

BLUE STEEL

INT. ROOM - DAY

The door to the room is KICKED open.

MEGAN TURNER jumps in, training her .357 in a two hand police grip.

Trying to be cool.

Breathing deep.

A HUSBAND has his WIFE held by the neck.

A pistol pressed against the side of her head.

MEGAN

Hold it! Freeze!!

HUSBAND

Stay back cop! Stay back or I blow her head off!

WIFE

Help! Officer!!!

Megan keeps her pistol pointed at the man.

MEGAN

Let her go. Just keep calm. I'm not going to hurt you. I just don't want anyone to get hurt.

HUSBAND

Don't come any closer.

The woman cop keeps advancing.

Calmly and carefully.

HUSBAND

Die bitch!!!

The Husband throws his wife off.

He aims his gun point blank at Megan.

She puts him right away.

He drops.

Megan lowers her gun.

The Wife looks at her.

Pulls a small .22 out of her back pocket.

SHOOTS Megan square in the chest.

The woman cop sags her shoulders.

Kicks the floor.

Looks up.

MEGAN

Nuts.

She holsters her gun.
The Husband gets up off the floor, totally uninjured.
The three people fall out.
The door opens.
A UNIFORMED OFFICER with a clipboard enters.

OFFICER

You killed the husband but the wife killed
you. In the field you have to have eyes in the
back of your head...

FADE OUT:

BLUE STEEL TITLES ON BLACK OVER:

The sound of SHELLS SLIDING into the CYLINDER of a SMITH & WESSON
.357 MAGNUM REVOLVER.
The WHIRR of the CYLINDER SPUN shut.
The SQUEAK of METAL on LEATHER as the gun is sheathed in a holster.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Dark.

The glint of blue steel gunmetal
The .357 Magnum is resting in a holster.
Being buckled with a METALLIC CLINK around a pair of hips.
Hips that curve softly.
Heavy black shoes with thick rubber soles are laced up by tapered, feminine
fingers.
A blue regulation police issue shirt is buttoned up past the navel of a creamy,
tender belly.
The fine delicate fingers close the buttons over a voluptuous chest swelling
within the confines of a white lace bra.
The hands close the collar around a pale, slender neck, tightening a knot of a
blue tie with a firm yank.
A black leather jacket is hung around a shapely set of shoulders.
The fingers pull up the zipper with a resounding ZZZZZZZZZZZHHHHHHHP.
A silver Chicago Police Department Patrolman's badge is pinned to the lapel of
the black leather jacket.
The hands pick up a blue policeman's hat.

CREDITS END as they bring it down on the--

INT. STAGE - GYMNASIUM - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

--head of MEGAN TURNER.

The clean, healthy features of her face beam with happiness.
 Her clear, honest eyes are soft and proud.
 She adjusts the patrolman's hat over her tied back hair.
 The woman is on the stage along with FIFTY NEW RECRUITS to the Chicago
 Police Department who have just graduated and stand in a military formation
 in an ocean of blue.
 The MAYOR is there.
 The POLICE COMMISSIONER is too.
 The Commissioner steps up to the podium, gazes out at the fresh young faces.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Raise your right hand, repeat after me.

Fifty white gloved hands in the air.
 Tear in Megan's eye.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

As long as I remain in position of Police
 Officer I do solemnly swear I will uphold the
 United States Constitution --

RECRUITS

As long as I remain in position of Police
 Officer I do solemnly swear I will uphold the
 United States Constitution --

POLICE COMMISSIONER

-- and the Constitution of the State of Illinois
 --

RECRUITS

-- and the Constitution of the State of Illinois
 --

POLICE COMMISSIONER

-- and I will faithfully discharge duties of
 Officer according to the best of my abilities.

RECRUITS

-- and I will faithfully discharge duties of
 Officer according to the best of my abilities.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

You may now be seated.

EXPLOSION of APPLAUSE.

INT. BLEACHERS - GYMNASIUM - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

The huge AUDIENCE CLAPS their hands.

INT. STAGE - GYMNASIUM - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Megan looks out.
Searches the seats.

INT. BLEACHERS - GYMNASIUM - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Two seats empty.

INT. STAGE - GYMNASIUM - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Fifty hats are thrown up in the air.
They float to the ground like flakes of blue snow.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A milling crowd of fresh faced POLICE OFFICERS being hugged by FAMILIES, GIRLFRIENDS and BOYFRIENDS.

Megan moves through them, by herself.

A sense of solitariness about her like a halo.

A MALE ROOKIE comes over and claps her on the shoulder in congratulations.

Megan grins, hugs him, kisses him on the cheek.

She moves on, smiling and waving at other rookies who know her, but basically keeping to herself.

A little ways away is TRACY LAINE, a woman Megan's age in civilian clothes with her HUSBAND and two SMALL KIDS.

She hurries over to Megan.

They hug and kiss.

The new cop beams.

MEGAN

Hi.

TRACY

Oh my God I can't believe it, you just became a *cop*.

MEGAN

How about that, huh?

TRACY

Look at me, I mean I'm married, two kids. Here you are, we grew up together and you got a police uniform on. Megan, I'm so proud of you.

MEGAN

Thank you, Tracy. Feels kind of right.

The two of them embrace with big smiles.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

Summer.

Steel and glass scrape the sky.

Clouds race across the mirrored surface of the lake.

Streets upon streets.

EXT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Megan rounds the corner.

She has a cigarette.

Enjoying wearing her new uniform, getting the feel of it, taking in the way
PASSERBYS react to her.

The NEWSPAPER VENDOR at the kiosk waves to her.

NEWSPAPER VENDOR

Gosh, Megan, look at you.

MEGAN

Trying out the new uniform. Not bad, huh?

He nods, smiling.

Megan moves on to her apartment building down the neighborhood block.

The CLATTERING of the 'EL' on tracks overhead.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Megan opens the door and walks inside.

Frisbees her hat onto the edge of her chair.

Takes a load off her feet.

Sitting by herself, happy and thoughtful in her friendly, comfortably furnished
apartment.

Flicks on the answering machine.

As the messages play she regards her badge in her fingers.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

Hi, honey, it's mom. Uh,
congratulations...bye.

BEEP.

Then a MAN's VOICE.

Megan, Bill Kushner here, insurance guy,
met you in the park last weekend. We

talked about seein' a movie friday -- uh, I'm
not gonna be able---

The voice SQUEALS as Megan puts him on fast forward.
BEEP.

Silence. She flicks the machine off.
Her hand clasps tight around the badge.

EXT. MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - BRIDGEPORT - DUSK

A CTA Bus pulls up at the corner stop.
Its doors open to discharge a passenger.
The bus departs.

Leaving Megan on the sidewalk in the drab, lower middle class neighborhood
on the outskirts of the city.

The fiery sun sitting on the edge of the world sends long red shadows like
fingers across the ground.

KIDS race playfully through the street, laughter filling the summer air,
twilight on their heels.

Megan walks along the sidewalk past the dull row of brick houses.
She gathers herself together and pushes through a small gate into a pathway
leading to her parent's house.
She knocks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DUSK

MOM opens the door.
She has a tired, lived in look about her.
Her face lights up at the sight of her daughter.

MEGAN

Hi, mom.

MOM

Megan.

Megan gives her mother a hug.
She walks into the living room and hangs her jacket in the closet.
She is wearing her police academy ring.
DAD is sitting in his easy chair.
Kind of not noticing her.
Megan slides her coat onto the hanger, taking her time, playing a waiting
game with her old man.
The old man gazes at the TV, beer in hand.
The TV isn't on.
Megan closes the closet.
She has a seat on the sofa.
Mom moves, kind of quickly, into the kitchen.
Dad crumples the can.

Hi. DAD

Hi. MEGAN

Dad. DAD

What? MEGAN

Hi, dad. DAD

MEGAN
You saying hi to yourself now?

DAD
In my house, my daughter comes in, she
says hello to her father.

Dad sits crumpling his can of beer.
A lifetime of working class living making him hard.
She's none too soft herself.
She's ready to blow.
Waiting for him to say something about the ring she runs her fingers over.
He stares at the TV.
It's dark.

DAD
TV's broke.

Megan winces.

MEGAN
That's all you got to say?

INT. DINING ROOM - MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Everybody at the table.
Megan sitting much closer to her mother.
You can tell time has gone by and nobody has spoken.
Megan is unbearably in pain but she keeps it inside.
She isn't going to be the one to say anything about her new job and what it took
to get there.
Mom looks at her and is ready to say something.
Dad gives her a surly look that shuts her up.

Megan catches dad's look and that about does it.
Mom catches that.

MOM

It sure is nice to have you here Megan.

MEGAN

Nice to be here.

DAD

Yeah, right.

MEGAN

Okay, I give up. Let's see, all the subways were on strike, right? Hey, nothing about it in the papers but who's counting? The buses, they all had flats. And taxis? None of them came across the river that day, no kidding--

MOM

I wanted so badly to see you. I tried-

DAD

Shutup, Audrey.

Megan turns.
Steely eyed.

MEGAN

Come on, dad, say it.

DAD

I got nothing to say to you.

MOM

Please Stan--

MEGAN

Come on, dad, I want to hear it.

DAD

Just leave. I think you should just leave.

MOM

Stan!

DAD

I got a goddamed *cop* for a daughter!

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A dark world moving steadily past the car windows.
OFFICER JEFF TRAVERS gazes at Megan thoughtfully.
The woman cop sitting proud behind the wheel of her new police car.

TRAVERS

So, Turner, how come? For the action?

MEGAN

How come what?

TRAVERS

A cop?

MEGAN

Ever since I was a kid.

TRAVERS

Yeah, me too. I looked at those guys, the
men in blue, an' I thought to myself no one
fucks with a cop.

Turner looks at the man.

TRAVERS

Ever since you were a kid, huh?

MEGAN

I wanted to shoot people.

TRAVERS

No kidding?

A playfulness in Megan's eyes.
Travers laughs.

TRAVERS

You're okay, Turner, you're okay. ...Hey,
turn in a minute, gotta take a leak.

EXT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

Tacky bright orange day glo type of place.
Late nightcrawlers just hanging in the enclosed area.
STREET SCUM argue.

PUNK #1

...Well fuck you.

PUNK # 2

Fuck you.

PUNK #1

Fuck you.

PUNK #2

Okay, I'm easy. Look sharp, man.

The patrol car brakes in front.

INT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

The two Officers push through the door.

Street Scum on best behavior.

Travers heads for a set of stairs in the back that descends to a restroom below.

Megan stops at the Take-Out window.

PIMPLE FACED kid with glasses like bottoms of coke bottles peers out.

MEGAN

Two, regular.

The woman cop swivels back against the counter to wait.

Her gaze travels out through the window, across the street to the...

EXT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Big bright windows in the black night.

Few people inside.

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

The store seems warm and cheery on this summer night.

One CASHIER at the register.

A young BOY mopping the floor.

A little OLD LADY in a robe and hair curlers.

A MOTHER and her TODDLER with rubber nipple in his mouth, his feet kicking out of the seat in a shopping cart.

A tall man with a WOOL CAP moving into line behind the Mother and Toddler at the only open cash register.

And a sharply handsome BUSINESSMAN in suit, tie, raincoat and Wall Street Journal under his arm making his way down the aisle.

EUGENE HURT lifts a carton of milk from the shelf and moves on.

INT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

Megan's gaze leaves the supermarket and roams further up the block.
 Stops.
 Something nagging at her.
 Eyes revert to the supermarket.

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Wool Cap's face twitches.
 The Mother picks up her grocery bag and starts to wheel her Toddler toward the exit.
 Wool Cap turns to look the Cashier in the eyes.

INT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

Pimple Face is talking to the woman cop but she hasn't heard a word.

PIMPLE FACE
 I said, eighty-five, ma'am.

MEGAN
 Oh, sorry.

Her eyes snap back to the A & P.
 Just a hunch.
What's wrong with this picture..?

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Wool Cap yanks out a black .44 Magnum and waves it around in front of him.

WOOL CAP
 On the floor, all a you. *You*, gimmie the
 cash drawer!

Everyone drops to the floor.

INT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

Megan stands bolt upright.
 Adrenal rush.
 Swings her head around in the direction of the restroom.
 No Travers.
 Glances at the pimple faced kid.

MEGAN
 You see--uh--

Not with those glasses.
 Her eyes race back across the street.

Wool Cap's holding the .44 like a conductor's wand.

Clock TICKING.

Megan swings her head around to the restroom.

Nothing.

Back to the A & P--

Restroom--

Wool Cap--

She's out the front door like a shot.

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

The Cashier is emptying the cash drawer into a brown paper sack.

Tears in his eyes.

WOOL CAP

WHA, YOU WAN'IT ENGRAVED,
ASSHOLE, HURRY THE FUCK UP!!!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Megan has her Colt Python .357 out so fast it seems like a conditioned response.

Perspiration on her brow.

She tries the back door.

It opens noiselessly.

Stealth-like, she enters.

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Back pressed against the doorframe, Turner pivots, weapon extended, into the rear of the market.

Her vision blocked by an aisle of soup cans.

Eyes wide and wild with apprehension.

Breathing a shuddering through clenched teeth.

Her heart thuds against chest walls.

Hands a white-knuckled grip on the Colt.

She can hear Wool Cap, but cannot see him.

Wool Cap snatches the paper sack out of the Cashier's grip.

WOOL CAP

NO ONE EVEN FUCKING BREATHE!

Megan sucks in air.

Noiselessly, like a cat, she edges forward along the polished linoleum floor, past the Cambells then on along a row of Special K.

Her eyes flick to the plate glass store front...

where she sees Wool Cap's reflection.

Sweat pours into her eyes.

Color draining from her face.
 With his back to the window, Wool Cap does not see the watery reflection
 moving steadily toward him.
 Turner clears the aisles.
 Fifty unobstructed feet lay between them.
 Her voice comes loud and clear.

MEGAN

Drop it. Police!

Wool Cap steadies his gaze on Megan Turner, standing there with her .357 in
 her outstretched hand.
 Wool Cap has a smile.

WOOL CAP

Get outa my face, baby!

Megan stands there.
 Steadfast.

MEGAN

Put down the gun!

WOOL CAP

Look, bitch--

MEGAN

I said put the gun down, *NOW!*

WOOL CAP

SHUTUP!

Swinging the gun around in her direction.
 She doesn't blink.

Just empties a full load into the man.

A blinding WHITE FLASH EMBLAZONS Wool Cap's face wide eyed and open
 mouthed.

