

I, ALEX CROSS

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OPEN ON A MAN RUNNING. We are

1 **INT. PACKARD PLANT, A TWO BLOCK LONG ASSEMBLY FLOOR -- DAY** 1

The Lanyard around his neck with the POLICE BADGE swinging.
This is TOMMY KANE. Late 30s, physically imposing.

The man he's chasing is IAN McGUIRE. His shirt is streaked in
blood - not his own. A gun's in his hand. He is blazing
fast...

Ahead looms a chain link fence. 10 feet high. Topped with
coils of concertina wire.

Tommy CUTS RIGHT.

And with this REVEAL, running behind Tommy is another man:
his partner, friend, ALEX CROSS.

Cross is the physical opposite of McGuire. He's got the
intimidating momentum of a train; and because he is as
superbly conditioned as he is huge, he qualifies as a
Frigidaire-sized force of nature.

Not missing a step, McGuire jams his pistol in his pants,
vaults the chain link fence, then contorts over the
concertina with an acrobatic flip. He lands running.

Cross approaches the fence with a different M.O., lowering
his shoulder and blowing the locked hinges off the gate.

2 **EXT. PACKARD PLANT -- CONTINUOUS** 2

Cross follows McGuire out the main entrance -- and slows,
looking and listening for his prey.

Meanwhile, we are absorbing what a MIND-BLOWINGLY MASSIVE
COMPLEX this is - a 36 acre ruin, 3.5 million square feet of
dead factory space.

Cross reacquires McGuire, running, and then if by magic
dropping out of sight.

CROSS
(on bluetoothed cell)
He's gone underground.

3 **INT. ANOTHER PACKARD BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS** 3

Tommy is still running. He's not surprised.

TOMMY
Right. See you at the chute.

4 **EXT. PACKARD PLANT -- CONTINUOUS** 4

Cross reaches where McGuire disappeared - and we see an open manhole in the ground.

5 **INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS** 5

Cross drops down into the small brick-arched passage and resumes the chase.

6 **INT. PACKARD FACTORY -- CONTINUOUS** 6

As McGuire emerges from an opening in the floor. As he races to one end of the block-long space he finds Tommy entered from outside and Cross emerging from the tunnel behind him.

He changes course, the reunited cops in pursuit.

7 **INT. PACKARD PLANT** 7

The chase continues through areas that border on the macabre:

Some windows have old automobiles dangling half-way out.

There are boats stacked all over the place, mountains of trashed TV sets, old RVs...

Cross and Tommy run, and we by now are getting the sense they're not so much chasing McGuire as channeling him, maneuvering him into a corner.

8 **INT. PACKARD PLANT ELEVATOR SHAFT** 8

McGuire skids to a stop. The shaft is three stories -- it appears he's dead ended. But with the two cops closing in, he JUMPS, grabs iron pipes that run the length of the shaft, and SPRINGS UPWARDS from one pipe to another.

Cross and Tommy continue on to THE AUTO RAMP at the building's end.

9 **EXT. ROOF, PACKARD PLANT -- DAY** 9

McGuire emerges only to find Cross and Tommy blitzing towards him.

The cops DIVE FOR COVER as McGuire whips out his pistol and FIRES 10 ROUNDS at them. McGuire then leaps off the roof, roll-landing 15 feet below on THE ROOF OF A CROSSWALK TO ANOTHER BUILDING.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Making this leap isn't Cross's style. Instead he throws himself at a rusted ladder that descends to the crosswalk -- the force tears the ladder loose from the wall, LEVERING CROSS DOWN to the midpoint of the crosswalk as McGuire drops through a hole INTO THE CROSSWALK itself.

Tommy, meanwhile, dangle drops to the crosswalk. He runs, drops through the hole --

10 **INT. CROSSWALK -- CONTINUOUS**

10

-- and is surprised to see Cross has stopped running.

TOMMY

What gives?

CROSS

Why are we chasing this knuckle dragger if he's shooting at us?

Cross draws out his pistol. It's old school and bad-ass: a Ruger Super Redhawk .454

11 **INT. PACKARD PLANT -- CONTINUOUS**

11

McGuire senses he's no longer being chased. He pauses -- his sight-line shows him Cross with pistol leveled, but not at him. He's confused. Until he looks where Cross is aiming -- and sees TWO MASSIVE STAINLESS STEEL TANKS a hundred yards away. They're labeled: N02. Before he can shut his jaw --

INT. CROSSWALK -- CONTINUOUS

TOMMY

Good question.

Cross quick fires six rounds at the two tanks.

12 **INT. PACKARD PLANT -- CONTINUOUS**

12

Cross' shot triggers an ENORMOUS EXPLOSION, its ear-bursting shock wave blowing McGuire 20 feet back in the air, and smack landing him into a concrete pillar.

McGuire comes to, and finds himself with a close up view of Cross's Redhawk and Tommy's Glock.

CROSS

Ian McGuire, your days of hurting little girls are at an end. Would you care to argue the point?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MCGUIRE
How'd you keep up with me?

TOMMY
Because, dipshit, my daddy worked
here --

CROSS
-- and every weekend this was our
turf.

Cross hoists McGuire up. Onto his tippy toes.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Listen up. When you're sitting in
your 6 by 8 for the next fifty
years, contemplate the irony: You
got caught in our playground.

13 **EXT. PACKARD PLANT -- DAY**

13

Police cars are on site. As McGuire is put into a squad car,
Cross approaches a uniformed cop.

CROSS
Officer, I'm late for a date. Could
you give me a lift?

COP
Sure, Detective. Where to?

CROSS
Ryan Correctional.

CUT TO: Metal clanging, a door opening, and --

14 **INT. PSYCHIATRIC SECURE HOUSING UNIT -- CONTINUOUS**

14

The officer leads ALEX along a dismal cellblock. INMATES
HOLLER, SCREAM and POUND their heads against cell doors.

Alex glances into a room with five phone-booth sized cages
arranged in a circle. Each cage contains an inmate. A movie
plays in the background.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
Group therapy.

He walks on, whistling to himself and swinging his baton.
Alex notices his trying-too-hard-to-be-a-tough-guy swagger.
They move deeper into the bowels of the facility. A voice
calls out from behind a heavy steel door.

(CONTINUED)

MONSTER

Hey Doc!

Alex sees a single eye peering at him through the perforations in the door.

ALEX

What's up Diaz?

MONSTER DIAZ, a brick shit-house of a Salvadorian, inked with gang tattoos, sticks his pinkie finger through the hole. The correctional officer hits the door with his baton. Alex raises a hand to stop him and obliges Diaz with a "pinkie shake".

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

He butchered five people with those hands.

ALEX

I know what he did.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

You're the one needs a psychologist.

ALEX

(laughs)

You're probably right.

They continue down the corridor and stop at the last door.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

And the pick of the litter...
Bronson "Pop-Pop" James.

A heavy bolt clunks and the door opens. Alex walks into a small, grey, windowless cell.

BRONSON "POP-POP" JAMES, an eleven-year-old kid, slouches on a thin mattress. His feet dangle six inches off the floor. His skinny body is dwarfed in a white jumpsuit. Alex grabs a seat facing him. He opens the McDonalds bag and takes out two HAPPY MEALS. He hands one to the boy.

ALEX

How're they treating you?

BRONSON

This place sucks.

ALEX

Yes it does.

Bronson studies him intently. Alex smiles.

BRONSON

You all up in your own shit today.
D'you bag another bad guy?

Alex takes a bite of his hamburger.

ALEX

You say that like my job's a bad
thing--
I like protecting people.

BRONSON

Just 'cause you're a cop - you
supposed to be a role model?

ALEX

So who's your role model? 50 Cent?
Tupac?

BRONSON

I ain't got time for no punkass
role model.

ALEX

What about your father?

Bronson ignores him, digs a small SUPERHERO ACTION FIGURE out
of the Happy Meal box and starts to play with it..

ALEX (CONT'D)

Why did you do it? Why did you bash
that homeless guy's head in?

The boy ignores him and plays with the toy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(non-judgmental)
Really, I'd like to know.

BRONSON

(callous)
He was just there, a'right?

Alex continues. His tone is empathetic, non-accusatory.

ALEX

You killed him because he was just
there?

(CONTINUED)

Bronson shrugs.

ALEX (CONT'D)
So what did it feel like? What do
you remember?

Bronson continues playing with the toy, completely detached
from emotion.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You like seeing the blood all over
his face? Did it feel good?

BRONSON
It's no thing.

ALEX
No thing? Really?

The boy glances up, suddenly engaged.

BRONSON
The bitch just kept crying and
shit, "Please, please. Please,
please, please."

Alex doesn't flinch.

ALEX
How do you feel now?

Bronson very calmly twists the toy and breaks it.

BRONSON
Yo, they got any Skittles in that
machine down the hall? Get me some
Skittles, man.

Alex scrunches up his trash, stands and extends his hand.

ALEX
Good seeing you, Bronson. I'll
catch you again soon.

BRONSON
(with dead eyes)
Already got caught.

Bronson stares at Alex's extended hand. He's caught off
guard, not used to being addressed at the level of an adult.
He gives Alex a weak little shake.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

He notices that Alex has placed the action figure from his own Happy Meal on the stool. He waits until Alex leaves, drops off the cot, picks up the toy, considers it for a beat and puts it in his pocket.

16 **EXT. INNER-CITY BUT SOMEWHAT PICTURESQUE -- DAY**

16

The CL65 pulls up in the shadows. The houses here used to be fine, but now they're in disrepair. MICHAEL SULLIVAN steps out wearing a rogue's smile and a sharp suit. His leonine presence and predatory nature strike the perfect balance of menace and charisma. If life had dealt him a different hand, this guy could've been a shark in the board room instead of the street. He scans his surroundings, composed, calculated, instincts scalpel-sharp...

A crew of CORNER BOYS eyefuck the handsome white man, who dares venture here. The cockiest of the bunch pimp-rolls up and nods at the Mercedes.

CORNER BOY

Ten bucks. I'll watch the car, yo.

Sullivan fixes him with his striking blue eyes. The kid is maybe thirteen-years-old and all puffed up in his designer tracksuit and high-tops.

SULLIVAN

Sorry, kid. I gotta big dog for that.

Sullivan taps the window of the Mercedes. A SNARLING GERMAN SHEPHERD lunges at the glass.

CORNER BOY

Can doggie put out fires?

The corner boys LAUGH. Sullivan grins and produces a twenty-dollar bill.

SULLIVAN

You know what good faith means?

The corner boy shrugs, all attitude. Sullivan hands him the crisp twenty, but holds onto the bill long enough for the kid to detect an undercurrent of pure menace.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Careful now. Doggy likes dark meat.

17 **INT. CHURCH -- DAY**

17

Sullivan enters a side door of an abandoned church and he takes a stairway to a dank basement. A LOW RUMBLING roars from below. A clutch of WASHINGTON HIGHROLLERS approach a doorway, manned by ARMED GUARDS.

Sullivan falls into step, and flashes his I.D.. He is frisked for weapons. The high rollers, recognized as regulars, push past. Sullivan nods at the guards.

SULLIVAN

Packed house tonight. What's the game? Bingo? You raffling off a Cadillac?

18 **INT. UNDERGROUND -- CONTINUOUS**

18

Sullivan enters a cavernous space, densely packed with PUNTERS waving cash and yelling. The source of their frenzy is a NO HOLDS BARRED FIGHT--"ANYTHING GOES."

A BOOKIE scrawls odds on a chalk board and handles the wagers. Sullivan scans the crowd. His gaze settles on a striking Canton beauty, OY-FAN YAU, seated ring-side. He pulls out a money clip, fat with cash and places a wager.

SULLIVAN

Ten thousand...on The Butcher of Sligo.

The bookie checks his list.

BOOKIE

There is no Butcher of Sligo.

SULLIVAN

You're looking at him.

The bookie eyeballs the white boy in his tailored suit and laughs his ass off. Sullivan grins back, shrugs off the jacket and loosens his tie. The Canton beauty glances in the bookie's direction.

BOOKIE

(subtitled Mandarin)

Crazy gweilo wants to fight. He bet \$10,000 on himself.

The Canton beauty nods her consent. Sullivan looks her way and nods.

Sullivan appears in a pair of black shorts. He has tremendous poise and confidence. His opponent drops into the pit. Sullivan stands with his back to a brutish SERBIAN-AMERICAN with a roid-rage physique and prison tats.

The bookie chalks up the odds, heavily favoring the Serb. Sullivan winks at a long-legged RING GIRL.

SULLIVAN

If I win, you're leaving with me.

RING GIRL

(smiling, coyly)

What if I told you I'm only thirteen?

SULLIVAN

I'm not superstitious.

The crowd simmers, on the verge of pandemonium as Sullivan turns and squares off with the enormous Serb. The blood-thirsty crowd forms a human barrier around them.

The fight begins. Sullivan keeps his distance and studies the Serb. Recognizing a south paw, he circles to his right. The Serb reverses his stance. The brute is ambidextrous, and surprisingly athletic. He pops Sullivan with a fast left hook and a hard right.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Not bad, Bluto. I'm impressed.

The Serb kicks Sullivan hard, then grapples him into a guillotine head lock and goes for the take down.

SERB

Anything goes, asshole!

Sullivan sinks his teeth into his forearm. The Serb yells, releases and springs back.

SULLIVAN

I'm getting the hang of it.

The Serb nails Sullivan with a devastating straight cross. Sullivan can definitely take a punch. The Serb pivots and strikes him with a swift kick to the thorax. Sullivan hits the dirt. The Serb's neck muscles tense, he takes a sharp intake of breath and leaps --

Time slows in Sullivan's mind. He sees the Serb's knees coming for his face and flips sideways. The Serb lands on his kneecaps and reels from the dagger of pain. Sullivan grabs the brute's scalp and drives his knee into his face. The Serb wobbles, dazed and disoriented.

Sullivan leans close to the Serb and whispers.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Anything goes, right?

Sullivan's entire demeanor shifts as if a switch is flipped in his brain. He launches an attack that is mind-blowing in its ferocity. No fancy martial art theatrics, just precision.

The crowd erupts on the sidelines. The Serb flails wildly, crumples to the dirt and "taps out". The REFEREE glances at the boss. She signals the end of the fight.

REFEREE

(to Sullivan)

We're done.

Sullivan grabs a fallen betting slip and forces it down the Serb's throat. The referee tries to stop him. Sullivan shoves him away and delivers a devastating coup de grâce. The Serb's neck snaps with a stomach-churning CRACK. His body falls lifeless.

SULLIVAN

Now, we're done.

Sullivan faces the crowd as torn betting slips rain down like confetti. He smiles and takes a bow from the waist. It's his trademark.

Sullivan listens to Led Zeppelin's Whole Lotta Love on earphones as he cleans up in a locker room (Sullivan listens to rock n' roll throughout our story.) FAN YAU shows up, flanked by her BODYGUARDS.

FAN YAU

(perfect English)

Did you learn to fight in prison?

I think you probably did.

Sullivan takes off the earphones and takes her in. She's gorgeous. But so is he.

20 CONTINUED:

SULLIVAN
Brooklyn, actually. Irish kid in a
guinea neighborhood.

FAN YAU
You're a long way from New York,
Mr. Sullivan?

She throws him his wallet.

FAN YAU (CONT'D)
And you took a very big gamble
tonight.

SULLIVAN
(shrugging it off)
No gamble. Your prize-bull had a
fatal flaw.

FAN YAU
Several flaws. Arrogance.
Neanderthal stupidity. Slow feet.

Sullivan smiles.

FAN YAU (CONT'D)
I'm talking about your gamble. You
defied me.

Her bodyguards surround him.

SULLIVAN
Your guy taps out when he gets a
nosebleed-- and costs you what?
Half a million? He's the one defied
you.

She smiles. They speak the same language. He unwraps boxing
tape from his hand, revealing a badly dislocated finger.

She moves closer. Her bodyguards are on alert. She takes
Sullivan's hand and snaps the finger back into place. He
doesn't flinch. The chemistry between them is palpable.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Thank you. Now if you'll excuse me,
I'd like to clean up, have a cold
one and screw your lovely ring
girl.

FAN YAU
We don't serve alcohol here, Mr.
Sullivan...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

FAN YAU (CONT'D)
and maybe you should set your
sights higher than a ring girl.

SULLIVAN
(holding her stare)
Maybe I should.

Sullivan nonchalantly drops the towel around his waist. He definitely is a star. A bodyguard yanks out a weapon.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(grins)
No need for guns, boys. Mine's not
even loaded.

21 INT. CROSS APARTMENT, WASHINGTON D.C. -- NIGHT

21

The space is cramped but cozy and tastefully decorated. Family photos adorn the walls. A beat-up, upright piano, with sheet music for Chopin and Duke Ellington contrasts the videogame ROCK BAND BLASTING on TV. Computer generated images of ZZ TOP jam on screen.

Alex's daughter Janelle plays bass, his son, Damon, beats a drum kit and their smokin'-hot mom, MARIA sings into a plastic microphone in a sultry barroom growl.

