN's car.

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) It's now raining! Two men exit the hotel. They are both dressed in dark trench coats, one with the collar up, the other in a wide brimmed fedora. Their faces are conspicuously obscured. As they stand on the curb neither speaks or acknowledges the other, but when a limo pulls up to the entrance they both get in.

FADE TO:

INT. VIDEO SUITE 5 AM

DEXTER is now at the controls alone. He sips his coffee and plays with an unlit cigarette as he continues to watch the monitor. The **ENGINEER** is napping on the couch. The monitor shows that the bank is now closed. A janitor can be seen sweeping the floor at 'double time'.

FADE TO:

EXT. GLENDALE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL EVE.

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) The limo glides slowly into frame. It has stopped across the street from the emergency entrance of the hospital. One of the men gets out. It's **KUDA!** The other man remains seated in the back seat. He pulls out a gun and begins to attach a silencer to it. By the time he's ready to exit the car, **KUDA** has already begun to cross the street. The **HITMAN** follows, his gun concealed in the pocket of his trench coat.

FADE TO:

INT. VIDEO SUITE 5:30 Am

DEXTER'S REFLECTION IN THE MONITOR. He appears to be nodding off. His head is drooped and his eyes flutter and then close. **MOMENTS LATER.....**the garage door opens and we see the shapely legs of a woman wearing a very short black dress. Holding the door open, she crouches down and attaches duct tape to the lock. Her upper body is now in frame. Just as she is about to exit, **DEXTER'S** eyes snap open. He hits the pause button, then rewinds the tape back to when the woman first appeared. He watches at real speed. When she bends down her face remains obscured by her hair and the angle of her head. She finishes with the door and proceeds down the street and out of the **RIGHT OF FRAME.** Her face is never revealed!

DEXTER

Ah no!..... Oh man! I don't fuckin' believe this!

DEXTER turns to the **ENGINEER** who has now been awakened.

DEXTER

Alright!..... Let me think here!.....
(beat) OK! Let's put up the tape from
camera 3. I want to match it up with
this one.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL SAME

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) The HITMAN arrives at the doors of the emergency entrance. Peering through the glass doors, he watches as Kuda walks past the nurses station, continues down the corridor and disappears through a pair of swinging doors. After a BEAT, the HITMAN enters.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO SUITE 6 AM

The VIDEO ENGINEER is now back at the controls. He loads the second tape into the lower tape deck and sets it on fast forward.

TIGHT ON THE LED COUNTER of the first machine. It reads 7239. Immediately below it is the LED COUNTER of the second machine, with it's numbers escalating at a frantic pace.... rushing toward 7239.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM SAME

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) KUDA enters the Operating Room! A doctor and two nurses, their faces obscured by surgical masks, are frantically trying to save the life of a severely battered woman.

INTERCUT: TIGHT ON THE LED COUNTER as the numbers continue to increase at a tremendous velocity.

INTERCUT: HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM.

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) One of the nurses catches a glimpse of Kuda. She is bewildered at his presence, but after one glance from him, she chooses to simply do nothing. This is a obviously a very dangerous man.....and he's not leaving.....

INTERCUT: TIGHT ON THE LED COUNTERS as they lock and match up at 7239!

The ENGINEER switches to play back. Dexter watches the screen intently..... This security camera is located at the far end of the bank, so it scans an area that is TO THE RIGHT of the previous camera. THE WOMAN appears from the LEFT OF FRAME. Only the lower half of her body is visible. When she reaches the street corner, she turns TOWARD THE CAMERA and begins to cross the street in the direction of the bank.

INTERCUT: THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) The HITMAN as he makes his way down the corridor. He passes through the swinging doors.

INTERCUT: IMAGE OF THE WOMAN ON THE MONITOR! With each step she takes TOWARD THE CAMERA more of her upper body comes into frame.

INTERCUT: THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) The HITMAN arrives at the door of the Operating Room.

INTERCUT: THE VIDEO MONITOR. The WOMAN arrives at the near side of the street. Her face would now be visible were it not for a large advertising banner that stretched across part of the bank window.

DEXTER'S REFLECTION ON THE SCREEN. He is really pissed off!

DEXTER

This bitch is charmed by the fuckin' devil! Can you fuckin' believe this? I can't fuckin' believe this!

INTERCUT: OPERATING ROOM

THERE IS NO SOUND (MOS) Swiftly and silently the HITMAN enters the O.R. Without hesitation he strides across the room and fires three shots into the beaten woman. The hit is so smooth.....so instantaneous, that he's half way out the door before anyone can react. There is a split second of eye contact between the HITMAN and KUDA. The nurse has caught this.

INTERCUT: CLOSE UP ON DEXTER. He turns away from the Monitor.