The BLAST ECHOES as he catapults back clean off his feet, his arms flailing,
 the Magnum flying crazily, his legs bicycling, chest trailing a geyser of blood,
 body flung through the air in endless flight right through the big picture
 window.

A single pair of EYES dart excitedly from the lady dressed in blue to the .44
 careening across the linoleum floor skidding to a stop *in front of them.*

Eugene Hurt can't believe what he sees.

His eyes grow wide.

He swallows.

The sharply handsome Commodities Trader stares up at the woman.

And shudders.
 Like he's never seen anything like this before in his life.
 Something stirs inside him.
 Breath sticks in his throat.
 His gaze snaps to the gun and locks on the weapon just sitting there in front of him.
Inches away.
 He hesitates.
 Perspiration forming on his brow.
 As if struggling with some kind of thought.
 Shivering eyes revert to the woman.
 He gulps air.
 Tilts an eye back down to the gun.
All of a sudden his hand darts out.
 Curls around the weapon.
 Slips it between the folds of his jacket.
 He checks to see if anyone has seen him.
 No one has.

Megan Turner stares at Wool Cap's lifeless body.
 Water moving into her eyes.
 Time stopping.
It's always been lasers and paper targets up until now.
 Someone SCREAMS.
 Megan starts to breathe again.
 Lowering the .357 to the holster around her hips.
 People beginning to rise slowly up off the floor. Shaken.
 Some crying.

EXT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

Travers bursts out of the place like a Brama bull charging fast across the street.
 hands fumbling with his pants which are down around his knees.

INT. A & P SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

The woman cop takes some steps toward Wool Cap's body.
 With fierce effort she looks down at the lifeless form.
 Her gaze grim.
 All eyes glued to her in speechless awe.
 All but Eugene's.
He is gone, and so is the gun.
 The Cashier turns a quivering face to the policewoman, voice breaking with emotion.

CASHIER

Th-thank you.

Travers comes to a breathless stop beside Megan.

Eyes gaping the bloody carcass.

TRIVERS

Holy shit. He's deader than yesterday's
steak, Turner. I leave you for two
minutes...

Megan opens her mouth to speak.
Nothing will come out.
A strong wind pummels the broken glass.

EXT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Immaculate pre-war high rise apartment building.
The uniformed DOORMAN swings the large glass door open for the
Commodities Trader.

INT. LOBBY - EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Eugene crosses the huge expanse of polished stone floor to the elevator.
The Doorman nods.

DOORMAN

Evenin', Mr. Hurt.

EUGENE

Evening.

Hurt presses the elevator button.

DOORMAN

3 to 2. Sox.

Eugene steps into the elevator.
His focus is elsewhere.

EUGENE

Oh.

The elevator doors close.

INT. HALLWAY - EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Hurt walks the long hallway.
His reflection catching in the marbled mirror.
He stops in front of the door at the end.
Slips his key into the lock.

INT. EUGENE HURT'S APARMENT - NIGHT

Eugene closes the door behind him.
 The lock snaps shut.
 He takes a few steps into the room.
 And stifles an urge to laugh.
 The apartment spreads out before him.
 It is spare and sterile, but comfortable.
 A table on top of which is a computer, its screen on.
 Financial reports crawl up the monitor.
 There is the gentle HUM of the machine.
 One chair.
 Bare wood floors.
 A lamp in the corner.
 It's light on.
 A Sony.
 And weights.
 Lots of them.
 A Universal Gym against the far wall and racks of hand held weights on steel shelves.
 The Commodities Trader strides through his house.
 Heels CLICKING on the wooden floors.
 Dropping the raincoat across the Sony.
 The dark suit fitting snugly over a well formed chest.
 He takes a seat.
 Lets out a small breath of air.
 The excitement about him like a halo.
 A nervous hand moves beneath the folds of his jacket.
 Then slowly, as if with great care, he lays the .44 Magnum revolver onto the table.
 He sits very still.
 And stares.
 Tentatively fingering the strange oily metal object in front of him.
 Little drops of water form on his brow.
 One of them drops onto the sheeny body of the gun.

INT. LIEUTENANT HOYT'S OFFICE - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

Hoyt raises a broad face with deep lines.
 His tired grey eyes sweep over Officer Megan Turner sitting in front of him.
 She looks like she's been through this a couple times already.

HOYT

Now, let's go over it again. The only bullets fired were yours. You say the suspect had a gun. But there was no weapon found at the site. The cashier also cites that the suspect had a weapon but can't be sure what it was, when asked if it could have been a stick, the witness answered in the affirmative.

MEGAN

Lieutenant, sir, if I might add the man was somewhat upset.

HOYT

No question. But the fact remains that you emptied an entire load, *blew the fucking head off an individual who only allegedly had a gun.*

MEGAN

But--

HOYT

I'd like to suggest to you that there might have been some overreaction on your part. ...Push pencils for awhile, Officer Turner, you're on probation.

She lets the words sink in.

The door opens.

SLAMS shut.

NICK MANN strides across the room.

He has worn in good looks in a weary sort of way.

Probably younger than he appears.

The kind of face that is easy to rest your eyes on.

Megan does.

Mann turns to Hoyt, oblivious to the woman standing in the room.

NICK

The guy's in from Hackensack, it's Saturday night, he's got himself a hooker in the back of the cab, an' her head's buried in his lap. Well, the taxi hits a pothole, the girl lifts her head, *guess what?* Okay, the guy won't go to the hospital, seems he's somebody, and he's bleeding all over the place. The cabbie's worried about the vinyl, when the hooker pulls out a needle and thread. Lieutenant...

Hoyt just looks at the man.

Not stopping him.

Megan glances from the Lieutenant to Mann.

Unsure of how to react.

Wanting to laugh, or be sick.

She bites her lip.

NICK

...She sews it on *backwards*.

Hoyt almost smiles.

MEGAN

Wonder what he's going to say to his wife?

Nick spins full around.

HOYT

Officer Turner, twenty-four hours on the force and she's already blown some poor shumck's face off.

NICK

And twenty-four hours later she's off the force.

MEGAN

It was justifiable circumstances.

NICK

What'd he draw on you?

MEGAN

Looked like a .44.

NICK

Why didn't you just tackle him?

MEGAN

He was fifty feet off.

NICK

Then how can you tell it was a .44?

MEGAN

Because I could.

Nick leafs through the report.

NICK

There wasn't any gun found on him.

MEGAN

I saw it. It was there. I know it was. I saw the metal glint.

NICK

Then you drew.

MEGAN

Yeah I drew.

NICK

He didn't shoot.

MEGAN

I asked him to drop the gun.
He didn't. He swung it in my direction.

NICK

How fast? Like this?

Nick's eyes hold her face.
His voice is low key.
He takes a couple steps back.
Adjusts his jacket.

NICK

Now.

MEGAN

What?

NICK

I'm him.

He reaches into his jacket.
Real quick.
His hand comes out with something.
Alarmed she draws her .357 on him.
He opens his hand in front of her face.
A shiny black plastic comb in it.
She exhales but doesn't lower the gun too far.

NICK

Just showing you something.

Megan averts her gaze.

MEGAN

Yeah. Okay,

Quick as a blink, Nick grabs the .357 from her hand and holds it up.
Megan gasps.

NICK

I just used it on you.

He hands it back to her.

NICK

Officer Turner...

She sheathes her pistol with slumped shoulders.

NICK

...You'll be lucky to last thirty-six hours.

Nick goes to the door.

Her eyes follow him.

MEGAN

Says..?

Nick opens the door.

NICK

Detective Nick Mann. Homicide.

MEGAN

Be seeing you.

NICK

Says who?

He closes the door behind him.

Desk phone BUZZES.

Hoyt answers, cracks a small grin, looks the woman cop in the face.

HOYT

Your mother's here.

MEGAN

My what? Who? Where?

HOYT

Downstairs.

INT. SQUADROOM - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

Megan strides through the squadroom.

Mom is making her way through the desks toward her.

Officer Turner forces a smile. *She doesn't need this right now.*

Goes up to a slightly nervous Mom.

MEGAN

Mom.

Hugs.

MEGAN

...What are you doing here?

MOM

I had to come by. I called you and you weren't home. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was about the other night and I--

MEGAN

Let's go someplace where we can get some coffee.

She puts her arm around her mother and leads her through the squadroom.

MOM

So this is where you work?

MEGAN

Yeah, mom. This is where I work. Right here. See all the other people wearing the same outfits as me.

Megan takes the long walk with Mom to the stairs. She sees out the corner of her eye all the Police Officers whispering to each other and staring with big smiles on their faces at her and her mother. Officer Turner is turning various shades of red. She hustles Mom out the door.

INT. REFRESHMENT AREA - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

Megan and Mom.
Two cups of coffee.
They've been talking.

MEGAN

Has he hit you lately?

Mom takes a moment before looking up.

MOM

No.

MEGAN

Yes.

Mom looks down.
Megan lays a comforting hand on her mother's arm.

EXT. MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

Heat.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

A deafening DIN of TRADERS mobbing the floor and yelling out their orders for buying and selling shares at the top of their lungs.

Open crys.

Eugene Hurt is amongst them.

Screaming bids.

Sweat streams down his face.

Ferocious precision making his blood run hot.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY/LATER

Frenetic activity surrounding Hurt on all sides.

He just stands there.

Dead quiet.

He fingers the pencil in his hands.

His face flushes.

His breathing becomes tight.

His eyes are luminous, liquid-like.

The pencil SNAPS between his fingers with explosive percussion.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE - NIGHT

Empty.

The floor confettied with scraps of paper.

A JANITOR starts sweeping.

The last few Traders are packing their briefcases and going home.

One stays.

Eugene.

Sitting alone behind a bank of computer terminals.

Green lettered readouts glow across the monitors.

He leans back in his seat.

Preoccupied.

Very preoccupied.

A Trader passes his desk.

TRADER

G'night, Hurt.

EUGENE

Yes, goodnight.

Overhead lights dim.
 The green readouts wash Eugene's skin.
 Silence falls.

INT. BATHROOM - MIDWEST STOCK EXCHANGE - NIGHT

Hurt takes a good look at himself in the bathroom mirror.
 Alone in the big tiled room.
 He opens his suit jacket.
 Unbuttons his white shirt.
 The sheeny black .44 Magnum is jammed in his belt, pressed against his bare skin.
 Curling his hand around the weapon and removing it from his belt.
 A film of sweat there on his belly.
 He fingers the hot dampness.
 He knows.
 A certainty crosses his face.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LAKE FRONT - NIGHT

Eugene Hurt is walking the streets.
 His hands buried in his pockets.
 PEDESTRIANS milling by.
 Rubbing shoulders with him.
 There is something in his face.
 Hard to put your finger on.
 But there.
 Something cold.
 Something steely in the way he eyes the people moving past.
 A sense of excitement, almost exhilaration in his movements.
 His eyes focused somewhere deep within himself.

Heat LIGHTNING bleaches the sky. A distant RUMBLE in the clouds.
 A sliver of moon above.
 A slanting RAIN dapples the sidewalk.

He steps off the curb at the end of the block.
 Crossing the street against the light.
 Not mindful of the car with the right of way speeding through the intersection.
 Hurt keeps walking.
 The car brakes in a SQUEAL of burning rubber.
 Eugene stops.
 Swivels his head around and looks into the car windshield.
 Something flashes in his eyes.
 Like the skull beneath the skin.
 Something not nice.
 Then it passes.

He walks on.
 The car just sits there.
 Needle-like drops of rain in the car's headlights.
 The streetlight turns red.

Hurt walks.
 People few and far between.
 His hands in his pockets.
 He walks the street looking left and right.
 The rain like gossamer curtains.
 The wetness shimmers atop the dark waves of his hair.
 Glistens across the contours of his face.
 His smooth leather soled shoes slippery on the watery pavement.
 He is smiling.
 He doesn't stop smiling.
 His hand moving under his jacket.
 He feels his gun under his coat.
 He winces.
 Keeps walking.
 He has a thrill in his face.
 His own.
 Big gummy drops of rain coming down.
 He blinks his eyes.
 No people in plain sight.
 His foot slips.
 He falls.
 THUD.
 CLANKITY-CLANK.
 Hurt gets up on his hands and knees.
 He sees the .44 Magnum lying on the sidewalk a few feet from him.
 He reaches out for it.
 Tries to return it to his belt as he stands up.
 He is on his feet.
 The gun nearly in his belt.
 A BUSINESSMAN bumps into him.
 Not more than a foot away.
 The man is wearing an expression of TOTAL TERROR.
 His eyes fixed on the .44 in Hurt's hand.
 Hurt looks up in his face.
 He sees the man's expression.
 The expression of straight out fear.
Hurt has never had a reaction like that before.
A true discovery.
It excites him.
 The Man is frozen in place.
 Hurt has had a taste.
 HE FIRES WITHOUT HESITATION.
 The smoking pistol in his hand.
 The Man lands spread-eagled on his back, eyes open, life extinguished.

A shivering, motionless spasming runs through Hurt's system.
His FOOTSTEPS flee into the night.

EXT. BACKYARD BARBEQUE - TRACY'S HOUSE - GLENVIEW - DAY

A barbeque going on.

Megan is with Tracy and her husband and their kids in an informal family cookout.

NEIGHBORS and FAMILY FRIENDS sit and lounge in the suburban furniture.

Megan takes another hot dog from the grill.

She is dressed in her normal street clothes, looking pretty.

Tracy takes her aside.

TRACY

Boy, I don't know how you do it, Megan. I would be scared to death even to be around a gun. No thanks, I like to be around my husband and kids, knowing what time they're going to be home, sitting around watching TV.

Megan takes a look at the suburban family environment about her.
She shrugs.

MEGAN

This would scare me to death.

They laugh like it's been the same story for a long time.

TRACY

So you seeing anybody?

MEGAN

Nobody special.

Tracy holds her gaze.

Megan drops her eyes.

MEGAN

...Nobody.

TRACY

Thought so.

She takes Megan's hand.

A tug.

TRACY

C'mon, I've got somebody I want you to meet.

MEGAN
No. That's alright, Tracy.

TRACY
C'mon.

MEGAN
Really, I gotta go.

TRACY
Would you just...

She gives her hand a hard tug.
Megan lets herself be led.

MEGAN
Two minutes, Tracy.

Tracy brings Megan over to a nice looking, clean cut young professional man.
He smiles to greet them.
Megan offers her hand.
He shakes it.

TRACY
Howard, this is Megan. Megan, Howard.
I'll leave you two to talk.