MARIA
... They come runnin just as fast
as they can. Coz every girl crazy
'bout a sharp dressed man.

Maria turns to Alex and winks. Alex sits down at the old upright piano. He plays along with ROCK BAND-- and he's good! His family HOWLS LAUGHING.

JANNIE
You're funny, Daddy!

Alex makes a funny face.

ALEX
It's my job to make you laugh, big
girl.

Jannie screws her face into a fake grimace.

22 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

22

Sullivan is driving through D.C.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SULLIVAN

(into cell)

There's been a murder. Terrible
homicide. Plural, actually.
Homicides... How do I fucking know?
I'm the one did them... Pavilion
Building. No need to hurry though.
They're all dead.

He removes the SIMCARD. Tosses it. Cranks the music. Steps on
the gas.

23 INT. TINY BEDROOM, CROSS APARTMENT -- NIGHT

23

Alex stands in the doorway watching Damon and Jannie kneeling
by their beds and praying. Damon clutches a toy dinosaur.

JANNIE / DAMON

God Bless Nana and Daddy and
Mommy...

DAMON

... and T-Rex!

ALEX

(solemnly)

And Sponge Bob. And Bart Simpson.

Alex tucks Damon and Jannie into their beds and kisses them
good night. He hears Maria in the shower.

24 INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

24

Alex slips into the shower behind Maria. He kisses her neck,
her shoulders... Maria lets out a SCREECH as the water runs
ice-cold. Alex yanks back the curtain.

ALEX

Alright, who flushed?

Damon's little feet patter out the door.

DAMON

Sorry, Daddy! Sorry, Mommy!

Alex ties on a towel, then chases a laughing Damon back to
bed. The phone in the hall starts to ring.

25 INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

25

Maria stands in a bathrobe with a sexy little smile. She
looks amazing. The phone keeps ringing.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

By the look on both their faces, it's evident this happens a lot. Alex glances from his hot wife to the phone. He gives in and answers.

26 INT. UNMARKED CROWN VIC -- NIGHT

26

Alex drives with the siren on. Tommy rides shotgun. He is eating from a bowl he keeps in the car.

TOMMY

(as he eats)

You're quiet tonight. Not like you, All-star.

ALEX

(shrugs, then)

Thinking about that open position. The one with the FBI. They'll pay extra for my psyche degree. Might even be able to pay off my loans to Johns Hopkins.

TOMMY

ViCAP? It's a desk job. Give your ass hemorrhoids!

ALEX

(laughs)

Give my ass hemorrhoids...anyway. Nights, weekends off. More time with the wife and kids.

TOMMY

Who the hell would want that?

Alex smiles.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Something you're not telling me about, partner? Not very Oprah of you.

ALEX

I guess. Yeah. Maria's pregnant.

TOMMY

No shit? Congratulations. You're catching up with me.

ALEX

You're assuming your wife's kids are all yours.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

TOMMY

You're assuming my wife's kids are
all I got.

Alex laughs and drives under the Friendship Arch into Chinatown. Tommy glances out the window and sees a fleet of squad cars blockading the street. He finishes up his cereal with hungry gulps. Alex parks. They check their weapons.

27 **EXT. CHINATOWN -- NIGHT**

27

Alex and Tommy step out of the car. A WALL OF UNIFORMS holds back the LOCALS straining to catch a glimpse of the action. There are lots of irate people on the street..

TOMMY

A desk job? That'll be the day.

They make their way through the blockade to the inner perimeter where LT. SCOTT DAWSON is calling the shots from a mobile COMMAND POST.

DAWSON

Glad you two could make it. What a
pigfuck this turned out to be.

He points to an attractive grey stone building.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

We got a report of multiple
homicides. Next thing, half of
Shanghai shows up. They don't want
us inside the building.

Alex surveys the area. He notices a Chinese symbol sprayed on a wall.

ALEX

This is Triad turf. Any witnesses?

DAWSON

Yeah, the killer. He called it in.

That get's Alex's attention.

28 **EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

28

A TACTICAL TEAM breaches a roof access door.

Alex and Tommy accompany tactical down a stairwell. The building is eerily quiet. Flashlights cut the Stygian darkness and illuminate a POOL OF BLOOD.

A DEAD CHINESE is sprawled on the floor. He's been shot between the eyes. A MACHINE PISTOL lies by his side. Dancing flashlights illuminate two more CHINESE gunned down. Both have sustained HEAD-SHOTS.

Alex spots a SHOOTER, hunkered at the end of the hallway. The tactical team takes cover and levels their weapons.

TEAM LEADER
DROP YOUR WEAPON.

Alex takes in the way the gunman is slouched against a heavy vault-like door. The tactical team prepares to fire --

ALEX
Wait. Hold it. Don't shoot.

The team leader bites back his frustration.

TEAM LEADER
What's the problem?

ALEX
Look around. These are professional hits. This guy's a victim. Which makes him a witness.

Alex steps in front of Tactical before they can shoot. His body language is non-threatening, despite the fact that he's strapped and wearing Kevlar...The shooter raises his gun.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(calm; steady)
Easy now. Easy. My name is Alex Cross. I'm a police detective... Just nod your head if you understand.

Alex sees his face illuminated for the first time. His expression is full of anguish. Alex glances at the vault-like door open behind him. Suddenly the shooter jams the gun under his own chin, about to blow his head off.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You failed to protect someone. This is about honor isn't it?

A chord has been hit. The shooter's grip on his gun falters. Frightened eyes stare out from a bloody face. Alex is struck by how young the guy is; and that he's going to die. He bends low, so he doesn't tower over the wounded and threatened man.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Put the gun down. Talk to me.

The shooter sees the tactical team inching forward. He finds his resolve and tightens his grip on the gun. Alex doesn't back off.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What happened here?

CHINESE GUARD

(weakly)

No protect...

The shooter drops his hand and draws something in his own blood. It's a CHINESE SYMBOL. The shooter raises his gun-and fires into his forehead.

ALEX

Ah, Jesus.

The tactical unit converges and secures the area. Alex snaps on a pair of latex gloves. Then he reaches into the shooter's pocket. He pulls out slips of paper with blood on them.

TOMMY

What is it?

ALEX

Betting slips.

TOMMY

Looks like he lost.

The tactical unit breaches the vault-like door and sweeps the apartment, which is surprisingly large and attractive. Alex and Tommy follow them into the expansive loft like space. Alex's flashlight illuminates the floor and walls spattered with more blood.

Tommy checks out the massive dead bolts on the front door and the sophisticated intercom system.

TOMMY

No forced entry. Big time, big bucks security.

30 CONTINUED:

30

Alex's flashlight illuminates: a wall safe yawning empty, a statue of Guan Yu, the Chinese God of War. The furniture and art on the walls is very tasty. Lots of books--in English.

ALEX

V.S. Naipaul. Ha Jin. Gabriel Garcia Marquez... whoever the bodyguard couldn't protect is well read.

31 INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

31

Alex glances around the room. The furnishings are expensive and luxurious. The walls are lined with erotica. Tommy picks up a pair of elaborate metal restraints. He can't figure out which end is up.

TOMMY

This is some sick shit. I like it.

Their flashlights fall across a four-poster bed. The bedding is saturated with blood. Oy Fan Yau, THE CANTON BEAUTY FROM THE FIGHT CLUB is trussed up to the posts. Her flesh is lacerated, her skin ghostly pale, her eyes fixed in death.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We got one sadistic motherfucker.
Death by a thousand cuts.

Alex notices a vial. Picks it up. Sniffs it.

ALEX

Opium.

TOMMY

At least she was doped up.

Alex runs a gloved hand along her arm - fresh track marks.

ALEX

The drugs weren't to help her pain.
They prolonged it.

He walks over to the windows and taps the glass.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Bulletproof.

TOMMY

Place is a fortress. How'd the killer get in here?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Alex shines his flashlight on a pile of woman's clothes—a dress, panties, thigh-highs at the base of the bed, as if someone just stepped out of them.

ALEX

She invited him.

32 INT. FANCY STEAKHOUSE -- NIGHT

32

An upscale crowd eating and chatting. This is an expensive place.

SULLIVAN (VO)

Look at this decadence, James.
Fine wines, red meat, fat cats
everywhere. Power by the pound.
And their sleek mistresses.

We come to Sullivan and JIMMY "HATS" GALATI eating steak and drinking scotch whisky. Sullivan is wearing a hat which is out of place, but cool. He never acts like a street punk. Never. Galati is dressed in a suit.

JIMMY

So how did it go?

SULLIVAN

Easy, peasey, Chineesy.

JIMMY

I gotta ask this, why can't you
just pull a trigger, man? You're
good with a rifle. Boom. Boom. Hit
and quit. Why cut up the Chinese
girl like she's Dim Sum?

SULLIVAN

It keeps me interested. Passionate.
It's a drug.

JIMMY

(shakes his head)
You have to tone it down, Michael.
There's more work to do in D.C. In
and out work. A little less
passion.

SULLIVAN

You know your problem, Jimmy? You
have no faith. I am undefeated, am
I not?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

I'm serious. We're getting a taste of the big time here. Dominic Maggione's put a lot of trust in you. So have I. You need to be more careful. Subtle.

Sullivan is distracted by a beautiful blond sitting with a middle-aged man at the next table.

SULLIVAN

(to the blond, very soft-spoken and self-assured-very charming)

Can I be of some service? Anything at all.

BLOND

Sure. Could you keep your voice down. Other people are eating here too, trying to talk.

Sullivan gets up and goes over to the table. The blond woman doesn't seem to mind.

SULLIVAN

I hadn't noticed anyone but you.

MALE COMPANION

Why don't you leave us alone?

SULLIVAN

(to the girl's companion)

Why? Are you somebody important?

MALE COMPANION

As a matter of fact, I am.

SULLIVAN

Ahhh.

(he leans in and whispers in the blond's ear)

Me too. I'm a fucking contract killer.

The blond stares at him - astonished. Sullivan returns to his own table. He takes off the hat, and puts it on Jimmy's head. It's his anyway.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Relax Jimmy, it's who I am. It's just my nature.

33 **INT. KID'S ROOM, CROSS APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

33

Alex arrives home, checks on his kids and tucks the covers tightly around them. He notices an apple left out for Damon's toy dinosaur. He takes a sneaky bite and sets it back in place-- as if the dinosaur chewed on it.

ALEX

God bless, T-Rex.

34 **INT. BEDROOM, CROSS APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

34

Alex slides into bed beside Maria. She stirs and snuggles into him. He lies wide awake. He can't keep the murder from working inside of him. Maria senses it. She thumps him playfully with the pillow.

MARIA

Just go.

Alex kisses her and is up and out of there.

35 **INT. KITCHEN, CROSS APARTMENT -- DAWN**

35

Alex works in a tiny breakfast nook. A laptop sits on the counter. Books are scattered all over. Alex Cross is clearly a student of crime. He has an mpeg of Sullivan's call and listens to it over and over.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

There's been a murder. Terrible homicide. Plural, actually. Homicides... How do I fucking know? I'm the one did them...

Alex studies the CHINESE SYMBOL the witness drew in his own blood. He scribbles the word "BUTCHER" in his steno-pad.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP: Alex scrolls through images of ancient Chinese woodcuts depicting torture scenes, similar to the murder. The horrific images have no place in the family kitchen.

Alex hears the fridge opening and turns to see Damon in his pjs with his little hand over his eyes.

DAMON

Not looking, Daddy. I Promise.

Alex closes the laptop as Damon ransacks the fridge.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You hungry, buddy? I sure am. I could eat that whole refrigerator.

DAMON

Really?

Alex pounds his chest.

ALEX

(roars)

Maria walks in behind them, yawning.

MARIA

Morning, Chewbacca. Son of Chewbacca...

She ruffles Damon's hair. Alex leans in for a kiss. She smiles, wriggles free and beelines for the coffee pot. She looks at the sludgy dregs. Makes a funny face, which is her style, her charm.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Did you make this all by yourself?

ALEX

I did. Four hours ago.

MARIA

You sleep at all?

ALEX

Bad homicide.

MARIA

Are there good homicides?

ALEX

Pablo Escobar, Osama Bin Laden...
Nancy Grace.

Maria picks up her own paperwork and shakes off crumbs and peanut butter, like this is an everyday occurrence.

MARIA

Can you pick me up tonight?

ALEX

Anywhere, anytime.

Maria notices the time and shouts down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

JANNIE!

She sets up the ironing board and gets to work on a blouse. The DOORBELL RINGS. Damon runs to answer it.

NANA MAMA, Alex's feisty, battle-axe of a grandmother walks in with a tray of homemade biscuits and jam. Alex digs in. Nana slaps his wrist.

NANA

Were you raised by Philistines?

He tries to kiss her. She swats him off.

ALEX

I was raised by a saint.

NANA

You're a silver-tongued charmer.
But it doesn't work with me.

She notices Maria rushing to iron her clothes.

NANA (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

Nana glides the iron expertly over a blouse.

ALEX

(whispering to Maria)
You need to put some elbow into it.

NANA

You need to put some elbow --

She catches Maria smirking and wags the iron at Alex.

NANA (CONT'D)

I'll put some elbow into you,
mister.

Alex drives with one hand on the steering wheel, holding Maria's hand. They're very cute together. His 3-Series is a hold-over from his bachelor days and looks wrong with a baby-seat and DVD screens. He pulls up outside the Potomac Garden's housing project and glances out the window at the mean streets.

ALEX

Know what? I wish you'd never left that cushy job in Georgetown.

MARIA

I grew up here. I love this neighborhood.

She pulls him close and kisses him. There's a tender intimacy between them. Maria reluctantly pulls away.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Seven o'clock. Don't forget.

ALEX

How could I forget?

She wriggles out of the car. Alex watches her tighten her pretty scarf against the chill, as she runs toward the projects. She looks back and waves, beautiful and SLIGHTLY GOOFY. Alex smiles, thinking he's the luckiest man alive.

The bullpen buzzes with activity. VICKI RYAN, a fresh-scrubbed rookie, adds four new names to the MURDER BOARD. The years victims are listed in a column - BLACK for SOLVED, RED for OPEN.

SERGEANT DAVEY CRAWFORD, a die-hard old stalwart, leans back in his creaky government-issue chair, and admires Vicki Ryan's perfectly formed ass. Vicky is very cute.

Tommy glances up from typing an incident report and guzzling a Gatorade. They both watch her.

CRAWFORD

Little higher there, F.N.G. Be still my heart.

TOMMY

F.N.G?

CRAWFORD

Fuckin' New Guy. Word is she's got a girlfriend. Female companion. Partner. Whatever they call it.

Tommy stares at her shapely figure.

TOMMY

I don't think so.

37 CONTINUED:

37

Tommy winks at Crawford and sidles up beside her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We were wondering if we should call you Vicki? Or Vic? No problem either way.

RYAN

Try Detective Ryan. For now. Eventually though, you'll call me boss.

Crawford laughs at Tommy's expense. Alex walks in smiling at the interchange.

The team straightens up at the arrival of LT. Dawson. He's politically savvy, no nonsense, nobody's fool.

DAWSON

Anybody-- talk to me. What are we dealing with? Don't be shy.

TOMMY

Victim's name was Oy Fan Yau. Excuse my Mandarin.

38 **INT. CHINATOWN APT. -NIGHT**

38

Michael Sullivan is naked. He circles the bed where Oy Fan Yau is tied down. He has a knife. He gives her a single cut, but not the first.

ALEX (VO)

Chinese national. Came here on a student visa. She's a Princeton grad. Then she graduated to a three year stint on Federal charges of racketeering and money laundering.

39 **INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY**

39

Alex directs the team.

Alex directs him to a few surveillance photos of the victim with various nefarious looking characters.

ALEX

Since then she's mostly stayed below the radar. Member of the Sun Yee On Triad. Very smart -- until last night.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

He pulls up the images of ancient Chinese woodcuts featuring torture techniques.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The style of the kill is "língchí" -
"Death by a thousand cuts." It's a
form of execution. Painful. Cruel.
Unnecessary.

DAWSON

So we're looking at a rival gang?

ALEX

I don't think so.

Alex opens a case file.

TOMMY

You remember Carlos Delgada?

40 INT. CHOP HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Delgada is on fire. The scene is portrait-like.

DAWSON (VO)

Colombian dealer? That Carlos?

ALEX (VO)

That Carlos. "Necklaced" inside a
burning tire in his brother's chop
shop.

41 INT. HOMICIDE -- DAY

41

TOMMY

Justice was served.

Alex grabs a second case file.

ALEX

Then there was Tommy McGoey.

DAWSON

Irish thug. Him I remember.

ALEX

Indicted for money laundering,
about to turn state's evidence. He
ends up nailed to a fence with his
legs broken.

42 **EXT. MCGOEY HOUSE - DAY**

42

McGoey nailed to the fence. He's alive, crying like a baby.

 DAWSON

 I'd call that a little overkill.

 ALEX

 Or ritualistic torture.

 TOMMY

 Justice was served.