DEXTER

This has all been a fuckin' waste of time! I don't fuckin' believe it.....

ENGINEER

Look!

Dexter turns back to the monitor. The woman has veered to the right and is reappearing from behind the banner. Just as she comes into view.....

REACTION SHOT: DEXTER.

DEXTER

Come on baby, come on! Just a little further.....That's it.....Gotchya!

INTERCUT: TIGHT on the frightened eyes of the NURSE as she stares at KUDA.

INTERCUT: TIGHT on the cruel, sadistic eyes of BARRY KUDA.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT HOTEL ROOM EVE

As LISA LAURIE jolts up right in her bed. Her face is drenched in sweat, her breathing quick and panicked. Fear now dwells deep within her eyes. Slowly her breathing begins to return to normal. She takes a pillow and wipes it violently across her face. When the pillow drops away we see the detached, stone cold gaze of GABRIELLE.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of the woman on the screen. Though she has long brunette hair we recognize her as LISA LAURIE! In the reflection of the screen we can see DEXTER on the phone.

DEXTER

Captain, we got her! They're making a laser print for me right now. I should have it over to you in an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. CULLEN'S CAR: ACROSS FROM THE ST JAMES CLUB: EARLY MORN.

CLOSE on CULLEN sound asleep in the drivers seat. Suddenly, his eyes snap open. He jolts upright in his seat, fully aware of what he's done. He looks at his watch to check the damage.

CULLEN

damnit!

FADE TO:

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM MORN

TIGHT on Lisa's reflection. She sits at the vanity, staring long and hard at herself.

A series of PHOTO FLASH images begin to SUPER IMPOSE over her face; revealing obscure images, intentionally stylized. There is an overtone of

violence, but the attack is ill-defined. Harsh shadows.....A flight of stairs.....a woman falling.... A man, vague, unrecognizable. These images have a tremendous effect on Lisa. She bites hard into her knuckle, forcing back a surge of emotions.

FADE TO:

EXT. CULLEN'S CAR: ACROSS FROM THE ST. JAMES CLUB MORN.

Cullen is really pissed at himself. He takes a second to consider his next move,.... then scrambles out of the car and jogs over to the HOTEL DOORMAN. He flashes his badge.....

CULLEN

I got a question for you pal! You know whether Barry Kuda's car has pulled out of here in the past hour or so.

DOORMAN

You mean that one?

Cullen turns just as a limo pulls out from the under ground garage. The tinted windows allow for no interior viewing.

CULLEN

Shit.

He runs back to his car!

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM MORN

Lisa is in her bath robe. She has just showered and is towel drying her hair. She goes over to the closet, picks out a dress and a matching leather belt and lays them out on the bed.

EXT. STREET MORN

The limo comes around a corner, travelling at a reasonable speed. Several moments later Cullen's Mustang comes squealing around the same corner.

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM MORN

Lisa sits on the bed in her bras and panties as she puts on her nylons.

INT. CULLEN'S CAR MORN

Cullen's POV as the limo turns onto a street marked by a corner car wash. Moments later Cullen makes the same turn. The limo is no longer in sight.... Cullen looks up and down the street..... nothing. Then as he glances back at the car wash he sees the limo in the line. Cullen pulls up to the nearby curb. He can see the driver through the open window.

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM MORN

Lisa paces about as she blow dries her hair.

EXT. CAR WASH MORN

Cullen continues to watch as the limo advances in the line. Eventually, the driver begins to roll up his window.....

TIGHT on Cullen as his eyes widen..... locking in on.....

CLOSE on the driver's window as the lipstick message rolls into view. 'The Flynn Estate, Tonight at 5', The lip imprint and the initial 'G' are the last to come into view.

Cullen picks up his phone.

DISPATCH

Southside homicide.

CULLEN

It's Cullen here. Get me whatever information you can on the Flynn Estate. Where it is and if it's presently occupied?

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM MORN

Lisa is in front of the vanity, putting on her make up. She pauses for a moment, becoming absorbed in memories of the past.

DISSOLVE TO: FLASH BACK

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH FUNERAL MASS DAY

TIGHT on **YOUNG LISA** at the age of 7. A **PRIEST** can be heard O.S. reciting a prayer in Latin.

CLOSE on a man's hand as it gently touches her side, reaching out for her hand.

Young Lisa looks up at her **FATHER**. It is obvious that the feel of his touch does not bring her reassurance.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS IN on Lisa's Mother in the open casket.

Her Father places his hand on the small of her back. It never rests.....
stroking, almost caressing.

CLOSE ON Young Lisa. There is fear and apprehension in her eyes. Panic
is not far behind.