Megan gives her a withering look.
Then she makes an effort with Howard.

MEGAN
Nice to meet you.

HOWARD
You and Tracy are friends, huh?

MEGAN
Yeah, we kind of grew up together.

HOWARD
Tracy has nice friends.

MEGAN
Thank you. How do you know her?

HOWARD
I'm their CPA.

MEGAN

Oh, that's great. She has nice accountants.

HOWARD

What do you do?

MEGAN

I'm a cop.

HOWARD

C'mon.

MEGAN

I am...Howard? You okay?

HOWARD

Yeah. Sure. Why?

MEGAN

You look like you swallowed some bad food.

HOWARD

Cop, huh?

MEGAN

Yeah.

HOWARD

You're off duty, right?

MEGAN

Yeah.

HOWARD

Can I ask you a question, y'know, just as a civilian?

MEGAN

Sure.

HOWARD

You're a pretty woman. Beautiful, in fact. Why would you...I mean why would you wanna become a cop?

Megan eyes him evenly.

MEGAN

I like to bust heads.

He looks like he'd rather be somewhere else.

HOWARD

Well, it was nice talking to you. I better be leaving, got some work to do.

MEGAN

By the way, which car are you driving?

HOWARD

A, uh, Honda Civic out there, why?

MEGAN

Oh, you mean the one with the broken left tail-light?

HOWARD

I'm going to get it fixed next-

MEGAN

...And the out-of-date registration?

HOWARD

Yeah, but I've got the sticker in my glove compartment, and I'm gonna put it on this evening. Listen, I really don't need a ticket 'cause I've already got too many points on my license and-

MEGAN

Hey, Howard...?

He looks at her nervously.

HOWARD

Yes...?

MEGAN

Have a nice day.

He is out the door.

Tracy looks at Megan.

Her eyes roll.

They both crack up.

INT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eugene working out with the weights to complete exhaustion.

The muscles in his powerful chest rippling sinuously.
 Torso pumped and red.
 The television on, the news on the screen.
His news.

TV ANNOUNCER

...fourth victim was buried today. The
 police admit to no leads thus far in this
 recent spate of killings. The Mayor visited
 the ceremony briefly to share his
 condolences...

The Mayor.
 His gaze locks on the Sony for a moment.
*Do they understand he is Unique? Can they understand? He has given these
 people flight, their hearts still beat like wings inside his chest.
 Everything is crystal clear now. Like there was darkness and now there is
 light...*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hurt hurries along the lonesome street.
 From the shadows a voice.

PROSTITUTE

Wanna date?

The long, legged PROSTITUTE steps out of the night in her micro leather
 shorts, vinyl jacket and scarf.
 Eugene stops dead in his tracks.
 And smiles.

EXT. ROOF - EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The door to the roof pops open.
 Then closes.
 Behind Eugene.
 He walks out onto the gravelly surface of the roof.
 A God's eye view of the twinkling world below.
 No other building in sight as high as his own.
 He takes a deep breath.
 A feeling of being quite alone.
 A black wind blows.
 He raises his face to the inky roof of sky.
 And begins to undress.
 Until he is standing there in his bare skin.
 Sweating.
 He reaches down to his coat and pulls something out of his pocket.
 A scarf.
 The scarf the prostitute was wearing.

It looks heavy, and wet.
 He straightens, touching the fabric to the pale skin of his chest.
 It leaves a red, wet trail of blood.
 He rubs some more.
 Beginning to coat his skin.
 A frenzy pushing him on.
 Stroking the damp cloth across his face.
 Darkening his skin.
 The wetness shining in the glow of night.
 Him feeling his skin, sliding his hands along the slippery surface.
 His heart pounding.
 His breathing more like a gulping of air.
 He opens his arms to the night.
 Offering himself to the moon high above.
 Giving himself over completely to the deadly urge inside him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

The Complaint Review Panel sits before Megan in the large empty room.
 The panel consists of Lieutenant Hoyt, the Watch Commander and Officer Jeff Travers.
 Megan's eyes flash anxiously.

MEGAN

None of the witnesses corroborated my
 testimony about the gun? *None!*

Hoyt has a look out the window before he fixes his gaze on the woman cop.

HOYT

Kid with a broom started crying, woman
 with the baby said she hit the floor and
 didn't look up till she heard sirens, and ol'
 lady curlers thinks I stole her teeth...

WATCH COMMANDER

Officer Turner, it is the recommendation of
 this panel that you take some time off.

MEGAN

Are you saying that I am suspended?

WATCH COMMANDER

Until further notice.

Travers averts his gaze.
 Megan takes a deep breath.
 She comes to her feet and starts for the door.

HOYT

Just a minute. I'll take that...

Pointing to her badge.

She unclips it from her chest and lays it across his palm.

HOYT

...And that.

The gun.

Turner unsheaths it and lays it down gently on the desk.

Hoyt watches her go with genuine concern.

INT. SQUADROOM - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

Megan walks through the room.

Gathering up her jacket off the chair.

Putting papers in drawers.

With downcast eyes.

She pulls her jacket on and leaves.

EXT. FIRST PRECINCT - DUSK

THUNDERCRACK.

SLEDGEHAMMER of RAIN.

Rush hour traffic on the wet streets.

Day shift leaving the precinct, night shift entering.

Megan Turner pushes through the big revolving doors to the outside.

She looks small and vulnerable against the descending darkness.

The subway station several blocks away.

Streets shoulder to shoulder with PEOPLE.

A tight set to her features.

Water speckling her skin and hair.

She cracks open an umbrella, it turns inside out.

She chucks the useless item in the trash bin.

A Truck careens into a puddle throwing a small wave of the stuff up onto the woman cop.

Definitely not her day.

She swipes at the grimy water dripping down her jacket.

Her shoulders sag.

A VOICE suddenly from right beside her.

EUGENE

Let's share.

Megan is startled.

Eugene Hurt is there with arm extended hailing a cab.

The Commodities Trader is impeccably groomed as if with great care.

He smiles at her warm and friendly.

EUGENE

You're wet.

MEGAN

Thanks anyway, I'll walk.

EUGENE

I see one coming. It's no problem, really.

MEGAN

No, that's okay. It's fine, walking in the rain, yeah it's just fine.

The CHECKER CAB slides to a stop at the curb.

EUGENE

Where to?

An easy smile lengthening as he cracks open the cab door.

Megan hesitates.

Throws a quick glance to the street.

Subway entrance jammed with COMMUTERS.

Then to her water soaked jacket, the blackening sky, Eugene.

MEGAN

Well, crosstown.

EUGENE

Perfect.

MEGAN

Thanks.

She slides onto the seat.

INT. CHECKER CAB - DUSK

Eugene looks at the woman.

EUGENE

Glad you came around.

Megan brushes away the water on her face.

She relaxes in the cozy interior.

EUGENE

Eugene, nice to meet you.

Extending his hand.
She takes it with a small smile.
Intrigued with the man.

MEGAN
Megan. Thanks for the ride.

EUGENE
What's the street?

MEGAN
Franklin, 351.

The CABBIE in the front seat registers the directions.
Megan looks at the man beside her carefully.
He sits still and quiet.
The windshield wipers streak the glass.

MEGAN
Is this out of your way?

EUGENE
No, not at all. By the way, I don't make a
habit of this. You were wet. I hope I helped
you out.

MEGAN
You did. This is the nicest thing that's
happened to me all day.

EUGENE
That good, huh?

MEGAN
Yeah, that good.

Her face says it all.
Eugene takes his eyes off the woman with some effort.
He looks out the window.

EUGENE
I don't like the rain. I prefer winter. I like
it when it snows. The city gets real still.
All the noise stops. Everything seems real
quiet. Like something's about to happen.

MEGAN
I like it when it snows. It makes me feel
safe.

She looks at him.
Hurt meets her eyes.

EUGENE

Safe?

Ear splitting HORN BLAST.
The Cab stops with a jolt.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DUSK

The Checker Cab is in the middle of a grid locked intersection.
All streets clogged with cars.

INT. CHECKER CAB - DUSK

MEGAN

Looks like we're stuck here for awhile.

EUGENE

How about we wait out the traffic? Hungry?

MEGAN

Well...

EUGENE

Come on.

He reaches across her and pops open the door.

MEGAN

Where to?

EUGENE

There.

He nods out the window to the restaurant awning just beside the cab.
Places some money in the Cabbie's hand.
Opens the door for Megan.
She slides off the seat.
Eugene is right behind her.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

An awning.

A DOORMAN.

Megan and Eugene bundle in out of the rain.
The Doorman nods.

Lets them in.

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

Elegant.

Megan is taken aback.

The MAITRE'D approaches.

Hurt seems quite comfortable.

MAITRE'D

This way.

MEGAN

Wait a second. Maybe we should go
someplace else--

EUGENE

After you.

MEGAN

I don't know what to say.

EUGENE

You can say no.

MEGAN

I won't.

INT. TABLE - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They have a seat.

The WAITER arrives.

Eugene whispers an order.

The Waiter nods, leaves.

MEGAN

This is the nicest thing.

EUGENE

I saw you standing there, I couldn't resist.

She smiles.

At him.

Then to herself.

Liking this man.

MEGAN

That makes me feel special.

Lets them in.

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Liking this man.

MEGAN

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EUGENE

You are.

MEGAN

What gives.

EUGENE

Nothing.

MEGAN

I'll stop.

The Waiter is at their side, opening a bottle of champagne.

He pours two glasses.

Megan watches, giving up and going with it.

Happy.

She and Eugene toast.

EUGENE

Here's to meeting you.

MEGAN

To meeting you.

They sip.

MEGAN

Tell me some things about you.

EUGENE

Not much to tell, really. I'm a trader at the exchange. Commodities. I do well, Megan, but I don't want to talk about that. The first time I laid eyes on you... This is very unusual for me being here with you like this tonight, but I had to ask you. I couldn't let this chance slip by. I want to know you. I hope you let me. I'm glad you came.

Megan blushes.

EXT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The rain has stopped.

The cab pulls up.

Megan is shown out and to her door by Eugene.

MEGAN

Thank you for a lovely dinner, and for a wonderful evening. I hope I see you again.

EUGENE

No question about that. Goodnight, Megan.

He goes back to the cab.

MEGAN

Goodnight, Eugene.

He turns.

EUGENE

What are you doing tomorrow night?

INT. BEDROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan is asleep.
The DOOR BUZZER sounds.
She awakens.
Gets out of bed.
Ties her robe around her.
She leaves the room, half-asleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan goes to the door.
The BUZZER SOUNDS again.
She peeks through the peephole, wary.
MEGAN'S PEEPHOLE POV: The fisheye refraction of TWO POLICEMEN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan is confused.
She opens the door.
The two Policemen fill the doorway.

MEGAN

What's wrong.

POLICEMAN #1

Are you Megan Turner?

MEGAN

Yes.

POLICEMAN #1

We're going to have to ask you to come with us.

MEGAN
Could you tell me what's wrong?

POLICEMAN #1
Just come with us, please.

MEGAN
Can I get dressed?

INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - COOK COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Lieutenant Hoyt and Nick Mann are there.
The door opens.
Megan, fully dressed, is led in, her hands cuffed behind her back.
She is in low spirits.

MEGAN
These hurt.

HOYT
Here she is.

MEGAN
What are these for? What's going on?

She strains against the cuffs.
Looks them in the face.

MEGAN
How about we lose the cuffs, huh?

NICK
Take the cuffs off her.

Policeman #2 decuffs her.
She rubs her wrists.
Looks at the way the two men are looking at her.

MEGAN
How about telling me what's going on?

NICK
How about we show you?

She looks at them.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - COOK COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Nick Mann drops the sheet over the head of a body on a metal table.
Megan has her eyes on the body.
She lifts them to him.

MEGAN

That had to be a .44.

NICK

Yeah, it was.

MEGAN

There wasn't much of his head left to tell by.

NICK

You should know.

The woman has had it up to there.

MEGAN

Okay, I've had enough of this bullshit.
First, I get suspended from the force, then I
get arrested, put in handcuffs, read my
friggin' rights and hauled on over here,
now this ain't been a good day so far and I'd
really appreciate it if you'd stop playing
twenty questions.

NICK

Give me an answer to this.

He holds out an empty .44 Magnum cartridge casing.

She looks at it.

Takes it in her hand.

*HER NAME is scratched into the metal of the casing in clearly legible
lettering.*

Megan gulps.

MEGAN

Oh boy.

NICK

Guess you got some explaining to do.

She has a cigarette.

The color draining from her face.

He looks.

Listens.

MEGAN

I have no idea.

NICK

Get an idea.

HOYT

Get two ideas.

NICK

Think Megan.

HOYT

Hard.

MEGAN

I'm trying. Listen, *aren't there any other Megan Turners in New York?*

NICK

One. Megan Augusta Turner. Eighty-six years old, lives in a nursing home in Evanston. We're checking, but I'd say it's an exercise. Doesn't sound like the kind of girl gets her name on a bullet.

MEGAN

I don't think of myself as the kind of girl who would get her name on a bullet, either.

NICK

Find out things about yourself everyday.

He looks her straight in the eye.
She doesn't flinch.

NICK

Where were you around midnight?

MEGAN

Asleep.

Her eyes spit fire.

HOYT

The officers woke her up, Nick.

The Detective acknowledges, takes a step toward the woman.

Looks down at her.

NICK

...C'mon, Officer Turner. You're a pretty woman. Maybe you threw over somebody who had a violent streak. Old boyfriends...

MEGAN

No.

NICK

No old boyfriends? Sounds like a personal problem.

He smiles.

Megan doesn't.

MEGAN

Nobody who fits the bill.

NICK

How abou--

MEGAN

Listen, I'm thinking. I never went out with anyone like that. Who do I know these days? My mother and father. Tracy, my friend I grew up with.

NICK

Current boyfriend?

MEGAN

I don't have a boyfriend... Not really.

NICK

Not really? Any chance--

MEGAN

No. Not really. I mean...I *don't* have a boyfriend.

She stands.

MEGAN

Listen, there's a chance it's not me.

NICK

True. Augusta, eighty-six, maybe the guy's got a thing for oxygen tanks?

Megan walks to the window.
Stares out at the city.

NICK

Not likely, Turner. I'd say somebody out there likes you.

INT. DETECTIVE MANN'S OFFICE - FIRST PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nick leans back in his chair, knot of his tie undone on an open collar.
Cup of coffee in his hands.
Megan sits straight up in the chair.
Her face is chalk.
Hoyt sits at the desk.