43 **INT. HOMICIDE -- DAY**

43

Alex lays out the medieval torture images he captured the night before.

 ALEX

 Killed by lingchi... Burned at the
 stake... Crucified. By a
 professional killer.

Alex lines up the three actual murder photos.

 ALEX (CONT'D)

 The m.o. changes, but not the
 signature. Not once. This guy's
 getting off on his kills. Likes to
 subjugate and torment his victims.
 Which means... he's awfully good at
 what he does. He's cocky too and
 getting more arrogant with each
 kill.

 DAWSON

 So you're telling me we're looking
 for a professional hitman... Who's
 also a serial killer?

 ALEX

 Why not? It's the perfect job for
 him.

 DAWSON

 You gotta name for this guy?

Alex pins up the Chinese symbol the victim drew in his blood.

 ALEX

 Butcher.

44 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY**

44

Sullivan is walking with his two boys, out to the family car. They're carrying books and it's clear he's taking them to school. He looks like the perfect dad. Except that he's extremely paranoid. His eyes roam the neighborhood street. They settle on a dark sedan. Then move on.

A WELL-HEELED NEIGHBOR in a suit and tie waves from next door.

NEIGHBOR

Hey, Mikey. I can see who wears the long pants in your family.

SULLIVAN

You got that right.
 (to Seamus and Mike Jr.)
 I gotta make nice to this total asshole. 'Like a good neighbor.'

The suit walks over, all smiles and bullshit.

NEIGHBOR

I got Yankee tickets for Sunday. Corporate box. You and the boys?

SULLIVAN

Corporate box. I'd feel like a traitor to my people. But, yeah, we're in. Thank you, Richie. Thanks much.

45 **INT. LEXUS -- DAY**

45

Sullivan gets in the car and starts it up.

SULLIVAN

I hate that fucking pissant cocksucker. But I do like baseball.

SEAMUS

(grins)
 Pissant cocksucker.

46 **INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- NIGHT**

46

In the space of a few hours the bulletin boards have swollen with additional homicides.

ALEX

Two years of unsolved homicides -- bad ones. Freak jobs.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

He's all over the place. Colombian cartels, Russian mafia, Irish mob.

DAWSON

How many homicides?

ALEX

He's prolific. Fourteen for sure. Could be more.

Ryan approaches with another case file.

RYAN

This poor bastard was chopped up on the Jersey Shore, left in the family fridge.

ALEX

What's his name?

TOMMY

Johnny Salami.

The team laughs. It's a welcome reprieve from the intensity of the homicides.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Not a shred of physical evidence on this guy. What's he -- a ghost?

ALEX

He's a contradiction-- organized and unpredictable. I've never seen anything like it. No one has. He's not in any of the text books I've read. Not yet.

DAWSON

How do we catch him?

ALEX

These murders aren't random... Our killer works his way up from the bottom to get to the top dogs.

Alex points to the board. The homicides are separated into groups of Colombians, Italians, Russians, Irish and now Chinese. Within each group the victims are pinned on the board in ascending ranks. Alex starts on the bottom tier of the Russians.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Nicholi Michaillov. Shut down.

(CONTINUED)

Alex draws a marker through his mugshot and moves up a tier to the next rank.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Sergei Mogilevich. Boris Kalashov.
Shut down.

Alex strokes them out and moves up another tier.

ALEX (CONT'D)
All the way to crime boss Yuri
Pavlov.

Alex strokes him out.

ALEX (CONT'D)
The Capelli Crime Family was next.
Then the Sun Yee On triad. Lipo
Ching. Shu-Jon Mao. And now Fan
Yau.

DAWSON
Was she at the top?

ALEX
NO.

Alex circles a question mark at the top of the triads.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We find that guy, maybe we find
this guy.

DAWSON
(addressing team)
Find out who she worked for. Get on
it.

TOMMY
(under his breath to Alex)
Chop. Chop.

A classic Brooklyn ballpark, surrounded by the city. Michael Sullivan is watching two young boys. It seem sinister. He walks directly toward them and picks up a Louisville Slugger.

SULLIVAN
Alright girls, let's see what you
got. Throw it-then duck!

The target of Sullivan's psyche-out is his eldest son, MIKE JUNIOR a towhead, eleven-year-old. He stands on the pitcher's mound, focused and unfazed, bad-eyeing his old man. His youngest, SEAMUS, a cheeky eight-year-old, stands behind him thumping his catcher's mitt and trash-talking.

SEAMUS

(cute but tough)

This guy's nothin'! You own this mutt!

Mike ducks his chin. His wind-up is fluid. His speed is good for his age. Sullivan swings hard and connects with a satisfying crack.

SULLIVAN

That's out of here, punks! Into the cheap seats!

He runs / dances the bases for show, while Seamus scrambles over the ballpark's chain-link fence to retrieve the home-run ball. Seamus stops dead at the sight of a pair of shiny loafers. He looks up and sees Jimmy Hats. Jimmy tips his fedora and tosses the scuffed ball in his hand.

JIMMY

Your dad around?

He sees the kid's eyes dart behind him and whips around. Sullivan appears and swings the bat at his head!

Jimmy ducks as the bat blurs past with a rush of air and clips the top of his fedora sending it flying.

Jimmy picks up the hat while Sullivan laughs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're a funny guy, Michael.

SULLIVAN

Wherever I go, that's what I hear.

Sullivan flips the bat kendo-style, like a fighting staff. Jimmy flinches. Sullivan chuckles and tosses it to his son.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Go on, get outta here now. Daddy has important business with Uncle Jimmy.

SEAMUS

(knows he's funny)

You're both mutts.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN

Run for your life, midget!

Sullivan and Jimmy sit on the hood of his car. They gaze out on the Brooklyn street.

JIMMY

Look at these pathetic morons.

He points out a group of URBANITES—all races, all creeds, very few white faces.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There goes the neighborhood sinking into the melting pot. Remember when we were kids here?

Sullivan glances across the street at a boarded-up storefront with a torn and faded awning. The signage reads: THE BUTCHER OF SLIGO. Sullivan's demeanor darkens.

SULLIVAN

What brings you around, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Some hotshot in D.C. Homicide is zeroing in on you. Because of the Chinese girl, and how she died.

Sullivan considers it.

SULLIVAN

You really think this cop's a threat to me? I doubt it. Cops are morons.

JIMMY

All I'm saying is be more careful. Maybe you're not the only one who likes to make a statement, wants to make a reputation.

Jimmy lets his words sink in.

SULLIVAN

You have a name? This cop I need to be afraid of?

JIMMY

Yup. Cross, Alex Cross.

48 **EXT. CITY STREET, D.C. -- TWILIGHT** 48

Sullivan stands in a doorway. He pulls up the hood of his sweatshirt and stakes out the building across the street. Sullivan looks cool. Sullivan is cool.

49 **EXT. D.C. METRO POLICE STATION -- TWILIGHT** 49

Alex exits to the precinct parking lot and goes to his car.

50 **INT. CUSTOM IMPALA -- TWILIGHT** 50

Sullivan follows in a custom Impala.

51 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- TWILIGHT** 51

Maria glances at her watch. A couple of GANGBANGERS hanging in a doorway. They WOLF-WHISTLE.

GANGBANGER

Yo shortie. Can I get your number?

MARIA

I'm not your yo, Vernon. Not your shortie either. And pull up your pants. You look ridiculous.

The gangbanger busts out a tune.

GANGBANGER

(rapping)

Hey baby, can I get your number?

Say lady, take a ride with me...

To their surprise, Maria sings - she's funny, and she knows the words. The gangbangers smile and pump their fists in a show of respect.

MARIA

(sings)

Say lady, take a ride with me... In your dreams, gentlemen.

52 **INT. BMW -- TWILIGHT** 52

Alex pulls up outside the housing project. The light is beautiful. This is the kind of night when you feel lucky to be alive. He sees Maria. Smiles. Can't help it.

53 INT. CUSTOM IMPALA -- TWILIGHT 53

Sullivan pulls up a block behind and watches as Alex jogs, to meet Maria. He cranks the volume on the car stereo and drums his fingers on the steering wheel, psyching himself up.

54 EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- TWILIGHT 54

Alex meets up with Maria and gives her a big smooch. The gangbangers WHOOP and CHEER.

GANGBANGER

See that's what I'm talkin' about.
You are fine, girl. Halle Berry,
Beyonce, don't got shit on you.

Alex throws his arm around Maria and gives her a wink.

ALEX

Kid's right about that. You are
fine, girl.

MARIA

You should know.

55 INT. CUSTOM IMPALA -- TWILIGHT 55

Down the street, Sullivan continues to watch.

SULLIVAN

(to himself)

Mr. and Mrs. Cross. How do you do?

56 EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- TWILIGHT 56

Alex takes Maria's briefcase and grabs her hand.

MARIA

I was thinking of names today.

ALEX

Such as?

MARIA

If it's a boy, Travis.

ALEX

Travis?

MARIA

After my great grandfather.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

ALEX
 What was he -- a country and
 Western singer?

57 INT. CUSTOM IMPALA -- TWILIGHT

57

Sullivan hits the gas --

58 EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- TWILIGHT

58

Alex sees the Impala. THE BARREL OF A SEMI AUTOMATIC sticks
 out the window. Alex catches a fleeting glimpse of the
 shooter, and the intensity in his eyes.

SULLIVAN
 Peek-a-boo motherfucker.

The LOWRIDER SCREAMS PAST; wheels spinning furiously --

MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS RING OUT. Alex RETURNS FIRE --

The GANGBANGERS react, and are instantly on the defensive,
 pulling guns, running and gunning for the lowrider. The
 RETORT OF GUNFIRE is deafening. Bullets zip everywhere.

59 INT. LOWRIDER -- TWILIGHT

59

Sullivan expertly steers into the skid as the lowrider
 fishtails around the corner.

60 EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- TWILIGHT

60

Alex watches the lowrider speed out of sight. He hears
 Maria's strained voice, behind him.

MARIA
 Oh, Alex.

He turns and she falls to the sidewalk. Alex goes to her.

ALEX
 Maria?

She looks up at him like a frightened child. Alex sees blood
 dripping onto the street. He frantically checks her and
 discovers that she's been hit in the chest.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Jesus, no.

(What follows is incredibly dramatic and goes on for a full
 minute to :90.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex runs to a nearby hospital carrying his dying wife. He's unbelievably physical and strong... and desperate.)

He cradles her, holds her tightly against him and bounds into motion. A crew of CORNER-BOYS stop and gawk as he bolts past them down the sidewalk with Maria clinging to his neck.

The neighborhood improves. The buildings get more attractive.

A KNOTTED OLD WOMAN looks up from her stoop and raises a hand to her mouth in shock. Then blesses herself. Pedestrians stare in horror - transfixed.

Alex charges past. Never lets up. His breathing is rapid and heavy. His fear blends with courage, determination and the sheer feat of running several blocks carrying his dying wife.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(screaming out)
COME ON. COME ON.

He turns a corner and powers down another block. Finally, a cross glows like a beacon. A crimson sign reads: EMERGENCY ROOM. There's hope now.

The concrete bastion of ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL looms ahead. Heavy traffic surges past. Alex won't stop. He weaves through the speeding cars. HORNS BLAST. TIRES SCREECH. DRIVERS swerve to avoid collision with this clearly desperate man.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL -- TWILIGHT

Alex surges forward with Maria bleeding out in his arms. She hasn't made a sound since she whispered his name. EMTs rush toward him. Everyone is talking at once. Alex is sweating, in shock and running on pure adrenaline.

He clings to Maria. Her eyes suddenly blink open. She's frightened and confused.

MARIA
Alex. Our babies.

ALEX
You're safe now. It's going to be all right.

She starts to drift...

ALEX (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Stay with me. Stay with me.
Please God, don't do this.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Maria tries to speak, again. She can't. She reaches up and touches Alex's face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Maria --

Maria closes her eyes for the last time and dies in his arms.

ALEX (CONT'D)

MARIA... NO... NO... NO...

Alex is completely distraught, desperate, refusing to believe it. He clings to her as the paramedics swarm around him.

62 **EXT. INNER-CITY -- TWILIGHT**

62

The custom Impala eases down a street then parks near an open lot. Sullivan pours on gasoline then tosses a match and walks away as the car is engulfed in flames behind him.

63 **INT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT**

63

A small, sterile room. A crucifix hangs on the wall. Alex sits completely numb. Maria's belongings are in a plastic bag in his arms. Tommy helps him up.

TOMMY

We're going to get him, Alex. We'll get this sonofabitch.

Tommy leads him down a hallway. Alex stares straight ahead, eyes like steel, completely shut off. He punches out a wall lamp. His hand bleeds. His expression never changes. Tommy has no reaction. Just keeps walking.

64 **INT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT**

64

A chaotic E.R. swarming with UNIFORMED POLICE. Crawford and Ryan wrangle the investigation. The gangbangers are all speaking at once.

GANGBANGER

Potomac Gardens man. This shit ain't no game here.

CRAWFORD

You get a look at the shooter? Anybody?

GANGBANGER TWO

Muffugga tinted windows. Low-rider. Chevy.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CRAWFORD

The gun? What kind?

The banger demonstrates by pointing his finger and turning his hand sideways.

GANGBANGER 2

Held it like this. Muffugga lit up real fast.

(he makes sound effects -- serious and scary)

Ryan approaches fast.

RYAN

We got the car. Burn out. Over on 85th.

65 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- NIGHT**

65

Sullivan backtracks through the projects. He eyeballs a crew of STREET THUGS on the corner and turns down an alleyway.

A PITBULL lunges from the shadows. Sullivan leaps back as a leash snaps taught. He hears laughter and a THUG steps into the light, mean mugging him as he restrains the dog.

Sullivan meets his gaze. Instead of backing off, smiles, then leans down to pet the beast.

SULLIVAN

She's a beauty. Look at you, precious.

The dog snarls, but Sullivan shows no fear.

STREET THUG

Go pet a poodle, punk-ass faggot.

SULLIVAN

Moi? Punk-ass? Faggot?

Sullivan rises fast from his crouch, his arm shooting out in a blur. The street thug doubles as something strikes him in the gut. His head jerks back as a second strike cuts his throat. The dog barks and tugs wildly at the leash.

Sullivan steps back, a bloody knife in his grip. The thug grips his throat. His knees buckle and he goes down.

Sullivan wipes off the gun that killed Maria and plants it in the waistband of the thug's baggy pants. He rips off his mp3 player and shuffles through his playlist.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 Kanye West? And you call me a
 faggot?

Sullivan gives him another few stabs for good measure. He calmly snaps the blade shut, stands over the kid's bloody body and takes a bow.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 Michael Sullivan. Good to meet you.

He grabs the dog leash, sticks in the headphones and saunters off in a pimp roll, rocking out to GANGSTA RAP.

66 INT. NANA'S HOUSE -- LATE DAY

66

The gathering after Maria's funeral is in progress. Friends and relatives and cops that Alex works with crowd the house. There are a lot of tears. Alex walks through the crowd and people keep hugging him.

There are several beautiful photos of Maria and her family set up all around the living room. People file around and look at the photos. Some are crying. Some carry platefuls of food. Everyone is in mourning.

67 INT. NANA'S HOUSE (CONT'D)

67

Alex's AUNT TIA sits with Damon and Jannie in her broad lap.

TIA
 You are the best children in the
 whole wide world. You are the very
 best kids. God loves you.

68 INT. NANA'S HOUSE (CONT'D)

68

Nana and Tommy talk privately.

NANA
 You watch over Alex, Tommy. You do
 that for me?

TOMMY
 Yes, Nana.

69 INT. NANA'S HOUSE (CONT'D)

69

Damon walks up to another small child.

DAMON
 My mommy died.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Tommy picks Damon up-upside down-and nuzzles the boy until he starts laughing. People turn and smile at the sight of this beautiful boy laughing.

70 INT. NANA'S HOUSE (CONT'D)

70

Alex sits and plays the piano. A beautiful song. Alex can really play and this music comes straight from his soul.

71 INT. KITCHEN, NANA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

71

Alex sits in Nana's kitchen staring at crime scene photos of the dead gangbanger. Tommy sits beside him. All of the mourners are finally gone.

TOMMY

We don't have to do this now.

ALEX

Yes we do... That's not him. It's not the guy in that low-rider.

Tommy puts a hand on his shoulder.

TOMMY

Alex, the ballistics match. Trust me, it's the same gun that killed Maria. It's the same guy.

Alex shoves the photos away from him in frustration.

ALEX

HE LOOKED RIGHT AT ME.

Alex paces the room, his muscles bunched in anger.

ALEX (CONT'D)

He's still out there somewhere.

Tommy throws a concerned glance at Nana - who is standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

72 INT. SULLIVAN HOME, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS -- DAY

72

The sound of VIOLENT COMBAT reverberates through a tastefully decorated old Colonial -- a residence worthy of a well-heeled doctor or lawyer.

Michael Jr. plays ASSASSIN'S CREED on Xbox 360. Sullivan is on a laptop surfing Google Earth. He prints out a few satellite images and scribbles a few notes.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

He hears a DOG BARKING and glances out the window to see a Cadillac pulling into the drive.