As the Priest comes to the conclusion of the prayer, the congregation joins
in with the last line. The voice of her Father is heard over and above all the
rest.

PRIEST/CONGREGATION/LISA'S FATHER
Et spiritus sanctus, Amen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LISA'S HOTEL ROOM LATE MORN.

LISA
Et spiritus sanctus, Amen.

As Lisa continues to repeat the words and touch up her make up, her voice
begins to go through a change. It becomes cold,.... distant,.... taunting. Her
persona follows the transformation until we find ourselves face to face with
Gabrielle.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MCCOY'S OFFICE MORN

Dexter comes into the office and tosses an envelope onto McCoy's desk.

DEXTER
You tell me if you think she's worth
dying for.

While McCoy is opening the envelope, Dexter picks up one of the wind-up
toys and begins to play with it.

MCCOY
Holy Mother of God!.....

Dexter looks up to see that McCoy's face has turned ashen white.

DEXTER
What!? You know her?

MCCOY

(panicked realization)
Mick!.....
Epstein get in here!

EPSTEIN, a young police officer enters.

EPSTEIN
Yes Sir!

MCCOY
Call Glendale Memorial. I want all
their files on Lisa Laurie faxed to me
right now!

As Epstein turns to leave, McCoy yells out after him.

MCCOY
And find me Mick Cullen!

DEXTER
Who is Lisa Laurie?

MCCOY
(to himself)
I introduced her to him. She knew I
wanted him on the case.
(looks at Dexter)
She's Mick Cullen's girlfriend!

CLOSE on Dexter's stunned reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. ST JAMES CLUB: KUDA'S OFFICE APARTMENT NOON

TIGHT on the back of an office chair, just as it spins around revealing Kuda on the phone. Behind him, and sitting across from his desk is his assistant, a note pad and pen in hand.

KUDA
(on the phone)
Is the car ready?... Alright... Let me
know when it's back. Oh... and tell
Eric I won't need him today. What I do
need is directions to the old Flynn
Estate.

ASSISTANT
I know where it is!

The CAMERA PULLS FOCUS onto the assistant as Kuda slowly turns to face her. She throws her long black hair out of her face and flashes Kuda a dazzling smile. It's Lisa Laurier!

KUDA

You don't say!

LISA

I used to play there when I was a kid.

KUDA

(back on the phone)

I'll get back to you!

He slowly hangs up the phone, leans back in his chair and gives Lisa a serious once over.

KUDA

So.... tell me what you know about this place.

LISA

Well, Errol Flynn had it built in the 30's and had one way mirrors installed in the guest bedrooms..... Another example of his wild and wicked ways, They're still there and so is the hidden viewing room. I could show you if you want.

Lisa moves into seduction overdrive.

LISA

I mean if you're into that sort of thing..... There is also a back way into the estate off Outpost Road. Interested?

Kuda considers her offer.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CULLEN'S CAR - FLYNN ESTATE DAY

TIGHT on the police radio as it squawks out repeated requests for Cullen to respond. PAN UP to the dashboard and TIGHT on Cullen's pager. It too is beeping wildly. The sounds combine to create a tension filled moment. The

CAMERA finally arrives at the windshield. Off in the distance, Mick Cullen can be seen as he makes his way through the tremendous over growth, toward the main entrance of the large run down estate.

CUT TO:

INT POLICE HEADQUARTERS: MCCOY'S OFFICE DAY

McCoy and Dexter are in conversation as Epstein sticks his head in the doorway.

EPSTEIN

Dispatch can't get Detective Cullen on the radio and he isn't responding to his page.

Dexter glances at McCoy.

DEXTER

If he's not wearing his pager, then he's someplace where he doesn't want it going off.

MCCOY

(to Epstein)

Keep trying!

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JAMES CLUB GARAGE DAY

Kuda and Lisa are making there way to the limousine. Kuda slightly slows his pace letting Lisa take the lead. When she reaches the passenger door, Lisa waits for Kuda to open it. Instead he tosses her the keys.

KUDA

You know where we're going. You drive!

CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN ESTATE LATE AFTERNOON

Cullen makes his way through the various rooms of the mansion. The flooring is warped and covered in piles of plaster and dirt. Several sprigs have even taken root between the flooring. Walls and ceilings reveal coal black slatting where plaster has long ago fallen away. Most of the doors

have been removed. Cullen arrives at the stairwell. He proceeds to the second floor.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS: SQUAD ROOM DAY

The activity in and around McCoy's office is furious as cops keep rushing in and out. In the F.G. A COP is on the phone and taking notes.

COP

When was that mam?..... And no charges were laid?..... I see..... Where is the father now?..... Can you spell that for me? Thank you very much mam.

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE

Dexter and McCoy are in conference.