NICK

...One week, five kills. *Five* that rifling characteristics has confirmed, anyway.
No witnesses. No prints. Nothing.

HOYT

With the exception of the bullet casing it fits the pattern...victims shot point blank in the chest. No traceable motive. Looks completely random. *Isn't*. All a part of some logic that exists *only* inside the killer's mind.

NICK

A thrill-killer, Turner. Hardest kind to catch. This guy must know you. You don't know him. Looks like you're our only lead.

MEGAN

I'm suspended, remember?

Nick gets up and walks to the window.
He looks out for a moment.

NICK

Not any more.

Lieutenant Hoyt looks up.

HOYT

I think we should talk about this.

NICK

Arthur, she's our only lead. Could be she's a targeted kill, means she pees I gotta know about it. I need to position her with high visibility, minimum risk, within reason of course. I can't do that if she's civilian. She's back on the force.

Megan just watches.
Keeping her mouth shut.

NICK

Right? Right.

Hoyt chuckles.
Shakes his head, walks the room.

HOYT

You take full responsibility--

NICK

Fine.

HOYT

--in your department.

Nick sees where this is going.
Megan listens real careful.
Her spirits rising.
She keeps her mouth shut.

HOYT

Nick?

Nick has to sit down.
He stubs out his cigarette.
Looks laconic and hard at Megan.
He looks at Hoyt.

NICK

For Christ's sake, isn't there any way around it, Lieutenant?

Hoyt rubs his tired eyes and shakes his head no.

MEGAN

Around what?

Nick looks at her and exhales.

MEGAN

...Around what?

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - FIRST PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nick Mann slaps a shiny brass DETECTIVE BADGE across Megan Turner's hand.

MEGAN

Wha--?

NICK

Let's go.

She holds the badge carefully in the palm of her hand.

MEGAN

What's this?

NICK

What's it look like.

MEGAN

It looks like a badge. A detective badge.

NICK

In name only, Turner. You know nothing, you know less than nothing. People like you get people hurt. But you're all I got.

MEGAN

Don't worry. Besides it should be *me* who should be worried, right?

NICK

Right.

MEGAN

Thanks.

She smiles.
He doesn't.

INT. 95TH RESTAURANT - HANCOCK BUILDING - NIGHT

Windows that overlook the entire city, glittering like some kind of starscape below.

Megan Turner and Eugene Hurt sit in silhouette against those windows.
Mid meal.
Megan sips her wine.
Hurt's eyes shine brightly.

MEGAN

...I'm not able to say anything really, but
it's because of special circumstances.

A shiver runs up her spine.
Eugene nods.

EUGENE

Detective Turner. I like the sound of that.
How's it feel?

MEGAN

I'll do my best to do a good job.

EUGENE

I'm sure you will.

MEGAN

This has been some week.

EUGENE

Week's not over yet.

MEGAN

No, it's not.

She averts her eyes shyly.
Her gaze sweeps out over the city.
Then shifts back to the man sitting in front of her.

MEGAN

Eugene...?

EUGENE

What?

MEGAN

Nothing.

EUGENE

What is it?

MEGAN

Nothing, really.

Eugene reaches across the table and gently touches her arm.

EUGENE

Talk to me.

MEGAN

Me.

EUGENE

What about you?

MEGAN

That's what I mean. What about me interests you?

A smile flickers across his face.
She returns it.

MEGAN

I know, I ask too many questions.

Her face flushes with feeling.
A sense of power and strength and warmth.

MEGAN

You make me feel happy. I mean, I feel on top of the world.

Eugene's dark eyes glisten.

EUGENE

You want to get higher?

Megan braces herself.

MEGAN

What does that mean?

EXT. ROOF - HELIPAD - NIGHT

ROTORWASH of an IDLING HELICOPTER on the helipad.
Eugene wraps his arm around Megan's waist and guides her toward the aircraft.
She shakes her head in disbelief.
An almost child-like excitement in her face.
They climb on board.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A PILOT secures the heavy latch on the windowed door.
Megan settles into a seat next to the glass.
Eugene is there beside her.
She tries to speak.

MEGAN

Where are we going?

EUGENE

What?

The DEAFENING SNARL of the engine and churning blades drowns all speech.
The metal craft begins to lift into the air.
Hurt wraps an arm around Megan's shoulders and touches his index finger to the glass.
She looks out.
At the black swirl of night sky and city shrinking below.
The copter banks left chopping air through skyscraper canyons.
Megan's eyes widen.
Eugene seems genuinely pleased.
She presses against him.
He holds her tight.
They circle Sears Tower lit up like a wedding cake.
It casts a golden glow over their faces.
Then is gone.
As the copter climbs toward pitch black space.
Roof of stars, diamonds of light.
Just the two of them.
Hurt stares down at the diminishing ground.

EUGENE

You know, when you're way up here,
looking down, the people, they're just little
specks. Like they don't matter much. It's
just the two of us, we're the only people in
the world.

He looks Megan in the eyes.
She meets his gaze.
He takes her face in his hands.
A tear reddens the corner of his eye.
As their lips meet.

EXT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Megan slips the key into the lock at the entrance.
She turns back around.

Eugene folds his arms around her.
Their bodies pressed tight to one another, the warm summer night air velvety
soft against their skin.
His lips find hers.

MEGAN

Would you like to come in?

Eugene pulls back slightly.
Searches her eyes.
Hesitates.

EUGENE

Soon.

She looks at him.

MEGAN

Soon?

He goes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark.
Key SLIDES into lock.
Door opens and shuts behind Megan.
She drops her coat onto the chair, steps out of her shoes.
Flicks on a light.
And GULPS AIR--
at the sight of Nick Mann sitting there.
He's pissed.

NICK

You even put on pantyhose I want to know
about it.

MEGAN

Nick.

NICK

How was dinner?

MEGAN

...Fine. Wha--?

NICK

Mine was great. Day old tuna salad. No
bread. You ever shop?

MEGAN

Nick, he--he works at the--

NICK

Exchange. Commodities.

The detective rises from the chair and goes to the door.
Megan takes a deep breath.

MEGAN

...And?

NICK

Nice salary. Good suits. Your mother would approve. In case you haven't figured it out, Turner, every aspect of your life is my business. *I own you.* You want to keep secrets, do me a favor.

MEGAN

What's that.

NICK

Shop.

He closes the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The woman cop asleep.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Megan Turner presses her face to the glass.
Eugene winds his arm along her shoulders.
He runs his hand through her hair.
The helicopter door opens.
Megan falls out with a SCREAM.

EXT. NIGHT AIR - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Megan twists and turns, arms flailing, through black space.
Face frozen in mask of terror.
Head over heels she makes her fast descent.
The city rising up beneath her.
Lungs bursting.
Something catches her fall.
Grabbing her by the wrist.
She swoops upward and looks into Eugene's face.

He smiles.
A sigh escapes her lips.
He lets go.

INT. BEDROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The woman cop jackknives up in bed.
Face damp.
She gasps for air.
The dark room silent and still and safe around her.
She registers her surroundings.
And quiets herself.
Settling back down on the pillow.
Her eyes shut.
The phone RINGS.
Her eyes snap open.
She brings the receiver to her ear.

MEGAN

Hello? Where? Give me five minutes.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

Blood spattered pavement in the yellowish half-light of the highway.
Crime TECHNICIANS in jumpsuits scrabbling like bugs over microscopic debris.
PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASHES in the black night.
Nearby the body is being zipped inside the white plastic body bag.
Nick Mann takes a second look at the lifeless face before it is completely closed up.
Megan Turner is at his side.

NICK

Okay, look around, what do you see?

The woman cop eyes the bloody footprints on the ground.

MEGAN

Looks like there might have been a struggle.

NICK

There were powder burns on the chest. He was shot at point blank range.

MEGAN

It seems he might have tried to run. The perpetrator caught up with him, turned him around and fired. ...Maybe it's because he likes them to see it coming.

NICK

It does appear that way.

MEGAN

Fits the pattern, doesn't it?

NICK

Right down to the bullet casing.

Lifting the empty .44 calibre shell casing out of a manila envelope.
The initials "M. T." scratched in the charred metal.
Megan stiffens.

MEGAN

Guess we don't have to wait for fire arms.

NICK

We have to take a drive.

MEGAN

Where?

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

The car quietly cuts through the streets of Addison, Illinois.
Megan looks out the windshield at the pleasant suburban community.
Nick steers like he knows where he's going.
Megan looks at him.

MEGAN

I don't know where we're going?

NICK

The address in his wallet.

Mann pulls up in front of a house.
Megan understands.
Her stomach clenches.

MEGAN

How many, kids?

NICK

No idea. Good luck.

MEGAN

Oh come on, Nick, I don't--

She looks in his eyes.
She sees this one is on her.

NICK

Welcome to the Detective Division, Turner.
I'll wait in the car.

She calms down and takes a deep breath.
Opening the door, she climbs out of the car.

EXT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Megan is more scared than she's been in her whole life.
She uses the doorknocker.
The door is opened by the VICTIM'S WIFE.

VICTIM'S WIFE

Yes.

Megan flashes her badge.
Trying to be tender.

MEGAN

Ma'am, I'm Detective Megan Turner.

VICTIM'S WIFE

My husband--is it about my husband? He
hasn't been home, where is he?

MEGAN

May I come in?

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - DAWN

Megan is shown in.
The two of them stand in the foyer.
Children's toys scattered on the floor.
The place is a real family house.
That makes Megan wish she was anyplace else in the world.

VICTIM'S WIFE

Do you have something to tell me, Officer?

MEGAN

Yes, I'm afraid I do.

VICTIM'S WIFE

Is he hurt?

MEGAN

He's... dead.

Something snaps behind the woman's eyes.
Megan stands there facing her and it is the hardest thing she has ever done.
She makes herself talk.

MEGAN

I'm sorry.

The woman's lips form words.

VICTIM'S WIFE

How?

MEGAN

He was shot.

The Wife's whole face and body is wracked by a scream of such horror and loss that Megan almost screams herself.
She puts her arms out and holds the Wife.
The woman shivering like a baby in her arms.

MEGAN

I'm so so sorry.

The Wife weeps on the woman cop's shoulder.
Megan rocks her with tears in her own eyes.
She looks over the Wife's shoulder.
To see Nick Mann standing with crossed arms against the wall.
He has come in quietly.
He is watching her evenly, studying her.
Her eyes meet his.
His eyes register a shred of hard earned approval of her.
She closes her eyes and winds her arms tighter around the sobbing woman.

INT. POLICE FILES ROOM - FIRST PRECINCT - DAY

Megan is pouring over police file photographs with painstaking concentration.
Thousands of pictures.
From persons with outstanding traffic warrants to those with rap sheets, histories of mental illness, and murder suspects still at large.
Nick walks in.
He comes up behind her.
Holding a cup of coffee.
She takes out the photograph of a random suspect's face that seems to register with her.
She shakes her head and replaces it in the file.
Turns to Nick, fighting something cold inside.

MEGAN

Nothing. Not yet.

NICK

So far I have the suspect as right handed, wearing gloves, smooth leather soled shoes size eleven, and using an ordinary pen knife. Really narrows it down. Keep looking, Turner.

MEGAN

Only six hundred thousand more faces to go.

NICK

Every minute you're not coming up with an idea about who knows you, somebody out there's coming a minute closer to losing their life.

Megan slams the file cabinet shut.

MEGAN

How about cutting me some slack, huh?
Don't you think I know that? I think about it every second of my waking hours.

Bravely fighting back tears.

Nick looks at her as if for the first time.

INT. TARGET - CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT FIRING RANGE - DAY

The paper torso of a man strung on a wire slides at great speed to the end of the range.

BANG.

Think tank.

BANG.

Chest.

BANG.

Head again.

BANG.

Arm.

BANG.

Other arm.

BANG.

Misses the paper.

INT. BOOTH - CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT FIRING RANGE - DAY

Megan Turner cracks open the breech of her .357.
 Drops in six fresh rounds.
 She is wearing both ear and eye protection.
 The UNIFORMED COP in the booth next to hers glances over.

UNIFORMED COP

You missed one.

He nods toward the target.
 A tension races across her face.

MEGAN

No, I didn't. I was going for the balls.

Then she smiles
 The Cop doesn't.
 She lifts her weapon in the two handed grip.
 Full concentration.
 All business.
 And then some.
 As she deposits a full load into the target's head.

EXT. FIRST PRECINCT - DUSK

Megan comes out, a gentle breeze swirls her hair about her face.
 She goes to the curb.
 Looks up.
 Eugene is waiting for her.
 He is a vaguely grim, glamorous figure on the curb across the street.
 Dressed in his suit and tie, hands in his pockets.
 Eugene meets her eyes firmly.
 A smile melts her face.
 Then it vanishes for a second as the reassurance of his presence is replaced by
 a sense of unease.
 She shrugs it off.
 Smiling brightly, she crosses the street into his arms.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Eugene shows Megan in.
 He closes the door.
 Takes her jacket.
 She looks around.
 Goes to the windows looking out onto the balcony.
 He comes up behind her and opens the doors.
 The wind in the sky above the expansive sweep of city spreading out below
 presses their skin.

EXT. TERRACE - EUGENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan looks out at the world below her.
Feeling the wind wafting the clothes about her body.
She feels Eugene behind her as she moves to the edge of the balcony.
His hands take her arms.
His lips brush her cheek.
Then her neck.
She shuts her eyes, arching her neck.
Her hands cradle his face.
His fingers lock with hers.
Tugging her full into his arms.
Leading her back inside.
The curtains on the open doors blowing this way and that.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Her lips meet his.
Their faces meld.
Eugene's hands move from her arms to her breasts, and tremble.
Megan arches her body against his.
Their lips working desperately.
His hands slide down her sides.
To her hips.
Then they stop.
Her .357 is still holstered there.

MEGAN

Sorry.

She moves to unbuckle it.

EUGENE

Don't be. That's a .357, isn't it?

MEGAN

Not any more.

She tries to take it off.
His hands stop her hands.

EUGENE

Don't.

MEGAN

What?

EUGENE

Don't take it off.

MEGAN

Eugene, I have to take off my gun.

Eugene closes his eyes, opens them.
Holding her with his gaze.

EUGENE

...In the morning, your face is there, even
before I open my eyes. I think you are the
most beautiful woman I've seen in my
whole life.

He touches her hand on the gun.
Speaks gently.

EUGENE

Hold it. I want to watch.

MEGAN

You want to watch me hold it?

