

Horsemen

written by
David Callahan

October 8, 2002

CLOSE ON:

An old alarm clock. Silent for a moment; then:

RADIO PERSONALITY

(From Alarm Clock)

...which we can expect to hover around 28 degrees for at least the next week or so. Wind chill will bring that down to about 10, so bundle up the kids and...

A man's hand SLAMS the clock silent. Long beat, then we PULL BACK to reveal AIDAN BRESLIN (Late 30's) climbing from an otherwise empty king sized bed. He moves around the modest bedroom in silence. A creature of habit and of discipline. Life has kicked this man's ass. Hard.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Breslin showers.

LATER

Breslin shaves away his six day shadow. He cuts himself. Pauses. Continues to shave straight through the crimson lather.

LATER

Breslin combs his hair. It refuses to cooperate, skewing every which way. One last try. Fuck it. Good enough.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Breslin stands in front of a full-length mirror. Cinches up his plain red tie. Stands back and takes a look: scuffed wingtips, wrinkled slacks, stained white dress shirt. It's not going to get any better than this.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

JACK BRESLIN(16) sits at the kitchen table reading the paper. Your average kid, maybe a bit on the nerdy side. If he notices his father walk in, he's not acknowledging it.

BRESLIN

Hey there.

Jack doesn't respond and Breslin doesn't seem to expect him to. He grabs a cereal bar from the pantry.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Wanna get Sean?

Without a word, Jack stands, heads into the adjoining hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
What is my strength, that I should hope?

EXT. FIELD - MORNING - LONG SHOT

A leathery OLD MAN and his dog traverse a snowy field, heading for the expansive woods several hundred feet away.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
And what is mine end, that I should
prolong my life? Is my strength the
strength of stones? Or is my flesh of
brass?

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A tired Catholic church, the pews 50% full. Blue collar families rapt with attention as FATHER WHITELEATHER continues his sermon, reading from the large Bible open before him.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
Wherefore then hast thou brought me forth
out of the womb? Oh that I had given up
the ghost, and no eye had seen me!

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Deep into the thick of the woods, the Old Man examines a particularly robust tree. Satisfied, he reels back the ax, prepares a mighty first chop...and then relaxes when he hears his dog BARKING maniacally O.S. He follows the sounds...

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
I should have been as though I had not
been; I should have been carried from the
womb to the grave.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

We find Breslin and Jack toward the back of the attending mass. They are joined by SEAN BRESLIN, who, for FIVE YEARS OLD, is notably solemn. The boys follow along with the sermon in their Bibles. Breslin stares straight ahead. Here in body only.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
Are not my days few? Cease then, and let
me be alone, that I may take comfort a
little.

EXT. CLEARING - MORNING

The Old Man spots his dog 50 feet away, standing at the edge of a frozen pond and still barking insanely. Old Man smiles, shakes his head. Comes up behind the hound, gives him a couple reassuring pats on the back...and then looks toward the pond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His graying brows furrow.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
Before I go whence I shall not return,
even to the land of darkness and the
shadow of death...

Slowly, carefully, the old man steps onto the ice with one foot...allows several seconds for a strength test. Satisfied, he continues across the pond with great caution. His dog cowers at pond's edge.

He reaches the center of the pond, and stares down at the oddity before him:

A MINIATURE TABLE, waist high, draped with a simple white tablecloth and only large enough to host the SILVER PLATTER AND SERVING DOME atop it.

Old Man looks at the table, then scans the woods all around him. Silent, untouched. His dog whining at the edge of the woods.

He looks back at this curiosity and, resigned, pulls off his heavy gloves. Carefully, he grasps the dome's handle with two fingers, lifts it...

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A land of darkness, as darkness itself;
and of the shadow of death; without any
order, and where the light is as
darkness.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A faint HUMMING SOUND from Breslin's waist. Jack doesn't look up from his Bible as his father checks his pager. It's all old hat.

Breslin withdraws his wallet, takes out a twenty, and drops it onto Jack's open Bible. He tousles Sean's hair, then gets up and leaves. Jack shakes his head in disappointment, pockets the twenty, and continues to follow along. Sean watches his father go.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
God hath delivered me to the ungodly, and
turned me over into the hands of the
wicked.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. RANCH HOME - MORNING

Breslin's thoroughly trashed Ford pickup pulls up to join the cadre of police cruisers already parked in front of the Old Man's ranch house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets out of the car and is immediately approached by an eager YOUNG OFFICER. The Officer briefs Breslin as he leads him around the house and into the field beyond.

YOUNG OFFICER
Detective Breslin? Right this way.
Found...uh...it about a half hour ago.

Breslin hikes on behind the Young Officer. Pulls off his tie and pockets it. He's still dead silent, but something's different. Where before his eyes were empty, fire is now burning. This is his element.

YOUNG OFFICER (CONT'D)
(trying to break the silence)
Got all cleaned up for us today, huh
Detective?

BRESLIN
Eat shit.

YOUNG OFFICER
Yes sir.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

The Officer leads Breslin through the woods via a small path, marked on both sides by yellow police tape.

BRESLIN
Has anyone moved the body since he found
it?

YOUNG OFFICER
Well...no, but...

Breslin shoots him an annoyed look, keeps going. Pulls on a pair of latex gloves.

BRESLIN
Cause of death?

YOUNG OFFICER
See, actually, we haven't exactly
determined...um...death, sir.

Breslin stops. Turns to face the younger man. Raises an eyebrow. In response, the Young Officer gestures toward something O.S. Breslin follows along...

BRESLIN
What the fuck is that?

EXT. FROZEN POND - MOMENTS LATER

Breslin stands next to the table, flanked now by a handful of officers. Bored, Breslin pulls the dome from the serving tray.

