

OPUS

Episode 101

"HORIZONS"

Written by

Max Landis

Directed by

Dean Parisot

White Production Draft - 4.1.16



EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: MAX LANDIS, ROBERT C. COOPER, ARVIND ETHAN DAVID, DAVID OZER, TED ADAMS, DAVID ALPERT, RICK JACOBS, , ZAINIR AMINULLAH

© (2016), Stalwart Films LLC. All rights reserved. No portion of this script may be performed, published, sold, or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium including on any web site, without prior written consent. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above."

COLD OPEN

1.1 INT. DIRK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

1.1

We see the following TIGHT. In MACRO.

Dirk Gently lays fast asleep in a nice hotel room, in all his clothes, on top of the covers. I'd describe him, but I don't want you to see him quite yet.

He'll be back later, in fuller form. Just trust me. Look at the title page. **RING RING.**

Dirk jerks awake, answering the phone.

DIRK

Yes, I was awake, I've been awake.

MICHAEL SPRING (O.S.)

Where are you? It's time.

DIRK

I'm-

(looks around)

I'm on my way, is where I am, and almost there already, so everything's great.

There's the sound of a commotion on the other end.

MICHAEL SPRING (O.S.)

It's too late.

DIRK

Well, I think that's-

There's the sounds of *shouting and things breaking and being smashed*- the line cuts out, as Dirk jumps off his bed, pulling on a jacket as he rushes out the door and we

SLAM TO:

1.2 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - THE DESTROYED SUITE

1.2

Birds chirp outside. The faint sound of a city waking up. But in the penthouse suite of a luxury hotel, all is chaos.

A glitched speaker plays scrambled, unsettlingly distorted music; we see that the speakers have been clawed to pieces.

(CONTINUED)

Couches are torn to pieces. A dead body lays across a crushed grand piano. Shattered glass, destroyed furniture, scorched "claw" marks everywhere.

A second dead body is visible; just the feet, sticking out of an adjacent room. The door has been knocked off its hinges.

A small black kitten wanders into frame, leaving little bloody paw prints behind it. It meows.

A hand reaches out and *snatches it up-*

SLAM TO BLACK.

TITLE.

HOLD ON BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

After a moment, we hear distant sounds of shattering and crashing, things being broken.

1.3 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

1.3

TODD Brotzman, 30, wakes up in his dingy studio apartment, hearing crashing and banging from outside. Todd is the sort of half-invisible fellow you might catch holding an elevator for you, or letting you skip ahead of him in the grocery store.

He seems to exist fully in the moment, drifting vaguely through life. Crash bang from outside. Things are about to get less vague. In fact, they're going to get extremely specific, painfully so.

He had all this coming. You don't know it yet, but he deserves it. CRASH BANG! That wakes him all the way up.

He rouses, in his boxers, and goes to the window, seeing something that greatly upsets him.

1.4 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

1.4

The Ridgeley is a smallish four story apartment building on the fringes of Seattle, ancient and more than a little dilapidated.

Todd rushes out, still in his boxers, to see **DORIAN**, 30s, dangerous looking white trash covered in tattoos, attacking his 1999 Honda Civic with a hammer.

TODD

Dorian! Dorian stop, stop stop-

DORIAN

Where's my money!?

TODD

I gave you your money Dorian-

DORIAN

Where's the fuckin' rent MAN?

TODD

I paid you the rent, I paid you yesterday!

(CONTINUED)

Dorian turns, raising the hammer at Todd.

DORIAN

*DON'T TELL ME WHAT YOU DID AND
DIDN'T DO!* Don't tell me what
happened yesterday, how could you
know, you ain't a historian!

TODD

I'm just- listen, okay, I'm just-

DORIAN

Are you a historian?

TODD

No, but-

DORIAN

You're on thin ice. The ice is
cracking. You're dead. I'll kill
you, man, I swear to god I will.
You fuck with me again.

Todd's silent, in his underwear, raising his hands
plaintively. Dorian turns and *suddenly strikes the front
tire of the car with his claw hammer, popping it.*

TODD

No! NO! Oh- *damn it.*

DORIAN

If I had the money, it's gone now.
Get my money. Six hundred-

TODD

But-

DORIAN

*I don't care. Call the cops.
Nope. You won't. Cause I got you,
don't I? I got **you**.*

Dorian, happy with his destruction, heads back to his house,
a dingy little shit-hole house, directly next to The
Ridgeley. Todd stands staring at his beaten up car.

1.5 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - TODD'S HALLWAY

1.5

Todd tries his door. He's locked out, in his underwear.

1.6 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 1.6

We watch the frustrating process of Todd slowly pulling down the ladder for his fire escape and climbing up, working his way up to his third floor apartment, and then wrenching open his own window.

1.7 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 1.7

Todd is getting dressed. The TV behind him plays the news. A woman is tearfully being interviewed. He checks his phone:
6 MISSED CALLS FROM AMANDA.

Todd sighs, then notices the TV behind him, and unmutes the television, which bounces back to a news reporter.

NEWS REPORTER

If you or anyone with information
on the whereabouts of Lydia Spring,
please contact the number below.

They show a photograph of a young, pretty woman with straight black hair and striking green eyes. Todd sighs, checks his watch, and looks out at his badly fucked up car.

1.8 INT. THE BUS - SHORTLY THEREAFTER 1.8

Todd, now in his hotel-employee work uniform, sits on the bus, taking it to work. As he sits, zoning out, miserable, he notices a **CORGI TERRIER** walking up the sidewalk.

We hold on the Corgi for a moment. Let's remember her.
She'll be important later.

1.9 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - LOBBY - LATER 1.9

Todd is behind the concierge desk. We watch him go about his work from **FLOOR TO FLOOR:**

1 - **Helping a family with their luggage**

2 - **Delivering room service**

3 - **Cleaning a mirror in the lobby**

...And then back behind the desk, he sees his boss, **Hermano PALACIOS**, and perks up.

TODD

Mister Palacios, hey-

(CONTINUED)

PALACIOS

Todd, perfect, can you get up to fifteen twenty five, we-

TODD

Yes, I will, just- I was wondering if I could get my check a little early this month-

PALACIOS

What? Why, you okay?

TODD

Yeah, I could just- use the money-

PALACIOS

Get up to fifteen twenty five, okay? We got some kind of drunk woman up there going crazy. And then do me a favor and check out the penthouse, they've had a Do Not Disturb since two PM yesterday. Do you still have the master key?

TODD

Of course, yes.

Palacios gets a phone call and answers it.

PALACIOS

Fifteen twenty five, then the penthouse-

TODD

Okay, but then we can talk about the check?

PALACIOS

(heading off)

Later, yes, later.

TODD

...Okay.

He checks his phone: 7 new missed calls from Amanda.

1.10 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY

1.10

Todd stands outside Room 1525. From beyond he can hear shrill female yelling. He hesitantly goes to knock, and then the door bursts open, revealing-

(CONTINUED)

1.10 CONTINUED:

1.10

NATHAN

*-in town for one week, so get over
it- AHHH*

NATHAN, 50s, graying but handsome, looking professional and suave, sees Todd's raised fist and flinches badly.

TODD

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No, I was- knocking-

Get out of my way.

Nathan shoves past Todd, heading down the hallway. Todd very slowly enters 1525, and sees

1.11

INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - ROOM 1525 - CONTINUOUS

1.11

SAMMY Fletcher, mid 40s, an aging rocker chick, bedraggled from sobbing and screaming, sitting on the bed. She's clearly very emotional, having been through something intense.

There's a beat, Todd standing quietly, trying not to intrude, and then...

SAMMY

I'm sorry. I'll get it together.

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Do I have to leave or can I just sit here for a minute?

TODD

Take your time.

SAMMY

Okay. Shit. Okay. That's really nice of you. Will you just hang out, for a second? I feel crazy.

Todd opens his mouth, but then just nods. He stands there. She sits, recovering, breathing. They share the silence.

MINUTES LATER...

Sammy shows Todd out.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

I really appreciate that, thank you. I'll be out of here in an hour.

TODD

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

1.11 CONTINUED:

1.11

As the door closes-

TODD (CONT'D)

If you need anything, my name is-

Door shuts.

TODD (CONT'D)

Todd.

He sighs, and heads off up the hallway.

1.12 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - ELEVATOR

1.12

Todd, in the elevator, presses the button for PENTHOUSE. The elevator begins ascending. Todd takes out his phone, takes a deep breath, and then calls **AMANDA**.

Gets a voicemail.

TODD

Hey, sis, it's me. Listen- I'm not ignoring you, and I know it might seem that way. I'll come up there as soon as I can, I just- I don't know if I have the money, right now, and I know I promised you, but- there've been some unforeseen circumstances- I'm going to get past it, I'm gonna get you the money and you'll be able to-

The elevator stops on Floor 29. It dings, and Todd quickly hangs up, hiding his phone, trying to be professional, as the elevator doors slide open, revealing:

An almost perfectly identical **OTHER TODD**; this one wears a big fluffy white fur coat over a blood stained, torn up black and white tank top. He has a black eye.

He's yelling with full on genuine rage at a **STRANGER** in a blue leather jacket, who has his back to Todd.

OTHER TODD

-ime machine! You were lying to me the whole time, and now you've screwed us both- **NO! Silence! NO** you shut up, don't you say a word, I don't want to hear it-

(CONTINUED)

1.12 CONTINUED:

1.12

Todd stares at the other Todd, slack-jawed. The Other Todd falters in his tirade at the stranger, seeming to remember something, looking at his clothes and then at the hallway around them.

OTHER TODD (CONT'D)

Wait- wait, holy shit, this is it,
this is when...This is when it
happened! That means...

The Other Todd turns and looks at Todd. They make the exact same expression of dumb stupid nothing.

The stranger turns and looks at Todd, revealing himself to be Dirk again, in completely different clothes, with pink band-aids all over his face. He seems bemused for a moment.

DIRK

Hey, that's you! Oh...**Nuts.**

OTHER TODD

Come on.

Other Todd viciously grabs the Other Dirk, pulling him away, whilst Todd, our Todd, just stands there completely gormless.

The elevator doors close. Todd's walkie-talkie buzzes, and he's startled, letting out a little scream.