EUGENE

Both hands...two hand grip.

MEGAN

Eugene, this is embarrassing.

EUGENE

Hold the gun. Please.

MEGAN

Is this a game of some kind?

EUGENE

For me.

MEGAN

Okay.

She draws her weapon from its holster.
Trains it at the wall with a two hand grip.
Eugene's eyes shimmer.
Megan is trying to laugh it off.
Eugene's blood runs hot.

EUGENE

Yes. That's right. That's perfect. That's
just what I...what I want.

MEGAN

Eugene, I don't understand.

EUGENE

I knew from the first time I saw you.

MEGAN

Refresh my memory.

EUGENE

I have found my brightness. I have seen that brightness in you.

MEGAN

My brightness?

EUGENE

In the supermarket.

MEGAN

Eugene, I don't remember meeting you in the supermarket.

EUGENE

You gave him wings.

MEGAN

I gave him wings?

EUGENE

You made him fly.

Megan looks long and hard into Eugene's face.
She starts to shake.
Something cold radiates from the very core of her being.

EUGENE

It was beautiful.

MEGAN

Oh boy. I don't know about this.

She rubs her eyes.
It's got to be a joke.

MEGAN

C'mon really. I don't know what you're talking about.

EUGENE

You shot him without blinking an eye. I knew.

MEGAN

You were there?

EUGENE

You are the only one who is capable of understanding.

MEGAN

...The gun--

EUGENE

--gave me my radiance.

MEGAN

Shit.

She turns her back on him.
Her face falling millions of miles to a distant impact inside her.
She whirls, aiming the pistol square in his face.
Her arms shaking.
He regards her evenly.

MEGAN

I think I'm going to have to arrest you. I think I'm going to have to place you under arrest now.

EUGENE

Megan, the two of us, we could share...

MEGAN

You have the right to remain silent--

EUGENE

You and I together, we could do so much. You must see.

MEGAN

--Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

Megan is shaking her head in disbelief as she holds the gun on him.
He doesn't offer any resistance.
He tries hard to reason with her.

EUGENE

You and I, Megan, we can fly together.

MEGAN

You have the right to an attorney, if you cannot afford one, the state will appoint one for you.

EUGENE

You don't see it do you? Not yet. You will in time. I know you better than you know yourself.

Megan moves carefully over to the phone.

Picks up the receiver.

Keeping her pistol leveled at him.

He stays perfectly still.

She dials the number.

Breathing deep trying to keep the pieces from flying apart.

MEGAN (INTO RECEIVER)

This is Officer Turner--requesting backup--immediately. 303 De Witt. Apartment--

EUGENE

1510.

He looks at her blankly.

MEGAN (INTO RECEIVER)

1510. Occupant's name is Hurt. Send any units in the area. Detective Mann, Nick Mann, beep him.

She hangs up.

Stares in Eugene's face.

Holding the gun on him.

Tears streaming down her face.

MEGAN

Don't move.

EUGENE

We're two halves of one person you and I. We belong together. You would do what I do if you knew yourself better. You will in time. It's just starting between you and me. Oh yes, it's just the beginning. Don't worry.

You look worried...nothing to worry about.
We've got everything to live for. I mean,
death is the greatest kick of all, that's why
they save it for last.

Him standing there.
Her holding the gun on him, face wet with tears.
Waiting for police to arrive.
SIRENS sounding.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nick Mann walks side by side with attorney MEL DAWSON.
Dawson looks mad and his clothes look expensive.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Do you know who you are dealing with?
You can't pull a guy like this in off the
street. What do you have on him?

NICK
Reasonable suspicion, Dawson, from one of
our detectives.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
He's a commodities trader in the exchange.
This guy has an impeccable reputation.

NICK
Doesn't mean he didn't do it.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Means you better have a lot more than
reasonable suspicion from a detective...with
whom he's had relations.

Nick looks straight ahead.
Mel gives a little smile.

NICK
We're here.

He opens the door to the interrogation room.
They enter.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FIRST PRECINCT - NIGHT

Megan Turner, Lieutenant Hoyt and TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS stand
beside a cyclone fenced holding tank, otherwise known as the 'cage'.

Looking bizarrely out of place in his suit and tie, Eugene Hurt sits calmly inside the wire mesh enclosure with his cuffed hands manacled to the wall behind him.

Nick and Mel walk in.

At the sight of Hurt, Dawson does a fast burn.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Uncuff my client, Lieutenant.

NICK

How about you listen to the charge first.

Hurt tilts a dull eye toward the attorney.

EUGENE

I've been as cooperative with these people as I can be. I'm getting a little tired of this.

Mel nods, turns to Megan.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Are you, uh, the detective--

MEGAN

Turner. Detective Megan Turner. Yes, I am the one who made the arrest.

Dawson has himself a little smile.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

What's your evidence?

HOYT

Probable cause based on cumulative knowledge of the investigating officer.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

It looks to me like a meeting arranged by the detective here for the sole purpose of arresting my client. Entrapment, Lieutenant, en-fucking-trapment.

Megan Turner cannot believe what she is hearing. She looks the attorney in the eyes.

MEGAN

I believe...Mr. Hurt may be responsible for...the recent shootings taking place in this city.

A redness in her eyes and something catching in her throat.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Based on what?

MEGAN

I know.

Dawson shakes his head.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Good. Oh this is good, Lieutenant. Where did you find this one? Next thing she'll be reading palms.

He turns to the woman cop.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Did my client tell you that?

Megan bites her lip.

MEGAN

No.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Did you find the murder weapon?

MEGAN

No.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Then, quite honestly, what you have is shit.

NICK

Mel, we stand behind our detectives.

MEGAN

Mr. Dawson, I'd stake my badge on it.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Well, detective, that's exactly what is happening. I want my client released this minute. And if I see anyone from this department within ten feet of him, I'm going to cite harrassment. Detective, you talk to my client again, you'll be parking cars.

Eugene rises to his feet.
Extending his hands still cuffed at the wrist.
He looks at Megan.
She stares back.
There is venom in her eyes.
Hoyt's eyes move from face to face.
He nods.

HOYT

Release him.

The Uniformed Cop does.
Hurt smiles.
Turner's jaw tightens.
There is a blackness in her eyes as she watches the Commodities Trader and the attorney leave the room.
Nick nods to the Uniformed Cops.

NICK

Gentlemen.

He makes a motion with his hand toward the door.
The cops exit.
Mann closes the door.
The Lieutenant leans back against the wall.
Nick lights a cigarette, taking a deep breath.
Megan turns to face them squarely.

MEGAN

I know this doesn't look so good.

HOYT

Were you going out with him?

MEGAN

Lieutenant, listen, this isn't a personal--

NICK

She was going out with him.

HOYT

Why didn't you mention that before?

MEGAN

Because I couldn't believe it was *him*.

HOYT

You're in good company. No one else seems to think it's him either. What makes you think he's the one?

MEGAN

He told me. Not in so many words, but he said it. He implied it. He told me that the first time he saw me was in the A & P, when I shot and killed the armed robber. He talked about my gun, he has some affinity with guns. He wanted to watch me hold the weapon. He spoke about the dead man. From the words he chose, he sees me as some kind of kindred spirit.

Her eyes filling with water.

NICK

Let's keep an eye on the guy.

HOYT

Nick, stay away from him. Both of you. Look, the guy's established, we get near him again we'll have our ass in a sling.

INT. KITCHEN - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The woman cop is off duty.
She empties a large brown bag of groceries.
Chopping vegetables.
Setting them in a hot skillet on the stove.
Sadness about her like a dark color.
In front of her day slips into night through the window.
She closes the curtains.
The doorbell RINGS.
Megan leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy Laine is rolling up her shirt sleeves and helping Megan prepare dinner.

TRACY

See, if you'd gotten married, had kids, you'd know how to do this stuff.

The woman cop sips from a glass of wine.
Small smile.

MEGAN

But then I wouldn't be so dependent on you.

TRACY

Okay, you got the first part down.

MEGAN

I boiled the water.

TRACY

Here. This is noodles.

She holds up a bag of noodles.

MEGAN

Oh really.

TRACY

Open it up.

MEGAN

I'll see if I can handle it.

She tears open the bag.
Plops it in the water.

MEGAN

Now we stir this stuff around in the pan,
right?

She stirs the vegetables in the skillet on the stove.
Taking a sip of the wine in her glass.
Tracy pours herself another glass.

TRACY

C'mon, get out of the way.

Megan is nudged aside.
Tracy goes about fixing dinner.

TRACY

I know the stove, you know the streets.

MEGAN

How's John doing?

TRACY

He's taking care of the kids tonight. Real
change of pace for him. I made him. I was
assertive. I said, 'I'm going out tonight and

have dinner with Megan. You feed the kids or they'll starve to death.' Simple as that. He fed them. They live another day.

Megan looks fondly at Tracy.

MEGAN

Nice.

TRACY

Nice? You try it.

MEGAN

No. Nice. You. Your life. Nice.

TRACY

Yeah. You too.

On impulse, the two women give each other an affectionate hug.

MEGAN

I'm glad you're my friend.

TRACY

I'm glad you're my friend, too... Hey, Megan, you really glad I'm your friend?

MEGAN

Yeah. Oh yeah. Forever.

TRACY

Then why don't you tell me what's on your mind? There's something causing you pain. I know it. I feel it in you. From the minute I walked in.

Megan becomes preoccupied.
Has a sip of wine.

MEGAN

Nothing.

TRACY

Oh, come on, Megan. I'm your best friend. Please don't make me think you think I don't know you.

MEGAN

The job.

TRACY

It's more than that.

MEGAN

I don't know where one stops and the other begins I guess.

Megan takes Tracy's hands in hers.

MEGAN

...I can't talk about it Tracy. I would talk to you if anyone if I could, but I'm not at liberty. Do you understand?

Tracy looks confused.
Maybe hurt.

TRACY

There's nothing we ever didn't tell each other before. Not since we were kids. I don't know what to think about this.

MEGAN

Please understand. It's my job. I can't.

TRACY

Your job. It's a hard job, isn't it?

MEGAN

Yes.

TRACY

I'm starting to see.

She has a sip of wine.

TRACY

You'll come to me and talk if you ever need me, still, won't you?

MEGAN

Oh Tracy, of course.

TRACY

Okay then.

MEGAN

Let's eat.

TRACY

Shit, it's burning.

They laugh.

Pouring wine on the sizzling vegetables in the skillet.
Steam fills the room.

INT. STAIRWAY - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan and Tracy tromp down the stairs.

MEGAN

Thank you for talking to me.

TRACY

That's what friends are for. I'll drive you home.

At the bottom of the stairs, they turn into a long, narrow hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single bare bulb casts dim shadows on the wall.

Tracy's footsteps on the linoleum floor.

Megan just behind her.

Something touches her back.

Something cold and hard.

She freezes.

Breath sticking in her throat.

She tries to turn around.

A hand checks her movement, holding her strong and steady and facing front.

Eugene Hurt smiles.

He runs an index finger down her spine.

Then the cold steel Magnum up her spine, letting it rest on her neck.

Megan's eyes flash front to Tracy now ten feet ahead of her.

Tracy walks alone.

Speaking to the woman cop she thought was at her side.

TRACY

You'll be just fine, Megan. Megan?

Stopping now.

And turning full around.

To see the woman cop with Eugene Hurt's arms wrapped around her and holding the Magnum tight in her outstretched hands.

Megan struggles fiercely.

Tears streaming from her eyes.

Shaking her head back and forth.

The .44 leveled at Tracy's face.

TRACY

Wha--?

MEGAN

Run! RUN!!

Eugene's breath in Megan's ear.

EUGENE

We're gonna share.

BULLET REPORT has Tracy airborne.

She falls to the ground.

Dead.

Megan SCREAMS and SCREAMS.

Hurt rolls his hand into a fist and connects with her jaw.

The woman drops to the floor.

Unconscious.

SOUNDS of doors opening all through the building.

Sudden CHATTER.

As Eugene slips into blackness outside.

INT. HALLWAY - MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

FLASH of red light from PATROL CARS outside bleach Megan's face.

She blinks into the scarlet crystals of light.

And looks right into the face of Nick Mann.

Kneeling over her.

A PARAMEDIC taking her pulse.

She lifts a groggy head.

Her hand going up to her jaw and stroking the welt there.

Her eyes take some time to focus.

MEGAN

Ni-Nick...

Memory flooding back.

The wetness streaking her cheeks.

MEGAN

Oh my God!

Nick lays a hand on her arm to steady her.

Her eyes sweep the hallway.

And DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS moving about.

The crime site taking on a certain aura, fascinating and ugly at the same time.

NEIGHBORS watch from a hushed distance.
A pool of blood on the floor.
Nick watches Megan's reaction closely.

NICK

How about we do a little talking?

She reaches for him.
Putting both arms around him as the tears flow freely.
He lifts her to her feet.

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked outside the scene of the crime.
Megan and Nick sitting in the front seat.
Her nursing a steaming cup of coffee.
Nick gazes out the glass.
Megan stares into the cup of black, hot liquid.
Something numb and terrifying inside her.

MEGAN

...Out of nowhere, Nick, he was there.
Behind me. The gun pressed in my back,
then it was pointed at her and...Oh my God.
I'm sorry. Detectives aren't supposed
to...detectives...

She tries to hold back the tears.
They come blasting out of her face like a fire hose.
Shuddering, shaking with horror and remorse, she clings to Nick's shirt,
weeping on his tie.
He strokes her hair and hugs her to him hard.

NICK

Shhhhh. Detectives are supposed to be
people.

Megan puts pieces together, breathes deep, pulling the images and emotions
into shape before she speaks.

MEGAN

He's going to die... He's going to die... He's
going to...die.

NICK

Megan.

Mann puts a hand gently to her shoulder.

MEGAN

He's...we'll arrest him. We'll bring him to trial, but he's going to... hell.

NICK

I think you should get yourself some rest.

MEGAN

We're losing time.

NICK

We're not doing anything.

MEGAN

Nick, we have to stop him.

NICK

You need--

MEGAN

Now.

Nick is struck by her firmness.

NICK

You sure?

MEGAN

Sure.

EXT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Nick Mann's plainclothes police car pulls up in front.

INT. HALLWAY - EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Nick and Megan walk the long hall.

They ready their guns.

They pause before the door.

Megan holds her gun poised by her ear.

Nick raps wood.

The door opens from the slight pressure.

INT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eugene sits on a chair in the eerie night light seeping through the curtains.

Still neatly dressed in a suit, perfectly groomed.