DEXTER

Kuda's people tell us he left an hour ago but no one knows where, or if they do, they aren't telling.

The Cop knocks on the door and enters.

COP

Captain, I just got off the phone with a Mrs. Mitchell. She was a neighbor of the Laurier's in Harlowton, Montana.

She says that Lisa Laurier left home right after highschool and never returned. She also told me that the mother died in 71. from a fall down a flight of stairs. There were rumors at the time that the husband may have had something to do with it, but there were never any charges laid.

DEXTER

Is the old man still alive?

COP

Well that's the kicker. He's been in a Mental Institution in Weyburn, Saskatchewan for the past 6 years.

Mr. Laurier is a compulsive pedophile!

REACTION SHOTS McCoy and Dexter.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN ESTATE

Cullen is positioned near a partially boarded up window in the upstairs bedroom. Through the crack he can see the gate entrance and the road that leads up to the estate.

INT MCCOY'S OFFICE

McCoy is being briefed by Epstein, while Dexter is busy on the phone. Christine Bellows quietly slips into the office.

EPSTEIN

...and Laurie was also one of two nurses working the O.R. when Carolyn Kuda was murdered?

MCCOY

And the others were all admitted to Glendale at one time or another?

EPSTEIN

All except the Brooke girl.

Bellows breaks her silence.

CHRISTINE

White brought a nurse with him to Baton Rouge. I'll bet it was her!

Dexter hangs up the phone.

DEXTER

That was Pastori. We've got a match!

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYNN ESTATE

Kuda's limo slowly climbs over the crest of the hill. It makes its way to a clearing across from the rear of the mansion and parks.

INT KUDA'S LIMO

Lisa turns off the engine and gazes out at the mansion and surrounding grounds. She begins to lightly caress the steering wheel with her fingers. Neither she nor Kuda speaks for several moments, then.....

LISA

I have some very wicked memories about this place.

A tantalizing and mischievous smile begins to cross her face.

LISA

In fact, I lost my virginity in this very spot.

She turns toward Kuda. Her eyes ablaze with seduction and hinted promises.

LISA

Do you think it might still be around here somewhere?

KUDA

Doubtful!

LISA

Oh well..... I would probably just lose it again anyway. It's just the way I am.

She slides over slightly so that her hand can easily reach his upper thigh. She begins to caress it, moving slowly upward. Kuda looks at her in stoic fascination. He barely responds. As Lisa continues to slide closer to him, her short clingy skirt rises above mid-thigh. She begins to cover his neck and cheek with little kisses, her breath hot on his face.

LISA

I've wanted to do this since the first day I met you.

(she shudders)

God.... I never want this job to end. Nothing turns me on more than power and you wear it so well.

KUDA

You were going to tell me about the hidden room.

Lisa is now almost on his lap. She nibbles at his ear.

LISA

I will..... later.

Suddenly, Kuda grabs her arms and flips her on her back, her head is in his lap. The manoeuver is so quick, that Lisa isn't able to react.

KUDA

Now!

Lisa looks up at him. Fear flashes across her eyes and a whimper rises from her throat. They are her betrayers.

LISA

Alright! I'll show you.

KUDA

You're not showing me anything. You're staying here. Just tell me where it is.

LISA

Through the kitchen to the main hallway. At the end of the hall to your left is a bookcase. Pull the left end toward you. Inside is the stairwell. It'll take you upstairs.....

Kuda puts a hand behind her head and pulls her up to him. His kiss is rough, and all consuming. His hand slides up her dress and between her legs. He whispers in her ear.

KUDA

We will finish this!

LISA

(defiant, taunting)

I'm counting on it! If playing rough is on your menu,..... I can handle it.

Kuda begins to lick and suck hard on her ear, at times totally devouring it. The gesture is repulsive and reptilian. He lets go of her, opens the door and

gets out. Not until she is certain that he is gone does Lisa allow herself to emotionally disintegrate. She lies on the seat frightened, looking very much like the victim. Her attempt to equalize through seduction has failed.

EXT. FLYNN ESTATE

Kuda approaches the rear entrance, then pauses..... He hears something. He turns and walks around to the far side of the house.

POV as Kuda scans the yard. There is a faint almost imperceptible static noise coming from behind a stone fence. Kuda heads toward it. The sound grows a little louder. He comes around the fence and discovers Cullen's car. The sound is the police radio; the dispatcher repeatedly calling for Cullen to respond. Kuda reaches in and turns it off.

KUDA

(pleased)

Oh... this is perfect.

INT. KUDA'S LIMO

Lisa is throwing a tantrum. She strikes out in all directions. banging the steering wheel and hitting the roof with her fists.