PALACIOS (ON RADIO)

Where the hell are you?

The elevator begins to ascend again. Todd, still clearly in shock, grabs his walkie-talkie.

TODD

I don't know.

(beat)

I mean I'm on my way. On my way.

1.13 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - PENTHOUSE HALLWAY

1.13

Todd, still in a daze, steps out into the short penthouse hallway. The lights are flickering on and off. Everything feels surreal and bizarre.

He walks to the door, and then takes out a key-ring from his pocket; it's mostly digital cards, with a few analog old-school keys.

He goes through it once. Twice. Looks disturbed: the key he's looking for isn't there.

(CONTINUED)

1.13 CONTINUED:

1.13

Also he just saw a copy of himself. There's a lot going on with Todd right now.

He blinks, noticing something on the carpet of the hallway, and bends down to pick it up. It's a lottery ticket.

But what's this on it? Ketchup? Nope, not ketchup.

That's blood. Uh-oh. What's that creaking sound?

The door the lottery ticket is outside of. It's...

TODD

...open...

Blood slowly drips out from under the door. He stares at it, and then...touches the handle...It drifts open....

Revealing the same Penthouse from the cold open...

SLAM TO:

1.14 EXT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - LATER

1.14

Sirens howl. Two dozen police cars are parked out front.

1.15 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

1.15

Two police detectives, the rotund **ZIMMERFELD** and lanky, handsome **ESTEVEZ**, head up the hallway, flashing their badges to a team of **CSI INVESTIGATORS**, who are waiting outside the door, looking anxious.

ESTEVEZ

Estevez.

(indicates Zimmerfeld)

Zimmerfeld.

(smiles)

Missing persons.

CSI TECH

Missing persons? This is a homicide-

(under his breath)

or something-

ESTEVEZ

We believe this homicide has possible-

(CONTINUED)

1.15 CONTINUED:

1.15

ZIMMERFELD

-Probable-

ESTEVEZ

Probable ties to an ongoing missing persons case- wait what do you mean, "or something?"

CSI TECH

Well there are definitely some dead people.

All the CSI's murmur in agreement.

ESTEVEZ

Aren't you supposed to be breaking it down? Wanna show us around?

CSI TECH

Why don't....why don't you show us around.

(beat)

It's uh...It's strange in there.

Estevez laughs in annoyed disbelief, looking to Zimmerfeld.

1.16 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - THE DESTROYED SUITE - MOMENTS LATER 1.16

Estevez surveys the destroyed suite. There's a Jackson Pollack of blood splatters, but we don't see anything TOO graphic; this is BBCAmerica after all.

We enter the scene in a series of cuts: the destroyed piano, the torn apart furniture, a body that appears to have been bitten in half, the bloody kitten paw-prints, and then:

ESTEVEZ

It's strange in here.

Zimmerfeld is staring straight up. Estevez goes over and looks at what he's looking at.

ZIMMERFELD

There's a bite mark on the ceiling.

Estevez stares.

ESTEVEZ

So...we're...looking for an animal or...a weapon- ???

(CONTINUED)

1.16 CONTINUED:

1.16

ZIMMERFELD
(like he didn't hear him)
There are multiple...bite
marks...on the ceiling.

The two of them give the room one more look.

ESTEVEZ
They said the noise only went on
for ten or so seconds. What the
hell does this in ten seconds?

ZIMMERFELD
(beat)
They say they got a witness.

ESTEVEZ
Oh yeah?
(one last look)
How big are his teeth?

1.17 INT. THE PERRYMAN GRAND - BACK ROOM

1.17

In a back room, Todd is being questioned by Zimmerfeld and Estevez, as Mr. Palacios stands by, quiet.

A laptop sits on the table between them.

ZIMMERFELD
And you have no idea when the key
left your possession?

TODD
No.

ESTEVEZ
It doesn't look great, Todd. Late
for work, late going to the
penthouse, no key. It seems very,
you know-

ZIMMERFELD
Confluent.

ESTEVEZ
Confluent, yeah, like a lot of
little pieces adding up to me
raising my eyebrow like-

Indicates Zimmerfeld, who raises his eyebrows.

(CONTINUED)

ESTEVEZ (CONT'D)

Like that. I can't do it. Only Zimmerfeld can do it.

ZIMMERFELD

Only Zimmerfeld.

Estevez turns the laptop around on the table. It shows security footage of the penthouse hallway.

ESTEVEZ

Security tapes are scrambled due to power fluctuations. But we managed to pull this: this is from under two minutes before you arrived in the penthouse...

The footage shows a man in a gorilla mask hurry up the hallway, looking around, tripping and almost falling down in his rush.

He comes to the door, opens it with a key, reacts to what he sees inside with a huge display of shock, then enters.

ESTEVEZ (CONT'D)

Is that your key?

TODD

I don't think so- wait was he wearing a gorilla mask-

ZIMMERFELD

You see anything...weird...this morning Mr. Brotzman?

TODD

(fidgeting)

Yes. No. ...Maybe. I don't know.

ESTEVEZ

Are you aware you just gave every possible response to that question? Eyebrows.

Zimmerfeld does the eyebrows.

ESTEVEZ (CONT'D)

Thank you Brotzman, That's all for now. We'll be following up real soon. If I were you I wouldn't leave town.

They stand, getting ready to go, when Todd suddenly speaks.

(CONTINUED)

1.17 CONTINUED: (2)

1.17

TODD

Is there- is there any way you
could get the security footage from
floor twenty nine?

Zimmerfeld and Estevez exchange a look.

ESTEVEZ

I told you, the security footage is
badly scrambled.

(beat)

Any particular reason you want
that, Todd?

TODD

No. I- okay, no.

There's an odd beat.

ESTEVEZ

You didn't touch anything at the
scene, did you Todd?

TODD

No.

ZIMMERFELD

Seriously. Don't leave town.

TODD

I won't.

Zimmerfeld gives eyebrows.

1.18 INT. HOTEL BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

1.18

Palacios is leading Todd up an administrative hallway in the
back of the hotel. Todd is walking in total silence,
completely zoned out; things have spun him into a daze.

PALACIOS

Todd! Hey, man, snap out of it.

TODD

Yeah, sorry, what?

PALACIOS

I said they think it's connected to
something bigger.

TODD

What like...the mob?

(CONTINUED)

1.18 CONTINUED:

1.18

PALACIOS

No.

Todd waits, but Palacios doesn't explain.

They stop at a door marked HUMAN RESOURCES. Palacios falters, looks around, then speaks quietly.

PALACIOS (CONT'D)

While you were in there, did you see any kind of...animal?

TODD

Animal? No, I-

PALACIOS

They found paw prints.

TODD

...Paw...prints? Like a dog?

PALACIOS

No.

Todd is like "oh yeah?" Again, Palacios moves on.

PALACIOS (CONT'D)

Just head on in here. Brad will take care of you. Everything's gonna be fine.

SNAP TO:

TODD

You're firing me!?

1.19 INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - MOMENTS LATER

1.19

The room is small, cramped, filled with old files. Again, Todd is across the table from someone giving him bad news, in this case

BRAD THE HR GUY, dead eyed and unremarkable, distinctly serial killer-y about him in the way that bureaucrats can sometimes be, when they are actually serial killers.

BRAD THE HR GUY

Your negligence has cast suspicion on hotel staff. Your firing is essential to public relations.

(CONTINUED)

1.19 CONTINUED:

1.19

TODD

But you're human resources!

BRAD THE HR GUY

Yes, I specialize in the disposal of humans. You're human, and-

TODD

Okay okay okay- I- is there any way, please, any way you can give me my final check today, as a type of severance-

BRAD THE HR GUY

Well, it's a same day termination, so we have to belay the check.

TODD

Same day? What do you mean same day? It just happened today.

BRAD THE HR GUY

Yes, today is the day that is the same, today is the day it happened.

TODD

Right, but any day it would've happened would've been the day it happened- listen, I need the money-

BRAD THE HR GUY

Yes but it's a same day termination-

TODD

Yes but it is always a day, right? Things happen when they happen, they happen immediately, that's what "happening" is, it means-

BRAD THE HR GUY

No. Sometimes when things happen they don't happen.

Todd just stares at him, defeated.

1.20 INT. THE BUS - SUNSET

1.20

Todd sits alone on the bus home. There's a digital television on the bus, showing **LYDIA SPRING**'s face. Todd seems to remember something, and hurriedly draws the lottery ticket out of his pocket: shit, he forgot to turn that over to the police at the hotel!

(CONTINUED)

1.20 CONTINUED:

1.20

Todd stares at it for a moment, then gets ready to get up, presumably to head back, when...

Wait, what!? The same corgi terrier is running up the street, reckless abandon, its nametag waving in the wind.

Todd blinks, his brow furrowed.

1.21 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - NIGHT

1.21

As Todd walks up to his apartment building, he looks over at his ruined car, and sighs.

From inside Dorian's house, we can hear loud shouting. Todd chances a glance in the window, and sees Dorian pacing back and forth, shouting to himself.

Yikes.

1.22 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

1.22

Todd unlocks the door, stepping inside and flicking on the light to see-

DIRK Gently is crawling in through the window, carrying a dufflebag over his shoulder.

Dirk, 30s, handsome-ish, hair a mess, British, in a weathered yellow leather jacket, with white shirt and tie and ruddy red jeans, looks kind of perpetually engaged, as though he's following a script only he can read that's being written hurriedly by a very confused person who doesn't know the next word they're going to type so he's constantly in the process of catching up to the next thing that's being typed in some kind of preposterous impossibly long run on sentence.

DIRK

Hiiiiii.

Todd yelps in surprise, reaching down and grabbing a shoe by the door, flinging it into Dirk's face! Dirk falls into the apartment; Todd, after a moment of hesitation, charges him!

TODD

AHHHH!