73 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- DAY**

73

Sullivan strides down the driveway as Jimmy Hats pulls up in front of the house. The Sullivan cars, a Mercedes Sedan and a Lexus SUV, are in the driveway. Sullivan darts around the passenger side of Jimmy's car and climbs in beside him.

74 **INT. CADILLAC -- DAY**

74

Hats reverses out of the driveway. Sullivan waves to his wife like everything is fine. As soon as they are out of sight, he turns on Hats.

SULLIVAN

What wrong with you? You come here, you put me at risk. You put my family at risk.

JIMMY

I told you to keep your head down. This is our big play, Michael. Everything is coming together now. Don't you get that?

SULLIVAN

You said a hot-shot cop wanted to make his reputation on me.

JIMMY

I didn't tell you to kill him!

SULLIVAN

You said he was good. That's what you told me, Jimmyboy.

JIMMY

The wife was pregnant, you know that?

SULLIVAN

Now she's dead. Baby makes two. Just calm down.

JIMMY

Calm down? You know what you are? You're a liability. Maggione wants to run you down.

Sullivan stares Jimmy down. Jimmy is rattled by the menace in his gaze, but the most unnerving part of all is his calmness.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN

Stop the car.

Jimmy pulls over. Sullivan gets out. Walks away. Jimmy sits there, shaking his head. He lights a cigarette.

TWO HANDS SHOOT THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW and clutch Jimmy's throat. Jimmy flails wildly and claws at his neck, but he can't escape Sullivan's vice-like grip. Sullivan watches as he slowly chokes. Jimmy's eyes roll back. Sullivan releases him. Jimmy slumps forward, retching and gasping for air. He glances nervously out the window. Sullivan is gone.

75 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN -- NIGHT

75

Jimmy boards the train and grabs a seat beside a suavely good-looking Italian-American - DOMINIC MAGGIONE.

MAGGIONE

Al Capone used to meet on trains.

JIMMY

Yeah, but he booked the whole car.

MAGGIONE

He needed protection. I've got you.

Jimmy laughs.

MAGGIONE (CONT'D)

So what's up?

JIMMY

It's Michael. I think we ought to cut him loose. And soon.

MAGGIONE

Because of this business with the cop?

Maggione notices an OLD LADY looking for a seat.

MAGGIONE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Valva, please.

Maggione stands politely and gives her his seat. She's hearing-impaired and speaks very loudly.

MRS. VALVA

God bless you, Dominic.

She looks at Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. VALVA (CONT'D)
 Jimmy? Is that you? Handsome fella.
 How's your mother, dear.

JIMMY
 Still busting my chops.

MRS. VALVA
 Give her my love.

Jimmy smiles and stands next to Maggione.

MAGGIONE
 Who's gonna do the job? Who's
 gonna take out Michael Sullivan?
 You?

JIMMY
 What about Vincent?

MAGGIONE
 Francesca's kid? You can't be
 serious.
 (laughs)
 That's funny actually. I don't
 like him for this. You really think
 Sullivan's run his course?

JIMMY
 You let loose a guy like Michael,
 you better have him on a short
 leash.

Maggione considers it.

MAGGIONE
 Let him finish up this last detail,
 then I'll deal with him myself. You
 take care of that overachieving
 moolie cop.

Alex stands in the dim light watching over his kids. A fresh
 apple has been left out for the dinosaur.

DAMON
 Daddy?

ALEX
 What is it, buddy?

76 CONTINUED:

DAMON

Am I still going to be a big brother?

Alex is rocked by the question. He chokes back the emotion and puts on his best cheerful dad's face.

ALEX

When you grow bigger than Janelle- you'll be her big brother.

DAMON

Is mommy coming back? Ever?

ALEX

No, honey. She isn't.

DAMON

Nana said the angels carried her up to heaven.

Alex smiles through the pain. Janelle pipes up from the other bed.

JANELLE

(angry)

It's not true. Mommy was shot.

Alex is caught off guard. He sits on the edge of her bed. Alex strokes her hair.

ALEX

I was with mommy, sweetheart. She was in my arms the whole time. Mama just closed her eyes and went to sleep.

DAMON

Are you going away too, Daddy?

ALEX

Nope, I'm staying right here with both of you. Go on, scooch over. Move your skinny little butt.

Damon wriggles over. Alex crawls into the bed beside his son. He holds him. Then Jannie comes into the bed too.

77

EXT. UPSCALE STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

77

Michael Sullivan strolls along a street of well-kept brownstones.

(CONTINUED)

He starts to pass a house with a big Mercedes parked in front. Two Chinese men stand near the front steps. One of them notices Sullivan.

CHINESE GUARD #1

Hey, what you doing here? Get outta here! Take off!

SULLIVAN

Not a problem.

Sullivan continues up the block.

CHINESE GUARD #2

(in Cantonese with subtitles)

I saw that gweilo before. With Fan Yau. Come on.

They follow Sullivan and catch up with him.

Sullivan is struck hard from behind and goes down on one knee. He really can take a punch though.

SULLIVAN

What the hell?

CHINESE GUARD #2

(laughs)

You walk on the wrong street.

Sullivan gets up very fast. He pulls a gun with a silencer.

SULLIVAN

Gents, I can walk wherever I want. Do whatever I want. This is what I want to do.

Sullivan shoots both men. Head shots. Expertly done. He doesn't even blink.

Then Sullivan strolls on.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I'm coming for your boss. No way to stop me.

Alex makes the kids their lunches. He tries hard. But he's clearly distracted and distraught. Cutting off the crusts, making triangles. He checks the time and shouts down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Janelle! C'mon. School waits for no one! Not even a beautiful girl.

He stares at the fridge door, plastered with family snapshots of Maria and the kids. Everywhere he turns, he sees her and feels her presence. He notices that Damon isn't eating his breakfast.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's wrong, buddy? Not hungry?

The boy shakes his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

C'mon, just a few bites.

DAMON

I want the other kind.

ALEX

(trying to be patient)

You don't like the other kind, Damon.

Damon starts sobbing.

DAMON

(stubborn)

Yes I do. Mommy knows what I like.

ALEX

JANELLE! NOW MEANS NOW!

A buzzer sounds. The door opens and Nana arrives. Alex is so harried and flustered, he barely acknowledges her.

NANA

JANELLE! SCHOOL!

Jannie comes running. Alex can't believe it. Janelle runs to her Nana.

NANA (CONT'D)

Maybe you and the kids should come live at my house.

ALEX

We're OK.

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

NANA

You can all fit in my place. Three big bedrooms. You can't swing a cat in here.

ALEX

We're fine.

The five foot tall warrior of a woman is calm and in control.

NANA

Damon, dry those tears and eat your delicious breakfast. Janelle, listen to your father, or I'll bust you one.

(to Alex)

As for you, no more back talk. This is how it's going to be. You eat some breakfast too.

79 INT. CADILLAC -- DAY

79

Jimmy parks his car, removes his hat and glances at himself in the vanity mirror. He flattens his hair and straightens his tie. He checks his gun, holsters it and glances out the window...

D.C. HOMICIDE is right across the street.

80 INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY

80

Alex walks through the door with a big container of coffee. He freezes when he sees his wife's name crossed out on the murder board. The atmosphere in the bullpen is bleak. No one knows how to react. Tommy grips his partner's shoulder.

TOMMY

Welcome home, man.

Alex studies the boards covered in crime scene photos of Sullivan's kills. Ryan approaches.

RYAN

I'm sorry --

ALEX

(all business)

Where are we on his next target?
What have I missed?

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Can't find anything that connects Fan Yau to anyone higher. Whoever her boss is, he's well insulated.

ALEX

Exactly. So let's look at the legitimate stuff. Import/export. Real estate --

TOMMY

Thirty-five chop suey joints.

The team laughs. The tension eases. Dawson exits his office and sees Alex.

DAWSON

Alex. Come in here.

81 INT D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY

81

Jimmy Galati strides down the corridor toward the squad room. This is quite the surprise.

82 INT. LT'S OFFICE -- DAY

82

Alex sees MARIA CROSS typed on a case file on the desk. He and Dawson stand and talk.

DAWSON

I didn't expect to see you back so soon. You shouldn't be here.

ALEX

I can't be at home.

Dawson studies him for a beat. He looks like hell.

DAWSON

Have you checked in with psych?

ALEX

Fuck psyche. And yes, I get the irony in me saying that. So let me say it again -- fuck psyche.

The door knocks. Dawson answers it.

83 JIMMY HATS IS STANDING RIGHT THERE!

83

He fixes his gaze on Alex. Dawson shakes his hand. Alex notices the Italian loafers. The bespoke suit.

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON

James. Come in... Alex... this is Special Agent Galati of the FBI's organized crime unit.

SPECIAL AGENT JAMES GALATI aka Jimmy Hats extends his hand. Alex eyes the FBI badge on his lapel.

JIMMY

Detective Cross, I'm more sorry than my words can express about your loss.

Alex shuts down any emotion and shakes his hand.

ALEX

You're with the FBI's organized crime unit?

DAWSON

Agent Galati is here about the homicide spree. The ritual killings.

JIMMY

We really appreciate the work you've done, Detective. But we have to take it from here. These murders are important to an active operation.

Alex glances out the window. A slew of FBI agents are loading his case-files into boxes and carting them off. He stares incredulously at Dawson.

ALEX

You agreed to this?

DAWSON

(to Jimmy)
Give us a minute?

Jimmy nods and steps out. Dawson closes the door.

ALEX

How can you let them waltz in here like this?

DAWSON

James Galati is a decorated agent with major arrests. Cleaned up a lot of streets. He's a rising star in the Bureau.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

This is my case.

DAWSON

C'mon Alex. Fourteen murders. Three different states?

ALEX

Fifteen, if you count my wife. I do.

Dawson is used to Alex's rational, level-headed demeanor, he's never seen him so agitated and emotional.

DAWSON

Alex... we got the guy.

ALEX

The wrong guy. How can I say it any clearer? I saw him. He looked right at me. He was coming after me.

Dawson hands him Maria's case file.

DAWSON

We've got three witnesses. The weapon. The prints. The bullet... the shooter was in a rival gang with an ongoing blood feud for Christ's sake. It all fits.

ALEX

That's the problem. It fits too well.

Dawson considers him for a beat.

DAWSON

Alex, schedule in with Fuck Psyche.

ALEX

(as he leaves)

For the record, I'm past the denial stage. Holding off depression. I'll let you know when I reach acceptance.

Alex walks back into the bull pen. He DROP KICKS his full container of coffee. Then he walks through the room of cops and FBI and leaves. Jimmy watches him go.

84 CONTINUED:

84

RYAN

Wow.

85 INT. LAUNDROMAT, BROOKLYN -- DAY

85

Michael Sullivan pushes open the door of a laundromat. He's got a few shirts over his arm. He glances up at a security camera and sets a laundry bag on the counter. A TEENAGE EMPLOYEE with Goth makeup, glances up from filing her nails. Sullivan smiles. He is a charmer, very seductive.

SULLIVAN

You're Jeanie, right?

She ignores him and fidgets with a piercing in her eyebrow.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I remember you selling Girl Scout cookies door to door. Mint chocolate. Mmm, mmm.

She picks up her receipt book.

GOTH GIRL

Name?

SULLIVAN

Ever heard of red light-green light?

She scribbles "WEIRDO" in the name box.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

It's a game. I ask you a question. If I'm right I come closer. If I'm wrong, I back off.

GOTH GIRL

You want starch?

Sullivan gives her a grin.

SULLIVAN

You've only got piercings where people can see them. None under the hood, so to speak.

She blushes and looks away. Sullivan moves closer and touches her ear with the multiple piercings.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

(softer)

That's because you're basically a good Catholic girl and you're just acting bad.

He pushes her scraggly hair off her face.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

(even softer)

No one's ever told you how pretty you are, have they?

She looks at him with big vulnerable eyes, scared and excited at the same time. He leans in and whispers his last question.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

You're still a virgin.

Her embarrassed expression confirms he's right.

MAGGIONE (O.S.)

Hey asshole, leave the staff alone.

Sullivan spins around to see Dominic Maggione. Sullivan grins. Maggione embraces him.

MAGGIONE (CONT'D)

Here's my boy. My favorite killer.

86 INT. OPERATIONS FLOOR, LAUNDROMAT -- MOMENTS LATER

86

Maggione leads Sullivan through the operations floor. A few of the WORKFORCE are busy laundering clothes, the majority are laundering enormous amounts of cash. BODYGUARDS man the exits and keep vigil on the workers. None of them want to meet Sullivan's gaze.

MAGGIONE

That's your weakness, Michael. The ladies. How many times have I told you?

SULLIVAN

Too many to count.

Sullivan follows Maggione up a narrow stairwell.

MAGGIONE

They're all afraid of you, Michael. My people.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

SULLIVAN
I'm good at my job. They aren't.

87 INT. OFFICE, LAUNDROMAT -- DAY

87

They enter an office with a desk, a few chairs, and a large safe. A TV plays in the corner.

MAGGIONE
How're your boys?

SULLIVAN
Good, except Caitlin has them spoiled rotten. Especially the youngest. Seamus.
(smiles))
He's a little bastard, like me.

MAGGIONE
Send Seamus to me. I'll straighten him out.

Sullivan smiles. So does Maggione. There seems to be affection between them.

SULLIVAN
Yeah, just like you did with me?
Bada Bing summer camp.

MAGGIONE
Look how you turned out.

SULLIVAN
Yeah. Look at me.

MAGGIONE
What's this I hear about a policeman's wife in Washington?

SULLIVAN
(sarcastic)
Damn shame. Real human tragedy.
Cop was getting too close.

MAGGIONE
Maybe if you used a paintbrush instead of a sledgehammer.

SULLIVAN
Paintbrush? You want me to tickle them to death?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIONE

You're a bright boy. What is it with you?

SULLIVAN

Arrogance? Death wish? No concept of my own mortality? I'm not sure.

MAGGIONE

Michael. Michael. Always the theatrics. Now listen to me closely. No more attention drawn to us. Especially not now. This is a deal breaker between us. You're very good with a rifle. Use it. Understood?

Sullivan doesn't answer. Maggione feels his eyes drilling into him, the effect is unsettling. Sullivan stands and gives a little bow.

SULLIVAN

I understand. I'm a bright boy.

88 **EXT. WATERSIDE - DAY**

88

Sullivan walks along a deserted stretch of beach in Brooklyn or Queens. He's carrying a rifle at his side. He raises it quickly and shoots a seagull winging across the surf. He's very good with a rifle. Very good. It's a bad day for seagulls though.

89 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS PROJECTS -- DAY**

89

Alex walks to the spot where Maria was gunned down. The blood stain on the sidewalk is faded but still visible.

The grief wells up inside him. Flashbacks of the fateful night torment him -- a constant loop.

MARIA (O.S.)

Oh Alex...

Alex goes down to a crouching position and covers his head.

ALEX

Jesus, Jesus.

Then he switches to the dispassionate, professional mode of Dr. Alex Cross and starts working the crime scene...

90 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS PROJECTS -- DAY** 90

A gang of LATCHKEY KIDS clamber over the charred carcass of the abandoned Impala. A LITTLE BOY sits in the melted driver's seat, makes rally-racing sounds as he turns the steering wheel left and right. Alex leans in the window.

ALEX
Hey. Can you give me a ride?

The kid eyes him warily.

KID
You a pervert?

Alex shows him his detective shield. The kid glowers with disdain and keeps driving.

KID (CONT'D)
Po-lease. Worse than a pervert.

91 **INT. BURNED OUT IMPALA -- DAY** 91

Alex climbs in beside him and scans the charred interior. The kid grips the melted steering wheel, leans left and makes the sound of skidding tires. Alex notices that his legs are too short to reach the peddles.

92 **EXT. PROJECTS -- MOMENTS LATER** 92

Alex salvages a couple of bricks from the lot.

93 **INT. BURNED OUT IMPALA -- MOMENTS LATER** 93

The kid sits in the driver's seat with his feet planted on bricks tied to the pedals. He beams a big smile and bumps fists with Alex.

ALEX
You're welcome. Go po-lease.

94 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS PROJECTS -- DAY** 94

Alex visits the location of the gangbanger's stabbing. The area is cordoned with police tape. The spot is secluded. The surrounding houses are boarded up and vacant.

Alex gets to work. He's more driven, more focused than ever. He opens Maria's case file and lays the crime scene photos on the ground like a visual reenactment of the murder. He studies the gangbanger's autopsy report -- makes a note of his height.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

He picks up a stone and scratches a height marker on the wall. He towers over it. He tapes a CLOSE UP SHOT of the knife wound in the gangbanger's abdomen at the corresponding height on the wall.

He makes a stabbing motion at the wall and realizes that he's too tall to inflict such a low blow. He needs to get down very low to achieve the same angle.

He studies the crime scene photos and notices BONE SHAPED COOKIES scattered amongst the gangbanger's pocket litter.

ALEX
(to himself)
Dog treats?