INT. FLYNN ESTATE: BEDROOM DAY

Cullen is still crouched near the window. There is a noise down stairs. Cullen freezes, waiting, listening intently. A few moments later there is another sound, Cullen is on his feet, gun drawn. He moves carefully toward the staircase.

INT. FLYNN ESTATE: STAIRCASE

With his back tight against the wall, Cullen slowly slides his way down the stairs, the hardwood occasionally creaking under his weight.

POV as Cullen proceeds part way down the stairs. Bit-by-bit, the back door comes into view. It swings gently back and forth, creaking and scratching as it scrapes against the linoleum floor.

Cullen heads back to the bedroom. He looks out the window. The grounds still appear to be empty. He settles back and prepares to wait it out.

A moment later a series of tapping sounds break the silence. Cullen's eye's dart about the room, finally focusing on the large mirror built in to the far

wall. He approaches it cautiously. Putting his ear up to the mirror, Cullen listens.....

CRASH.... as a 2 x 4 smashes through the mirror spraying particles of glass into the air. The blow connects hard against Cullen's temple. He is immediately down on his knees, his gun falling from his hand. Glass fragments are embedded into the side of his face.

Another blow! This time with the end of the board as its thrust hard across the bridge of Cullen's nose. Blood spews forth from his nostrils. Kuda steps through the jagged hole and retrieves Cullen's gun. He nestles the barrel into the hollow at the base of Cullen's skull. With his other hand he pulls Cullen to his feet and heads him in the direction of the door.

KUDA

Start walking detective! I'm going to change the venue slightly..... take away her home advantage.

CULLEN

I thought you were fuckin' smarter than this! Your digging yourself a fuckin' canyon here man. What if she doesn't even show, you fuck. Have you thought of that. And you're back in prison for what?

KUDA

Oh there is no doubt she's going to show. I had the bitch drive me here herself! Now move it!

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE

A **WOMAN** moves quickly through the Squad Room. She obviously knows her way around the station as she rushes straight for McCoy's Office.

WOMAN

I was just about to head home when I heard on my scanner that your trying to find Mick Cullen.

MCCOY

Do you know where he is?

WOMAN

I think so! He called in just before I went off duty asking for directions

and information on the old Flynn Estate.

The words are barely out of her mouth..

MCCOY

Lets roll!

McCoy and Dexter head out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. KUDA'S LIMO

Lisa steps out of the car. She is now all business.....cool and detached.

LISA

Now it begins.

She makes her way toward the mansion.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYNN ESTATE: POOL AREA

The swimming pool is large and in a state of total disrepair. Weeds and small trees have taken root in the holes and cracks.

Cullen's arms are stretched out above him, cuffed around the piping that once held the diving board. He relieves some of the pressure on his wrists by gripping the gentle slope of the pool wall with his shoes, knees bent for full traction.

Kuda sits at the shallow end, his legs dangling leisurely over the edge. He holds Cullen's gun in one hand and appears to be playing with marbles in the other.

CULLEN

Why didn't you do her in the car?

KUDA

What?

CULLEN

If she drove you here, why didn't you do her in the car?

KUDA

I'm on parole detective..... I can't have people being murdered in my car..... and besides, I like to play with my food too!

Kuda begins to meow and hiss like an angry tom cat, nails scratching at the air.

CULLEN

So what happens now?

KUDA

I win! When she shows up, I, as in you, will kill her, but unfortunately not before I, as in her, fatally shoot you.

In a way I'm doing you a favor.

CULLEN

How do you figure that?

KUDA

Besides the fact that you seem to be living a pretty miserable life anyway, you'll get full credit for killing the pussy killer and you die a hero. A better deal than most in your position.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYNN ESTATE

Lisa has just arrived at the rear entrance.

CLOSE ON the milk chute located to the right of the back door. Lisa opens the small compartment and pulls from it her 45 magnum! She hesitates for a moment, then disappears through the open doorway.

INT. FLYNN ESTATE

Lisa passes through the kitchen area, her gun in a ready position. She reaches the hallway and peers around the corner. Lisa can see that the book shelf has been left ajar. Slipping off her heels, she begins to climb the stairs.

EXT. POOL AREA NOON

Cullen has managed to clasp his hands around the piping, taking the weight off his cuffed wrists. He looks across the pool at Kuda.

CULLEN

Why were you at the hospital?

KUDA

What?

CULLEN

You hired a hit man to kill your wife and then you showed up to watch. Why?

KUDA

All these questions detective. They are surely the sign of an idle mind!

CULLEN

It just doesn't fit! From what I know, you're just not that stupid.

KUDA

I have a problem with delegation.

CULLEN

You're not going to tell me?

Kuda considers for a moment.