Todd grabs at Dirk and they clumsily slap at each other, tripping over each other, crashing into a table, and then Todd straight up **BITCH-SLAPS DIRK ACROSS THE FACE.**

(CONTINUED)

DIRK
(staggered)
*Ow! You- SLAPADA! My nose!
Nowyouregonnagetthe-AH! HI-YA!*

Dirk strikes a karate pose, and Todd simply knocks his hands away, *shoving him backwards-*

Dirk staggers, falling against the microwave, accidentally pressing a bunch of buttons- there's a beep and it comes up "error" before switching to digital bars-

DIRK (CONT'D)
*AH! STOP IT! HEY! JESUS! With
the- PUSH. What THE HELL, man-*

TODD
*You "what the hell," NO, ME "what
the hell!" How did you get in?*

DIRK
*The WINDOW. Obviously. Do you
attack everyone who comes in here,
seems like a weird thing to do, but
live and let live-*

TODD	DIRK (CONT'D)
<i>You can't just break into my apartment!</i>	<i>Clearly I can, I mean, I just did-</i>

TODD
I'm calling the pol-

Dirk, recovered, casually takes Todd's hand and looks at his palm; Todd yanks his hand away, recoiling.

TODD (CONT'D)
Hey-

DIRK
*I'm trying to decide whether you're
a clue, an accomplice or an
assistant.*

TODD
...Who are you? What is this?

DIRK
(hmm)
*Have you noticed an acceleration of
strangeness in your life as of
late?*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.22 CONTINUED: (2)

1.22

DIRK (CONT'D)

Perhaps a series of intense or
extraordinary events that as of now
seem unconnected with the exception
of being each separately bizarre?

Todd falters. Yes he very much has noticed that.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Perhaps every day before now has
been for the most part humdrum and
inane, your life a mundane
unvarying slog through unfulfilling
jobs, shallow depression and
boring, boring sex?

TODD

Well-

DIRK

And then suddenly, today,
everything changed, and your life
became a swirl of interesting
activity?

Todd can't hide his reaction.

DIRK (CONT'D)

An assistant! I knew it.

Dirk splays himself out across Todd's couch, relaxing.

DIRK (CONT'D)

My name is Dirk Gently, I'm a
detective, I live here now and I'll
be sleeping here tonight.

He sticks out his hand, smiling widely.

1.23 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - TODD'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

1.23

Dirk is *shoved out into the hallway*; Dirk, off-balance, goes
head first into the wall on the opposite side, *whap!* The
dufflebag follows, WHAP WHAP!

DIRK

OW!

Todd, shocked at his own violence, almost goes to help him,
when Dirk touches a cut on his forehead, raising the tiny
amount of blood, and then pointing at it with his other hand.

(CONTINUED)

1.23 CONTINUED:

1.23

DIRK (CONT'D)

BLOOD!

(beat)

YOU'RE A TERRIBLE ASSISTANT!

Todd slams the door closed.

1.24 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.24

Todd stands against the slammed door. Silence from beyond it.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

1.25 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - ACROSS THE STREET

1.25

A black SUV is parked further up the block, watching silently as Dirk exits the Ridgeley. Inside, sits:

GENERAL RIGGINS, 40s, a grim military man who looks worn down, tired, and more than a little jittery. Next to him, looking through a sniper rifle, is

FRIEDKIN, young, extremely sharp and professional looking, which is ironic, because he is in fact very, very stupid.

The rifle is trained on Todd, in his apartment. Riggins, watching Dirk, shakes his head, sadly, and starts the car.

GENERAL RIGGINS

Subject is leaving premises.

Friedkin speaks without looking up from his scope.

FRIEDKIN

What about the other guy?

GENERAL RIGGINS

I don't know yet.

FRIEDKIN

What?

GENERAL RIGGINS

What?

FRIEDKIN

It's hard to hear you through the comm in my ear.

GENERAL RIGGINS

I'm not talking through the comm...
I'm talking right to you.

FRIEDKIN

I've got a shot.

GENERAL RIGGINS

Gently just left, we- what do you mean you've got a shot-

FRIEDKIN

Do I take the shot.

(CONTINUED)

1.25 CONTINUED:

1.25

GENERAL RIGGINS

Don't take the shot.

FRIEDKIN

Confirmed, taking the shot.

1.26 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.26

Todd notices something Dirk dropped: a little stress squeezie; you know the one, you squeeze it and the eyes and nose pop out. He bends down to pick it up-

The window behind him is perfectly punctured by a sniper round; it doesn't shatter.

The bullet zips right past where Todd's head would've been, quietly striking the roof of his apartment.

1.27 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - APARTMENT 415 - CONTINUOUS

1.27

A terrifying, tattooed man, wielding a bone saw, slowly approaches a woman who's been handcuffed to a bed, her mouth covered with tape, in a dingy, dark apartment lit by a single flickering red bulb when-

The bullet comes flying up through the floor behind him and hits him in the back, killing him instantly. He collapses, dropping the saw.

The terrified woman on the bed blinks, shocked, and then struggles against her bonds. They're on tight. Shit.

This is **FARAH Black**. We'll get to know her really well. Later. I promise. She's really great, a ton of a fun, I mean- maybe that's in bad taste to say considering her current predicament-

For now, let's leave her alone and see if she can get out of those handcuffs.

1.28 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

1.28

General Riggins is repeatedly slapping at Friedkin, who's making feeble attempts to defend himself, knowing he's in the wrong, having dropped the rifle.

GENERAL RIGGINS

The hell is wrong with you!?
You're endangering the whole
goddamn operation-

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED:

1.28

FRIEDKIN

Look, he's leaving! He's leaving!

GENERAL RIGGINS

Shit.

Riggins starts the car, and they pull out to follow someone.

We move almost a full block behind them, where...

Zimmerfeld and Estevez are in an unmarked stake out car, watching, clearly flummoxed.

ESTEVEZ

What the hell just happened. Was that a shot? Did someone take a shot or...what was that?

ZIMMERFELD

The plates came up military.

ESTEVEZ

Is the guy we're tailing...meeting up with another guy, who is also being tailed, by...OTHER people?

Zimmerfeld gives eyebrows.

1.29 INT. THE DESTROYED SUITE - NIGHT

1.29

Everything has been sectioned off and marked up by CSI; it has graduated from shit-show to proper crime scene, the bodies removed and replaced by outlines that play, in the bizarre wreckage, like some kind of very depressing modern art installation.

The room is dark. The door closed. A man steps into frame, and then a second, just like him. These are **ED** and **ZED**, both white, early 30s, hooded, their faces shrouded in darkness, only the slightest glint of light off their eyes giving them a black sheen...it's all quite creepy..

Zed points at the kitten paw-prints on the floor.

Ed follows his gaze. Zed turns to Ed, and, with eerie accuracy, *meows like a kitten*.

Ed smiles.

1.30 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1.30

Amanda's house is small, comfortable, cheap, out of the city.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA Brotzman, 27, lays in bed in her darkened bedroom, looking out the window. She's small, frail and sickly. Her eyes seem to glow out of her head.

AMANDA

I miss you.

WE SEE:

Todd, on the phone, in his darkened studio apartment. He's laying in bed. We cut back and forth between them.

TODD

I miss you too. Is it bad, or...

AMANDA

It was a little better today. Maybe it'll keep getting better; didn't you say it started out feeling better a little bit at a time when it happened to you?

TODD

I- yeah, a little bit, but-

AMANDA

Don't worry I'm not getting my hopes up. Remember when we were little, when Aunt Esther would have good days and bad days.

TODD

I just remember the bad days.

(beat)

I'm driving up tomorrow morning-

AMANDA

Your message said you didn't have the money-

TODD

Yeah, well I'll- I'll figure something out, okay? I'll figure it out.

AMANDA

You seem stressed out, is everything okay over there?

WE SEE SPLIT SECOND FLASHES OF: Dorian destroying Todd's car, Todd encountering the Other Todd, Brad The HR guy firing him, Estevez: "Don't leave town," and then Todd and Dirk fighting in his apartment-

(CONTINUED)

1.30 CONTINUED: (2)

1.30

TODD

No, I- everything's fine.

1.31 EXT. POWER STATION 152 - CONTINUOUS

1.31

Out in the middle of nowhere, far far far from Seattle, the sun is rising.

At a power allocation node, a thin, nerdy, friendly faced tech named **KEN** is working with a bunch of wires. Nearby, a big goon with a shotgun, **RED**, stands by a truck.

Interesting, cryptic tattoos snake up from under Red's collar and out of his sleeves. Sharp eyes, very sharp, will recognize them as being similar to the tattoos we saw on that very scary man in that very strange room, and also on those two fellows Ed and Zed.

Something bad is afoot, here. The wires Ken is working with have a very specific look; they're almost like some kind of...outlet, or-

RED

Hurry up!

KEN

I'm going as fast as I can, okay, it's not easy to do this under pressure. I've never worked with this kind of rigging before.

Ken, annoyed, puts on headphones, not noticing that a car is quickly approaching them, kicking up a trail of dust.

Red narrows his eyes; an unexpected arrival.

The car, a brown 1995 Toyota Corolla, parks a couple dozen feet away. Red watches, his eyes cold and blank.

BART Curlish, early 40s, quickly gets out, setting her coffee down on the roof, and takes off her plaid jacket, throwing it back in the car.

Bart has a confidently disoriented sort of vicious dizzyness, a woman who looks like she gets dressed every morning via high speed collision, slightly dishevelled, moving and speaking almost always at a clipped pace,

Bart swiftly closes the gap between herself and Red, smiling in a polite, if hurried manner.

She tries to sip her coffee- ouch, too hot!

(CONTINUED)

RED
(gestures with the
shotgun)
This is private property.

BART
Namaste.

Bart suddenly *hurls the scalding coffee into Red's face*. Red shrieks in pain, and Bart knocks away the shotgun-

-reaches down to her leg, unsheathes a machete, and *WHACK- no more Red!*

Ken, listening to his headphones, doesn't notice any of this. Bart rapidly approaches him, lifting her machete- Ken sees her reflection in his computer screen-

KEN
No- *no no no-*

Ken flings the computer at Bart, and she *CLEAVES IT IN HALF IN MID-AIR*

KEN (CONT'D)
No! Stay away!

Ken scrambles away, frantic, tripping a few times before *taking off down-*

THE ROAD

With Bart picking up pace to follow him, running full on, machete in hand.

KEN (CONT'D)
No! No! Please!

There's nowhere to go. For miles. The hillsides are barren save for the towering windmills.

KEN (CONT'D)
Somebody help! Help me! Please!