He bends to his knees, opposite the wall, and extends his palm like he's petting a dog. He springs forward, stabbing at an upward angle.

95 INT. KANE HOUSE -- DAY

95

Tommy is in the kitchen, putting trainer wheels on a bike. It's a nice house, lots of light. His kids run wild through the house. His three-year-old DAUGHTER crawls up his back. His cell rings...

96 EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS -- DAY

96

ALEX
(into phone)
He stopped to pet the dog.

TOMMY (V.O. ON PHONE)
What are you talking about?

ALEX
(into phone)
That's why the first stab-wound was so low. He sprang at the kid from a crouch... either that, or the killer's a dwarf.

97 INT. KANE HOUSE -- DAY

97

Tommy flips the bike right side up and sets his daughter on the saddle. He kisses her and gives her a gentle push.

TOMMY
Go forth, little one.
(into phone)
Slow down, man. Tell me again. What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

ALEX (V.O. ON PHONE)
 You put this down as a gang
 slaying. You think a rival
 gangster, thirsty for blood, stops
 to pet a dog? That's what the
 killer did.

98 EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS PROJECTS -- DAY

98

ALEX
 (into phone)
 This guy's real good with a knife.
 The first two strikes severed major
 arteries, but get this...

He scans the autopsy report.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 ... he stabbed the guy repeatedly
 after he was dead. So he was
 either trying to make it look like
 a random stabbing, or he couldn't
 help himself. Either way, it's not
 the action of some hit and run
 gangbanger --

TOMMY (V.O. ON PHONE)
 OK, All-Star. Maybe you haven't
 lost it after all.

Alex walks across the street toward the Impala.

ALEX
 (into phone)
 ...and there's another thing,
 whoever drove the Impala was over
 six feet. The seat was pushed way
 back. I checked.

99 INT. KANE HOUSE -- DAY

99

Tommy considers it as he watches his daughter peddling
 happily, up and down the kitchen.

TOMMY
 (into phone)
 Refresh me. How big was the dead
 gangbanger?

100 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDENS -- DAY**

100

ALEX
 (into phone)
Not big enough to reach the
peddles.

101 **INT. PSYCHIATRIC SECURE HOUSING UNIT -- DAY**

101

Alex enters Bronson "Pop-Pop" James's cell. The boy notices his tired and haggard appearance.

BRONSON
You're late.

ALEX
How are you today, Bronson?

BRONSON
No Happy Meal?

Alex digs out Bronson's case file. The boy watches his every move. Alex seems distant and distracted.

BRONSON (CONT'D)
What's up with you?

Alex realizes how transparent he is. He tries to cover it.

ALEX
It's nothing.

Bronson knows he's lying. He withdraws into the oversized jumpsuit and fumbles with something in his hands. He's playing with the superhero toy Alex gave him. Alex can see that it's still in one piece.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (soft; hesitant)
I lost someone. A few days ago.

Bronson shows no reaction. Alex draws his thumb over his wedding band. It's a tiny gesture but Bronson picks it up. He plays with the toy. No empathy whatsoever.

BRONSON
Not my problem.

Alex opens his case file. He doesn't look at the pages.

ALEX
Let's go back to the night you
killed the homeless guy.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ALEX (CONT'D)

What were you doing in the Metro at
3:00 a.m.?

BRONSON

What do you care?

ALEX

I care. Was it because you couldn't
go home?

Bronson doesn't respond.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Were you afraid? Three in the
morning? Nowhere to go?

Bronson calmly snaps the head off the toy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You know where all that anger comes
from, Bronson? It comes from
feeling helpless and scared.

The boy stares defiantly at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Who scares you? Your father?

BRONSON

I ain't scared of shit, a'ight?

ALEX

Then tell me why you were in the
Metro at 3:00 a.m.?

(very quietly)

Tell me why you killed a man -- by
hitting his head repeatedly with a
cement block?

Bronson answers with a bone-chilling calmness.

BRONSON

It was fun.

Alex's emotions are raw. His patience is at breaking point.

ALEX

What part's fun to you, huh? Tell
me?

Alex makes the motions of bashing someone to death.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)
Please, please, please... whack! Is
that fun?

Bronson stares at Alex in astonishment.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'll kill you, you piece of shit.
Whack! I'll crack your skull...

Bronson punches his fist in the air.

BRONSON
Yeah... do it... bash the
muffugga's face in!

The boy watches with delight as Alex descends into the
darkest recesses of his mind.

ALEX
What about when your dad smashed
your mom's head in? Whack! Was that
fun? Huh?

The kid freezes. He stares at Alex in shock. A flash of real
emotion crosses the boy's face and for a second it looks like
he might cry.

Alex has hit a nerve and penetrated his black heart but he
realizes that he has crossed the line in the process. He
catches himself and quietly leaves.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Bronson.

Nana and the kids sit at the dinner table. Nana glances at
the empty place set for Alex.

NANA
Damon, you can say grace tonight.

DAMON
Rub-a-dub-dub thanks for the grub!
Yeah God!

Nana tries not to laugh.

NANA
(only half kidding now)
Damon! I whacked your father. I
will whack you.

103 INT. ATTIC ROOM -- NIGHT

103

This was Alex's room when he was a boy. There's a few snapshots of him and his parents until the age of thirteen, then the images depict only him and Nana. Sports trophies crowd the dresser. A punch bag hangs from the ceiling.

Every inch of available space is covered in evidence reports, depositions, crime scene photos, etc., all pertaining to Maria's murder.

NANA

(calls from downstairs)

Come to bed, Alex. You hear me?
Alex? Did you kiss your children
goodnight? No. You did not.

Alex is watching the video footage Jannie shot of Maria. Maria is vibrant and alive on the screen. The images are heartbreaking to watch.

The tape ends. Alex sits alone, in darkness.

104 EXT. RIVERSIDE IN WASH. D.C. -- DAY

104

A couple of ELEVEN YEAR-OLDS scramble down the muddy riverbank and use slingshots to stone rats.

KIDS

Die! Die you vermin! Die,
Ratatouille!

The rats crawl all over each other in a heaving mass. It's gut-wrenching and creepy. The boys edge closer to see what the rats are chewing on...

105 A DISMEMBERED HUMAN BODY.

105

106 INT. CITY MORGUE -- DAY

106

The bloated remains of THE DISMEMBERED HUMAN BODY are splayed out on a steel slab. The head and hands are missing.

Tommy has a mask pressed tight to his nose, trying to mask the stench. A pretty, pony-tailed Medical Examiner, DR. DANIELS hands Alex a plastic evidence bag.

DANIELS

I removed it from his esophagus.

Alex holds it up to the light revealing, the chewed-up remnants of a BETTING SLIP. He throws a glance at Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

How long's he been in the water?

DANIELS

Judging by the level of decomp,
seven or eight days.

Daniels indicates how the skin is removed in patches.

TOMMY

Rats made Swiss cheese of him.

DANIELS

Not just rats. These are straight
edged cuts. Rats often have trouble
wielding a knife.

Tommy looks at Alex.

TOMMY

Ritual torture. Like with the
Chink chick.

Alex checks the autopsy report.

ALEX

Except these wounds are post-
mortem?

DANIELS

Victim has multiple fractures. Old
wounds as well as new. This guy
took a beating on a regular basis.

Alex studies the betting slip.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

If you two were here officially,
I'd show you something really
interesting.

TOMMY

Please, Dr. Death.

DANIELS

The lab picked up elevated levels
of testosterone and minute traces
of lead, nickel, and selenium?

ALEX

Heavy metals?

DANIELS
Imbedded in his mast cells. No
explanation for it.

Alex considers it for a moment. He looks at the body.

ALEX
Killer didn't want him identified.

TOMMY
No shit, Alex. There's no head. No
hands.

ALEX
What else can you be identified by?

TOMMY
Larger than life penis.
Distinguishing marks. Old scars,
tattoos --

Alex points out patches of missing skin.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-bitch. Tattoos.

Dr. Daniels smiles as the pieces fall into place.

DANIELS
Heavy metals, like in tattoo ink.

ALEX
Combine that with a physique
straight out of a prison gym... It
all adds up to--

A mugshot of THE SERB from the fight club revolves on a
computer screen. Alex and Tommy look on.

RYAN
Goran Bregovic. A real punk.
Reported missing six days ago by
his wife. She should be out
celebrating.

Various angles of his tattoos appear on screen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
... I already cross referenced with
the penal system's database of
inmate tattoos.

107 CONTINUED:

107

TOMMY

Jesus, they're even keeping track
of our tattoos now.

RYAN

The pattern of tattoos matches.
It's him.

108 **EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK -- DAY**

108

Alex and Tommy pull up in a ramshackle trailer park. The REDNECK LOCALS eyeball them warily, paying particular heed to the handsome, imposing black man on their turf. A weathered sign reads: BEL AIR COMMUNITY

They approach a dilapidated trailer with a shiny satellite dish bolted to the rusted out roof. A bunch of YOUNGSTERS splash in a paddling pool. Tommy flattens his mop of unruly hair and tries to make himself presentable.

TOMMY

Will you tell her? You're better at
it than me.

ALEX

Nobody's good at this.

Alex raps the screen door. A DAY TIME TALK SHOW BLASTS from a 60 inch television. A TODDLER WAILS. A ten-year-old BOY with a bare chest and half-shaved head peers out. Alex notices the kid's cauliflower ear.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is your mom home?

MRS. BREGOVIC appears with a buzz-cut clipper in her hands. She's pretty despite twenty six years of bad road. Alex flashes his detective badge. She turns to her son.

MRS. BREGOVIC

Goran, go play with your sister.
Please son, go on.

109 **INT. TRAILER HOME -- LATER**

109

Mrs. Bregovic sobs into a wad of paper towel. Tommy whips up an instant cup of Folgers and hands it to her.

ALEX

Mrs. Bregovic, I need to ask you
some questions.

(CONTINUED)

She digs in her purse and shakes a few Xanax from a pill bottle.

MRS. BREGOVIC

For my nerves --

She knocks back the drugs and lights a smoke.

ALEX

The night Goran disappeared, do you know where he went?

MRS. BREGOVIC

He was always running off -- and me with three babies.

Alex picks up on the way she rests her hand on her belly and stubs the cigarette out after a few puffs.

ALEX

You're pregnant.

She looks at him, surprised. He indicates the cigarette.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Trying to quit?

She nods. Tommy smiles, reassuring her.

TOMMY

Me too. Now I can't stop eating.

Alex surveys the cramped but clean accommodation.

ALEX

What did Goran do for work?

Bregovic looks away, avoiding eye contact.

MRS. BREGOVIC

Whatever he could get.

(lying)

Nothing bad.

Alex picks up a portrait of GORAN BREGOVIC in a boxing ring, wearing a title belt.

MRS. BREGOVIC (CONT'D)

That was before he was banged up.

Alex notices a series of head-shots of a pretty model.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

This is you.

She's pleased he recognized her.

MRS. BREGOVIC

Summer, '98. I was going places.
Coulda been somebody.

TOMMY

You're a good mom, right? That's
what counts.

Alex picks up a loose DVD, next to the big screen TV. FELONY FIGHTS scrawled across it in black sharpie. He notices the little boy with the cauliflower ear watching from the doorway.

ALEX

That's quite an ear you got there,
champ.

The boy displays it proudly. Alex throws a play punch. The boy springs into a defensive stance and busts a few moves.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Your dad teach you?

The boy nods. Alex shows him the DVD.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This one of his?

The boy nods and eagerly loads one into the DVD player. A fight plays on TV. Alex watches the handheld, brutal footage of Goran Bregovic beating the hell out of another fighter. The boy jumps to his feet and emulates his dad's moves.

BOY

Hit him dad. Smash him to dirt.

Alex watches Mrs. Bregovic, eyes fixed on her son, headed down the same path as his father.

ALEX

You know where this was shot?

She shakes her head and looks away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Mrs. Bregovic --

MRS. BREGOVIC

(softer)

I loved him, you know? I loved that big man.

ALEX

I know you did. Please. Help us find whoever did this to him.

MRS. BREGOVIC

He told me about a fight club. Under a church --

110 INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DUSK

110

Alex and Tommy pull up in the shadows of a building that used to be attractive but has seen better days. The neighborhood's current denizens congregate on corners. A crew of CORNER BOYS tags graffiti. Tommy's eating again.

TOMMY

Used to be nice around here. Look at them. Little punks. I can pick out the ones I'll be putting down couple years from now. Like him.

The corner boy taps the window. Tommy winds it down.

CORNER BOY

Got something special for you, man.

TOMMY

Uh-huh. What's that?

CORNER BOY

Touch-screen DVD, Bluetooth, GPS, the works. Ain't hard to install.

TOMMY

Ain't hard to un-install, either. How much?

CORNER BOY

Fiddy dollars. They go for like two-fiddy in Radioshack. Circuit City.

TOMMY

Circuit City went bankrupt.

ALEX

What's your name, son?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

CORNER BOY

You want the DVD, homes -- or what?

He whistles and a LITTLE BOY no older than six runs over with an in-car DVD player. Tommy inspects it.

TOMMY

I'll give you twenty. For some information. We're looking for a fight club around here. You know it?

CORNER BOY

Gimme my fuckin' DVD back.

ALEX

The club is attached to some old church. Check around for me. I'll hold onto the DVD, Bluetooth, the works. Go.

111 INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

111

JIMMY (VO FROM A PHONE)

Guess what? The cops just I.D.'d the guy you beat to death.

SULLIVAN

Which one was that?

JIMMY (VO)

The Serb. You think you're funny, but it's only a matter of time before they locate that fight club.

SULLIVAN

No doubt.

Sullivan cuts off Jimmy on the phone.

112 INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

112

The surveillance continues. Tommy is eating again. Through binocs, Alex observes high rollers starting to arrive at the abandoned church.

His cell rings.

113 **INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY**

113

RYAN
 (into phone)
 I ran the address of the church.
 Lease is held by a shell company.
 Dead end. But I found something
 else. The entire area's up for re-
 development. One of the biggest
 investors is Jiang An-Lo. I'm
 sending his details now.

ALEX (V.O.)
 OK. I know a Jiang An-Lo.

114 **INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY**

114

A surveillance shot of a tall, thin Chinese - JIANG AN-LO
 downloads on Alex's laptop.

TOMMY
 You think he's the next target?

ALEX
 If he's not already dead.

Alex spots a guy getting into a towncar parked by itself in
 the shadows. The ring girl is with him. Alex focuses on the
 Brooklyn plate.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 He's a long way from Brooklyn.

TOMMY
 And she's a long way from eighteen.

ALEX
 (reading plate)
 457JGK.

Tommy plugs it into a laptop. A rap sheet pops on screen.

TOMMY
 (reading)
 Car belongs to a Rocco Moretti.
 Dirtbag. Arrests for extortion.
 Rape. Assault. The works. Bagman
 for Dominic Maggione.

115 **INT. MERCEDES - DAY**

115

Sullivan pulls in a ways down the block. He watches Cross and
 Tommy's car through a sniper scope-just the scope.

116 **INT. TOWNCAR -- DAY**

116

MORETTI slides into the back seat of his towncar and unhitches his pants. He's a shameless bastard. The ring girl spits out her gum and sticks it on the leather seat. Moretti flicks it off.

MORETTI

Mind the upholstery, sweetheart.

She smiles and slides between his stubby, hairy legs.

RING GIRL

You mind the upholstery.

The doors open and Alex and Tommy push in on either side. Moretti shoves the girl off of him and yanks at his pants. Tommy throws a glance at his crotch.

TOMMY

What's that, a pimple? A jalapeño?

The girl tries to bolt. Alex catches her. She mean mugs him. Total attitude. He searches her bag and finds a school book, checks the inside cover and gets her name, address. Tommy frisks Moretti and finds a handgun and a silver vial of cocaine.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bad news my friend-- drugs, guns,
jail bait. Three strikes and
you're out. You're out.

117 **EXT. MERCEDES - DAY**

117

Sullivan gets out of his car. He's concealing a rifle on one side. He walks quickly.

118 **INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

118

Tommy shows Moretti the mugshot of Goran Bregovic - the fighter killed by Sullivan.

TOMMY

So start talking to us.

MORETTI

Am I supposed to know this guy?
'Cause I don't.

Alex shows him crime scene shots of the butchered Canton beauty.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

ALEX

You know her though, don't you?

Moretti is keeping his cool. Alex catches the young girl's reaction. She's repulsed. Bites her lips.

119 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

119

Sullivan jogs toward a nearby building. He's carrying the rifle and looking like a pro.

120 **INT. TOWNCAR - DAY**

120

ALEX

(to Tommy)

Cut the girl loose.

(to the girl)

Go.

Tommy looks at him with surprise. The girl hesitates.

RING GIRL

He owes me forty.

Alex stares at her incredulously. She shrugs.

RING GIRL (CONT'D)

I need the bus fare.

Alex looks at Tommy.

TOMMY

Don't look at me. I'm not the Lending Tree.

ALEX

(to Moretti)

Pay her.