His fingers cathedraled.

The room completely ransacked.

File cabinets gone through and files strewn everywhere.
The furniture overturned, the drawers in the desks and cabinets pulled out.
Megan and Nick come in and look around.

EUGENE

You look lovely.

MEGAN

Are you armed?

EUGENE

Excuse me?

MEGAN

Turn yourself in.

EUGENE

You look beautiful. I like your bone structure. Have you been thinking of me?

MEGAN

When I think of you I see my life flash before my eyes. Then I see you dead.

She just stands there.
Nick eyes the room.

NICK

What happened here?

EUGENE

Why'd you do it, Megan?

MEGAN

Do what?

EUGENE

This.

He nods to the room.

MEGAN

She died screaming, fucker.

ATTORNEY DAWSON (O.S.)

That's enough. Can I see your warrant, detectives?

The attorney walks into the room flanked by FIVE OFFICERS.

Nick and Megan look from face to face then at each other.
Dawson stares straight in the woman cop's face.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Harrassment. Breaking and entering.
Searching without a warrent. Detective,
you're history.

Turner blinks.
Eugene has himself a smile.

NICK
Dawson, Detective Turner is an eye witness.

Attorney Dawson starts to pace, his blood boiling.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Alright, Turner, talk. What, allegedly, did
you see?

EUGENE
Mr. Dawson, I think I've had enough.

MEGAN
I saw my best friend shot by this man right
in front of my eyes. I was walking down the
stairs with her...when I got to the bottom,
this man, he came up behind me and
jammed a gun in my back. My friend kept
walking. I tried to warn her, but--

Trying to remain collected, something clutching up inside.
Eugene speaks softly.

EUGENE
If whoever it was came up behind you, how
could you know it was me?

Dawson almost grins.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Detective, did you see the suspect's face?

MEGAN
I told you he came up behind me.

ATTORNEY DAWSON
Then how can you make a positive
identification?

Megan's stomach tightens.

NICK

Dawson, I think she knows him by now.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

But you did not actually see his face.

Megan Turner's eyes bore holes in the attorney's face.
There is pure rage in that look.
She breathes deep.
Eugene seems pleased.
He cracks a knuckle.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Well?

MEGAN

No.

ATTORNEY DAWSON

Detective, I'm going to have your badge by
the end of the day. And furthermore...I
think you need help.

She backs toward the door.
A fury contorts Megan's features.

MEGAN

Mr. Dawson, I'm personally going to see to
it that your client is removed from the face
of the earth.

Her gaze fixed on Eugene.
He steps forward.
Reaches out.
And closes the door in her face.
Nick escorts her out before she can do anything more.

INT. NICK MANN'S CAR - NIGHT

They drive in silence.
The soft WHOOSH of the wipers on the rain flecked glass.
Nick breaks the quiet.

NICK

Dawson's going to make some trouble for you in the department, I'm not sure I'm going to be able to do anything about it.

Megan holds a solemn eye on the detective.

MEGAN

Do you believe me?

Nick drives on in silence.
Thinking.

NICK

There's nothing to go on, Megan. Nothing substantial. All you've got is based on conjecture, hunch, instinct...

Her face falls very far.

Nick stares out the windshield.

Struggling with reason, maybe trusting an instinct of his own.

NICK

...But yeah.

MEGAN

Thank you.

NICK

Now get yourself some rest. Take tomorrow off. You need to go anywhere, the department will have a car. And I got to put a watch on you, Turner, I can't have you out there alone.

MEGAN

It won't work that way.

NICK

You might live that way.

Her eyes meet his.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY

Daylight shut out.

The light forcing its way through closed curtains makes a strange shadowy configuration on the floor.

Megan stares at it through red eyes.

JOHN, Tracy's husband, sits on the other side of the room in silence.

GRANDPARENTS, RELATIVES are there too.
Weeping. And shunning the woman cop.
Industrial strength tension.
Megan sits small and isolated, hurt and agony.
She rises, goes to the door.
John cuts the silence like a knife.

JOHN

She didn't deserve to die. You brought it to
her, Megan.

Megan whirls, face contorted with anguish, eyes flaring like beacons in the
dark room.

MEGAN

Look, I--I loved her too...

Eyes spilling water.

EXT. MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DUSK

Twilight.
Plainclothes police car parked at the curb.
Megan just sits inside.
Finally cracking open the car door.
Has a look around her at the nondescript neighborhood.
Night falls like a stone.
The woman cop walks up the narrow tile path.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The BUZZER.
Dad answers the door.
Opens it to see his daughter.

DAD

Hey, Officer, I didn't do anything.

MEGAN

Can I come in?

DAD

You're a cop, you can do anything you
want.

MEGAN

Nice to see you, Dad.

DAD

Why ain't you in uniform?

MEGAN

I have today off. Thought I'd come over to see you two, just thought it'd be nice.

DAD

I didn't think cops got a day off.

MEGAN

I never get a day off from you, dad.

Mom comes out of the kitchen.

Tears in her eyes.

Megan's eyes become moist.

MEGAN

Mom.

MOM

I'm so sorry about Tracy.

They are in each other's arms.

A sob in her throat.

The mother strokes her daughter's head.

Megan takes a deep breath, stabilizing but with difficulty.

MEGAN

It's almost over.

Something on her mother's arm catches her eye.

Mom quickly rolls her sleeve.

Megan looks at Dad, then at Mom.

MEGAN

Mom, what's wrong with your arm?

MOM

Nothing.

MEGAN

Mom...

She grabs her mother's arm.

Mom tries to pull away.

Megan lifts her mother's sleeve.

A big welt is on her arm.

DAD

Don't you say anything, Audrey.

A feverish anger comes over Megan.
She looks in her mother's frightened, distraught face.
She focuses her face in her bristling father's.

MEGAN

Did you do this to her, Dad?

DAD

She had an accident. She fell down the stairs.

MEGAN

Mom, he do this to you?

Mom cannot get any words out.

MEGAN

Mom, I want you to tell me.

DAD

You don't talk, Audrey.

MEGAN

Shut up, Dad.

Mom manages to hold her husband's fierce gaze.

MOM

I--I--I've had just about enough of y-y-you.

MEGAN

You hit her again you son of a bitch.

Dad starts to shake.

DAD

You don't got nothing to say about it.

Megan gets up.
Deadly cool.

MEGAN

You're under arrest.

DAD

Come on.

He looks at her like he's never seen her before.
She grabs him by the collar and pulls him up off the chair.

DAD

Get your hands off me.

MEGAN

Put your hands behind your back.

He laughs.
Looks at his wife.
Looks at Megan.
She is taking out handcuffs.

MEGAN

I said, put your hands behind your back.

He pushes her away.
She grabs him and slams him against the wall.
Armlocking him with enough strength to nearly break his elbow.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan drives, seething.
Dad rides beside her, his face beet red.
His hands cuffed behind his back.

DAD

Where're we going? Goddammit, where
you drivin' me?

MEGAN

To jail, Dad. Straight to jail. That's where
lousy wife beaters go. There's a law against
it. It's called assault... It's a crime, Dad.

DAD

You let me outa this car this Goddamn
minute!

Megan stares straight front.
A terrible sadness in her eyes.

DAD

I am your father, now you listen to me!

His daughter's eyes brush across his face with distaste.

MEGAN

I am ashamed of that fact.

Dad stares at her.
His hands trembling.
A wetness begins to fill his eyes.
Megan slides the car to the curb.
Presses her foot down hard on the brakes.
The First Precinct looms up in front of the windshield.
She throws the car in park.
And sits there.
Neither one speaks.

MEGAN

Give me one good reason I shouldn't bring
you in.

Dad looks away.
Not able to look his daughter in the eyes.
It takes a while for him to speak.
And when he does, his voice is small, but somehow honest.

DAD

Because... I'll never do it again.

Megan takes her hands off the wheel and turns to her father.
Staring at him with some love still there.

MEGAN

Dad...

His eyes meet hers.

MEGAN

...You swear...?

DAD

I love her, Megan

MEGAN

Then why?

DAD

I don't know...I get mad.

MEGAN

If it ever happens again...

DAD

It won't be this easy, will it?

Megan takes a deep breath, pulls out a key and unlocks his cuffs.
He rubs his wrists, the tears still in his face.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Megan and Stanley walk in.
Mom waves her hand toward the couch.

MOM
Megan, your friend is here.

Megan's eyes streak past her mother to the visitor sitting on the nice,
overstuffed couch.
Next to him the television plays softly.
He has a glass of milk in one hand.
A bouquet of flowers in the other.
Eugene Hurt.
Smiling up at her.
Dad takes a step past his daughter.

DAD
Why don't you introduce us, Megan?

Megan is struck.
Fear and terror.
Her eyes race from her parents to Eugene then back to her parents.
Not knowing how to play it.
At first.

MOM
His name is, Eugene. Eugene Hurt. This is
my husband, Stanley Turner.

EUGENE
Good afternoon, Stanley.

MEGAN
Mom--

Audrey turns at the sound in her daughter's voice.

MOM
What is it, honey?

Eugene looks at Megan.
Something in that look.
Megan takes warning.

MEGAN

Uh, nothing. I was just surprised, Eugene.
I, uh, thought we, uh, would meet
someplace else.

EUGENE

Did you forget?

MEGAN

Well, uh, I guess I did. Look, Mom, Dad,
can I talk to you for a minute in the kitchen?

MOM

We've got a guest, honey.

MEGAN

I - uh - listen, can I have a word alone with
Eugene. Mom, Dad?

Audrey and Stanley glance at her with a trace of hurt.
Eugene just smiles.

EUGENE

Why, Megan, there isn't anything we can't
say in front of your parents.

Megan returns a weak smile.

MEGAN

Yes, uh, I suppose there isn't.

Looking at the man with dread in her eyes.

MEGAN

Can I take your coat, Eugene?

Hurt sort of pats the side of his jacket where a weapon might be concealed and
grins.

EUGENE

Oh that's all right, I've got the sniffles.

Megan taps the side of her coat where she keeps her own gun.

MEGAN

Guess it's going around.

Stanley settles back in an overstuffed chair.

DAD

Hey, buddy, how 'bout a beer?

EUGENE

No thanks, I don't drink.

Mom likes that.

Eugene sees that Mom likes that.

MOM

What about something to eat? I've got-

EUGENE

Really, I just ate. Thanks, anyway.

Megan looks from face to face.

MEGAN

Yeah, Mom, I think it'd be a good idea if you fixed him a sandwich or something.

EUGENE

Aw, Megan, that's not necessary, I'd just like to sit and talk, if you don't mind.

He smiles all sweetness and light.

Megan glares.

Stanley and Audrey settle back in their seats, pleased as punch.

The television comes on with the 6:00 Channel 7 Action News.

An update on the shootings.

Not a pretty picture.

DAD

Jesus Christ, this guy's got the whole city's attention.

Eugene's eyes sparkle.

Megan's eyes don't leave him.

EUGENE

Yes. Yes, he certainly does.

Hurt gets up and turns off the TV.

EUGENE

I don't want to watch TV.

He turns to them.

EUGENE

...Let's just talk.

Megan and Eugene make subtle eye contact.
Regarding the simple family room like a battleground.
Hurt trying to keep everybody together in his killing range.
Megan coolly but desperately trying to figure how to get her parents out of harm's way.
Mom and Dad totally oblivious to what's going on.

EUGENE

Boy, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, you sure are a couple of lucky parents to have a daughter like Megan.

DAD

We're very proud of her.

EUGENE

Being with her, it's...

He catches Megan's eye.

EUGENE

...The biggest kick of all.

A chill goes through her.
Megan stands.

MEGAN

Well, I've got a lot to do. We best get a move on. It's been really nice seeing you, Mom, Dad.

DAD

What, so soon?

MEGAN

Yeah, like right now.

MOM

Honey, where are your manners?

Eugene makes no move to leave.

EUGENE

You go ahead dear, if you must, I'm just getting to know your folks.

Megan bites her lower lip.

The anger turning her face red.

MEGAN

Yeah, right. I guess I can be late.

Outside, the SOUND of a POLICE SIREN on the lonesome street.

Megan becomes alert.

Eugene shifts in his seat.

The parents hardly hear it.

Megan's eyes sear into Eugene's face.

The SIREN fades.

Quiet returns.

Megan loses hope.

She drops back into her chair with a deep sigh.

Eugene rises to his feet abruptly.

EUGENE

Well, it was a pleasure. I have to go.

Stanley, Audrey rise, a little confused

DAD

Sorry to see you go, Eugene.

MOM

Was nice meeting you, Mr. Hurt. Nice to meet some of my daughter's friends.

DAD

I thought all she knew was cops. Blue uniforms far as the eye can see--

MOM

Stanley--

Eugene extends a hand.

They all shake.

Megan holds open the front door eagerly.

MEGAN

Eugene, this was quite a surprise.

She braces herself.

There isn't any.

EUGENE

So long now.

And he is gone.

Megan watches him walk down the narrow walkway in front of the house.
Then move on down the street.
She watches until he is out of sight.
Then she closes the door.
Hard.

EXT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A plainclothes police car pulls onto the block of the building.
Megan Turner is behind the wheel.
She brakes out of sight of the front door.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan is alone in the car.
Keeping her eyes fixed on the door.
Radio to her mouth.

MEGAN

What about a warrent, Nick?

NICK (FILTERED)

Hoyt's trying. He's got to get a signature
from the Commissioner. Dawson's trying
to tear him a new asshole over this.

MEGAN

Shit.

NICK (FILTERED)

Where are you, Megan? Wait, don't tell me,
let me guess. You're staking out Eugene's
building.

MEGAN

I'm just sitting here letting my car cool off.

NICK (FILTERED)

Remember, Megan, we've got diddly on the
guy. So just watch.

MEGAN

What's the matter, Nick, you don't trust one
of your officers?

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick sits a block away from the building.
Megan's car in full view.

He gulps some hot coffee.

NICK
I trust you totally, Megan.

He hangs up.

EXT. EUGENE HURT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT/DAWN

Beneath a starless sky.
The rim of the world pales.
The front door swings open.
Eugene walks out.
Melding with the early risers on their way to work.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR - DAWN

The woman cop sits up.
Face straining forward.
She jumps out of the car.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - DAWN

The detective is on his feet all of a sudden.
Crossing the street at an angle.
SCREAMING HORNS as the--
CTA BUS sucks oxygen an inch from his nose.
He clambers around the back of the vehicle.
And stops.
Spinning around, looking in every direction.
No sign of Megan or Eugene anywhere.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

The city waking up.
PEOPLE all over the place.
Megan comes running into the crowd.
Looking over heads and shoulders.
She can't spot him.
She goes to the curb.
He isn't across the street.
He isn't anywhere to be seen.
The woman is ready to kick herself.
Then way at the end of the avenue her eye catches a fragment of Eugene's
clothing slip through the gate into Lincoln Park.