Bart picks up speed, pumping her arms, again (and always) closing the distance.

BART
You're DEAD! You're GONNA DIE!

KEN
NO! OH GOD NO, NO-

(CONTINUED)

Ken abruptly turns, off the road, and goes stumbling onto a steep incline. Bart attempts to follow him, and then both quickly find that this was a mistake.

Both of them fall, tumbling down a hillside, still running and scrambling where they can. Reaching a level plane, Ken, scraped and bruised, immediately stands and starts running again.

The two sprint, then run, then jog, then stagger out through the endless nothingness.

Finally, Ken falls. He can't run any more.

KEN (CONT'D)
(gasping)
NO...please...NO...

Bart, also winded, falls, clutching her heart.

BART
Agh...jesus...

Ken, unable to go any further, looks at Bart, who's set down her machete, both hands on her chest.

BART (CONT'D)
DIRK GENTLY, YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

KEN
Dirk...Who's Dirk Gently?

A long beat.

BART
You're not Dirk Gently?

KEN
...No.

BART
Are you kidding me right now? Then why'd you run!?

KEN
You have a machete! You- you killed Red!

BART
Why didn't you say "I'm not Dirk Gently?"

(CONTINUED)

1.31 CONTINUED: (3)

1.31

KEN
BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS!

SLAM TO:

DIRK
Hiiiiiiii.

1.32 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - MORNING

1.32

Todd, standing out front of his building with a backpack, and his guitar case over the other shoulder, is staring at Dirk, who leans on a Lime Green Lamborghini parked out front.

TODD
...What are you doing here?

DIRK
What are YOU doing here?

TODD
I live here.

DIRK
Right, but where are you going?
Didn't you say you lost your job?

TODD
No, I didn't say that, actually-
how did you-

DIRK
I'm a detective. I'm on a case.
You worked at that hotel, where the
murders took place. Been all over
the news, for the people who still
watch the news, you know, *old*
people, and me, occasionally.

TODD
Was I on TV?

DIRK
Would it be bad for you if you
were?

TODD
None of your business-

DIRK
Maybe it is though-

TODD (CONT'D)
It isn't-

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Where were you going-

TODD

None of your business-

DIRK

You don't even know my business,
maybe I'm a cab driver?

TODD

You JUST said you were "on a case"-

DIRK

(beat, then, excited)
Maybe I have two jobs.

TODD

Leave me alone.

DIRK

But maybe-

TODD (CONT'D)

No!

DIRK

Where?

TODD

My sister's house, okay?!

DIRK

I'll give you a ride. What's your
alternative? Unless you have some
kind of magic car fixing robot.
You don't though. I've seen in
your apartment.

TODD

It's an hour away.

DIRK

Pfht. Time. I laugh at the
concept. I can spend a whole day
without even trying.

Dorian busts out of his front door.

DORIAN

Hey!

TODD

Okay let's go let's go-

Dirk claps with happiness and runs around to the driver's
side as Todd frantically pulls at the locked passenger door.

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Easy, it's not my car.

Dirk gets in, Todd jumping in and slamming the door. Dorian comes storming towards the car.

DORIAN

**HEY WHERE ARE YOU GOIN!? WHERE'S
THE RENT, MAN- WHERE'S THE RENT-**

TODD

(screaming)

I paid you the rent!

DORIAN

*DO I LOOK LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT, DO I
LOOK LIKE I KNOW WHAT YOU PAID ME-*

TODD

Shit, go, go!

DIRK

You know you have to come back
here, right?

DORIAN

*Dirk you better bring him back with
my money!*

Todd, hearing Dorian say Dirk's name, shrinks down into his seat. He gives a look to Dirk, who smiles brightly.

TODD

What the f-

Dirk *slams on the gas*, peeling out onto the road. Off Dorian.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

1.33 INT. POLICE STATION - BULL PEN

1.33

The station is buzzing with activity. Posters for the missing **LYDIA SPRING** are up on the walls.

Estevez is sitting and watching security footage from the hotel, in the lobby. He keeps watching the same part of the footage again and again, when Zimmerfield approaches.

ZIMMERFELD

Looks like they're bouncing the case to Major Crimes if we don't turn up something to connect this to the daughter soon.

ESTEVEZ

Tell me we found that kitten.

ZIMMERFELD

Still searching the building, but we got something else. Remember how Todd Brotzman wanted the tapes for floor twenty nine?

ESTEVEZ

Did they find the footage?

ZIMMERFELD

It's weirder than that. All the data from the top floor electronics is fried. That ape mask is the only thing we got clear.

ESTEVEZ

What? How didn't we know this?

ZIMMERFELD

CSI's found a hole in wall in the stairwell that's adjacent to the penthouse. Went straight through into the electrical system, some kind of electric pulse blew the whole system-

ESTEVEZ

What? An EMP, I thought those only happened after a nuke-

(CONTINUED)

ZIMMERFELD

Other stuff can cause them.

ESTEVEZ

Like what?

ZIMMERFIELD

Lightning strike.

ESTEVEZ

Did that happen?

ZIMMERFIELD (CONT'D)

No.

ESTEVEZ

No?

ZIMMERFELD

We checked the lightning rods.

ESTEVEZ

They still have lightning rods?

ZIMMERFELD

As long as they still have lightning.

ESTEVEZ

Where was his security? Michael Spring always rolled with bodyguards. We should talk to Farah Black again, we've got her on file from when Lydia first went missing-

ZIMMERFELD

Already tried. No answer.

ESTEVEZ

Right.

(beat)

This is connected to Lydia. It has to be, right? Rich girl gets in a fight with her father, goes missing, less than one week later he's dead?

ZIMMERFELD

Could be a coincidence.

(beat)

But it's not.

ESTEVEZ

That would be ridiculous.

ZIMMERFELD

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

1.33 CONTINUED: (2)

1.33

ESTEVEZ

Like bite marks on the ceiling.

Zimmerfeld does eyebrows.

ZIMMERFELD

Press release on the victims goes
out in twenty minutes. What've you
got there?

Zimmerfeld leans down to look at Estevez's screen.

ESTEVEZ

I've been trying to find Monkey
Mask on the tapes, see if we can
trace his progress to the room.
Thing is, guy came out of the
stairwell; no cameras in the
stairwell, and no cameras cover the
entrance from the lobby.

ZIMMERFELD

So he knew where the cameras were.

ESTEVEZ

Or he was already staying in the
hotel, yeah. I did find one thing
kind of interesting, though.

Estevez rewinds tape of the lobby; Todd's at the front desk,
looking down, it's relatively uncrowded...

...And then a Corgi comes running across, headed out the
front doors. Yep: same one.

ZIMMERFELD

...Whose dog is that?

The **roar of a Lamborghini's engine takes us to**

1.34 INT. DIRK'S CAR

1.34

Dirk is driving on surface streets like he's in Mario Kart,
swerving around anyone going slower than ten miles over the
speed limit.

Todd, holding on for dear life, is trying to play it cool.
Dirk is singing along to the radio, some kind of Korean pop
song, and keeps looking at Todd, urging him to sing along.

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

C'mon. Relax, enjoy the ride. I think we'll be great friends I can already tell we've got oodles in common.

Todd makes a very Todd "are you fucking kidding" face.

DIRK (CONT'D)

We both like...breathing. Eating! We both...can walk, listen, there's an ocean of commonalities here for us to draw on-

Dirk breezes through a red light, narrowly missing three collisions. Todd has already realized this was a mistake.

TODD

...Why did Dorian know your name?

DIRK

Who? Oh, right. I was talking to him this morning.

TODD

About what?

DIRK

Ownership of the building. Your apartment building, the Ridgeley. Fascinating history, that place.

Todd stares at Dirk for a moment, as Dirk, without taking his foot off the gas, reaches into the backseat. Todd immediately grabs the wheel, straightening it, as Dirk returns with a slice of pizza.

TODD

Who are you?

DIRK

I'm a detective, a holistic detective, and before you ask, no, I'm not with the CIA any more.

As Todd processes this non-sequitur, Dirk takes a huge bite of pizza, and talks through a mouth full of cheese.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I'm a private eye now, and I'm working a very important case: murder, missing girl, you-

(CONTINUED)

TODD

A holistic- what is a "holistic detective?"

DIRK

I'm very glad you asked me that, Mr- what's your name?

TODD

(-seriously?-)

Todd-

DIRK

I'm very glad you asked me that, Todd. The term 'holistic' refers to my convictions about the fundamental interconnectedness of all things. I do not concern myself with such petty things as fingerprint powder, telltale pieces of pocket fluff and inane footprints.

TODD

You're a detective who doesn't find clues? Sounds, you know: insane-

DIRK

I see the solution to each problem as being detectable in the pattern and web of the whole. The connections between causes and effects are often much more subtle and complex than we with our rough and ready understanding of the physical world might naturally suppose. MAN!

Indeed, there is a man in the road, who yelps as Dirk **swerves around him**. Todd catches a glimpse of the man's startled face in the rearview mirror.

TODD

Jesus christ!

DIRK

Sorry, new car.

TODD

I thought you said this wasn't your car?

(CONTINUED)

1.34 CONTINUED: (3)

1.34

DIRK

Doesn't mean it isn't new.

1.35 EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

1.35

Dirk sits on the roof of the Lamborghini as Todd fills it up.

DIRK

See? I didn't even ask you to do that and you're already acting like an assistant.

TODD

I just- I thought I was being helpful, it wasn't-

DIRK

Whatever keeps you sane. I've started to think you're more important to this case than you realize.

TODD

What case? You *broke into my apartment*. I mean how do you even investigate anything if you don't use any investigative- stuff, I-

DIRK

Interconnectedness! Coincidence, and the rarer, sexier coinky-dinks! Once hired, I am intrinsically connected to the specific case. I then will eventually solve the mystery merely by just kind of doing whatever.

TODD

So then who told you to break into my apartment?

DIRK

No one. I was investigating your building for other reasons, which will for now remain tangential, and I just had a hunch that you might be important. And I was right: while searching your apartment, I found a very compelling piece of evidence.

(CONTINUED)

1.35 CONTINUED:

1.35

TODD

What did you find?

DIRK

Nothing.