Moretti stares at the detectives on either side of him.

MORETTI

I pay forty bucks for a happy ending. Is this what you'd call a happy ending?

Moretti gives her the money. The girl snatches it and takes off. Alex grabs, then rifles through the guy's wallet. He finds family pictures.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

ALEX

Nice looking family. What's this? A receipt for patio furniture. And a marquis? Somebody getting married?

121 INT. DESERTED BUILDING - DAY

121

Sullivan runs upstairs inside the building. He's in very good shape. It's fairly dark inside, just light from a few windows.

122 INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

122

Alex finds a white invitation card folded inside the wallet with a cross on the front.

ALEX

Your daughter's getting confirmed. That's sweet.

TOMMY

Awhh.

Moretti fidgets nervously. Alex catches it. He flips through the family snapshots and stops at a picture of a pretty little girl. He forces Moretti to look at the picture.

ALEX

Take a good look. Next time you see her will be through plexi glass. That's if your wife lets you see her -- after she finds out you go with little girls.

MORETTI

How do you think I met my wife, asshole?

TOMMY

What do you say we take this low-life to the landfill. Show him where all the unmarked graves are?

123 EXT. DESERTED BUILDING ROOF - DAY

123

Sullivan comes out on the roof with the rifle. He looks down on the towncar.

124 INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

124

MORETTI`

You guys are terrific together.
This is the part where I'm supposed
to cave and start singing like a
canary on crack, right?

TOMMY

If you have half a brain, yes.

MORETTI

You don't get it, do you? The guy
you're looking for-- you don't want
to find. He's a total psycho. I
tell you anything, he'll wipe out
me and my entire family. Then he'll
take a bow.

ALEX

A bow?

MORETTI

Yeah, a bow. Like an actor on a
stage. That's what he is. A bad
actor. Even the Mafia's afraid of
him.

There's an EAR-WRENCHING CRACK as the rear window SHATTERS.

ALEX

GET DOWN! DOWN!

Alex and Tommy hit the floor as a HIGH-VELOCITY ROUND ZIPS
past their heads.

TOMMY

Son of a bitch.

Alex pulls Moretti down beside him. He looks at Alex with
terrified eyes. He's been shot in the chest. Alex draws his
gun as Tommy scrambles for his radio.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

MAN DOWN. REQUESTING IMMEDIATE BACK
UP. 1400 GIRARD.

125 EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

125

Sullivan crouches on a rooftop with a sniper's rifle. He
locks the towncar in his sights... takes a breath, lets it
out slowly, squeezes the trigger gently.

126

INT. TOWNCAR -- DAY

126

Tommy returns fire as a third round punches through the bodywork and tears the stuffing out of the leather seats.

TOMMY

We gotta get out of here!

Alex looks at Moretti, bleeding out.

ALEX

Not until he tells us something.

Another bullet gores the roof and shatters the dashboard. Moretti starts screaming.

MORETTI

Oh God, oh Jesus --

ALEX

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW! WHO IS HE?

TOMMY

TELL HIM FOR CHRISAKES!

MORETTI

(terrified)

He's called The Butcher. That's all I know. Get me the fuck out of here!

ALEX

Does he work for Maggione?

Moretti nods. He flinches as a bullet shatters the sunroof.

MORETTI

(freaking out)

Get me out of here! C'mon, man.

Alex shows him the picture of JIANG AN-LO.

ALEX

This guy. LOOK AT HIM! Is he the next target?

Tommy ducks as the side window blows in on top of him.

TOMMY

No. That would be us.

MORETTI

I don't know. Please!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

A round drills through the rear seat, missing Tommy by inches. He grabs Alex.

TOMMY
C'MON! THAT'S ALL HE KNOWS!

Alex's humanity takes over. He props Moretti up and puts his daughter's confirmation card in his hand. He looks at the card and back at Alex. His body trembles with fear.

MORETTI
It's just business. Nothing to do
with the other thing.

ALEX
What other thing?

Moretti gags on the blood bubbling up in his throat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
WHAT OTHER THING?

MORETTI
The cop's wife. The one who got
shot.

Alex snaps and grabs Moretti.

ALEX
What did you say? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Alex shakes the hell out of him, but he's already dead. Another bullet rips through the car. Alex boots open the car door...

TOMMY
ALEX NO!

127 **EXT. ROOF TOP -- DAY**

127

Sullivan locks target on the figure diving out the open door and fires...

The bullet strikes the figure broadside, spinning him around. He drops hard... A second bullet hits him with a jolt.

Sullivan gets the face in his sights...

128 IT'S MORETTI.

128

Sullivan quickly pans his sights back to the car and sees...

ALEX CROSS with a gun aimed right at him...

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

Sullivan realizes he just gave away his position.

129 **EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 129

Alex unloads on the warehouse rooftop.

130 **EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY** 130

Sullivan drops off his perch as chunks of masonry spray around him.

131 **EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 131

Alex and Tommy sprint toward the building where the shots came from. They run flat-out. This is it. We can see it in Alex's eyes. There are a few hangarounds on the front steps and they get the hell out of the way.

132 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 132

Sullivan exits the roof and starts down a steep flight of stairs.

133 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 133

Alex and Tommy race up the stairs. Everything is on a collision course now.

134 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 134

Sullivan yanks open a door and disappears inside.

135 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 135

Alex and Tommy continue up the stairs, looking intense, ready for anything. But are they? They hear cries and shouts from behind a door at the next stairwell.

TOMMY

What the hell is that?

136 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY** 136

Alex pulls open the door and he and Tommy go inside, their guns drawn. They are stunned by what they encounter. Several dozen people are camped out in total squalor - mostly families, living in a space that must've been the floor of a factory at one time. Tommy reels at the putrid stench.

ALEX

METRO POLICE. NOBODY MOVE!

(CONTINUED)

There's an eerie silence. Nobody speaks. Alex scans the rows of frightened eyes. One man's face is obscured by a hooded sweater. He glances up and meets Alex's gaze.

Alex recognizes HIS WIFE'S KILLER STARING BACK AT HIM!

Sullivan rises up from between a couple of families.

Alex feels the rage pulsing through his veins. His gun is locked on Sullivan's head...

ALEX (CONT'D)
DOWN-ON-THE-GROUND!

A woman cries out...

HOMELESS WOMAN
My baby! He took my boy.

Only then does Alex see that Sullivan has a toddler in one arm. He holds a gun to the boy's head.

SULLIVAN
I have no affection for this child.

ALEX
You have no affection for anybody.
PUT THE BOY DOWN.

SULLIVAN
Okay.

Sullivan suddenly swings the boy out an open window, dangling him like a doll over the sheer drop.

The mother SCREAMS. The child WAILS. It's total chaos.

Alex has a clean shot...

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Detective Cross. You'll
be scraping this little shit
factory off the sidewalk.

Alex keeps his gun locked on Sullivan. He doesn't flinch.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
You're in good shape. Question is,
how fast can you run down five
flights? 20 seconds? 15? Let's say
10 for shits and giggles. 10...
9...

136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

TOMMY

Alex, we gotta go!

Alex doesn't budge. Tommy bolts out the door and bounds down the stairs.

SULLIVAN

Your partner's got the right idea
but then he's not the one that lost
a pretty wife.

Alex's eyes burn with fury, his finger tightens on the trigger.

ALEX

Shut your mouth.

Sullivan lets the terrified child slip a little further.

SULLIVAN

Whoops! ... 8... 7... Drop the
baby! Don't drop the baby!

Alex turns and bolts.

137 **INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY**

137

Alex takes the stairs four at a time. He can see Tommy a few flights ahead of him.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

6...5...

138 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- DAY**

138

The boy's mother is screaming for her child.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Please, my baby. Please!

SULLIVAN

Look on the bright side, one less
mouth to feed.

He tickles the baby's toes with his gun barrel.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

This little piggy went to market.
This little piggy stayed home.

139 **INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY** 139

Alex passes the 4th floor. Tommy is a floor ahead. Alex leaps over the handrail and clears a single floor in one jump. He hears Sullivan's booming voice.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

3... 2...

Alex can see Tommy dead ahead with only one flight to go. He realizes they aren't going to make it... He races to a window and jacks it open...

140 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- DAY** 140

SULLIVAN

... This little piggy cried
weeweeweewe all the way down five
flights...

And he DROPS THE BABY!

141 **EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING -- DAY** 141

Alex leaps out a window and drops two stories. He crash lands hard. Rolls to breaks his fall and springs into motion in time to see the child plummeting the last few floors...

Tommy comes charging out the front door and turns the corner to see...

Alex on his back with the toddler planted on all fours on top of him. His chubby face is stained with tears. He giggles like it's all a game.

Alex and Tommy look like they just saw the devil.

Tommy picks up the boy like the child is his own.

TOMMY

Hey, hey, it's your Uncle Tommy.

142 **EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY** 142

Sullivan escapes over a series of connecting rooftops.

143 **INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY** 143

Alex faces off with Dawson in his office.

DAWSON

I owe you an apology. We all do.

143 CONTINUED:

143

Special Agent James Galati aka Jimmy Hats is also present.

JIMMY

I'm sorry. I can't imagine how painful this situation must be. I promise, we'll do everything in our power to get this guy.

ALEX

We?

JIMMY

(trying to keep his cool)
We understand you know his next target. We need a name.

ALEX

You need to understand this, he killed my wife. You come in here, take over our case -- and share nothing with us. Tell us nothing. Act like we're not even here.

JIMMY

I told you, this is a huge, active operation. I'm not at liberty to tell you --

ALEX

Well, until you liberate yourself, stay out of the way. This is my case. He's mine. And so is his target.

144 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- DAY

144

Alex and his team are hunkered down in a cramped surveillance van. A TECHIE is in there wearing earphones.

Surveillance shots of Jiang An-Lo are displayed on a laptop.

TOMMY

Dead Chink walking..dead Chink talking...dead Chink taking a leak.

145 INT. FLOWERSHOP -- DAY

145

Sullivan pays a PRETTY FLORIST for a bouquet. She eyes him up and smiles.

FLORIST

Lucky girl.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

SULLIVAN
Not really. She's dead.

The florist winces.

FLORIST
I'm so sorry.

Sullivan turns to leave, reconsiders...

SULLIVAN
You ever play red light, green
light?

146 **INT. FLOWERSHOP -- MOMENTS LATER**

146

Sullivan and the florist are going hard at it in the back of the store. He finishes up.

SULLIVAN
Thank you. For soothing my grief.

He grabs the bouquet of flowers and walks away, revealing the florist sprawled out behind him, with her throat slit.

147 **EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY**

147

SULLIVAN
(on cell phone)
I'd like to report a murder. Bad
one. At a florist shop of all
places.

Sullivan talks on the cell as he strides through a cemetery with the bouquet in one hand. He also has a shoulder bag. He glances around to make sure he's alone, tosses the flowers down on a random grave. He slips a rifle sight from his bag.

RIFLE SIGHT: The cemetery offers a clear vantage point of a line of adjacent rowhouses. Sullivan spots a police SNIPER on a roof top.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I see you.

He scans the street below and stops on a CABLE TV VAN.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
And you.

151 **INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- DAY** 151

Tommy spots a LOW-RIDER with tinted windows turning onto M and curb-crawling toward Jiang.

TOMMY

One o'clock. What the hell?

Alex stares at the lowrider. It's very similar to the car used when Maria was shot. He's spooked.

FLASHBACK:

152 **EXT. POTOMAC GARDEN'S PROJECTS -- NIGHT** 152

ALEX'S POV: The lowrider gunning toward him and Maria. The driver's side window inches down... SHOTS RING OUT.

BACK TO SCENE:

153 **EXT. UPSCALE STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 153

Alex jumps from the surveillance van, gun drawn and bolts for the lowrider...

The lowrider accelerates, ENGINE ROARING, TIRES SQUEALING.

Jiang's bodyguards spin toward the racket and hustle Jiang toward the Mercedes...

Tommy is out the door behind Alex...

TOMMY

(into radio)

GO! GO! GO! Watch this punk. He's got all the moves.

The doors to a SECOND VAN spring open and a TACTICAL TEAM bursts onto the street...

154 **EXT. ROOFTOP, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 154

The SNIPER tracks the lowrider, now speeding toward Jiang...

155 **EXT. STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 155

Alex trains his gun on the lowrider, looking to spot the driver.

Jiang is almost at the Mercedes... He sees the danger coming.

The lowrider is closing fast... The driver's side window inches down...

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

Alex prepares to fire...

A HIGH VELOCITY ROUND punches a perfect hole through the windshield of the lowrider...Then A SECOND ROUND.

The SNIPER watches the action.

The car swerves out of control...

Alex holds up...

The lowrider skids and spins crazily to a stop.

Alex approaches the lowrider. Gun leveled. Heart pounding...

The driver's door swings open...

Alex prepares to shoot...

A SKINNY LITTLE ARM falls out...

Alex is stunned to see a twelve-year-old boy slumped over in the driver's seat. It's the same kid who guarded Sullivan's Lexus outside the fight club.

ALEX

Aaahh no.

156 INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

156

Jiang watches from the Mercedes. His driver slams the Mercedes SUV into reverse and plants the gas. The street is blocked off by the tactical team and the Mercedes is forced down an alleyway.

JIANG

(subtitled Cantonese)

Get me away from here! Now! Drive!

157 EXT. STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY

157

Alex pulls the driver from the car but the kid is already dead.

158 EXT. ROOFTOP, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY

158

The SWAT SNIPER lies garroted on the rooftop. Sullivan is in his position. He's the one who fired the shots. He gets Alex in his sights...

159 **EXT. ROWHOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 159

Alex looks from rooftop to rooftop, window to window. He spots Sullivan and rolls for cover. A bullet steaks past, grazing his temple. Alex is rattled. That was way too close.

ALEX
(into radio; urgent)
He's on the roof. Our sniper
position.

160 **EXT. ROOF TOP, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 160

Sullivan is on the move. He jogs across the roof top.

161 **EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY** 161

The Mercedes reverses dangerously fast through the narrow alley.

162 **EXT. STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY** 162

Alex is in motion.

163 **EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY** 163

The Mercedes suddenly skids to a halt.

164 **INT. MERCEDES -- DAY** 164

Jiang glances nervously out the rear window.

JIANG
(speaks English)
What the shit? What the shit?

The alleyway is blocked with a large metal dumpster. A FIRESCAPE snakes down an adjacent wall. The car jolts as something lands on the roof.

165 **EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY** 165

Sullivan stands on the roof of the Mercedes with a MACH-10. He starts shooting. A bodyguard jumps out of the car and is gunned down.

166 **INT. MERCEDES -- DAY** 166

Jiang stares in horror as bullets spray the car. He's hit half a dozen times.

167 **EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY** 167

Alex sees the SUV trapped at the end of the alleyway and Sullivan blazing away on the roof.

ALEX
 (to Tommy)
 Cut him off. Other side. I'm coming

Tommy bolts between two houses. They've got Sullivan now.

168 **EXT. MERCEDES -- DAY** 168

Sullivan keeps firing into the Mercedes.

169 **INT. MERCEDES -- DAY** 169

Jiang's gangly body does a contorted dance as he is riddled with bullets.

170 **EXT. ALLEYWAY -- DAY** 170

Alex is within shooting range, he slows to take his shot...

Sullivan spins with the MACH-10 blasting on automatic...

Alex dives for cover and returns fire...

Sullivan is on the move again, ducking past the Mercedes toward the end of the alleyway...

Tommy turns the corner. Suddenly, he and Sullivan are RIGHT ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.

Sullivan keeps coming, his arm shooting forward in a blur...

Tommy staggers backward... He's been stabbed.

TOMMY
 Ahhhh Jesus.

SULLIVAN
 Jesus won't help you.

Sullivan keeps moving...

Alex turns the corner... There's no sign of Sullivan.

He sees Tommy, who takes a few steps, then drops.

Alex kneels beside his partner and frantically tears open his jacket. Blood seeps from a slice in his vest. His shirt is saturated with blood. Tommy sees the look on Alex's face.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

TOMMY

I had him. He knew I had him. He kept coming.

ALEX

(into radio)

10-00. OFFICER DOWN!

Ryan runs up and tries to help Alex curb the blood flow.

TOMMY

(to Ryan)

Hey there, boss.

She locks eyes with Alex. This doesn't look good.

ALEX

Keep pressure on it.

(into radio)

Get an ambulance down here, now!

Seal off the area.

TOMMY

(to Alex)

Get the sonofabitch.

171 INT. LEXUS -- DAY

171

Sullivan listens to rock music as he cruises out of the area. He turns a corner and sees a police roadblock dead ahead. He turns down an alleyway and takes a different route..

172 INT. LEXUS -- DAY

172

Sullivan turns a corner, parks the Lexus, and calmly gets out of the car. He starts walking toward another car-a Cadillac. Jimmy Hats is the driver.

173 EXT. STREET - DAY

173

Alex can't see Sullivan anywhere. Then he finds the Lexus. He approaches it very cautiously-his gun drawn-but no one's there. Christ, he's lost him.