A long BEAT as he stares at the contents, which are O.C. He EXHALES deeply.

He squats, allowing him to examine from only inches away the SHOT GLASS OF BLOODY HUMAN TEETH sitting alone on the silver platter.

YOUNG OFFICER

We thought we should call you because of your background in teeth...er, oral forensics...or um...oral...

BRESLIN

Forensic odontology. Stop talking.

Young Officer shifts uncomfortably as Breslin slowly circles the shot glass.

YOUNG OFFICER

Officer Booker suggested that maybe they're old teeth.

OFFICER BOOKER, a nebbish young cop standing to the side, grins with pride.

BRESLIN

Officer Booker should be working at an Arby's.

Booker, hurt, flips Breslin off behind his back. Breslin continues...

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Dry blood doesn't freeze, shit for brains. (Pointing) And there's striated trauma to the enamel on half of these...

INT. CHIEF KRUPA'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind a massive wooden desk sits POLICE CHIEF KRUPA (Early 30's). A young hotshot. He's currently flipping through a small stack of CRIME SCENE PHOTOS that we can't quite see.

Breslin sits opposite the Chief, picking at his fingernails and entirely uninterested in the findings he's reporting.

BRESLIN

...which is where the pliers gripped them. The rest of them were chipped or broken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRUPA

Homicide?

Breslin shrugs, bites at a hangnail.

BRESLIN

If I pulled out all a guy's teeth by the roots, I'd sure as fuck kill him. I obviously didn't like him to begin with, and it doesn't seem like human rights are high on my list of priorities at that point.

After a long beat, Breslin looks up to a stern look on Krupa's face.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

KRUPA

Watch yourself.

BRESLIN

Fuck you. Look at this.

Breslin stands, looks over Krupa's shoulder, and shuffles through the photos. Finds the one he's looking for and drops it on the desk. It's a CLOSE SHOT of a tree, with a phrase carved into it: "COME AND SEE."

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

That's one of four. Carved into trees on the North, South, East and West sides of the pond.

KRUPA

Yes?

BRESLIN

(bored)

It wasn't a fucking bar fight. Mark it as an open homicide, toss it on my desk. With luck we'll find a body before it goes unsolved for decades.

Breslin stands, heads for the door.

KRUPA

Breslin. I know that shit last year...I know that was hard on your already shitty life. But if you start bringing that "piss in my cereal" attitude to work, I'll put my foot so far up your ass you'll be flossing with my shoelaces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRESLIN
Krupa. One of these days we're going to be in the field, and it's going to be loud, and confusing...and I'm going to shoot you in the back of the fucking head.

Breslin matches Krupa's snide smile.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

He is.

KRUPA
Don't you have sons, you should be bonding with?

Breslin turns and heads for the door, flipping his Chief off over his shoulder.

BRESLIN
I think so.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean lies in bed, eyes glued to the television set atop his dresser. Breslin sits beside him in a colorful chair that is five sizes too small.

SEAN
That's Spongebob. He's a sponge.

Breslin nods, as if taking mental notes on the sponge with legs.

BRESLIN
Sean? Do you want me to maybe read you a story tonight? We could do "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble" like you used to like.

A long, silent beat finds Sean entirely enraptured by his cartoon. Breslin stands, kisses him on the forehead.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Goodnight, sweetheart.

SEAN
(still staring at TV)
Goodnight Dad.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Breslin sits at the kitchen table in silence. He studies the crime scene photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack enters, opens the refrigerator, and withdraws a modest BIRTHDAY CAKE. He sets it on the table right in front of his father. Sits.

Breslin stares at the cake. Jack stares at Breslin.

JACK
It's mom's birthday.

Breslin leans back in his chair, exhales slowly.

JACK (CONT'D)
You forgot.

BRESLIN
No. I didn't forget. I would never.
It's just...

Breslin trails off, his gaze held firmly on the cake. He turns to face his son.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Jack, we can't keep doing this every
year. We can't. You know? It's not
health...

Without a word, Jack pushes his chair back from the table and exits via the front door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Breslin catches up to Jack as he walks down the snowy, tree-lined street in their modest neighborhood.

BRESLIN
Hey.

Jack walks on. Breslin steps in front of him.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know how many times I
have to...(soft) just because I don't
show it doesn't mean I don't miss her.

JACK
(upset)
You don't know what she went through.

BRESLIN
Jack. I was there for every biopsy,
every chemother...

JACK
You weren't there when it mattered. For
any of us. You were chasing a robber!

Humbled, and at a loss for words:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

Drug dealer. It was a drug dealer.

Jack spins on his heels and heads back for the house.
Breslin just stands there for a beat, taking in the train wreck of his life.

KRUPA (V.O.)

We got something in Royal Oak.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah? What's that?

KRUPA (V.O.)

Mr. Nathaniel Hartinger. Or, I should say, his fucked up corpse, which happens to be missing a set of teeth.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

What does "fucked up" mean?

SMASH CUT THROUGH:

A SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSE SHOTS, EACH LASTING BUT A NANOSECOND:

-In BLOOD, the phrase "Come and See" scrawled across each of four walls.

-A MAMMOTH POOL OF BLOOD.

TUCK (V.O.)

Heavy gauge fishing hooks.

-A massive METAL RIG, CHAINS dangling from its support beams.

TUCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ankles, back of the knees...

-A DROP OF BLOOD as it falls to the floor.

TUCK (V.O.) (cont'd)

...two in the back of each thigh...

-A DANGLING HAND.

TUCK (V.O.) (cont'd)

...one behind each elbow...

-THREE FISH HOOKS, pierced deep through pale flesh.

TUCK (V.O.) (cont'd)

...three up each side of the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-The beginnings of a PERFECT INCISION commencing just above the collarbone.