TODD

But you just said-

DIRK

Everything is connected. Nothing
is also connected.

There's a beat.

TODD

Don't run any more red lights.

DIRK

Whatever keeps you sane.

There's the distant rev of a diesel engine. Dirk starts.
For the first time since we've met him, he seems...scared.

DIRK (CONT'D)

We should go.

1.36 EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - LATER

1.36

Dirk's car is out front of Amanda's little house. Todd is at
the front door. He takes a breath, steadying himself, and
then knocks.

There's a moment of silence, then-

DIRK

Ring the bell-

TODD

What the hell-

Dirk is standing right behind him. He holds his pizza box.

TODD (CONT'D)

You said you were going to stay in
the car-

DIRK

I lied, though.

TODD

What?

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Did you see how I snuck up? I was
trained as a ninja by the CIA-

TODD

What?

DIRK

Sorry that's a lie too.

TODD

Go back to the c-

The door opens, Todd turning to Amanda, containing his fury.
Amanda's sweet joy and relief at seeing Todd is palpable.
She embraces him immediately.

AMANDA

Todd, you came!

TODD

Of course I came...Did you think I
wouldn't come, I-

AMANDA

(noticing Dirk)

Who's this?

TODD

Ugh, it's- that's Dirk Gently.

AMANDA

Dir- okay, hi, sorry, I'm Amanda-

DIRK

Hiii.

Dirk gives Amanda a business card.

TODD

No, don't-

AMANDA

Don't say hello?

DIRK

Hello Amanda!

AMANDA

Are you...friends?

TODD

No-

(CONTINUED)

1.36 CONTINUED: (2)

1.36

DIRK

Yes.

TODD

DIRK (CONT'D)

No-

Yes-

AMANDA

-this is weird-

TODD

No-

DIRK

No!

TODD

DIRK (CONT'D)

Yes. I mean, no. No! I
mean yes- no- yes- no-

Yes. I mean, no. No he
meant yes. You mean no- yes-
no-

DIRK (CONT'D)

We're very good friends.

Todd abruptly punches Dirk in the arm.

DIRK (CONT'D)

OW! YOU'RE A **TERRIBLE** ASSISFRIEND!

1.37 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NOT LONG AFTER

1.37

Amanda and Todd are in the kitchen; Todd is washing Amanda's many dirty dishes.

Dirk sits at the table in the living room, eating pizza from his pizza box, and notices a remote. There's something odd about the way he notices it...Like he was drawn to it....

Dirk flips on the TV: it's a news report about the hotel massacre.

ANCHOR

...Seattle police have ruled the death of billionaire entrepreneur Michael Spring and several others an animal attack, rather than a murder as was initially reported, though the nature of the animal remains undisclosed at this time.

DIRK

Mhm.

(CONTINUED)

ANCHOR

Sources within the police force
will neither confirm nor deny
whether the tragic incident bears
any connection to the recent
disappearance of Spring's daughter,
heiress Lydia Spring, now missing
for...

We move to watch Todd and Amanda; Amanda sits on the counter,
clearly feeling bad for Todd, who's scrubbing away.

TODD

Don't you have any friends who
could come by and help you with
this, just cleaning up, or-

AMANDA

It's hard to keep friends when you
can't go outside without worrying a
gust of wind is going to knock you
down. I barely get out of the
house anymore.

TODD

God why don't you- move back in
with mom and dad, maybe they could
help you-

AMANDA

You know they're broke, Todd. I'd
just be a burden on them.

DIRK

(from the next room)
What's wrong with you, exactly?

Todd groans. Amanda looks to Dirk, who's peering in.

AMANDA

I have Pararibulitus.

DIRK

Ah, of course. What's that?

AMANDA

...Who are you?

DIRK

I'm Dirk Gently. I'm a private
detective.

Amanda looks over Dirk.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

You don't look like a private detective.

DIRK

No private detective looks like a private detective. That's one of the first rules of private detection.

AMANDA

But if no private detective looks like a private detective, how does a private detective know what it is he's supposed not to look like?

Dirk opens his mouth to speak, but then closes it, confused.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's a nerve disease. It causes your nerves to interpret certain inputs wrong, to fire at random when they get stimulus.

DIRK

So...that...means...that...

TODD

Water on your hand could feel like fire. Your shoe on your foot could feel like it was crushing it. Breathing could feel like drowning.

Dirk winces.

DIRK

I'm sorry. That's terrible.
(beat)
And so interesting.

Amanda shakes her head.

AMANDA

It makes it hard to not be scared all the time but...Todd had it, he got better. So I just need to take the meds, try to eat healthy...

DIRK

So then why do you stay in the house?

(CONTINUED)

1.37 CONTINUED: (3)

1.37

AMANDA

What?

DIRK

If the disease is in you, why does
it matter where you go?

Amanda's quiet. Dirk smiles at her. Todd quickly
intercepts.

TODD

(changing the subject)
Amanda, you wanna jam?

AMANDA

I- yeah, of course.

TODD

Cool. I'll go get stuff set up.

She heads off, leaving Todd and Dirk alone.

1.38 INT. BLACK SUV - STREET - CONTINUOUS

1.38

The military black SUV is parked up the street. Inside,
Friedkin has his sniper rifle trained on Dirk and Todd.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

1.39 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE

1.39

Todd advances on Dirk, angry, feeling violated, and they go back and forth in hushed tones.

TODD

Why are you doing this?

DIRK

I'm on a case. My primary method of investigation is to follow someone who looks like they know where they're going- is it that important that you not be identified as my friend that you felt the need to argue about it?

TODD

You are an insane person who has insinuated himself into my life in a moment of desperation-

DIRK

Okay well I think you're an insane person who has insinuated himself into being my combination assistant and best friend-

TODD

But- but that's- it's - okay that's not what's happening, though-

1.40 INT. BLACK SUV - STREET - CONTINUOUS

1.40

Riggins sits next to Friedkin, watching him, more than a little iffy on this guy now.

FRIEDKIN

I have the primary and the secondary in my sights.

GENERAL RIGGINS

...uh huh...

FRIEDKIN

What?

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL RIGGINS

I thought we were clear that the rifle wasn't necessary.

FRIEDKIN

In the mishkin parambulers it said we were to prevent aggressive action against the primary-

GENERAL RIGGINS

The what?

FRIEDKIN

The mission parameters-

GENERAL RIGGINS

That's not what you said.

FRIEDKIN

The gum went weird in my mouth sir. It went weird and made my tongue do a weird move and say stuff wrong.

GENERAL RIGGINS

...What branch did you get assigned to me from?

FRIEDKIN

Provisional. They said you didn't have a budget for the op.

General Riggins sighs deeply.

GENERAL RIGGINS

Yes. That's...okay. Our goal is to observe and protect the primary. Understood? Not to kill anyone.

FRIEDKIN

Right. Understood.
(beat, looks into scope)
I have a shot.

General Riggins wrenches the rifle away from him, and smacks him, hard, on the back of the head.

END OF ACT THREE

1.41 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - APARTMENT 415

1.41

We get a better look at the room this time; the windows are covered in black tarp, taped up. The red bulb is flickering, dim. The room is cast solely in blacks and reds.

The body of the tattooed man lays dead on the floor. Farah Black, still handcuffed to the bed, has turned around and crossed her cuff chains, and is working them against each other to try to break the wire-frame headboard of the bed.

Farah has somehow worked the tape gag mostly off her mouth.

She groans with exertion, her bare legs braced against the wall. Yank- *slam!* Yank - *slam!* Very...very slowly, the headboard is coming apart. Very...Very slowly.

FARAH

Oh I'm sorry Farah. Oh I'm sorry.

(yank - *slam!*)

Well I guess maybe next time you'll look before you leap, huh?

(yank - *slam!*)

End up a skeleton, handcuffed to a bed, hahaha...

(yank - *slam!*)

A queen skeleton at the bottom of the ocean. Let everyone down again.

She takes a breath, blowing hair out of her face, and stares at her nemesis, the bed frame. She hears a skittering sound, and looks over to where she can see a rat approaching the dead body of the tattooed man.

FARAH (CONT'D)

I don't know. I guess learning from my mistakes just seemed like a lot of effort.

Yank - *slam!* Yank - *slam!*

The sounds transition us into

1.42 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - GARAGE

1.42

Amanda is hitting the pedal on a bass drum-

AMANDA

Two three and-

(CONTINUED)

1.42 CONTINUED:

1.42

She drives the beat into gear, and Todd steps into frame, with his electric guitar. He joins her, and the two of them start jamming; they're actually pretty good.

Dirk sits on a folding chair nearby, listening.

As they get more and more into it, enjoying themselves, Amanda takes a solo, and we see what Todd sees: **YOUNG AMANDA**, age 8, killing it on the drums, and when we pan back to Todd, he's **thirteen years old**, taking the lead on the guitar.

They love each other. They've been doing this for years, though maybe not nearly enough lately. We pan over to Dirk, who's really enjoying himself listening.

We see **DIRK'S FANTASY**: he abruptly steps in with a bass, backing them up, and takes a solo. He sits happily imagining this when-

Amanda notices that **the drum stick in her left hand has been replaced by a knife, SHE'S GRUESOMELY GRIPPING THE BLADE, BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN HER WRIST-**

She shrieks, dropping the drumstick, clutching her hand in agony. The drumstick clatters to the ground, just a drumstick again, the blood only a delusion; an effect of her disease.

Todd hurriedly goes to her. Dirk stands up, snapped out of his fantasy, and tries to help-

TODD

Hey! *Back off. Okay? Back off.*

Dirk, feeling self conscious for the first time since we've seen him, backs off.

1.43 EXT. DESERT ROAD - SUNSET

1.43

All of the following happens in one continuous shot.

Bart is driving along on the lonely road, windows down, enjoying the breeze. We slowly pull out to reveal Ken is sitting next to her, his hands taped together.

Ken looks like he's been through war.

BART

Let's stop for gas.

Ken clocks the gas meter.

(CONTINUED)

1.43 CONTINUED:

1.43

KEN
(quietly)
But...you don't need gas-

BART
Call it a hunch.