KUDA

I hired professionals and they failed me. I couldn't have that happen again. If Carolyn were allowed to talk, the damage would be irreparable. I had business associates who would have found themselves vulnerable, and their wrath would be lethal. This time I needed to make sure that it was done right..... For that I was prepared to pay the price..... You were probably a pretty good detective when you were alive.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

Lisa works her way down the hallway, her back against the wall. She reaches a door, opens it and steps into what was once a linen closet.

CLOSE on a piece of cardboard taped to the back wall of the closet. Lisa removes it, revealing a 3" hole that exposes the viewing booth. She looks through the hole and finds that it's empty. Bewildered, she exits the closet.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Lisa glances through the open door way and sees the smashed glass and blood on the floor. There is no sign of Barry Kuda. A flash flood of fear washes over her

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF L.A.

With sirens blaring and lights flashing, cop cars rush through the streets of L.A.

CUT TO:

INT FLYNN ESTATE: DOWNSTAIRS

Lisa returns down stairs. She puts her high heels back on, brushes back her hair and straightens her dress. Using her belt as a holster, she hides the gun behind her back. Lisa takes a moment to psych herself up and with a new game plan thought out, she sashays down the hallway, heading toward the main area of the house. It is apparent that she knows her way around. She calls out for Kuda.

LISA

Mr. Kuda, where are you?

She enters the living room. There is a large picture window on the far wall. Beyond it, in the back yard, Lisa can see the pool area and Kuda. He is still sitting at the shallow edge of the pool.

LISA

Aw.... there's my little rough rider. Did you forget all about me?

With hips swinging, Lisa makes her way toward Kuda. Her walk is confident and sexually charged.

LISA

I find that very hurtful Mr. Kuda.....but, then that's your thing isn't it?!

Kuda gets to his feet.

KUDA

There is someone here who wants to meet you.

As Lisa continues toward Kuda, she takes a quick glance toward the pool, but before anything can register, her eyes dart right back to Kuda, locking on the gun that now hangs at his side.

The facade of seduction disappears. Her reaction is instantaneous as she draws her gun on Kuda.

KUDA

(mocking disappointment)

Oh!.....that's not nice! I was just about to introduce you to detective Cullen.

(To Cullen)

Detective, meet the pussy killer.

As Lisa turns to look, THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT & DOLLIES IN creating a queasy distortion of space and reality.

LISA

Micky?..... Oh my god! Noooo!

INTERCUT with FLASH CUTS of Cullen as he looks up.

Lisa is assaulted by a nerve ripping onslaught of emotions: shock, fear, regret, dread....., they all stake their claim at once.

CLOSE on Cullen as he realizes the unbelievable

CULLEN

Lisa?!

Lisa begins to hyperventilate. Rage has taken control. There is no question she is going to pull the trigger, but Kuda continues to play with the 'marbles' and his gun remains at his side.

KUDA

I guess this means we won't get to finish what you started in the car. I'm going to feel cheated 'Lisa'.

His tongue crawls all over her name!

LISA
(shaking)
Consider yourself cheated.

Lisa pulls the trigger, but nothing happens. The gun is empty. A look of astonishment, then whacked out terror crosses her face.

KUDA
You know these 'fuck me' clothes you squeeze yourself into..... you look great in them, you really do. But the problem is that there is no place to hide a gun. Now we drove here in my car, so I knew you didn't bring it with you. You had to have stashed it out here earlier.....

Kuda opens his hand and shows her the bullets, then he starts toward her. Lisa is nearly catatonic. She makes no effort to escape.

KUDA
Someplace simple and easy to get at.
Like the milk chute.

There is no resistance from Lisa as Kuda takes the gun out of her hand.

KUDA
Check!

He back hands her hard across the face! Lisa stumbles backward.

REACTION SHOT of Cullen as he screams out at Kuda.

CULLEN
(shrieking)
Kuda! you degenerate fuck! Hurt her,
and I swear if there's a way back from
hell, I'll find it.

Kuda hits Lisa again, knocking her to the ground. She lands near the edge of the pool. Kuda shoves her over the ledge with his foot.

Cullen's brain explodes in hysterical rage.

CULLEN

Come here you mother fuck! I'll take you on like this, you fuckin' piece of shit!

Lisa slowly rises to her feet. She begins to make her way in the direction of Cullen.

Kuda has climbed into the pool and follows her down the length of the pool.

CLOSE on Lisa as she gazes deeply into Cullen's eyes,.....searching..... wanting to know his thoughts..... Is it possible that he might understand?

LISA

(tearfully)

I'm sorry Micky..... I wish I could somehow explain it all to you.....

Cullen is too overcome to speak. He simply nods to her.

Kuda comes up behind Lisa.

KUDA

Lisa.....