TUCK (V.O.) (cont'd)
And then there's this.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

TUCK (60), a warm and brilliant Forensic Pathologist, stands above the CADAVER of a middle-aged man. Breslin watches on.

Tuck points at the massive "Y"-shaped stitching that runs from each of the cadaver's shoulders and meets in the sternum, then leads to the belly button.

BRESLIN
Which is how he was when we found him.

TUCK
(nodding)
Yeah. So your guy's got medical training.

Breslin slowly walks around the body, seeking, searching. He points to a small dot in the crook of the left elbow.

TUCK (CONT'D)
That would be where he shot him full of etomidate.

Breslin looks up.

BRESLIN
He drugged him?

TUCK
Yeah.

BRESLIN
To hang him up by fish hooks.

TUCK
Yeah.

BRESLIN
And then he cut him open?

TUCK
Yup.

BRESLIN
With what?

TUCK
Scalpel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

So cause of death was...blood loss?

TUCK

Yeah, but...there actually aren't all that many capillaries in the abdominal wall. So unless he cut the inferior epigastric artery, which he purposefully did not...

BRESLIN

How long are we talking?

TUCK

Somewhere between twelve and eighteen hours.

BRESLIN

Jesus. Awake the whole time?

TUCK

(nods)
Praying for death.

Breslin wipes his brow. Bothered.

BRESLIN

He hung him up, cut him open, and then let him bleed out for eighteen hours? What in God's name for?

Tuck leans back against a wall, drained from the work.

TUCK

I understand the things I see less every year, Aidan.

Breslin leans back against the opposite wall. Two old friends, tired from the struggle.

TUCK (CONT'D)

It's getting to you too, huh?

BRESLIN

Sometimes I don't even know what planet I'm on anymore. The city I grew up in, the way people express themselves, the things they do to each other. I'm starting to feel like it's all passed me by. (Beat) I still go to Tiger Stadium sometimes, Tuck. You should see that place. It's a fucking wreck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TUCK

Aidan. I'm the last person to tell you how to deal with what happened with Celeste. You know that. But maybe you should stop torturing yourself...

BRESLIN

(shaking his head)

I met her there. Every year for our anniversary, we'd go to a game, sit in the same seats. It's where she told me she was pregnant with Jack. It's the only place I've got left, man. And in five years it'll probably be in ruins like the rest of this city.

TUCK

(nodding)

Well, if the only place you've got is about to be a landfill, and the only person you can relate to spends more intimate time with headless drug dealers and mangled prostitutes than with other humans...you're right. You're fucked.

Tuck holds a straight face a beat, then breaks into a wide smile. Breslin, for the first time since we've seen him, allows himself the same.

SALESPERSON (V.O.)

Can I help you find anything in particular today?

INT. BEST BUY - DAY

Breslin stands, lost, in the video game aisles of a Best Buy store. An overweight geek of a SALESPERSON approaches.

BRESLIN

(clueless)

Yeah. What's, uh...what's the...coolest video game right now?

The Salesperson hands Breslin a game.

SALESPERSON

Grand Theft Auto Vice City. You can pick up a prostitute, "do the deed" to get your health up, then kill her and take your money back.

Breslin stares at the salesperson incredulously.

BRESLIN

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The salesperson shakes his head, a shit-eating grin plastered on his fat face. Breslin is not amused. He hands the game back.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
What's the second coolest game?

The salesperson makes a face: what a lameass. He hands Breslin...

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
(reading)
Tony Hawk Pro Skater 3.

He looks up, expecting an explanation of some sort, and finds the salesperson peering at him.

SALESPERSON
Are you the cop from that vid...

Before Breslin can react, an O.S. COMMOTION draws their attention:

A conspicuous SHOPLIFTER saunters nervously toward the exit with a mammoth stereo cradled to his chest. He's just cleared the front doors when a SECURITY TEAM materializes from nowhere and TACKLES him to the ground.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
Now how in the world are you expecting to get something that big past the eye in the sky? Dumbass!

Breslin looks to the building's ceiling, notes the dozens of GLOBULAR SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS monitoring the entirety of the store.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
So you wanna get that one or what, man?

Startled from his reverie, Breslin hands the new game back to the clerk. His eyes still on the cameras...

BRESLIN
(distracted)
Yeah. Ring that up for me, slim.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Breslin bounds up a cramped apartment stairwell, passes through a door marked "4" and into a

DIMLY LIT HALLWAY.

He walks up to UNIT 405, the door to which is completely obscured by YELLOW POLICE LINE tape. An armed POLICE OFFICER stands watch in front of the unit. Breslin nods - a silent salutation.

OFFICER
Back so soon?

BRESLIN
Lucky me.

OFFICER
Sir? You've been inside. Is it true what they're saying? That what went down in there was...they're saying some real bad shit went down in there, sir.

Breslin nods, distracted.

BRESLIN
I think that's a fair assessment.

He looks in the direction he came from: A narrow doorway leading to the narrow stairwell.

Now he looks in the other direction.

CUT TO:

THE ELEVATOR LOBBY,

Wide and spacious. Breslin stands in the center and makes a quick inventory: Double elevator doors straight ahead, potted plant in the corner. And, in the upper-right corner of the lobby, there ought to be...

Breslin stares at

THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

whirring away.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

A cramped, sparsely furnished office: A small desk, a filing cabinet, and a bank of three SECURITY MONITORS atop a side table.

Breslin and GREGOR, a mousy Russian landlord, hunch over the monitors, watching intently as surveillance footage of the fourth floor elevator lobby zips by in fast forward.