174 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

174

Jimmy Galati's Cadillac pulls up to a couple of Metro squad cars blocking off the street. Jimmy flashes his FBI creds and they let him through.

175 **INT. CADILLAC - DAY**

175

Jimmy drives off-and then Sullivan pops up from the back seat.

SULLIVAN

You do good work, James. On occasion.

176 **INT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT**

176

The team is gathered in the waiting room. A FEMALE DOCTOR comes in. Alex stands.

DOCTOR

He's through surgery. He's tough, isn't he?

ALEX

Tommy's a fighter.

DOCTOR

Good. That's his best shot.

Lt. Dawson steps in.

DAWSON

Alex -- what happened out there?

ALEX

Ask him.

Dawson turns and sees Agent James Galati walking into the waiting room.

JIMMY

Excuse me? What did you just say?

Jimmy confronts Alex. Ryan and the rest of the team look on.

ALEX

He knew we were going to be there. How did that happen, huh?

JIMMY

I don't like your insinuation or your tone of voice.

Alex is in Jimmy's face.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm not insinuating anything, I'm telling you. He was a step ahead of us the entire time.

JIMMY

You planned it. It was your team. Maybe you should clean your own house. Maybe you're too personally involved to be objective.

ALEX

I'm objective. I'm very objective.

Dawson pulls Alex aside.

DAWSON

Can we talk rationally? Is that a possibility?

ALEX

No we can't talk rationally. Maria is dead. Tommy is... who knows how Tommy is.

DAWSON

Think about what you're saying.

ALEX

I know what I'm saying. This whole thing stinks.

(to Jimmy)

Yeah, you heard me. I'm onto you.

Galati takes a swing at Alex. Alex is ready for him. He steps aside and nails Galati with a powerhouse of a punch. Galati goes down. Alex is on him. Dawson hauls Alex off.

DAWSON

All right, that's it. You're taking a leave. Effective now.

ALEX

Forget about it.

DAWSON

I'm not asking your permission, Detective. Take some leave!

Alex arrives home to find Nana waiting up for him, sipping tea.

She looks up, her eyes fix on a bandage on his head.

ALEX

It's just a scratch.

NANA

Nonsense. Don't you condescend to me, like I'm somebody's fool. Just a scratch? From a bullet that came inches from splattering your brains and leaving your two poor children orphans.

ALEX

What am I supposed to do? He killed her, Nana.

NANA

So you hunt him down, no matter what the cost to your family?

Alex looks away.

NANA (CONT'D)

You've got to stop, Alex. I'm begging you, for the sake of those kids.

ALEX

The kids are fine. I'll take care of my kids.

NANA

Oh, really. Really? Is that so?

She walks away. Alex sits down at the kitchen table, exhausted. He shuts his eyes.

A CAR HORN BLASTS. Alex glances out the window and sees a dirty D.C. Cab, idling outside. Nana reappears, dragging a battered old suitcase.

ALEX

What are you doing? Nana?

NANA

What does it look like?

She walks right past him and out the door.

ALEX

Nana, stop. Let's talk. Awhh, c'mon.

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

NANA
I'm through talking. You don't
listen anyway.

She bumps the case down the steps. The DRIVER helps her into the cab. Alex watches from the doorway. He hears a small voice behind him.

DAMON
Where's Nana going, daddy?

Alex turns and looks at his son, standing in his pjs clutching his toy dinosaur. He scoops him up.

ALEX
I don't know, buddy. I don't know
anything right now.

178 **EXT. NANA CROSS HOUSE -- NIGHT**

178

The cab makes a U-turn and comes right back. Nana gets out and trudges toward the house.

179 **INT. NANA CROSS HOUSE -- NIGHT**

179

Nana walks back in, hauling her suitcase. Alex helps her.

ALEX
You're right. I'm sorry.

NANA
I was wrong. I missed all of you
the second the cab pulled away.

She goes into the house. Alex and Damon follow.

NANA (CONT'D)
Anyway, you need me.

180 **EXT. HUNT COUNTY, MARYLAND -- DAY**

180

An unmarked SUV rolls down a residential street.

181 **INT. SUV -- DAY**

181

Jimmy Galati studies the street names.

JIMMY
Your new neighborhood's a goddamn
maze. This street name's changed
three times already.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN

That's to keep bastards like you
out of here.

JIMMY

I'm the bastard saved your ass.

Jimmy hands Sullivan an envelope.

SULLIVAN

What's this?

JIMMY

Goes with the new house.

Sullivan shakes loose a set of new identity papers, driver's
license, credit cards and bank statement with a fat balance.

SULLIVAN

So you're cutting me loose?
What about Cross?

JIMMY

Let me deal with Cross.

Sullivan looks at the identity papers.

SULLIVAN

This is it? After all these years?
Early retirement. Witness
protection. Whatever this is.

Jimmy taps the envelope.

JIMMY

Not a bad deal. You'll never have
to work again.

SULLIVAN

What if I have an itch to scratch?

JIMMY

There's no more good will to be had
where that came from. You
understand what I'm saying? No
one's inclined to look the other
way for you anymore.

In a single fluid motion, Sullivan snatches Jimmy's sidearm
and sticks it in his face.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

SULLIVAN

What happens if it gets out? Our
dirty little partnership?

JIMMY

If I go down. So do you. It's over
Michael.

Sullivan throws the new identities in his face.

SULLIVAN

I'll tell you when it's over,
Jimmyboy.

Sullivan steps out of the car, whistling a tune. Jimmy
watches him go.

182 **EXT. CITY SCHOOL -- DAY**

182

Alex watches kids walking away from a city high school. We
recognize one of them as the RING GIRL.

ALEX

Vatesha, right?

She gives him a sideways glance and keeps walking. They
continue -- down a street with houses on both sides.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I just want to talk. It's my job.

RING GIRL

You need a shave. Leave me alone.

ALEX

Just talk. Five minutes.

RING GIRL

I don't have five minutes. I gotta
babysit my little brother.

ALEX

Trinity's a good high school. You
going to college?

RING GIRL

Not cut out for college.
(indicating the city all
around them)
This is me, right here.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

The woman who ran the fight club,
Fan Yau, she went to Princeton.

The ring girl pauses. Alex has piqued her interest.

RING GIRL

What she major in -- hookin'?

Alex shows her Oy Fan Yau's graduation picture.

ALEX

You liked Fan Yau didn't you?

The ring girl looks at the picture and bites her lip.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I could tell by your reaction in
the car that night. The way you bit
your lip. Just like you're doing
now.

The ring girl stops biting her lip.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The guy who killed her is a really
bad man.

They arrive at a run down rowhouse.

RING GIRL

Not my problem.

ALEX

(softly, almost
embarrassed)
He killed my wife.

The ring girl bites her lip. Alex hands over his card.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Call me anytime. Even if it's just
about school.

Alex waits. She stops in the doorway and calls after him.

RING GIRL

Mister po-lease... Butcher of
Sligo. That's what he called
himself.

187 CONTINUED:

187

RYAN
I'm Irish, Alex. Sligo... okay, I
got a business in Brooklyn. But
it's defunct.

ALEX (V.O. ON PHONE)
The owner?

RYAN
Michael Sullivan. He's defunct too.
As in deceased.

188 INT. BUTCHER SHOP -- DAY

188

Alex stares at the skinny little boy in the photograph.

ALEX
(into phone)
What about a son?

RYAN (V.O. ON PHONE)
Michael, Jr. D.O.B. 10-17-76.

ALEX
(into phone)
What have you got on him?

189 INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- DAY

189

ANGLE ON COMPUTER: A prison record appears on screen.

RYAN
Plenty. This cat had six counts of
aggravated assault before he turned
fourteen. Two year stint in youth
authority. Extended for cutting a
kid in the throat with a box
cutter.

Sullivan's mugshot appears on screen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Two years in Sing Sing-- another
assault... That's weird, he got
released early. Barely six months
into his sentence.

ALEX (V.O.)
Wasn't for good behavior.

Ryan runs a check on the computer.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

RYAN

Slipped off the grid after that. No DMV record. No credit cards. Tax returns. Nothing.

190 INT. BUTCHER SHOP, BROOKLYN -- DAY

190

Alex explores the meat freezer. All kinds of hooks and cutting instruments hang from the walls.

ALEX

Someone else is paying for everything.

RYAN (V.O.)

Maggione?

ALEX

Maybe. Maybe someone else.

Alex's flashlight sweeps a dusty bedroom. He fingers through a box of junk and finds a photograph of a LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL TEAM. He flips the photo and reads the names of the players...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch.

191 INT. SWANK APARTMENT -- NIGHT

191

Jimmy Hats kicks back, drinking a Scotch and watching a game. He hears a knock at the door and peers through the eye hole.

He grabs his gun, tucks it behind his back and cracks the door.

JIMMY

Doctor Cross -- ?

Alex head butts him in the face. Jimmy stumbles backward, clutching his nose. Alex pushes the little league photograph in his face.

ALEX

WHERE IS HE?

JIMMY

What the fuck -- ?

Alex levels a gun at his head.

ALEX

Sullivan. Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
Have you lost your mind?

ALEX
SIT DOWN!

Alex shoves Jimmy onto the couch.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I know all about you, and your
private little war.

JIMMY
I don't know what the hell you're
talking about.

Alex throws a heavy murder book in his lap.

ALEX
Read it.

Jimmy flips through a report detailing every homicide.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It's not hard to prove you're the
architect. Every murder has your
fingerprints all over it. Yours and
Sullivan's.

Jimmy doesn't seem particularly worried. Alex takes in the
swank apartment and the spectacular view of D.C.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Nice place. Dominic Maggione pay
for it?

He notices the framed commendations hanging on the wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I hope the commendations were worth
all the blood.

JIMMY
I joined the FBI after I came back
from Afghanistan. Two tours. I'd
take Afghanistan any day over my
old neighborhood. My boss wanted me
to reconnect with old friends. I
grew up with these guys. They
trusted me. Sure, I wanted to make
a name for myself. I was a rookie
agent trying to climb the ranks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Then Maggione offered to help. Said he'd make me a star.

ALEX

So you fed him intel on his rivals and then you took credit at the Bureau when he shut them down.

JIMMY

Why are you surprised by all this? Haven't you learned by now how the world really works?

ALEX

Not my world.

Jimmy sizes him up. Alex is exhausted, haggard, fueled by rage and barely recognizable.

JIMMY

Don't be so sure.

ALEX

And Sullivan? How does an Irish kid like him end up in the mafia?

JIMMY

Sullivan's old man had to pay "Maggione Tax" to run his shop. His wife got sick. Bills mounted up. Michael Sr. was too proud to ask for help. Took all his frustration out on Sullivan. One day he couldn't pay. Everyone pays. Maggione sent his goons to give the old man a friendly reminder. Sullivan sees the goombahs beating on his old man. Goes berserk. Shoves one of 'em into the deli slicer. Carved him up like a Christmas ham.

ALEX

Maggione couldn't have liked that?

JIMMY

Shows up and finds this crazy kid. The sliced-up goombah got a .38 caliber retirement.

ALEX

And Sullivan got his job.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Look what we achieved. Four crime families. Finished. These guys were the worst scum on the earth and we buried them. All this might be too much for your sensitive ears, Serpico, but trust me, no one got killed who didn't have it coming.

ALEX

What about my wife?

JIMMY

It wasn't supposed to happen. It was a mistake.

ALEX

A mistake?

JIMMY

My mistake. I'm sorry your wife got killed. I really am.

ALEX

If that's true then give me Sullivan.

192 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

192

Tommy is out of hospital and recuperating at home. He sits up, with a lot of effort, as Alex walks in.

TOMMY

You look like hell.

ALEX

Yeah. You look pretty terrific yourself.

Tommy sits and points out a tray of cookies.

TOMMY

Home-made.

Alex helps himself to a cookie and tastes it.

ALEX

You should get stabbed more often.

TOMMY

Funny. So what's up?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

ALEX
Still got your toys? Let's go
downstairs.

193 INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

193

Tommy uses a crutch to hobble down the basement stairs. He opens a closet, revealing a collection of guns.

Tommy hesitates as the realization sinks in.

TOMMY
What are you doing? What are you up
to?

Alex doesn't answer.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You know where he is, don't you?
You found the cocksucker?

Alex selects a couple of guns and drops them into a hold-all.

ALEX
Yeah, I found him.

TOMMY
Listen. You go down this road,
there's no coming back.

ALEX
I can't let him stay out there.
He'll just kill again.

TOMMY
You want back-up, I'm ready to
roll.

Alex looks at Tommy hobbling around on crutches and smiles. They bump fists and slap backs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Be careful, partner.

194 EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

194

TIGHT ON Alex's face - a stunning portrait of a relatively young man's grief. PULL BACK to see that he's at Maria's grave site.

201 CONTINUED: 201

Seamus clings to his mom, too scared to move.

202 **INT. SULLIVAN HOME -- DAY** 202

Sullivan grabs a trash bag and winks at his wife.

SULLIVAN
Rabbit stew tonight?

Caitlin comforts her distraught son.

CAITLIN
It's not funny, Michael. I want those dogs out of here.

SULLIVAN
Can't blame the dogs, Caitlin. It's just their nature.

Sullivan ruffles Seamus's hair.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
We'll bury your pet, okay? Me and you.

203 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- SUNDOWN** 203

Sullivan lifts the rabbit by the ears and drops it in the trash bag. The dogs bark in the direction of a forest on the outskirts of their yard. Sullivan scans the treeline.

204 **EXT. TREELINE-- SUNDOWN** 204

Alex moves through the treeline toward Sullivan's house. His gaze is stone cold; devoid of emotion.

205 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- SUNDOWN** 205

Michael Jr. exits the house with the Louisville Slugger in his grip. He senses something is wrong.

MICHAEL JR.
What is it, Dad?

SULLIVAN
Nothing son. Go back inside.

206 **EXT. TREELINE -- SUNDOWN** 206

Alex reacts to the kid's presence. He brings up his other hand to steady his grip... sights locked on his prey.

207 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- SUNDOWN** 207

Sullivan pulls his gun and approaches the treeline...

Alex has a clear shot...

208 A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT! 208

The Louisville Slugger splinters in Michael Jr's hands.

Sullivan whirls around toward the direction of fire...

Not in Alex's direction, the opposite way!

Sullivan sees TWO of MAGGIONE'S MEN emerging from the tree line... BLASTING away. Then TWO MORE GUNMEN appear. Psychopathic-looking killers. Not unlike Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
MICHAEL! GET DOWN, MICHAEL!

CAITLIN
OH MY GOD, MICHAEL!

Michael Jr. is caught in the line of fire. Sullivan returns fire... He hits one of the gunmen in the cheek.

SULLIVAN
(to Caitlin)
GET IN THE CAR!

Alex can see the ambush unfolding...

The GUNFIRE is relentless... chaos and bedlam...

The boy is trapped and frozen with fear. He's a sitting duck.

Alex bolts from the woods, exposing his position...

Sullivan sees him... raises his gun...

Alex opens fire. AWAY FROM HIM! Toward the gunmen, drawing fire away from the boy.

Sullivan scoops up his son and runs and guns for the SUV...

Caitlin and Seamus stare out, eyes wide with terror...

The GUNMEN close in...Alex shoots one of them. A chest shot.

An ENGINE IGNITES...

209 **INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS**

209

Sullivan hits the gas...

SULLIVAN
GET DOWN! EVERYBODY! SEAMUS, GET
DOWN!

There's an explosion of glass as bullets rips through the windows... The in-car entertainment system powers on and a KID FLICK blasts on the DVD screens.

Sullivan spins the SUV to face his assailants...

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
SEAT BELTS! FATHER KNOWS BEST!

He drives with one hand and unloads out the window...

His wife and kids watch him in complete shock.

210 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- CONTINUOUS**

210

The ASSASSINS open up on the SUV thundering down...

Sullivan's DOGS bound toward them...

One of the assassin's gets off a shot killing one dog... the other one leaps... fangs snap on his forearm... taking him down...

Right into the path of the SUV!

His partner sees him desperately trying to fight off the vicious attack... he sees the truck bearing down...

The sudden impact propels him headfirst into the windshield and flips him over the roof...

SULLIVAN
You're welcome.

His partner glances up as...

Sullivan yanks the SUV into a tight spin toward him...

He springs to his feet and bolts for his life, zig-zagging for the woods, praying and spraying...

211 **INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS**

211

Sullivan swerves as bullets stitch the bodywork...

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

The tires blow...

The SUV swerves dangerously and bulldozes through the trees...

212 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- CONTINUOUS** 212

The assassin keeps up the blazing assault. The SUV is getting shredded. Alex drops him with a bullet to the head.

213 **INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS** 213

The gunfire stops. Sullivan hears his wife's pained voice.

CAITLIN

Oh Michael --

He looks over and sees that she's been shot. In his moment of distraction, the SUV hits large rock. Sullivan and his family hang on as the car swerves into a fast flowing river.

214 **EXT. SULLIVAN HOME -- CONTINUOUS** 214

Alex races to the scene and sees the car in the river.