She turns to face Kuda.

KUDA

Et spiritus sanctus.....

Kuda fires point blank into her belly. She collapses at Cullen's feet.

KUDA

Checkmate!

Cullen goes rabid. He snarls, spits and hisses at Kuda..... kicking out at him, clawing at his handcuffs. He'd chew off his hands to get at him!

CULLEN

You fuck! You scum fuck!... I'll tear your fuckin' heart out, you god damn fuckin' scum. Your a dead man Kuda. You dead god damn fuck!....

Kuda begins to load Lisa's gun, totally ignoring Cullen's ranting.

Lisa reaches out for Cullen and catches hold of his foot. She places her knee on it, grabs hold of his belt and pulls herself up. She tries to calm him down.... ease him out of his madness.

LISA
Micky!..... Listen to me Micky.....
Shhhh!... Shhh!... Come back to me
now! Shhh..... Its OK... Listen to me.

Lisa is finally able to wrap her arms around his neck. She and Cullen are cheek to cheek. She strokes his face with her hand, trying to get his attention.

LISA
Mick! I need you! Are you listening to
me Mick?.... Come on now... Please....
I need you.

Cullen looks at her.

LISA
OK!.... Now listen.... I'm dying Mick! I
need you to hear my last confession.
Will you do that for me Micky?...
Please.

Kuda begins to fondle Lisa, taking her gun and sliding it up between her legs.....

KUDA
I'll deal with you later detective. First,
you get to watch.

Cullen kicks out at Kuda.

Cullen
Get the fuck away from her!

LISA
No Mick! Forget about him. It's
alright! I need you to hear me.

Lisa is beginning to fade. Speaking become an effort, breathing is laborious. She nuzzles her head against Cullen neck.

LISA
Bless me father for I have sinned. It
has been a year since my last
confession and these are my sins.....
I have lied to those most dear to

me..... I have deceived and used them, and for this I am deeply sorry.....

Over the past six months I have killed five men.....

CULLEN

(confused)

five?..... No....no this isn't your fault. You're not responsible for what happens to me.....

LISA

(in tears)

I am responsible for what happens to you.

A knowing look is shared between the two.

LISA

And the number is five.

With that Lisa pulls a gun from the holster behind Cullen's neck and rolls about to face Kuda. She fires all the rounds into him so fast, he's still standing to take most of them.

LISA

For these and all my other sins which I can not now remember.....

The gun drops from her hand. She turns to Mick and kisses him,..

LISA

I had never counted on falling in love with you.

then lets go, slowly rolling to the bottom of the pool.

CULLEN

(ranting)

NO!.....No!..... I should've done something. I tried to stop it.....

OFF IN THE DISTANCE, the wail of police sirens! They grow louder as they draw near..... building to deafening crescendo!

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DOOR: FLYNN ESTATE DAY

As cops charge through it. There are at least 20 or 30. Dexter and McCoy are among them. Like flood waters, they pour into every open space. Dexter enters the living room and sees the pool area outside.

McCoy has noticed the bookshelf, which is still ajar. He pulls on it and the bookshelf opens a little more.

POV as Dexter approaches the pool. As he nears the edge, the carnage begins to be revealed to him.

McCoy is peering into the space behind the book shelf when he hears Dexter.

DEXTER (O.S.)
Captain! Out back in the pool!

Dexter jumps into the pool and runs toward Cullen. By the time he reaches him the entire pool rim is surrounded by cops.

DEXTER
We need a medic here and I need
these cuffs off now.
(To Cullen)
You're going to be all right Mick.

Cullen looks into Dexters eyes

CULLEN
There was nothing I could do.....

Dexter is dumbfounded by the amount of damage Cullen has caused to his wrists. They look like they have been scraped to the bone and he is loosing a lot of blood. This is a moment of compassion between two men who not long ago disliked each other.

DEXTER
Easy, Mick, easy. We'll have you out
of here in a minute.

McCoy has entered the pool and is crossing over to Cullen and Dexter. He stops when he reaches Lisa. Looking down at her, he allows himself a moment to feel the loss for the Lisa Laurie that he knew.

At the deep end, a cop kneels from overhead. He lean over and unlocks the handcuffs. Cullen's hands fall lifeless to his side. He raises his forearms up at the elbow, like a doctor during scrub down. It is the least painless position.

Awkwardly at first, Dexter puts his arms around him, helping him to sit up.

CULLEN

I just wasn't strong enough.....

MUSIC INTRO: WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED

The CAMERA rises high and away taking in the full pool area and then the estate and the swarm of cop cars. The sun is beginning to set, the rays turning the screen to a blinding white.

FADE TO;

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE DAY

Epstein comes in with a letter. McCoy is sitting at his desk. He holds King Kong in his hands and fidgets with it.