GREGOR
He good tenant. Pay the rent, keep quiet. Very clean.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGOR (cont'd)
Sometime he walk around with no shirt on,
and I ask him please not do in front the
other tenant. And you know what he do?

BRESLIN
(totally uninterested)
No.

GREGOR
He wink at me! And I say to him...

BRESLIN
There. Play that.

Gregor finds his wits, rewinds the footage for several
seconds, and plays it at normal speed.

An empty elevator lobby. Nothing doing. Then...

The ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS, and the footage CUTS TO SNOW.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
What was that? What happened there?
Where's the picture?

GREGOR
I not know. Never had problem...

BRESLIN
What time was that?

Gregor goes back to the footage right before it cuts out.
Reads from the digital display across the bottom.

GREGOR
Four o'clock in the A.M.

The two watch as, once again, the picture cuts out. It stays
fuzzy for 10 seconds, then comes back to the empty lobby.

BRESLIN
Fuck. Fast Forward again.

Gregor complies. This time, they watch in silence.

The picture speeds by quietly for a short while, then cuts to
STATIC again. Gregor instinctively rewinds the tape and lets
it play through. Just as before, the tape cuts to snow for
10 seconds, then opens back on an empty lobby.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
What time was that one?

GREGOR
Seven o'clock.

Breslin stands, picks up the phone on the desk, and DIALS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRESLIN
Tuck? What do you have for time of
death on Hartinger?

Breslin listens to Tuck's response and then hangs up.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Gregor. Why did your camera cut out
twice yesterday morning?

Gregor starts to sweat profusely, well aware that the finger
is pointing at him.

GREGOR
Not my fault, not my camera.

BRESLIN
What do you mean, not your camera?

GREGOR
I use third party security firm. They
control all camera in building.

EXT. B&L SECURITY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A toned-down, innocuous building in a small-business friendly
and intensely uninteresting part of town.

LENNY (V.O.)
Our system basically runs off a dedicated
network designed entirely to host what
you might think of as super high-end
webcams.

INT. B&L SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Breslin stands just inside the doorway of this NASA-like
nerve center, marvelling at the techno wet dream sprawling
before him. Dozens and dozens of rows of stand-up computer
servers, each five feet tall. And beyond those, a wall
covered ENTIRELY by surveillance monitors.

A very fat and very nervous LENNY (50's) stands beside him.

LENNY
Yesterday morning, someone broke into our
dedicated network and shut down our
operating servers, as well as the five
servers we use as redundancy systems.

Breslin's mind is reeling.

BRESLIN
You were hacked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENNY

Yes. The irony of the situation is not lost on me.

BRESLIN

So you were hacked, then you fixed it, then...you were hacked again a couple hours later?

LENNY

(embarrassed)

We didn't fix the system. The hacker did. He shut it down for ten seconds, then booted it back up again. Twice.

BRESLIN

Why boot it back up if you're just gonna crash it again in three hours?

LENNY

Pretty much to show off, I guess.

BRESLIN

Why? Is that impressive?

LENNY

Detective, we hire from the top one percentile of computer science majors at U of M, State, and Tech. And all of our guys put together couldn't have hacked into this system. And they designed it.

Breslin looks around, looks at the sheer tonnage of top-level technology in the room. It's breathtaking.

BRESLIN

Well someone did it, Mr. Kramer. What kind of person am I looking for?

Lenny shrugs, at a complete loss.

LENNY

God?

INT. CHIEF KRUPA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Krupa paces behind his desk. Breslin sits in front of him, fiddling with an antique fountain pen.

KRUPA

A killer with an on-line accomplice. That's new. Crime for the New Millennium.

BRESLIN

Yeah. Real fucking exciting if we can't trace the dork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Krupa's annoyed look...

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I sent the state computer crime unit over to the security place. They're a bigger waste of taxpayer dollars than you are. They're not going to find anything.

Krupa stops pacing. Sits on the edge of his desk.

KRUPA

Be honest. Is there any aspect of this profession that you still believe in?
(re: pen) Stop touching that.

Breslin points to a desk clock.

BRESLIN

Is that clock right?

KRUPA

Yeah.

Breslin stands, drops the pen on the ground, and exits without a word.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MAGIC HOUR

Jack sits by himself beneath the large sign marking the entrance to his high school: "Welcome to the Home of the Matadors."

Breslin's truck PEELS around the corner, pulls up in front of him. Jack looks at his watch.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Father and son ride in silence until:

BRESLIN

Jack, I am so, so sorry.

JACK

Your cases are important. I understand.

BRESLIN

It's not like that.

JACK

Yes it is. It's always like that.

Long, awkward beat. Breslin produces the video game from under his seat, hands it to his son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
I got you this. The guy said it was cool.

Jack doesn't bother examining the game. His gaze stays focused on his father.

JACK
I don't even have a Playstation 2.

We're beginning to understand this man Breslin. A house of fire at work, but everywhere else, a social retard.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Same old song and dance. Sean in bed, watching his cartoons. Breslin in the midget chair, trying to follow along.

Jack pokes his head in.

JACK
Hey. Don't forget. Rosa can't come until ten tomorrow, so you have to stay with Sean until then. I'll take the bus.

BRESLIN
OK. Got it.

JACK
Sean, did you brush your teeth?

SEAN
Yeah.

JACK
OK. Goodnight.

SEAN
Goodnight.

As Jack heads back out...

BRESLIN
Oh, hey Jack?

Jack steps back into the room.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
You use the computer a lot.

JACK
Yeah?

BRESLIN
Do you know anything about computer hacking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack rolls his eyes, throws his arms into the air in exasperation.

JACK
Dad. I'm not a hacker. Jesus!

BRESLIN
No, that's not what I was saying. I just thought you might...

JACK
I just like to meet people online.

BRESLIN
OK.