INT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY

Five mile strip of forest at Lake Michigan's shore.

Hurt staggers up to the trees.
He has barely made it, a man in the final throes of a dark addiction.
He scrambles over to the trunk of one of the trees and digs with his hands around the roots.
He has buried something there.
He becomes more and more anxious as he finds it isn't there.
Hurt looks around at the other trees in the area.
His mind is coming apart, he doesn't remember where it is.
He hurries to another tree.
Kicks up the dirt with his foot.
It's not there either.
He hastens to another.
Gets down on his hands and knees.
He digs up the dirt with his fingers.
A sob escapes him.
A shadow falls over him.
He looks up.

MEGAN

Hi.

He just looks at her.

MEGAN

...Looking for something?

His mouth quivers with anger.

MEGAN

Don't worry about it.

She unbuttons her jacket.
Slowly, button by button.
He watches without blinking as she opens her jacket, revealing the blue steel .357 Magnum shoulder holstered there.
His eyes twinkle.
So do hers.

EUGENE

Yeah, there you go, Eugene. Go on. Grab for it.

His fingers twitch.
He rises to his feet.
She makes her mouth into something between a smile and a sneer.

MEGAN

...Y'never know. Might even be able to grab it before I get to it and blow your lousy head into the next state.

Hurt smiles to himself.
The stock of the gun in the holster to him like candy to a child.
His hand shivers, hovering.
She keeps her hands at her sides.
Like a gunslinger getting ready for the fast pull.
Their eyes locked.

EUGENE

You have me at a disadvantage.

MEGAN

I don't have all day.

Eugene's fingers are barely a foot from the stock of the pistol.
Megan's eyes are iron.
The SOUNDS of the PARK become exaggerated and heightened.

NICK (O.S.)

Megan. Don't do it.

She casts her eye to Nick Mann standing a few feet away.
His hands out by his waist.
Eugene Hurt looks at him.
He looks back at the gun.
Megan keeps her eye on Hurt.

MEGAN

He'll do it. He'll go for the gun. Then...

NICK

Then..?

MEGAN

Then we can go home and get some sleep.

Nick doesn't do anything at first.
He sees Eugene look at him and knows immediately that the man is doing mental computations about the likelihood of being able to shoot him and Megan after drawing Megan's gun before Mann can draw his.
Megan keeps her hands open at her sides.
Hurt is a split second away from going for the pistol.
Mann puts his hand on Megan's .357.

NICK

No.

Megan looks at him fiercely.
Eugene takes off like a shot.
The woman cop bolts after him.
Her partner grabs her by the arm, pulling her back.

NICK

Stop. We've got shit on the guy, Megan,
remember that.

Megan tears her arm from his grasp.
A rage reddens her features.
She starts to leave.
Then stops.

MEGAN

Wait a minute... Nick, he'll come back. His
gun is here. He's got to have it. All we have
to do is wait. The minute he has his hand
on the gun we got him for life.

Nick sees there is some reason to what she is saying.

NICK

More like five lifetimes.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY/LATER

POV BINOCULAR vision of spot in the park where Eugene Hurt was digging.
Streams of hued sunlight through the trees at high noon.
Light refracting across the blue glass lake.

INT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - DAY

Nick's plainclothes car shielded by trees at the edge of the park.
The woman cop lays down the binocs.
Nick brings a steaming cup of coffee to his lips.
Megan does the same.
Both look like they could use some sleep.
Mann's eyes brush over Megan's face.

NICK

They said it's a great year, the coffee. You
can tell by the sediment, or so I hear.

The trace of a smile in his gaze.
Megan looks at Nick thoughtfully.
She lifts her cup to her lips.
The steam wafting up around her face.

MEGAN

Cheers.

She smiles.
Quiet all around.

MEGAN

You were following me.

Nick doesn't answer.

MEGAN

You didn't think I could handle it?

NICK

I wanted to watch you handle it.

MEGAN

Bullshit.

NICK

No shit.

She regards the man.
Knows that's about as good as it gets from a man like Nick.
It feels great.
The smile slipping across her face widens.
Nick looks away.

INT. NICK'S CAR - LICOLN PARK - DUSK/NIGHT

A molten horizon.
The reddish sun falls across the faces of the two detectives.
Waiting.
Watching.
Killing time.

MEGAN

Nice night.

NICK

Yeah.

He studies the woman next to him.

NICK

What made you want to become a cop?

Megan's eyes drift to the blackening sky and beyond.
Thinks for a moment.

MEGAN

Him.

Nick understands.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

Night falls.
Streetlamps splash the ground.

INT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

Empty coffee cups on the dashboard.
Cigarettes glow in the dark.
Nothing moves in the dark trees outside the window.

MEGAN

This job has its hours.

NICK

That it does.

MEGAN

Bet your wife hates it.

NICK

Used to.

MEGAN

I'm sorry.

NICK

I'm not.

MEGAN

Heads up.

She hands the binocs to Nick.
Light in the trees.
The two of them sit up straight.
A flashlight beam in the distance streaking the ground.
Megan calmly reaches to her belt.
Nick puts his hand on his door latch.
Her hand flies out.
CH-CHINK!
Nick's hand has been cuffed to the steering wheel.

He spins his head around in surprise then anger.
He's pissed as hell.

NICK
MEGAN!! WHAT DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING?!!

Megan's eyes apologize.
Then she is out the door.
Soon she is just a shadowy figure slipping into darkness.

EXT. TREES - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

Pitch black.
A wind in the trees.
That FLASH of light.
The woman cop unsheaths the '357 and holds it at the ready.
She advances noiselessly.
The wandering BEAM of LIGHT seems to flick on and off.
Megan steals forward inside the safety of shadow.
A black shape in front of her, crouched on the ground.
Turner extends her weapon.
Lowering the barrel.
Speaking between clenched teeth.

MEGAN
Hold it right there, Hurt.

The darkened form kneeling on the ground swivels around fast.
A muffled CLICK.
Megan's face is wet.
As she looks into the eyes of a LADY BUM with a flashlight held tight in two gnarled hands.

INT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

The black steel barrel of a .44 Magnum is pressed against Nick's temple.
His hand goes to his jacket.
The HAMMER of the .44 is COCKED back.
His hand comes away from the jacket.
Eugene reaches through the open window and eases the .38 out of Detective Mann's shoulder holster.
Nick doesn't move a muscle.

EUGENE
Look at me...

Nick's eyes tilt up.

EUGENE

...I want to see you...see *it*...see it in your
face...reverence...then light...then nothing.

EXT. TREES - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

The Lady Bum gives Megan a toothless grin with the stub of a lit cigarette in
the corner of her mouth.

LADY BUM

...He says hold the thing, but the piece of
shit flashlight don't hardly work. Gave me
a cigarette, though...

The woman cop's face goes very still.
The rustle of air through leaves in high branches.

LADY BUM

...You got a cigarette, lady?

The Lady Bum is alone.
Only the wind to answer her.

INT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

Eugene gazes down at Nick.

EUGENE

...Do you lov--?

Nick looks the man in the eyes.
His hands bleeding at the wrists where he has tried to pull against the cuffs.
His eyes very, very black.

NICK

You time's just about up.

Hurt almost smiles.
Raising the .44 to Nick's face.

EUGENE

Do you lo-lov---?

NICK

You're not gonna live very long.

Eugene stiffens.
The finger stroking the hammer of the gun.
Some kind of excitement going through the man.

EUGENE

Do you love her?

Finally spitting out the words.

Nick Mann looking at Hurt like looking at his own death.

Jaw tightening, something wet in his gaze, but a rage burning through his eyes.

NICK

You're already dead.

KA-BLAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

A hole blows through Hurt's arm.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

The shot swings Hurt completely around.

Nick ducks down below the windowframe.

Eugene comes around and FIRES a round into the blackness that is the trees from which Megan is shooting.

TWO MORE SHOTS flashbulb in the trees, whistling past his face.

Hurt screams out at the top of his lungs in a kind of adrenalic exhilaration. He hoists the hot Magnum.

HURT

COME OUT! COME OUT!! I WANT TO
SEE YOU!!!

Nick slams open the car door.

Hitting Hurt square in the gut.

Eugene topples.

Rolling on the ground with a grunt.

He comes up FIRING.

A BULLET goes right through the car door.

Nick is recoiled down out of reach.

Hurt EMPTIES the rest of the pistol into the trees.

The air is thick with gunsmoke.

Nothing moves.

MEGAN (O.S.)

You're all out of bullets, my friend.

Eugene bolts.

Disappearing into the hanging haze of gunsmoke.

Megan comes out of the shadows.

Racing straight for the car.

She kneels down next to Nick through the open car door.

MEGAN

You okay?

NICK

Yeah, I'm okay. Go get him.

MEGAN

Here.

Tossing him the key to the cuffs and running off.

EXT. STREET - LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

Megan sprints out of the park.

Gun held in her jacket out of plain sight.

She sees Hurt running inbetween the CARS and TRUCKS, a black silhouette criss-crossing the white headlight beams.

Megan runs like the wind in Hurt's footsteps.

Cheeks burning bright red.

Feet slapping pavement.

Lungs about to burst.

HORNS BLARING.

Vehicles closing around her like a gauntlet.

ENGINE WHINE and SLEDGEHAMMERING SUSPENSION.

A pair of BLINDING HEADLIGHTS rear up.

EVERYTHING GOES COMPLETELY WHITE.

Twenty tons of EIGHTEEN WHEELER *right in her face.*

She lurches sideways.

The big rig just kisses her with AFTERBLOW.

She squints into the far distance.

Eugene is gone.

Megan stands, a lone figure in the street.

Streams of cars moving about her like currents of air.

She holsters her pistol.

Heads off back into the park.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eugene is pale as a sheet.

His reflection in the mirror.

His face twisted in terrible pain.

A ragged hole in his arm.

He puts his hand on his bloody shirt.

Hurt looks in his own eyes in the mirror.

His fingers pinch into the bullet hole.

His whole body spasms in stomach-splitting agony.

He swallows it.

Absorbs it.

Welcomes it.

Something scarily resembling a smile reforms his lips.
He pries the flattened .357 slug out of his arm.
He sighs.
His eyes lock with his own reflection.
He doesn't feel pain anymore.
He doesn't feel anything.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens.
The light is out.
The silhouette of Megan walks in with the silhouette of Nick Mann.
She switches on the lights then switches them off.

MEGAN

Not a good idea.

NICK

Yeah, probably not. Have anything to drink?

MEGAN

Jack Daniels.

Nick has a seat on the sofa.
He picks up the phone.

NICK (INTO RECEIVER)

...Hello, Hoyt? Mann here. No luck on finding him at home, huh? Let's keep two units watching it, though. Did you try the office? ...Didn't think so.

Megan pours two drinks and sits down beside Nick.
Listening to the phone conversation.

NICK (INTO RECEIVER)

...Keep a unit there anyhow. Also an APB in all the area hospitals, in case he goes there.

Nick meets Megan's eyes.

NICK (INTO RECEIVER)

...How about keeping that car out front of here for the time being?

They share a smile.

NICK

...Good. Any developments, you know
where to reach me.

He hangs up.
She holds out her drink.
They toast.
Drink like they mean it.

NICK

This I need.

MEGAN

I'm sorry, Nick. I almost killed you.

NICK

That you did.

MEGAN

I'm so sorry.

NICK

Yeah.

MEGAN

I mean, I'd never do anything to hurt you.
I'd never want to get you hurt, ever. You've
shown me so much. Nick, I--

NICK

It's okay.

He smiles nicely.

MEGAN

Oh.

On an impulse, she lays her worried head on Nick's chest.
He puts his arm around her.
Soft, cool streetlight falls on them in the calming dimness of the room.
Megan kisses Nick.
He nearly pulls his face from hers.
Nearly.
Megan winds her hands around his shoulders.
He touches her hair, tentatively, softly.
Then they are in an embrace.
They stay in each other's arms.
Their lips part.
He starts to say something.

She puts her finger on his lips.
 Takes him by the hand.
 Leads him into the other room.

INT. BEDROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Night shadows fall on their bare skin.
 Megan brings her lips to Nick's.
 He lowers his body on top of her.
 His hands press on her waist.
 She arches her back.
 Tilts her head.
 He sinks his face into her hair.
 Her finger down his back.
 His mouth on the smooth curve of her belly.
 His hands move down her thighs.
 Tears in her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT/LATER

Nick climbs out of bed in the darkness.
 He goes into the bathroom.
 Megan lies alone in bed, her eyes open, her face happy.
 She curls on her side.
 She sees her.357 sheathed in its shoulder holster hung on the chair.
 The last thing she wants to see.
 She rolls over.
 TRAFFIC NOISE.
 Elevated Subway RATTLES the windows.
 The SOUND of a RUNNING FAUCET in the bathroom.
 The man's silhouette comes out of the bathroom.
 Walks nice and slow into the bedroom.
 Megan rolls onto her back.
 Opens her arms.
 He puts one knee up on the bed.
 Leans over her.
 She runs her hands down his shoulders.

MEGAN

You're wet.

He pins her wrists down on the bed with unholy strength.
 Megan is looking into the face of a naked Eugene Hurt.
 Her body convulses.
 Thrashing fiercely against his ironclad grip.
 His eyes shine.

EUGENE

Don't--don't hold me down... See me in you!

He smothers her scream with his hand.
Sobs rack her body.
Her fingers straining in a groping frenzy for her gun which is just beyond reach.
He parts her legs with his knees.
He pushes into her.
She resists with all her might but he hammers into her with a strength born of complete psychosis.
Her body shaking helplessly from fear and revulsion.
He comes.
The explosion in his brain wipes everything out for a split second.
The split second Megan needs.
Her hand snags the .357 from her holster.
She uses it on him.
But not before he is in motion.
Bullet shearing his side, the hydrostatic shock catapulting him clean across the room.
Megan leaps out of bed, BLOWING TWO fast SHOTS through the wall where Hurt lay a fraction of a second before.
He flees through the door, slamming it shut behind him, locking it.
Megan is a machine.
She takes aim on the doorknob, the cold metal of the Magnum smeared with her hot sweat.
She BLOWS the doorknob to smithereens.
The door swings open, a smoking hole in the wood frame.
Blackness beyond.
Stark naked, Megan throws herself against the wall, holding her gun at the ready.
Hurt has fled.
Megan bursts through the room.
SIRENS WAIL.