They swerve, pulling into an isolated

1.44 EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

1.44

Pulling up to a pump, Bart opens Ken's door, then gets out, turning back to Ken as she walks towards the minimart-

BART
Hey hi ho hey, get *up on the hood*,
sit up on the hood where I can see
you til I come back-

KEN
Won't this look suspicious?

BART
Suspicious? Ha, Ken, you're a
riot!

We follow Bart as she walks, humming, up to the doors of the mini-mart, pushing inside

1.45 INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

1.45

To see something very surprising: The clerk lays dead against the cigarettes behind the counter, in a graffiti of blood, dead from a shotgun blast.

A **ROBBER** is rifling through the cash register. Bart stands there gazing at him, as the Robber nervously eyes the shotgun he set down on the counter-

BANG BANG *the two shots come out of nowhere, incredibly loud-* the robber falls backwards, crashing to the ground.

Bart sighs, lowering her snub nose revolver, and starts pushing droves of chips and jerky and candy into a paper bag-

She comes across a **SECOND ROBBER**, shakily holding a gun on her. Bart stares at the second Robber.

SECOND ROBBER
D- don't move- don't-

(CONTINUED)

Bart just shrugs and turns, walking away, out the front door.
Ken, terrified, still sitting on the hood of the car.

KEN

D- d- did you just kill someone?

BART

(walking back)

I'm an assassin, that's what I do.
I kill people. You didn't notice-

KEN

You were- hired to come here-

BART

No no, I'm a *holistic* assassin.

KEN

A what?

Bart sighs and begins tossing stuff into the backseat.

BART

(sighs)

The term `holistic' refers to my
convictions about the fundamental
interconnectedness of all things. I
do not concern myself with
trivialities as sniper rifles,
silencers, and clumsy staged
accidents. Once I take a job I just
kill whoever I feel like killing,
and eventually that brings me to my
target. The connections between
causes and effects are often much
more subtle and complex than we
with our rough and ready
understanding of the physical world
might naturally suppose.

Behind her, the door bursts open, the remaining **ROBBER**
raising his shotgun- Bart turns and shoots him dead, almost
without even looking.

Ken falters, shocked. Bart sighs.

BART (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe it. Things,
double up. They parallel.
Everything is chaos, but it's
synchronized. There's always
something ready to mirror itself,
life endlessly turning inward.

(CONTINUED)

1.45 CONTINUED: (2)

1.45

In a wide, we realize that the shot we're looking at is a perfect inversion of the tableau we saw earlier during Dirk and Todd's conversation at the gas station.

KEN

I mean...Don't get me wrong but that...that just sounds like a murder spree.

Bart shrugs; "eh."

BART

I've never killed the wrong person.

(beat)

I have killed a lot of people though.

Ken looks appropriately terrified.

BART (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

1.46 EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1.46

Dirk is out by his car. He watches as Todd says an emotional goodbye to Amanda. Todd hands something over: cash. Amanda hesitates, but then takes it.

She hugs him, tightly, and then Todd turns and heads towards Dirk. Amanda gives Dirk a small wave, which he returns.

1.47 INT. DIRK'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

1.47

As they drive back to the Ridgeley, Todd is clearly despondent, looking out the window.

Dirk abruptly turns off the radio, getting a look from Todd.

DIRK

So...You pay for her medication.

Todd debates responding, and then:

TODD

...I did. She lives in a house our grandparents used to own. Unemployment barely pays the electric bills...But I don't know what I'm gonna do now.

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

What's changed?

TODD

That was my last three hundred dollars. I now have literally no money, *none*. Maybe a dollar stuck in the couch somewhere...

DIRK

I don't understand. You've lost your job, you've got that nut Dorian chasing you around...why give her ALL of your money, surely-

TODD

A disease runs in our family, it has for five generations.

DIRK

Pararibulitis-

TODD

Yes, right.

DIRK

The disease you and your sister share. How did you pay for treatment, you don't seem-

TODD

My parents. I was in college, they had more money back then. By the time I'd recovered my treatments had depleted pretty much all of their savings.

Dirk looks at Todd, thinking. There's something here.

TODD (CONT'D)

(beat)

That was right about when Amanda started to get sick. And they didn't have any money left to help her. And worse, I had to explain it away, when I just...*mysteriously recovered*, which means now...Every time I see her, she looks at me, and she thinks- she thinks maybe she'll get better too.

(CONTINUED)

1.47 CONTINUED: (2)

1.47

DIRK

...Isn't there a chance she will,
though? If you did?

Todd's silent, looking out the window.

DIRK (CONT'D)

...Do you have many friends, Todd?

There's a long beat, and then Todd shakes his head, annoyed.

TODD

Let's- can we just be quiet, for
the drive?

Dirk starts to talk, but then stops. Todd stares out the
window, stewing in his misery.

But three cars behind them...

**A black 1970s custom Dodge van stalks them, its diesel engine
purring low and dark. From inside, we can hear barely
contained electroclash music, thumping and snarling.**

A mural on the side reads: ***The Rowdy 3.***

SLAM TO:

1.48 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

1.48

Todd is headed inside, taking nervous glances at Dorian's
house, when he notices Dirk walking behind him.

TODD

What? Why- no, just leave me alone-

DIRK

I live here now.

TODD

...What?

DIRK

Well why do you think I was talking
to Dorian. Did you not hear my
voice? I'm not from here, I'm from
a totally different place.

(beat)

England.

TODD

Screw this.

(CONTINUED)

1.48 CONTINUED:

1.48

Todd hurries inside, and Dirk hurries after him.

1.49 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

1.49

Todd comes in and tries to quickly close the door, accidentally closing it on Dirk's hand.

DIRK

OW AH ARGH

TODD

Shit I'm sorry-

DIRK

OW I- ha HA!

Dirk slips into the room. Todd contains a burst of anger, subconsciously squeezing the stress doll Dirk left behind earlier.

DIRK (CONT'D)

(meekly)

Hey that's mine!

TODD

What do you want? Why are you doing this, really?

DIRK

I need you to work with me, I wanted to discuss the case.

TODD

What case.

DIRK

The Death of Michael Spring. The incident at the Perryman Grand. I was hired to investigate it months ago.

(beat)

By the victim.

TODD

Michael Spr...The rich guy? Wait, he's who died at the hotel?

DIRK

That's right. And he hired me, well above my normal rate, to investigate his own death a full six weeks before it even happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.49 CONTINUED:

1.49

DIRK (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have taken the case except, come on, animal attack, Seattle, a guy predicting his own death, pretty interesting stuff.

TODD

...And how am I involved in any of this, it doesn't-

DIRK

Your feud with your landlord. The problems with your sister. You were *there*, the day it happened, they used YOUR key. These are all little mysteries, you see. I followed you home, from the hotel, that day. The cases are connected.

(after a beat)

All cases are connected-

TODD

Have you ever actually *solved* a case?

DIRK

Sure. Tons. Well, some. Well, a few. There was this bit about a sofa, a thing with Thor-

TODD

Thor.

DIRK

Yes, he's not nearly as good looking as people say. It's kind of a funny story, actually, I-

TODD

(beat)

Listen, Dirk, you seem like a nice-or- not nice but- you seem like a guy, okay? You seem like a guy. But I can't do this. I'm a murder suspect, okay, I'm *broke*, and I-

DIRK

Don't be silly. Money won't be a problem for you soon, Todd.

TODD

And how do you figure that-

(CONTINUED)

1.49 CONTINUED: (2)

1.49

DIRK

Look, now that I've told you you're working the case, you're working the case. The universe will make you a part of this whether you are complicit or not. You are now a vital part of the investigation.

TODD

So who's going to pay me. You?

DIRK

Probably not. But you will investigate, even if you don't mean to, and you will be compensated, even if you haven't technically earned it.

There's the roar of a diesel engine from outside. Dirk turns, eyes wide.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Oh SHIT.

1.50

EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

1.50

Zimmerfeld and Estevez are sitting in their stakeout car again, further up the block, when once more comes the guttural bellow of a diesel engine.

ZIMMERFELD

Hey. What's this.

The **ROWDY 3** van pulls onto the block, prowling slowly towards the Ridgeley.

ESTEVEZ

You don't think...this is gonna...uh....get complicated...

We pan to reveal that, yep, General Riggins and Friedkin are *also* again parked outside, about a fifty yards from the Ridgeley.

GENERAL RIGGINS

Eyes open. Stay frosty. I should've known they'd show up eventually. Project Incubus.

FRIEDKIN

That's just a van, sir.

(CONTINUED)

1.50 CONTINUED:

1.50

GENERAL RIGGINS

...Yes, but then there are people
IN the van, and THEY are Project
Incubus-

FRIEDKIN

Oh, yes, of course.

(beat)

I roger that.

1.51 EXT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.51

Dirk is pacing wildly, seemingly looking for somewhere to
hide. He dives, trying to slide under the bed, but can't
fit, and only manages to achieve violently slamming his face
into the frame.

DIRK

AH STUPID TRAITOR BED

TODD

What is this, what's happening?

Todd notices faint music blasting outside, and the backfiring
of a diesel engine. As Dirk continues his fretful pacing and
muttering, Todd goes over to the window and looks out.

On the street, **the van has pulled up outside The Ridgeley
building.**

A man in a black leather moto jacket with wild hair and a
crazed look in his eye hops out the driver's seat, casually
wielding a crowbar. This is **CROSS**.

He carries a boombox on his shoulder; it **BLASTS** a modified
version of "**RAMPAGE**" by **KAVINSKY**, which completely **TAKES OVER
THE SOUNDTRACK; you best believe shit is about to go down.**

CROSS

*I'm sicka the games, NO CHESS, NO
CHECKERS, NO MONOPOLY!*

VOGLE, young, handsome, with a baseball cap complimenting his
black moto jacket, wielding a baseball bat, and **GRIPPS**, also
in black leather, a hulking brute with a sledgehammer, exit
out of the van, clearly excited, jumping around psyching
themselves up.

VOGLE

I SAW A COMET, MAN! I SAW A REAL
SHOOTING STAR, I MADE A WISH, MAN!

(CONTINUED)

1.51 CONTINUED:

1.51

MARTIN, the leader, climbs out and howls like a wolf, raising a little-league bat, prompting similar excited vocalizations from his compatriots.