JACK
OK.

Sean pumps up the volume of the TV, obviously annoyed at the temerity of these pesky adults.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Breslin is seated at the kitchen table, studying the work sprawled out before him. Sean dumps a mountain of maple syrup over his Eggo waffles.

SEAN
What is (struggling with the words) "Come and See?"

Breslin looks to his youngest, who is reading the words from one of the crime scene photos.

BRESLIN
(incredulous)
Did you read that?

Sean nods slowly, unsure whether he's being praised or admonished.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Can your friends at the Play Group read?

Sean shakes his head "no."

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
(beaming)
How did you get to be so smart?

SEAN
Jack taught me.

Breslin smiles, nods. Figures. Sean holds the photograph out to his father. Breslin takes it, stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)
What is "Come and See?"

BRESLIN
Actually. I have no idea.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Breslin stands in front of a tall bookshelf that is packed to the gills with neglected volumes. Scans the spines. Reaches for a large tome, hefts it down:

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

One hand supporting the book, the other flipping through the index. Scanning...

BRESLIN
(sotto)
Come and See.

He stops on an entry. Reads. Intrigued.

INT. BRESLIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He enters, Sean trailing behind in silence.

BRESLIN
(sotto)
Revelations 6. Revelations 6.

Breslin yanks open the drawer of the antiquated bedside table. Reaches inside, withdraws a hardbound BIBLE. He sits on the edge of his bed, cracks open the Book...

...and the cover FALLS OFF. The binding corroded. Breslin ignores this, flips toward the back.

Sean retrieves the cover, clutches it to his chest. Watches as...

Breslin finds his page, traces the chapters with his index finger.

Got it. Reads.

Confusion.

Then HORRIFIED UNDERSTANDING.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Oh you have got to be fucking kidding me.

Sean maintains his silence, apparently no stranger to profanity. Breslin looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Sean. I need you to do something for me.
Do you think you can stay here by
yourself until Rosa gets here?

Sean nods. Breslin stands, squats in front of him.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

You can watch TV, OK? And don't answer
the door.

SEAN

OK.

A kiss on the boy's forehead.

BRESLIN

Thank you sweetheart.

And, just like that, he's OUT THE DOOR.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Breslin tears through the station, ignoring all greetings
along the way. He turns a corner, walks into a large room
packed with desks.

Heads for the one with his nameplate on it. It also happens
to have Chief Krupa sitting on it. He's flanked by a tank of
an Asian named STINGRAY.

KRUPA

(holding up a pager)
You got one of these?

Breslin looks down to his belt clip. Oops.

BRESLIN

Usually. But listen.

Breslin's now standing right in front of his two peers.

BRESLIN

There's four
of them.

KRUPA

There's at least
four of them.

Long beat. Breslin looks from Krupa to Stingray, back to
Krupa. What do you guys know?

STINGRAY

Report from footprint morphology came
back this morning. There were three
different people in that apartment with
Hartinger. All three wearing size 11 Doc
Marten's. Common shoe, common size, you
can get 'em anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

Right?

STINGRAY

But they weren't all size 11 feet. Heel impression depth, things like that.

As Stingray continues, Krupa hands Breslin a series of photos, each documenting footprints imprinted in Hartinger's carpet, and each taken in a very specific area of the bedroom.

First Photo: One very clear set of footprints burrowed deep into the carpet in one CORNER OF THE BEDROOM.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

Suspect One. Weighs upward of 250. Stood in that one corner, without moving, for over an hour. Not a damn clue what the hell for.

Second Photo: A series of much lighter prints, all inside of a hazy HALF CIRCLE near the tape outline of the VICTIM'S HEAD.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

Suspect Two. Lightweight, somewhere between 110 and 130. This guy spent the whole time hovering around the victim's head. But there was no trauma to the head, so again: Not a clue.

Third Photo: A whole slew of prints, circling around THE ENTIRE BODY.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

And Suspect Three. He was all over the fucking place, and he was the only one that really got close enough to the body to have at it. Suspect Three is your butcher. And then there's this.

Stingray hands Breslin another photo, this one of THREE DEEP CIRCLES imprinted into the carpet several feet from the outline of the body.

BRESLIN

What's this?

RUNDALL

Tripod.

BRESLIN

Stellar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRUPA

Thought you'd like that. So three in the room, plus the hacker, who we've got to assume for the sake of thoroughness is involved...and that's four, maybe more.

BRESLIN

There's no more.

KRUPA

What's that?

BRESLIN

There's four of them. No more.

The collective raises their eyebrows, awaiting explanation...

Breslin produces both sets of "Come and See" photos: one set carved into the trees in the woods, the other smeared across Hartinger's walls.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

"Come and See." Carved into four trees where we found the teeth. Then written, in blood, on four walls in his apartment. Do you know where else the phrase "Come and See" appears four times?

By the looks on their faces, it's clear that they don't. Breslin holds The Bible out.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Revelations 6.

Stingray takes the Book, opens it to a dog-eared page.

STINGRAY

(reading)

"And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as if it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, 'Come and See.'"

Stingray looks up, doesn't get it.

BRESLIN

You'll recognize this next part.

STINGRAY

(reading)

"And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him..."

Stingray trails off. He knows what this is. Breslin takes the Bible back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRESLIN
(Reading) "...and he went forth conquering, and to conquer." That's the first one. (Reading) "And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and See. And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth." That's the second. That's War. The third one rides a black horse. Pestilence. The last one rides a pale horse, and (reading), "...his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

All eyes are on Breslin, even though all eyes already know what's coming.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Gentlemen. I give you the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Breslin wails on an ancient PUNCHING BAG.

Jack descends the wooden stairs that lead into this dank room, stops about halfway down, and sits.