INT. BATHROOM - MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick Mann is slumped naked in a pool of blood on the floor.
A bullet in him.
A charred towel that was used to muffle the shot crumpled beside him.
Megan throws herself in the room with a cry.
She wraps her nude body around his, hugging him hard as she can, sobbing.
She pays no attention as the TWO POLICEMEN burst through the door in alarm.
They stand in sober silence.
One modestly puts a towel over her.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MOUNTED OFFICERS keep GAWKERS at bay.
REPORTERS flood the hospital entrance.
Flash bulbs POP like fire crackers.

PATROL CARS and PRESS TRUCKS fill the street.
Lieutenant Hoyt pushes through the crowd.
Reporters are on him like locust.

REPORTER #1

Lieutenant, is this connected
to the other shootings?

REPORTER #2

You got any leads yet, Hoyt?

REPORTER #3

Is the guy a psycho or what?

Hoyt just shakes his big head.

HOYT

No comment, sportsfans.

He shoves through the double glass doors of the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The UNIFORMED OFFICER at the entrance moves outside as Lieutenant Hoyt enters.

He crosses the darkened room to the only bed.

Megan, sitting up, a hospital gown and blanket wrapped around her as if she is very cold.

Her eyes probe the blackness beyond the glass of the small window.

HOYT

Megan?

She turns her head and fixes her eyes with dead certainty on Hoyt's face.

MEGAN

It's him.

Hoyt understands.

HOYT

You okay?

She looks at him darkly.

MEGAN

Sure.

He gives her a gentle pat on the shoulder.

Her eyes move to his hand on her.

MEGAN

...Nick?

HOYT

Still with us. Get some rest, I'll be back later.

He smiles down at her.

He turns to go.

A NURSE passes him on the way in.

She hands the woman detective some pills in a small white cup with a glass of water.

MEGAN

What time is it?

NURSE

Almost five, sun will be up soon. This'll make you sleep for a while.

MEGAN

Thank you.

Megan takes the pills and puts them in her mouth.

The Nurse straightens the sheets on her bed, closes the curtains and leaves.

Megan watches her go.

Then removes the pills from her mouth and drops them in the glass of water.

She draws back the curtain.

The faint light of day streaks the glass.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAWN

Growing paler by the minute.

INT. MEGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

Megan's eyes still on the window.

Her room is on a high floor.

The whole city spread before her.

She sits.

Face bright and focused.

Deadly focused.

Waiting patiently.

INT. OUTSIDE MEGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The UNIFORMED OFFICER sits smoking a cigarette.

A couple of Nurses pass.

Frowning on the man with the cigarette.

He flicks an ash into the tray at his feet.

Settles back in the chair for the duration.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DUSK

Rust red shadows creep along the ground.

INT. OUTSIDE MEGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

The ash tray on the floor is piled with butts.

The Officer stabs another out.

A voice from inside the room makes him turn with a start.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Would you come in here for a minute.

INT. MEGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

The Officer enters.

Megan is standing in front of the window with the blanket around her.

She turns.

Looking the man in the eyes.

MEGAN

Could I have a cigarette?

The Officer relaxes a bit.

OFFICER

Why sure.

He comes over, shaking out a cigarette.

Megan lifts it to her lips.

OFFICER

Boy, you sure been through something.

Cracking open a lighter.

The flame burns bright in the dimming room.

Dusk turning to night outside.

The Officer leans forward, extending the lighter.

He doesn't notice the woman roll her right hand up into a fist.

Until it slams home into the side of his face.

Knocking him out cold.

The lighter falls to the ground.

Turner snaps the flame closed.

Steps over the body.

Shuts the door.

The room goes completely black.

INT. OUTSIDE MEGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Megan Turner walks out of the room in police uniform.
Her hand touching the cold steel revolver holstered at her waist.
She looks in both directions.
The corridors are clear.
She starts to move.
A pair of NURSES come around the corner and head straight for her.
Megan steps back, positioning herself in front of the door like a guard.
Anxious eyes pinned on the floor.
The Nurses come to a stop before her.

NURSE

How's our patient doing?

Turner gives a small smile.

MEGAN

She's sleeping like a baby.

The Nurses nod and keep walking.
The woman in blue waits for a moment, then moves off in the other direction.
She hesitates.

INT. OUTSIDE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Uniformed POLICE OFFICERS milling around the hall.
Megan Turner spies the doors marked 'Intensive Care'.
She hesitates.
The Officers are talking to one another.
The woman in blue decides to advance.
Walking past the cluster of Officers.
And staring in through the small window of the Intensive Care Unit. IV
running to arm and nose, sensors across his chest attached to monitors,
Nurses and Doctors moving back and forth in surgical uniform around the still
body of Nick Mann.
Unconscious.
But alive.
Megan presses a finger to her lips.
And presses the finger to the glass.
A wetness swells in her eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A wind blowing.
A pitch black sky.
Megan Turner a teensy figure pushing through the glass door.
The Officers around the entrance don't pay any attention.
Soon she is swallowed by darkness.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Almost an apocalyptic quiet.

Megan is walking alone.

A Police Car patrols the avenue.

The woman cop slips into the shadow of a doorway as the car cruises past.

Silence returns.

The dull sound of her shoes on the pavement.

Wind whipping up paper and debris in small funnels of air and carrying them up over the sidewalk.

A newspaper clings to her ankle.

A headline stares up at her.

"EIGHTH VICTIM..."

The paper blows away.

Megan shivers.

Eyes tense.

Jaw set.

Buildings like jagged teeth touch the roof of sky.

Megan Turner is just a speck on the street below.

One street in hundreds.

He is out there somewhere.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Megan sits in the open windowed bus.

Traveling downtown.

Her face haggard but fiercely set as she rides in a rear seat.

Her hand under her jacket by her holster.

The bus is empty at this late hour.

The DRIVER eases the bus in at a stop.

The DOOR SHUSHES open.

The woman cop sits upright, hand tightening on the stock of her gun.

There is only blackness and HOWLING wind through the gaping door.

Doors close.

Bus drives on.

She sits back, alert.

There are other stops.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER CHICAGO RIVER - NIGHT

Megan treads on the cement promenade like a cop on the beat.

BOATS lit like Christmas trees float by below.

A streetlight POPS.

A wash of darkness by the benches a few yards back.

Megan whirls around, whipping her weapon out with machinelike prowess.

The BEAT of her HEART.

There is nothing and nobody on the bridge but her.

She exhales, spinning the .357 around her finger, sliding it into her holster.

She heads on.

EXT. ROOF OF THE HANCOCK BUILDING - NIGHT

Viewing platform a hundred stories above the ground.

Cloud level.

Megan stares into the wind.

A black silhouette against an even blacker horizon.

EXT. LA SALLE STREET - NIGHT

The long, long stretch of avenue walled in by high skyscrapers.

Megan moves evenly across the street at a light.

The occasional car goes by.

She looks over her shoulder to see a blue and white Patrol Car come around the corner.

She quickly slips up the stairs of the El.

INT. ELEVATED SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

No trains.

Just Officer Turner.

She leans over the platform and looks up the tracks.

Nothing to see.

She takes a walk down the long platform.

The clock overhead by the illuminated cigarette ad says 4:09 a.m.

She hears the FARAWAY RUMBLE of the approaching train.

It pulls in to the station.

She gets in.

EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT

The woman cop walking the dark street.

Hand on her gun.

EXT. OAK STREET BEACH - DAWN

Gently paling sky.

A lake full of whitecaps.

BIRD WAKING in the trees.

Distant WHINE of garbage truck.

Morning still away.

Megan crosses the beach to the street, looking this way and that.

Streets beginning to fill up with PEOPLE.

TRAFFIC building along the avenues.

INT. RUSH HOUR SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Megan rides shoulder to shoulder with BUSINESSMEN and
BUSINESSWOMEN on their way to work.

Raincoats and business suits hanging onto the straphandles.

Holding half-rolled newspapers in their hands.

The lady dressed in blue eyes them.

Behind her...

Not far behind her...

He moves his way quietly through the crowd.

Until he is just over her shoulder.

Eugene Hurt has lost some blood but he has a strange robustness about him,
fully dressed in an ill-fitting suit he probably took off a dead body.

Megan doesn't notice him.

She is looking off.

Hurt is inches from her back.

The smell of her making his face flush.

Megan stares straight ahead.

The train pulls into the Daley Plaza Station.

Doors push open.

People flood out.

Megan is one of them.

Eugene is another.

INT. DALEY PLAZA SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Megan moves off as the crowd of Businesspeople go through the turnstiles.

Eugene is several paces behind.

He is beginning to draw.

Her face is dripping.

She knows he's there, has all along.

PEOPLE push between the two.

Her hand goes toward her sideholster, not letting Hurt know she knows or he
will shoot the people in his way.

The last of the pedestrians shove through the turnstiles.

Megan rips out her .357 and whirls on the empty platform with a warrior
shout.

Hurt straightens his arm with the .44 Magnum.

MEGAN

DIEEEEEEE!!!

She SHOTS.

Blowing a piece off him.

Eugene staggers back, FIRING at her.

The ROAR consumed by the SOUND of a PASSING TRAIN.

Megan is a machine as she crouches in combat stance, all concentration.

Eugene whirls around with the .44 and lets her have it.

The SHOT hits Megan in the arm.

She is flung like a rag doll back against a subway girder.

Hurt flees through a turnstile.

Both are immune to the pain, their bodies motorized by an obsessive force far past the pathological, almost past the comprehensible.
Megan stumbles through the turnstile after him.

INT. STAIRS - DALEY PLAZA SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Megan heaves herself up the stairs.
Droplets of blood traveling upwards.
She follows it.

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

The street is full of BUSINESSPEOPLE.
Megan peeks over the top of the stairs of the subway entrance.
The CROWDED avenue like a wall of SHADOWS in constant intersecting motion.
Only one is stationary....
A hundred yards away, across the street Hurt takes unsteady aim on the subway stairway.
Thousands of lives lay between them.
Megan yells warning.

MEGAN
LOOKOUT!!!

Eugene FIRES at her, missing by an inch.
Businesspeople scatter and throw themselves face first on the pavement, screams and shouts going up.
Hurt stands there holding his gun, waiting for her to come up the stairwell.

INT. STAIRS - DALEY PLAZA STATION - DAY

Megan's eyes are stone and steel.
Holding her gun up.
She springs.

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

Megan comes out of the subway station in a death charge.
She comes on Hurt like a juggernaut, her .357 pointed at him, fanning the hammer.
An adrenalized strength propelling his limbs as Eugene launches himself like a rocket from parked car to parked car dodging bullets, another piece blown off him as he EMPTIES his .44 in her direction.
His shots go wild.
The sidewalks are covered with people who have thrown themselves against the ground, screaming and covering their heads with their arms.
The cop and the killer face off.
A city block between them.

Megan knocks her pistol open to reload.
Hurt smiles, spitting blood.
He aims his Magnum at her and squeezes the trigger.
She doesn't blink, knowing in advance it's empty.
Blood streams down her blasted arm, which is barely functional, slowing her reloading process.
She is breathing hard, standing in the middle of the street, plugging rounds into the cylinder.
Hurt races with her, opening his Magnum and injecting .44 shells.
A funny quiet comes over the area.
Megan closes the revolver and takes aim on Eugene just as he finishes loading and FIRES at her.
She leaps for cover behind an automobile parked at the curb.
Megan keeps low behind the car.
Waiting him out.
The whole street is screaming.
Nobody moves.

A car comes around the corner, thinking nothing is happening.
Hurt leaps out from behind his automobile rising up to take aim on the windshield of the vehicle.
Megan hears him and jumps to her feet.
She pumps off another SHOT.
Hurt spins on the noise, very unsteady from loss of blood, his legs barely operating.
The DRIVER of the car abandons the vehicle in the middle of the street and runs as fast as he can for cover.
Megan hastens to the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Megan gets behind the wheel fast.
Foot crams the gas pedal.
Steering straight for Eugene.
She drives into him at bone-snapping speed.
Knocking him up on the hood.
She steers the car at the wall.
PLOWS into the wall.
The impact heaving him between bumper and wall.
Megan grits her teeth, cramming down the gas pedal.
The car crushes against him.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Air hisses through Eugene Hurt's ragged lips.
His eyes go dim.
Very dim.
A quiet falls on the avenue.
Overhead the bright sun in a cloudless sky.

INT. CAR - DAY

Megan sits very still.
Chest heaving.
Face dripping.
Her eyes start to shut.
Her breathing begins to even out.
She doesn't notice Hurt lifting his .44 in a shaky, bloody hand.
The shadow of a grin splits his mouth.
As he ears back the hammer.
Taking unsteady aim.
Then two things happen simultaneously--
Megan ducks.
A BULLET BLOSSOMS the windshield.
She returns the favor.
A sob through clenched teeth.

MEGAN

...Die you fucker!

EXT. CAR - DAY

Hurt takes the bullet in the neck.
His Magnum in the air with a trembling hand.
Trigger finger squeezing.
ROUND after ROUND punching holes in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

The .357 SPITTING back.
Turner playing hide and go seek with the bullets.
The headrest explodes.
The steering wheel shatters.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Bullets ricochet off the cement wall Hurt is leaning against.

INT. CAR - DAY

The back windshield is blown out.
Dust filling the air.
Then the dull CLICK of an empty gun.
Not Megan's
Very slowly she raises her head.
To see Eugene holding onto the useless weapon.

His barely lifeless eyes stare in at the woman.
She shivers.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Hurt's bleeding body shakes.
His hand on the weapon loosens.
The gun drops.
His sticky palm begins to spread his shirt at the chest.
Exposing the bare skin over his heart.
Through parched lips a faint sound.

EUGENE

...Please...givve me wings...Megan...maake
me fly...

Just hissing air.
The quivering hand touching his bare chest.
Body shuddering.
Pangs that resemble something like a mixture of regret and worship in his eyes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Megan Turner stares at the man.
Like for one split second in time they share something.
Numbly she raises her blue steel revolver.
SIREN WHINE in the distant air.
As she pierces Eugene Hurt's chest with a single bullet.
Megan's eyes pour water.
Her head comes to rest against the steering wheel.
As SIRENS fill her ears.

CUT TO BLACK