DIRK

The Rowdy Three.

TODD

There's four of them.

DIRK

I'm wildly aware.

As the four members of the Rowdy Three move to enter the apartment building, Dirk slams closed the window and rushes to lock the door.

TODD

Hey! Those guys are after you,
they're after you right come on
just please go! No, you leave!
You! Leave!

DIRK

Listen: I am a person of varied
intuitions. I have a lot of
feelings about a lot of things and
they're rarely wrong but also
rarely completely right. That's
the nature of the situation, that's
a reality we're going to accept.
Accepted? No? Yes? Doesn't
matter. There's four men with
baseball bats headed up the stairs
right now to wreck your apartment.

1.52 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

1.52

The Rowdy 3 charge up the hallway; the bouncy, swaggering, dangerous way they flow in and out of each other, hooting and hollering and jumping up and down, **smashing at the walls** and **ceiling** and lighting fixtures and doors of other apartments-

It's a mobile mosh pit.

MARTIN

**BAD NEWS DELIVERY, HELLO, WE'RE
HERE WITH THE BAD NEWS DELIVERY!**

They kick in the door the stairwell.

1.53 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 1.53

Dorian, hearing the commotion from next door, comes out onto his porch, confused, holding his gun.

DORIAN
...now what's this new shit?

WITH THE SPD

ESTEVEZ
Oh sweet jesus are you kiddin' me?
(into the radio)
*We have eyes on a gun, require back
up at five fifteen Ridgeley Lane.*

1.54 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 1.54

Todd is trying to force Dirk out the door but he's flailing and bracing like a cat that doesn't want to be held.

TODD
Please Dirk I don't wanna be a part
of this, please just get out before-

Out in the hallway, the Rowdy 3 **burst out from the stairwell**-
Dirk takes the opportunity to swing back into Todd's
apartment, *slamming and locking the door.*

DIRK
Listen. Just...just stay still and
try to...be a furniture.

There's an abrupt silence from outside the door. A long
beat, and then...Todd leans up to the peephole.

DIRK (CONT'D)
*Terribleideaobviouslyterribleideaaju
sttheworstofideasonecouldhave-*

The Rowdy 3 are **directly outside the door.**

CROSS
DING DONG.

Cross **KICKS IN THE DOOR as Todd jumps back and-**

**THE ROWDY 3 WRECK THE APARTMENT. LITERALLY
EVERYTHING, SMASHING AND SCREAMING- IT IS A FOUR MAN RIOT.**

1.55 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - APARTMENT 415 - CONTINUOUS 1.55

Farah, barely conscious, snaps awake hearing the chaos from downstairs, screaming hoarsely, frantically pulling at her restraints, the bedpost slamming against the wall-

1.56 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 1.56

Todd squeezes himself into a corner as **chaos reigns all around him**, all of his possessions being torn to pieces, and Dirk simply ducks into a tight fetal ball on the floor.

Martin *smashes one of the legs out from under the bed*, Vogle *flings a coffee table into the wall*, Cross knocks the doors off the cabinets in the kitchen and begins **HURLING PLATES AND CUPS ACROSS THE ROOM** as Grips uses his sledgehammer to destroy the kitchen sink-

TODD

No! Jesus christ-

VOGLE

*SHUT YOUR HOLE! BEFORE WE TEAR IT
OUT YOUR FACE! AND PUT IT IN A
DUMPSTERRRR*

CROSS

And light it on fire, YEAH MAN YEAH

GRIPPS

FUUUUCKKKK THIS APARTMENTTTTT

MARTIN

NOTHIN LEFT BUT THE GODDAMN ASHES!

Gripps **FLINGS TODD'S TELEVISION THROUGH THE WINDOW.**

1.57 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - DORIAN'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS 1.57

Dorian, still on his porch, gun in hand, joint dangling from his lip, is startled by the television coming crashing out of the window from the building next to him, landing in his front yard.

DORIAN

I had enough.

Dorian heads towards the Ridgeley building, flicking aside the joint, and we pan over to see

THE MILITARY

(CONTINUED)

1.57 CONTINUED:

1.57

Friedkin is staring, wide-eyed, at what's happening. He blows a bubble with his gum.

GENERAL RIGGINS

...Okay. Shit, Alpha is in danger.
We're live. Lock and load.

FRIEDKIN

Do we go?

GENERAL RIGGINS

No. Wait.

Friedkin's bubble pops.

1.58 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.58

Todd stays pressed into the wall, clutching his guitar close to him, protectively, but the noise suddenly dies. He sneaks a glance back into the room, and sees something very odd indeed:

The Rowdy 3 are standing around the cowering Dirk, leering over him. There's some kind of flickering light, and we can't see clearly what's happening-

Martin's head jerks up, snarling at Todd, and he presses his face back into the corner and then-

The Rowdy 3 storm out.

Todd, in shock, looks around his destroyed apartment.

TODD

No...everything I own...no...why...

Dirk's on the ground, slowly getting up, he looks disoriented, his hair frizzed up with static electricity, pupils dilated, he looks zonked.

DIRK

Todd it's okay, they're gone, they almost never hurt people, except for all those people that got hurt that time- oh and the other time-

Todd, in a daze, picks his way through the wreckage, headed for the door, which hangs on one hinge.

TODD

Why would they do this? What did they do to you?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.58 CONTINUED:

1.58

TODD (CONT'D)

What the hell just happened, are
you- are you okay, should I-

The door **BURSTS OPEN**, Dorian coming through, gun raised
directly into Todd's face.

DORIAN

***What you hiding from me man?
WHERE'S MY RENT, TODD? YOU STOLE
MY MONEY, MAN YOU SCREWED ME, YOU
TOOK MY MONEY, WHAT DID YOU DO TO
THIS PLACE MAN, WHO WERE THOSE
GUYS, THINK YOU CAN INTIMIDATE ME?***

TODD

No, Dorian, listen, *just listen I
don't know please just-*

Todd slips on the wreckage of his apartment.

DORIAN

*It's done man, nobody makes a fool
out of me!*

TODD

*Tell me you have some kind of way
out of this-*

DIRK

I'm sorry I'm very good at getting
IN to situations I've often found I
have more trouble getting out of
them so-

DORIAN

Bye bye Todd you thieving motherfu-

The microwave alarm, still malfunctioning in its countdown
from Dirk accidentally hitting it during his first visit,
goes off.

Startled and distracted by the noise of the timer, Dorian
fires the gun; the bullet ricochets off a bit of debris on
the floor, then ricochets off the windowsill, then up and off
**the inside of the hole in the ceiling that Friedkin's bullet
left-**

And strikes Dorian in the head, killing him instantly. Dirk
and Todd are splattered with blood.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

1.59 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

1.59

(with Estevez and Zimmerfeld)

ESTEVEZ

Shit shots fired let's go let's go-

Estevez and Zimmerfeld get out, drawing their guns as they run across the street-

As Friedkin and General Riggins charge forward, wielding FP-90 submachine guns-

And **TWO MORE FIGURES** burst out from a house across the street, both with guns drawn, in black jackets with FBI on the back-

Holy crap, one of them is **NATHAN**, the silver fox who left Sammy crying in the hotel room- the other is **WEEDLE**, a guy who looks and sounds exactly like his name should be Weedle-

The three groups collide at the front of the Ridgeley Building, and Weedle *crashes into Friedkin, both of them falling into bushes, flailing-* the FBI and the military stagger raising their guns- SDPD skids to a halt, guns out-

ESTEVEZ (CONT'D)

WHOA WHOA WHOA- FREEZE, SDPD!

GENERAL RIGGINS

CIA SPECIAL OPS FREEZE!

NATHAN

FREEZE, FBI!

Things degenerate rapidly to Kindergarten levels.

ESTEVEZ

NO, YOU- Freeze!

ZIMMERFIELD

FREEZE! Drop the-

WEEDLE

FREEZE!

GENERAL RIGGINS

You FREEZE!

ZIMMERFIELD

FREEZE!

GENERAL RIGGINS (CONT'D)

Hands in the- FREEZE!

ESTEVEZ

Drop the weapon!

NATHAN

FREEZE!

(CONTINUED)

1.59 CONTINUED:

1.59

FRIEDKIN
WHAT IS GOING ON!?

WEEDLE
(beat)
...FREEZE.

1.60 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.60

Todd very slowly stands up, staring at Dorian's body and his destroyed apartment. Dirk is silent, staring up at him.

Todd, transported mentally to another world, shakily stands up, and picks up his guitar.

Everything in his apartment is broken. He looks at the guitar...then turns and *flings it into the wall*.

SLAM TO:

1.61 EXT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - LATER

1.61

Cop cars are out front, along with an ambulance.

1.62 INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.62

The same CSI guys we saw earlier are picking through the rubble, careful around Dorian's body. One of them notes the ricochets, noticing the one in the ceiling...

...but the fact that it hit the exact same spot as Friedkin's bullet *has closed the hole to Apartment 415*...but we move up and through to...

1.63 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - APARTMENT 415 - CONTINUOUS

1.63

Farah, still screaming, now hoarse and barely audible, having nearly given up on being found, can faintly see the police lights through the black plastic on the window.

FARAH
No...Come ON. I'M RIGHT HERE!
FIND ME! I'M RIGHT HERE, COME ON!
I'm RIGHT HERE!

Yank - SLAM!

(CONTINUED)

1.63 CONTINUED:

1.63

Farah exerts an adrenaline fueled *blast of strength, twisting and RIPPING THE HEADBOARD FREE OF THE BED- she's free for ABOUT A MILLISECOND before the headboard, jerked incredibly hard, SLAMS INTO FARAH'S FACE-*

She topples off the bed, unconscious, falling face down in the congealed pool of blood from the tattooed man, the headboard crashing down on top of her.

1.64 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

1.64

Todd sits alone at an interrogation table, staring at his reflection in the two way mirror, his cuffed hands resting on the table in front of him.

He stares at his cuffed hands, and then *bangs them against the table, again and again, and begins YELLING in frustration...*

Todd sighs. He gives up. The door opens, and Estevez and Zimmerfeld come through. They stare at him for a moment.

TODD

...What now.

Zimmerfeld leans forward, and unlocks Todd's cuffs.