JACK
Sean told me he helped you today. He was really excited.

Breslin towels down, sits at the bottom of the stairwell.

BRESLIN
You taught him to read. Jack, that's amazing.

Jack shrugs.

JACK
He's really smart.

BRESLIN
I know, I just...I figured he watches so much TV and all...

JACK
Yeah. Well. Spongebob Squarepants is always there when he needs him. (beat)
He's reliable.

Hurt, Breslin nods to himself. Watches as Jack stands and heads back up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
Jack?

Jack pauses.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Thank you. For helping with him.

Jack shrugs, continues his ascent.

JACK
I just want him to have what I didn't.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Breslin pours over his case file, runs a weary hand through his unkempt hair.

LATER

Seated on the kitchen floor, back to the fridge, Breslin studies CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

LATER

In the LIVING ROOM now, Breslin lies sprawled across the couch. Lit only by the flickering of the television, he SQUINTS at typewritten police notes.

LATER

His notes now inhabiting the entirety of the couch, Breslin SLEEPS in a reclining armchair. The TV glows into the night...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

As the first ray of dawn invades the house, Breslin wakes, rubs his eyes. Takes inventory.

-The clutter of paperwork scattered across the room.

-The same clothes he wore yesterday, now wrinkled and clinging to him.

Fuck this. He allows his head to loll back to its sleeping position, and is just about to doze off again when he catches glimpse of...

-The muted television. A televangelist gesticulating wildly in front of a MASSIVE CROSS.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

FADE INTO:

INT. TRUCK - MORNING

Breslin sleeps on the reclined driver's seat.

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He wakes with a start, shakes out the cobwebs. Where am I?

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Breslin jerks his gaze to his left, at the HAND KNOCKING ON HIS WINDOW.

In my car. He sits up, rolls the window down. Father Whiteleather smiles at him from beside the truck.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
Good morning, Mr. Breslin.

BRESLIN
(groggy)
Good morning, Father.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
Please don't be insulted when I ask: Is there a reason that you're sleeping in my parking lot?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Breslin follows Father Whiteleather around the pulpit, trailing behind as the Father straightens things out, readies to open the Church.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
I've noticed that your attendance at mass has been sporadic over the last several years.

BRESLIN
(embarrassed)
Yes, that's true, Father.

Father Whiteleather turns to him, places a gentle hand on his shoulder.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
I'm not judging you, Aidan.

BRESLIN
I haven't...I haven't been the best representative of the Church this last year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER WHITELEATHER

We all make mistakes. Yours just happens to have played itself out in a very public manner.

Father Whiteleather returns to his duties.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (CONT'D)

You've been doing a fine job with the boys.

BRESLIN

Jack hates me.

FATHER WHITELEATHER

He's 16.

Breslin nods. Touche.

BRESLIN

He loves your sermons.

FATHER WHITELEATHER

He needed something to hold onto during your family's crisis. It's not in any way a reflection of your fathering abilities.

Father Whiteleather turns to Breslin, smiles.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (CONT'D)

Now why are you really here?

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Breslin and Father Whiteleather sit side by side in a pew.

FATHER WHITELEATHER

The Book of Revelations is the vision of the Apostle John...a vision of the End Times revealed to him by Jesus. The Horsemen are the first four of seven prophetic elements of the Apocalypse.

BRESLIN

(counting off on fingers)

OK. There's Death, riding the Pale Horse. Pestilence, riding the Black Horse. The Red Horse is...

FATHER WHITELEATHER

War.

BRESLIN

I'm not sure I see the difference between Death and War.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER WHITELEATHER

Death is very straightforward. The Beast that slays man. Think of War more as a concept. Not as man killing man, but as strife in general. Death is a physicality, War is state of mind.

BRESLIN

And the Rider of the White Horse...

FATHER WHITELEATHER

That's a little more complicated. There are differing schools of thought when it comes to the Rider of the White Horse. Some believe that he is the Antichrist. Others think that he is Jesus Christ Himself.

BRESLIN

Which do you think?

FATHER WHITELEATHER

I think it's immaterial. The Rider of the White Horse is the Leader of the Horsemen. For the sake of the readings, that's all that really matters. The Rider of the White Horse wears the crown.

Breslin nods, absorbing the lesson. After a short beat, his cell phone RINGS. He checks the display, stands to excuse himself.

BRESLIN

Thank you, Father.

Father Whiteleather nods. Breslin grabs his coat and starts to leave...

FATHER WHITELEATHER

Aidan.

Breslin turns.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (CONT'D)

Faith will have you back any time you will have it back.

Breslin nods once, turns, and hurries out.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

What kind of motive?

INT. HARTINGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Breslin trails behind as Stingray leads him through a large and immaculately decorated apartment. Forensics personnel swarm throughout the unit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STINGRAY

I'm thinking this is pretty substantial.
We've been looking into it for a few
hours now, but we wanted to leave
everything where we found it...

They enter the

BEDROOM

and walk up to the mantle of a faux fireplace. Lined, in
alternating fashion, with FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS and candles.

STINGRAY

The one that's in all of them, that's
Hartinger when he still had all his
teeth.

Breslin peers at the photos: Hartinger in better days, posing
with a bevy of companions.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

We've already identified everyone else
pictured. Everyone except this guy.

Breslin shifts his attention to the photo that Stingray is
now holding before him: Hartinger and a nameless male
companion (30's), both in sleeveless T-shirts and standing in
front of a cherry red Mazda Miata.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

So we asked neighbors. He's an ex-
boyfriend.

Breslin winces.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)

Yeah. They were together for a year or
so. Inseparable...

BRESLIN

(revolted)
Honestly, I don't need the gory details.