215 **INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS** 215

Sullivan and his family are trapped inside the car. Caitlin is bleeding badly. The kids are terrified.

Water SURGES through the shattered windows. Sullivan kicks the door open against the force of water.

He looks up and sees Alex coming toward them...relentless.

He searches frantically for his gun... He can't find it.

He stares at his wife and kids, then back at Alex...and then, in a stunning and shockingly callous move -- HE DESERTS THEM.

216 **EXT. HUNT COUNTY, MARYLAND -- CONTINUOUS** 216

Alex closes in on the SUV.

Caitlin is semi-conscious. The kids are struggling like crazy against the deluge of water submerging the car.

Alex scans the river and spots Sullivan in the distance. He's wading toward the opposite bank. Wounded. Limping. Putting as much ground as possible between them. Sullivan looks back at Alex...and at his own helpless family.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

Alex levels his gun... Sullivan is in range, but only for a second...

Alex's vision snaps to the SUV and the distraught faces, trapped and running out of time...

He glances back at Sullivan. His rage propels him to chase after his prey but his humanity stops him.

217 INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS

217

Alex fights his way inside and struggles mightily to get the boys free from their seat belts. Then he grabs Caitlin in his arms.

ALEX

I've got you.

218 EXT. HUNT COUNTY, MARYLAND -- CONTINUOUS

218

Alex wades through the river with Caitlin. Seamus makes it to the riverbank but Michael Jr. struggles to keep his head above water.

ALEX

Hold onto me, son. Hang tight.

He wades through the river carrying Caitlin with Michael Jr. riding piggy back. He scans the opposite bank.

Sullivan is long gone.

He lays Caitlin gently on the riverbank. She's lost a lot of blood and is barely conscious. He dials his cell for help.

219 EXT. HUNT COUNTY, MARYLAND -- NIGHT

219

A full moon. A massive crime scene. POLICE and FBI sweep the area. A chopper's searchlight penetrates the woods.

Alex stays with Sullivan's family as Caitlin is loaded into an ambulance. Michael Jr. grips her hand and won't let go. Seamus is detached. Distant. He stares at Alex with his father's cold stare.

SEAMUS

Fuck you.

220 INT. SWANK APARTMENT -- NIGHT

220

Jimmy Hats has heard the news and is completely panicked. He scrambles to pack a bag and get the hell out of there. He reaches for his gun and holster.

(CONTINUED)

A PLASTIC BAG is yanked over his head!

SULLIVAN

Hey Jimmyboy. Going somewhere?

Jimmy struggles like a mad man. Sullivan tightens the bag viciously.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

YOU. SET. ME. UP.

Jimmy tries to buck Sullivan off and sends them both crashing through the French doors onto the balcony. Sullivan grinds Jimmy's face into the broken glass, then pulls him up.

A SHADOW crosses behind them... Sullivan catches movement in his peripheral vision and whirls around...

ALEX IS THERE with a gun leveled at him. Sullivan smiles to mask his surprise.

ALEX

You know something Sullivan, you think you're so smart and in control. It's your lack of control that makes you predictable.

Sullivan grins and edges closer to the rail.

SULLIVAN

Any closer and he's going to make a big splash down below. I promise.

ALEX

Go ahead.

Alex stares at him, poker faced, gun locked.

Sullivan snaps and shoves Jimmy half-way over the rail... but Jimmy holds him off-barely.

Alex opens fire...

Sullivan drops... shot in the side....

Jimmy is clinging to the rail... his grip slipping...

Alex grabs Jimmy before he plummets to his death...

He turns back...

Sullivan is gone inside the apartment.

221

INT. LIVINGROOM, APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

221

Alex moves through the apartment, which is in semi-darkness...

He sees Jimmy's GUN HOLSTER on an end table. The SERVICE WEAPON is gone!

He whips around...

Sullivan clicks a gun against his head.

SULLIVAN

I should warn you about that empathy, Cross. Fatal flaw.

ALEX

The thing about psychopaths, you have no conscience. So asking you to put down the gun out of any sense of remorse for murdering my pregnant wife, or deserting your family is wasting my breath.

SULLIVAN

First smart thing you've said.

ALEX

Since the only thing you care about is self-preservation, I'm going to give you one last chance to give yourself up.

Sullivan laughs in his face.

SULLIVAN

Mighty white of you... since we're being so honest with each other, I'll let you in on a secret. I shot your wife to torture you. I could've gunned you down instead.

Only Alex's eyes reveal his torment at this.

ALEX

You think I didn't see that gun on the side table when I walked in?

Sullivan throws a glance at the table.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

ALEX (CONT'D)

I took out the clip. I thought with
all your experience, you'd
recognize how light it is.

Sullivan feels the weight in his hands.

SULLIVAN

Let's test it, shall we?

He turns the gun on Jimmy and hits him clean between the
eyes. Jimmy flips backward off the balcony.

Alex dives for cover behind the couch and opens fire.
Sullivan returns fire. Alex keeps his head down as bullets
shred the couch. Suddenly the shooting stops. Alex glances
up. Scans the room. Sullivan is gone. Alex gives chase-but
it's futile.

222 **EXT. SWANK APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

222

Jimmy's body is covered with a sheet. Squad cars cordon off
the area. Lt. Dawson is there. So are all kinds of FBI
personnel.

DAWSON

(to Alex)

Go home. I don't want you talking
to anybody tonight.

ALEX

(distraught)

It was him. Sullivan did this.

223 **INT. NANA CROSS HOUSE -- NIGHT**

223

Alex arrives home. He's exhausted. Spent. ROCKBAND plays on
TV but no one is watching

Alex's instincts are suddenly razor sharp. He draws his gun
and pads silently through the house. The quirks of the old
house are amplified to his heightened senses. The wall clock
ticks. The floorboards creak. There's blood on the floor.

224 **INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS**

224

Alex follows the blood trail to the kitchen. The door is
ajar. Alex pushes it open and sees...

NANA SLUMPED AGAINST THE KITCHEN CABINETS. Her head and arms
are bloody like she put up a fight. She's clearly hurt and
Damon is hugging her.

(CONTINUED)

His instincts are to run to her, but she signals him with her eyes. He whips around... ready to shoot...

SULLIVAN HAS HIS ARM AROUND JANELLE AND A KNIFE TO HER THROAT! The little girl's eyes are wide with terror. Her face is stained with tears. Sullivan grins.

SULLIVAN

Thought I'd meet the family. You met mine. Drop the gun, Doctor detective. Please and thank you.

Alex is rocked to his core. He locks eyes with his beautiful little daughter. His heart is racing. He notices that Sullivan is bleeding from the bullet he put in his side.

Sullivan nicks Jannie with the blade. A thin line of blood trickles down her throat. She cries out.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

She wants you to drop it, too. Don't you, sweetie?

Alex ejects the clip, never taking his eyes off Sullivan.

ALEX

When did it all start? When you first moved to Brooklyn? You were ten? Eleven? Tough age to make friends, especially when you're the outsider, the Irish kid.

Alex drops the gun. Kicks it to Sullivan.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What did they call you? Dirty Mick? Dumb Irish? Paddy?

Sullivan laughs.

SULLIVAN

You think you can psychoanalyze me? That's pretty funny actually.

Alex reaches for his belt. Sullivan tightens his grip on Janelle. Alex raises his hands...

ALEX

You want the other clip, or not?

He unhooks the ammunition clip from his belt, and nudges his PDA -- hitting REDIAL.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: (2)

224

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Mostly Italians in that old
 neighborhood. They must've beaten
 you up pretty bad.

SULLIVAN
 Good for you. Toughens you up.

ALEX
 That what your old man told you?

SULLIVAN
 Something like that.

225 INT. D.C. HOMICIDE -- NIGHT

225

Ryan is on the phone, listening to every word.

ALEX (O.S. ON PHONE)
 But hey, you took care of business.
 Heard you carved up Maggione's
 soldier pretty good.

SULLIVAN (V.O. ON PHONE)
 I did indeed.

She's immediately on the move...

226 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

226

SULLIVAN
 I did indeed.

ALEX
 Bet your old man didn't pay another
 dime after that. You did what he
 couldn't do.

Alex notices the signs of anger building in Sullivan's facial
 expressions. Meanwhile the two of them are getting closer and
 closer, almost as if gravity is making this happen.

SULLIVAN
 You tell me. You're the man with
 all the answers.

Sullivan's grip tightens on the knife, drawing it tighter to
 Janelle's throat. Alex doesn't miss a beat.

ALEX
 Then there's Maggione. He has all
 the respect. You figured if you
 played it right, you'd have it too.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN

Think you got it all figured out?
Maybe you should take a look at
yourself. Making out like you're
some kind of righteous warrior.
You're not. You'd like to tear me
into pieces. Feed me to my pit
bull.

ALEX

Maybe, but unlike you, I have some
self-control.

SULLIVAN

Ah. Let's see if you do... she was
pregnant, wasn't she? Your pretty
little wife?

Now it's Alex's turn to temper his rage.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

She wanted you to quit, but you
needed the hunt. You need this.

ALEX

I don't need to torture and
slaughter people. You're a coward.
Look at how pathetic you are,
hiding behind a little girl.

Sullivan fixes Alex with his cold, unblinking stare. Alex
pushes harder.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I even know why you do that stupid
bow. It was your father's
trademark.

FLASHBACK:

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MICHAEL SULLIVAN watches a MOBSTER rifling
the cash register while his father hands him a package of
meat WITH A PROUD AND HUMBLE BOW. The meat slicer BUZZES in
the background.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sullivan tries to shake the memories from his mind. THE BUZZ
OF THE MEAT SLICER ESCALATES.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You hated him -- and ended up just
like him. Michael Sullivan Jr.
Another useless punk.

Sullivan snaps and charges him... Alex is good at this-- a
real street fighter. The two of them go down. Alex avoids
being cut, which is impressive in itself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

GO JANNIE, RUN!

The girl bolts away from Sullivan and goes to Nana and Damon.

Sullivan grabs Alex's wrist, shifts his weight onto it, and
drives the knife upward toward Alex's gut.

The men are locked together. Inches apart. Neither of them
give an inch. It's a battle of strength and will power.

Sullivan breaks the stalemate by head-butting Alex.

Alex staggers back... Sullivan drives Alex into the kitchen
cabinets, like a linebacker...

His knife hand shoots forward in a blur... Alex twists out of
his way... clasps the first thing he can reach... swings
it...

A massive can of olive oil cracks into Sullivan's forearm,
blocking the stab... The blade punctures the can, spurting
oil everywhere...

Sullivan flips the knife into his other palm, shifts position
and comes at Alex with a downward stab...

The blade slices Alex's forearm as he blocks the thrust and
spins sideways out of range...

He slips in the oil slick and goes down hard, slamming into
an open drawer and sending kitchen utensils flying...

Sullivan closes the gap... the blade coming fast... Alex
grapples for anything to use as a weapon...

His fingers clasp a serving fork... He stabs it right through
Sullivan's foot. Sullivan yells in agony...

Alex springs to his feet and drives a hard right into his
face...

SULLIVAN

I heard you could box.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (2)

228

Alex swings a mighty roundhouse. The impact almost takes Sullivan off his feet. Sullivan grins through bloody teeth.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

That's good. That's very good.

ALEX

How's this?

Alex grabs an iron-clad frying pan and hits Sullivan with a brutal uppercut. Sullivan's head snaps back, his knees buckle and goes down.

Alex grabs his gun and levels it. He's about to pull the trigger when he sees the frightened faces of his family. The kids are huddled with Nana -- who is bleeding and helpless.

Alex realizes that he's become as terrifying as his enemy. SIRENS close in. Alex keeps the gun trained on his quarry.

ALEX (CONT'D)

ON THE GROUND NOW!

Sullivan puts his hands behind his head and bolts! Alex can't shoot him in the back.

He takes off after Sullivan.

229 **EXT. ALEX'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT**

229

Alex pursues Sullivan in a frenetic foot chase through the busy, colorful streets.

Sullivan leaps a railing and drops down into the lot of a large crowded bus terminal.

230 **INT. BUS TERMINAL -- NIGHT**

230

Sullivan charges through the station with Alex right behind him. He takes down a SECURITY GUARD with a single skillful move and commandeers his sidearm. He turns the gun on Alex and opens fire in the middle of the crowded station.

ALEX

GET DOWN! EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

Total mayhem. People are SCREAMING and RUNNING in all directions. Alex ducks and weaves through the crowd.

Sullivan has lost a lot of blood and is slowing up. Sullivan glances back and sees Alex closing the gap.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

He runs out between the buses. They're very large and obscure his vision.

Alex bolts after him. Buses are coming and going, moving faster than they should. The buses are noisy too.

Alex sees the flash of a muzzle as Sullivan opens fire. Alex shoots back. It's a raging gun fight.

Alex hears a bus coming behind him. He's almost hit!

The HORN BLASTS. Alex glances back. Another bus's headlights are bearing down on him.

231 **EXT. BUS TERMINAL -- NIGHT**

231

Alex sprints to one side, and right into the butt of Sullivan's gun. He is knocked off his feet and lands painfully.

Sullivan kicks him viciously.

SULLIVAN

I told you empathy was your fatal flaw. Should've killed me when you had the chance.

Alex hears another bus coming. He looks at Sullivan and starts laughing.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

ALEX

You. Both of us.

Sullivan starts to go berserk... He swings back his foot to stomp Alex in the face. Alex grabs his ankle and twists, sending him tumbling.

He dives on Sullivan and uses his sheer size and weight to pin him down.

Sullivan looks at the bus coming their way. He flails like crazy but he can't escape Alex's hold. The bus driver can't see them in the dark.

SULLIVAN

You fucking psycho, you'll kill us both!

The bus is almost on top of them.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

Then all of a sudden, Alex just lets go...

Sullivan is panic-stricken and disoriented. He scrambles to his feet...and dodges the bus.

Then Sullivan gets struck by a second speeding bus. It's a terrible, crushing hit. Bug against a windshield stuff. Very, very satisfying.

232 **EXT. BUS TERMINAL -- NIGHT**

232

Ryan helps the beaten and bloody Alex out of the terminal and toward a waiting squad car.

RYAN

You did good. Your family's ok.
They're fine.

ALEX

Thank you.

233 **INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -- DAY**

233

The security guard and correctional officer kick back watching their 14 inch television. Images of FEDERAL AGENTS arresting Maggione and his cohorts plays on screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

... Federal Agents arrested 19
members of the Maggione Crime
Family in a sweep covering New York
and Washington --

LT. Dawson gives a press conference.

LT. DAWSON

... The success of the operation is
a tribute to the actions and
bravery of several Bureau agents
and officers from D.C. Metro...

Ryan can be seen with Tommy and Crawford in the background. There's no sign of Alex.

234 **INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, SECURE HOUSING UNIT -- DAY**

234

Alex is cleaned up and looking like his old self. Maybe even better. He is engrossed in a game of chess. We pull back and reveal his opponent -- BRONSON "POP-POP" JAMES.

BRONSON

You're gonna lose. You know that
right, chump?

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

ALEX
We'll see. Let your chess pieces do
your talking.

235 INT. NANA CROSS HOUSE -- NIGHT

235

Alex arrives home.

ALEX
Daddy's home.

No answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Anybody care?

NANA
Alex! Glad you could make it.

Alex joins Nana and the kids at the kitchen table.

They close their eyes in prayer.

ALEX
Rub-a-dub-dub thanks for the grub.
Yeah God!

Nana slaps his wrist with the back of her fork. The kids
laugh. They dig in. Alex stares at his family.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Jannie)
I saw on the fridge that you've got
choir practice tomorrow night.

Janelle looks at her father.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'd like to go? May I?

JANELLE
Is there a bad guy in my singing
group?

ALEX
No, sweetie.

Alex glances at Nana fighting to suppress her laughter.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Here's the deal. Starting tomorrow,
I'm officially unemployed.

(CONTINUED)

Alex looks around the table. Everyone is speechless.

NANA
You're going to resign?

ALEX
I've decided to go into private
practice.

A massive smile spreads across Nana's face.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Bronson's my only client and he's
pro bono. Since I don't have any
paying clients, I'm afraid to tell
you that we're practically
destitute.

Nana applauds.

NANA
Des-ti-tute! Des-ti-tute!

The kids join in the chanting.

ALL
Des-ti-tute! Des-ti-tute!

Alex smiles and sinks back in his seat. A weight lifted.

ALEX
Yeah. And maybe we'll be homeless
too.

THE KIDS
Home-less! Home-less!

His cell phone rings. He considers not answering and finally
picks up.

ALEX
(into phone)
Alex Cross.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O. ON PHONE)
There's been a murder, a bad one.

Alex hesitates, trying to place the voice. He steps away from
his family.

ALEX
(into phone)
Who is this?

235 CONTINUED: (2)

235

No answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Why are you calling me?

MAN'S VOICE
Because you're Dr. Cross. And I'm
the killer.

FADE OUT

236 **FINAL CREDITS**

236