ZIMMERFELD

You're free to go. For now.

TODD

W- really?

ZIMMERFELD

Scene techs are saying the death looks like an accident. For now.

ESTEVEZ

The good news is that FBI had surveillance on Dorian Ozman's house.

TODD

They did? Uh- why?

ESTEVEZ

Apparently he sold a really incredible amount of drugs to an astonishing number of people.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.64 CONTINUED:

1.64

ESTEVEZ (CONT'D)

You understand of course you can't go back to your apartment for the next twenty four hours, as it's an active crime scene. And we'll be calling you with some more questions soon.

TODD

So...I'm not a suspect in...anything?

ZIMMERFELD

You're a person of interest, permanently. Even though you're not necessarily an interesting person.

TODD

...That feels unnecessarily rude.

ZIMMERFELD

The police will determine proper levels of antagonism towards a man now connected to four dead bodies in two separate cases.

ESTEVEZ

The don't leave town order is still in effect. You've witnessed some intense shit. Stay safe out there; seems like there's a lot of real...weird stuff goin' on.

1.65 EXT. PALACIOS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

1.65

Hermano Palacios is walking up the stairs to his apartment building, having just arrived home. He looks for his keys, when suddenly-

ED

Hermano Palacios?

Hermano turns, confused, to see Ed and Zed, standing at the bottom of the stairs.

Zed is kneeling, assembling some sort of device.

PALACIOS

Um...Yes?

ED

Did you find a kitten?

(CONTINUED)

PALACIOS

...What?

ED

In the penthouse. Did you find a kitten?

PALACIOS

...A kitten? No, I don't know what you're talking about.

Ed pulls down his hood, revealing a bald head *covered* in the same type of tattoos we saw on the man who was keeping Farah Black captive.

Ed smiles. Palacios reaches down to open his door.

ED

Don't do that.

ZED

All done down here, Ed.

Zed stands up, handing Ed a fully assembled vertical crossbow. Ed clicks on the laser sight, a green beam cutting through the night.

ED

You're sure you didn't see a kitten?

Palacios, realizing he's in danger, turns and starts trying to open the door.

ZED

What do you think, Ed?

ED

Yeah, okay.

Ed raises the crossbow and fires once; it's almost silent- **THWICK!** Right through the back of Palacios' head. He falls, dead.

After a moment, Zed walks up the steps, shakes out a can of gasoline over Palacios' body, and then **lights him on fire.**

Zed returns to Ed.

ED (CONT'D)

We've got to find that kitten, Zed.

(CONTINUED)

1.65 CONTINUED: (2)

1.65

ZED

We will, Ed. Everything's going to
be great, you'll see.

They smile at each other.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

1.66 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

1.66

Todd walks out, starts and then stops. He has no idea where to go, what to do. No money, no home, no hope. He looks over to his right, at a wall full of posters that delicate face with intense eyes:

MISSING: LYDIA SPRING.

Todd stops, remembering.

TODD

Oh, crap-

Todd reaches into his pants pocket, drawing out the lottery ticket, and stares at it, deciding. He could turn it in right now. That stuff on it...blood?

Todd turns to walk back into the police station, maybe to turn it in, when:

He looks up to see Dirk next to him. Todd jerks back, hiding the lottery ticket quickly.

Dirk seems nervous, on egg shells. He finally seems to have picked up the basic human trait of "empathy."

DIRK

They let me out, too. Must've been the CIA, always getting me in and out of things. They didn't even mention the bloody Rowdy 3, but I guess the CIA must've told them not to, which makes sense because-

TODD

Shut up. I don't care. Go away.

DIRK

...Need a ride?

Todd doesn't even respond. Dirk whistles.

TODD

Somebody died tonight. They died right in front of us, that doesn't bother you?

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

...I think it might bother me more
later? When I'm less...something?

Todd stares at Dirk a mix of wonder and contempt, and then
seems to make a decision.

TODD

Do you want to know why Dorian
wanted the rent, Dirk?

DIRK

Because he was crazy-

TODD

No, *because I stole it from him.*

DIRK

Huhwha?

TODD

I was scared because I knew Amanda
needed her meds, and I didn't think
I'd be able to get an advance at
the hotel, so I paid him in cash,
then snuck around back of his house
while he wasn't home and stole it
back. I thought he'd be too
cracked out to notice, he DID
notice, and he wouldn't let it go,
and now *he's dead.*

Dirk gives a nervous glance back at the police station
they're standing in front of.

DIRK

Ah. Well to be honest, that seems
practical, to me.

TODD

*PRACTICAL!? HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE
HEAD-*

DIRK

But you're okay...right?

TODD

I have nothing. I don't have my
apartment, I have zero money, I
have no prospects, I am *homeless
and living a lie and a suspect in
multiple homicides.*

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Well, when you put it like that
it's pretty bad, but we have a case
to solve! A missing girl, her
murdered father, and undoubtedly
more pieces falling into place even
as we speak-

TODD

I am not your Watson, asshole. I
am not available for side-kicking
on something ***I AM NOT INVOLVED***
WITH, I am my own messed up person
with my own messed up problems, I'm
not-

DIRK

Hey.

TODD (CONT'D)

No, just shut up, you never
shut up-

DIRK

Hey. Stop.

Todd stops. Dirk speaks with rare heartfelt sincerity.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You've been making choices out of
desperation for too long. That
much is obvious. You're backing
yourself into a corner. Break the
pattern. Take control of your
life, Todd. The instant you take
control, interesting things will
happen.

(beat, smiles)

I guarantee it.

TODD

(long beat)

No. You know what, *no*. I'm not
hearing all- *that*, from you. Keep
the hallmark card.

Todd stalks off into the night. Dirk slowly stops smiling.
He's left standing outside the station. He suddenly seems
very alone.

1.67 INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

1.67

Todd sits on the mostly empty bus, head held low, lost in
thought. He doesn't know where to turn. It's over.

(CONTINUED)

1.67 CONTINUED:

1.67

He looks at his phone. **1 MISSED CALL. AMANDA.** Todd holds back tears, and then notices out of the corner of his eye-

The corgi is running up the street. Todd stares at it. The dam inside him finally breaks. He explodes from his seat-

TODD

Stop, stop the bus-

Todd continues yelling, rushing to the door, punching and kicking at it frantically-

1.68

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

1.68

As the bus screeches to a halt a block away, the corgi wanders out into the street- **into the path of a speeding car- it looks up, framed in the headlights-**

Todd **SNATCHES IT** out of the way, falling hard to the asphalt. The corgi watches the car disappear into the night, and then turns, licking Todd's face.

Breathing hard, he laughs, checking the dog's tag: **RAPUNZEL.**

There's an address. Cue some music.

WE WATCH AS...

Todd walks through the city, carrying the dog. He pets it gently as he travels, deep in thought.

He takes the metro rail, a bus...Finally, in a little run down suburban neighborhood, he approaches a house. He walks up to the door, and rings the bell, immediately self-consciously checking his watch.

But someone answers the door. A little man, with thick glasses, and a frizzy crown of hair around his bald head. This is **GORDON RIMMER.**

This is the man Dirk swerved around earlier, nearly killing him. Todd recognizes him instantly.

TODD

I- uh- your dog, I brought-

GORDON

Oh, yeah. Yeah, thanks good buddy, thanks buddy, yeah-

(CONTINUED)

Rimmer cautiously takes the dog from Todd, struggling with it a little; the dog yelps several times, clearly scared, as Rimmer brings it over the threshold.

As this happens, Todd is briefly able to see into the house, and, through a doorway, sees **LYDIA SPRING** sitting on a couch in the living room (!!!).

She looks up at him, blank-faced, but before Todd can react, Rimmer slams the door in his face

Todd stands silently outside the house, in shock. The music groans low and ominous, backbeating us into...

APARTMENT 415

Where we scan over the terrifying room, Farah slowly regaining consciousness, stirring under the headboard...

AN FBI OFFICE

Where Nathan is showing Estevez and Zimmerfeld surveillance footage of Todd clumsily climbing the fence, sneaking into Dorian's house...

THE OPEN ROAD

Where Bart's brown Lincoln roars down the road, Ken nervously eyeing the gun tucked into Bart's belt, only to look up to see Bart already smiling at him.

A RUDDY MOTEL

Where the Rowdy 3, having destroyed the room, are all sitting around; Vogle's playing an ancient Gameboy, Cross and Gripps are playing scrabble.

Martin is squeezing Dirk's stress doll, which he stole, staring at a shattered framed picture of Amanda he took from Todd's apartment. He sniffs it. Smiles.

Behind him, Gripps smashes the Scrabble board with his sledgehammer.

Todd is walking up the street numbly, completely lost in his head, when he stops, hearing a familiar voice.

On TV in the mini-mart is **SAMMY**, the crying woman from the hotel room, all dolled up and looking like an angel from a music video.

1.69 CONTINUED:

1.69

SAMMY

That's right, every moment is an opportunity. Every second is a chance to change your life.

Todd stops and takes out the lottery ticket. The bloodstain. He glances back up the road, thinking about Lydia Spring.

1.70 INT. THE RIDGELEY BUILDING - DIRK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

1.70

Dirk steps into his new apartment, and sighs with happiness. He looks around the dark, clean, pre-furnished space, dropping his bags, stopping for a moment...

We can see **the monkey mask from the surveillance video sticking a bit out of his bags...**

Dirk reaches into his coat, and draws the out the Little Black Kitten, setting it down on the floor.

1.71 EXT. MINI-MART - CONTINUOUS

1.71

As Todd debates going back to Gordon Rimmer's house, or calling the police, or what his next move should be, he notices the clerk at the counter of the minimart is eagerly watching the TV, holding his own lottery ticket in his hand.

Todd blinks, staring at the lottery ticket in his own hand.

Another strong gust of wind rips some papers off a telephone poll up ahead; one of the blows by Todd's head, and for a moment, in perfect slow motion, he's face to face with

MISSING: LYDIA SPRING.

SAMMY

Now announcing tonight's ten thousand dollar midnight pick! The winning numbers are
(reads)
7...5...1...3...

Yep. Todd looks up, wide eyed.

CUE:

"First Things First" by The Neon Trees.

SLAM TO BLACK.