STINGRAY

(unfazed)
After they broke up, he kept coming
around, crying, asking to come in. Shit
like that.

Breslin perks up, his attention adequately attracted.

BRESLIN

Who is he and where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STINGRAY

Don't know that yet, but it's only a matter of time. We'll ask relatives, friends. Someone will be able to identi...

BRESLIN

(still staring at picture)
Did Hartinger own a Mazda Miata?

EXT. HARTINGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Breslin exits, immediately dials his cell phone.

BRESLIN

(into phone)

Hi Lil? It's Aidan. Can you run a license plate check for me? Michigan plates, GIRAV20. (pause) Great. I'll be down there in 15.

Breslin hurries to his truck, climbs in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Breslin hurries in, walks right up to the front counter area, smiles at a middle-aged OFFICE ASSISTANT answering the phones.

Still on the phone, LILLY hands him a post-it note with handwriting scrawled across it. Breslin's just about jumping out of his skin in anticipation. As he walks away...

BRESLIN

Is Krupa in his office?

Lilly cups her hand over the receiver, yells after him:

LILLY

He left two minutes ago. You'll probably see him there.

Breslin stops, turns back to the counter.

BRESLIN

See him where?

LILLY

(annoyed)

Comfort Inn on Michigan Ave?

BRESLIN

Why would I go there?

LILLY

You're looking for Garrison Jacobs, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin looks down at the name scrawled across the Post-It:
GARRISON JACOBS.

BRESLIN
(nervous)
Yeah?

LILLY
Well, Krupa took the call five minutes
ago from the manager at the Comfort Inn.

Breslin walks right up to the counter, grabs the phone from
Lilly's hand, and HANGS IT UP.

BRESLIN
Why did the Comfort Inn call about
Garrison Jacobs?

LILLY
Because they found him in his room this
morning.

BRESLIN
(fearful)
What do you mean, 'They found him?'

INT. COMFORT INN - DAY

Breslin runs down the outdoor walkway, pushes past the HALF
DOZEN POLICEMEN securing the entryway to one of the guest
rooms. Bursts into the

TINY MOTEL ROOM,

walks right up next to Krupa, who's staring at something
HIDDEN FROM OUR VIEW. Medical examiners rush IN AND OUT OF
FRAME.

Breslin does a quick scan of the room's four walls: On three
of them, "COME AND SEE" in blood.

On the fourth, also in blood: "THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE
WITNESS." Interspersed between the dripping letters are 3x5
SNAPSHOTS.

BRESLIN
Who moved him?

KRUPA
No one.

BRESLIN
You found him that way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 KRUPA
 (nodding)
We found him that way.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON BRESLIN,

examining the photographs tacked to the fourth wall. In the B.G., a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes shots of something hidden from view by the single bed.

Stingray approaches, looks over Breslin's shoulder.

 BRESLIN
/ These are all of Jacobs and Hartinger.
From...

Breslin looks closer, at the DIGITAL DISPLAY in the corners of the photographs.

 BRESLIN (CONT'D)
...two years ago. Where did these come from?

 STINGRAY
Jacobs' house. We've got a team there now...place is torn to shit.

Breslin stares at the wall. Unfazed.

 BRESLIN
Definitely them?

 STINGRAY
Yeah. Same points of insertion on the hooks, same incision in the chest. It's all the same, just no rig.

Breslin looks around him, takes in the entire shoebox-sized room in one quick scan. Sizes up the equally diminutive doorjamb.

 BRESLIN
No way to get one in.

Stingray makes the same assessment, nods.

 STINGRAY
He checked in here on Monday afternoon with a single suitcase, told the registration that he would be staying "indefinitely."

 BRESLIN
Hiding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STINGRAY

Hiding?

BRESLIN

He knew they were coming for him next.

Breslin turns, watches a coroner stoop behind the bed. A quick arm movement accompanies the distinctive sound of a ZIPPER.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

And the only person who knows how he knew that is in a vinyl bag.

Beat.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

The only person with a motive is in a vinyl bag.

Breslin looks to Stingray.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Anything on our hacker?

STINGRAY

Nothing. Guy like that's gonna be just about impossible to trace.

Breslin looks back toward the coroner.

BRESLIN

The only even remotely feasible lead we had at all is in a vinyl bag. I know very well what it's like to feel like you're getting fucked. And these Horsemen...they're bending us over.

Without warning, Breslin PUNCHES THE WALL. Krupa materializes out of nowhere and leaps in front of him.

KRUPA

Jesus, Breslin, what the Hell are you doing? This is a crime scene.

Breslin paces about, fuming.

KRUPA (CONT'D)

Go home.

Breslin and Krupa come face to face.

BRESLIN

You think because you got my job I have to listen to your shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRUPA

No, I think you have to listen to my shit because if you embarrass this city by going agro at a crime scene again you're going to prison and your fucking kids are gonna get a one way ticket to the orphanage. So don't go home, asshole. Like I give a shit.

Beat as Breslin stares down his Chief. Breathing fire.

BRESLIN

Fuck you, I'm going home.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Breslin enters, throws his coat on the kitchen table, and peers down the hallway. From Sean's room, the bright lights and exaggerated sounds of cartoons. Breslin activates the answering machine.

MRS. BRADSHAW

(on answering machine)

Hi Mr. Breslin. This is Tiffany Bradshaw down at Miramonte High School. I was calling to let you know that Jack has been missing an inordinate amount of school in recent weeks. Now of course I understand that your circumstances are extremely difficult, however...

Having heard enough, Breslin turns the machine off and exits.

EXT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A humble back patio, completely snowed over. Jack sits on a lawn chair, punctuating thoughts in his journal with wisps of his frozen breath hanging in the air.

The sliding glass door to the house opens, and Breslin steps onto the patio. Lights up.