EPSTEIN

This just arrived from Lisa Laurier's lawyer. It was to be delivered to you if anything happened to her.

McCoy takes the letter and opens it.

LISA (V.O.)

Dear Roy, If you are reading this, it means that things have not gone well for me and you probably know my secret. This is not an attempt to explain myself as I am sure that would be impossible. But I am asking a favor of you. Actually its more for Mick than for me.....

INT. CULLEN'S CAR NIGHT

Cullen drives through the streets of L.A. His wrists are heavily bandaged. He stares straight ahead almost trance like. He appears remote, unreachable.

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE NIGHT

Cullen walks in. He and McCoy look at each other. No words are spoken. Cullen has lost his intensity. The fire is out. He places his gun and badge on the desk, then walks out. McCoy watches him as he leaves. He picks up the phone.

INT. CULLEN'S CAR: L.A. STREETS NIGHT

Cullen drives through the streets of L.A.

INT. PADDY'S BAR NIGHT

Trixie is at work. She sees Cullen enter and look over the crowd. He appears lost,..... unsure of what it is he's looking for. After a moment he leaves.

INT. CULLEN'S HOME NIGHT

Cullen stands in his kitchen sorting through his mail. He opens a letter from Kathy Hala. Inside is a card thanking him.

As Cullen heads for the bedroom, he sees someone sitting in his large over stuffed chair. Its Lisa, her legs curled up under her and wearing nothing but one of his shirts. She turns to him and smiles..... but it is only an illusion.

EXT. DEVIL'S PEAK: GRIFFITH PARK DAY

From his favorite place of isolation, Cullen looks out over the L.A. basin. He is dressed in a suit and tie. This is the best dressed we have ever scene him.

INT. L.A. AIRPORT DAY

Dexter is at the arrival gate waiting to pick someone up.

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY: LISA'S FUNERAL DAY

Cullen arrives. Among the small group that have gathered is McCoy, Barbara Brooke, Steven Katz and Kathy Hala. There are others, primarily woman, maybe they are among the victims. A priest stands before the casket and leads everyone in prayer.

FADE TO:

20 minutes later. The small crowd begins to disperse. Cullen and McCoy remain.

A short distance away a car pulls up. Dexter gets out.

McCoy touches Cullen's shoulder and points toward it. Cullen turns to look just as.....

Dexter opens the back door and helps Rose Cullen out of the car.

As she gazes upon her son, Rose Cullen can see the pain in his eyes. Tears swell up as she rushes toward him. No words are spoken as she swallows him up in her arms.

Cullen doesn't respond. His hands remain at his side. Rose reacts to his tentative response by squeezing even tighter..... She is not going to lose him!

Slowly, Cullen raises his hands. Hesitantly, they touch her back. Rose squeezes him with all her strength.

ANGLE on McCoy as he silently cheers them on.

Then there is a sound! It begins deep from within Cullen's burned out soul. A sound fathered by anguish and fear; mothered with hope and love. It rumbles through his body, building into a ferocious roaring moan. A gasp that comes after one has held their breath..... forever.

Cullen's arms close tightly around her, holding on for dear life!

CULLEN

Mom. I'm sorry....

Mrs. Cullen looks up into his face.

MRS. CULLEN

Oh Micky!

McCoy breaks into a broad smile, feeling real good about himself. He looks over to Dexter who in return gives him the thumbs up and then gets back in his car.

As McCoy turns to leave, her takes Cullen's badge out of his pocket and sets it on the near by grave stone, where Cullen can see it.....

Just in case.....

THE END

What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted

**As I walk this land of broken dreams
I have visions of many things
But happiness is just an illusion
Filled with sadness and confusion**

**What becomes of the broken hearted
Who have loved that now departed
I know that I've got to find
Some kind of peace of mind
Baby**

**The roots of love grow all around
But for me they come a tumbling down
Every day heart aches grow a little stronger
I can't stand this pain much longer
I walk in shadows searching for light
Cold and alone, no comfort in sight.
Hoping and praying for someone to care
Always moving and going no where**

**What becomes of the broken hearted
Who have loved that now departed
I know that I've got to find
Some kind of peace of mind
Help me please.**

**I'm searching, though I don't succeed
For someone's love there's a growing need
All is lost there is no place for beginning
All that's left is an unhappy ending.**

**Now what becomes of the broken hearted
Who have loved that now departed
I know that I've got to find
Some kind of peace of mind
I'll be searching everywhere
Just to find someone to care
I'll be looking every day
I know I'm going to find a way
Nothings going to stop me now
I'll find a way somehow
I'll be searching everywhere
I know I'm going to find it.**