JACK

(not looking up)

How was work?

BRESLIN

No less nauseating than it has been for the past week. How was school?

JACK

Same.

Breslin sits on a snow covered chaise lounge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

So. We need to talk about you playing hookey.

JACK

(still writing)

I don't like it there. I'm smarter than all the other kids. Most of the teachers, too.

BRESLIN

Is it because you're smart or because they still pick on you?

This gets Jack's attention. He closes his journal, looks at his father. Angry.

JACK

They don't pick on me, dad. They pick on you.

Jack hurries back into the house. Breslin watches him go, exhales deeply.

CUT TO:

A MASTER LOCK

Cradled in a man's hand. We can't see him, but he seems to be examining it as if it were foreign.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

Fuck.

The hand releases the lock, disappears from frame.

BANG! The lock SHATTERS as a single bullet pulses through it.

EXT. OLD TIGER STADIUM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The crumbling facade of a once proud city landmark.

Abandoned by the masses.

Beaten by the elements.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

I'm trying so hard with him, Celeste.
But I don't know if I can ever catch up.

INT. OLD TIGER STADIUM - NIGHT

A quick 360 degree scan of the ballpark's forgotten interior:

Lights long since burnt out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grass long since grown out.

And where once 52,416 screaming, beer-swilling, hot dog-eating, blue-collar Tigers fans once roared...nothing.

THIS IS SOLITUDE.

And, in the center of solitude, Aidan Breslin.

Sitting, in darkness, in what was once a very famous right field upper deck.

Talking to no one.

BRESLIN

It's so hard without you. I don't have the time they deserve. I don't have the time to make it right, even if I wanted to.

Breslin breaks down. Huge, heaving sobs.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. So, so sorry honey. Sean doesn't even remember, but Jack...

Looks to the sky.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I know you forgive me. But I don't think he's going to. I'm going to do everything I can. I haven't done enough, but I'll do more. I'll do more than more.

He continues to sob, his body trembling under the emotional weight. He brings his hands to his face, wipes away the tears. It takes several passes.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

I left him to watch you die. How can he forgive me that?

He focuses on the stands. On the empty seats, the chipping paint. The destitution that can only come from neglect.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Look at our place, Honey. It's falling apart.

FADE TO:

INT. TUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a contrarian jumble of paperwork and autopsy photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin stares at a FRAMED DISPLAY that appears to contain two massive, desiccated potato chips mounted under glass.

Tuck approaches, stands behind him.

TUCK

Years ago, before you got here, down in the Argenti Projects. This homeless guy, Shaky Jake, he lived there for years. He was real popular with everyone down there, like the project mascot or something. One day, couple of gang bangers move into the project, and they don't like the noise his shopping cart makes when he pushes it around at night. (Beat) They tied him to a phone pole and cut the heels off his feet.

Breslin shifts his attention from the centerpieces of the display to Tuck's reflection in the glass.

TUCK (CONT'D)

Any time I start to believe in the good of man, anytime I allow sentiment to creep into my life. I remind myself that I have Shaky Jake's feet hanging on my wall.

Breslin turns to face Tuck. Tuck holds up a small vial, a COMPUTER CHIP loose inside.

TUCK (CONT'D)

This was in Jacobs' stomach. I think they made him eat it.

BRESLIN

They made him eat a computer chip?

TUCK

Yup.

BRESLIN

Why?

TUCK

Aidan? My job is to examine the worst things that we can do to each other. Your job is to figure out why the fuck I'm doing my job.

Breslin smiles. The man's got a point.

BRESLIN

(peering closer)
What's written on it?

TUCK

Exodus 9:15.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Breslin sits in his desk chair, feet propped up on the desk. Stingray stands behind him, both of them looking at the posterboard now tacked to the wall above Breslin's desk.

BRESLIN

(reading)

Exodus 9:15: "For now I will stretch out my hand, that I may smite thee and thy people with pestilence, and thou shalt be cut off from the earth."

Breslin looks behind him, at Stingray.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Pestilence is the one on the black horse.

Breslin holds up the vial containing the computer chip, shakes it around for effect.

STINGRAY

Smiting the fruits of the earth through a fucking cable modem line. Unreal.

Breslin sets the vial down.

BRESLIN

They're defining themselves, just in case we're not following along. They want us to know who they are, and they want us to know what they're doing.

STINGRAY

Honestly, though. Whatever happened to just shooting a dude in the face and feeding him through a woodchipper?

BRESLIN

(shaking his head)

There's a point to this. And they're not going to stop until everyone understands exactly what that point is.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Breslin, Jack, and Sean stand at attention during Sunday mass. Breslin appears to be putting forth tremendous effort to pay more attention to the sermon than we have seen previously.

Every now and again, though, his eyes dart to his sons, betraying his real motives.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Jack rummages through the cabinets, still in his church clothes. He produces a bag of pretzels, has at it.

BRESLIN (O.S.)

Hey Jack?

Jack looks toward the doorway as his father's head pops through.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Do you... do you wanna watch the Wings game in ten minutes? I was gonna get Sean started while he's young.

JACK

(incredulous)

The Red Wings?

BRESLIN

You love the Red Wings.

JACK

I haven't watched a hockey game in three years.

BRESLIN

(feeling stupid.)

Oh. Well. If you wanna...you know.
(beat) You gotta give me a chance, Jack.
If we're gonna make this work out in the end. You gotta help me a little.

He disappears back into the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. BRESLIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sean kneels in front of the TV, trying desperately to follow along with the high-speed action.

Jack and Breslin watch the game from the couch. They don't cheer, although it takes some restraint on Breslin's part not to jump from his seat every now and again.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sean brushes his teeth. Jack sits on the edge of the tub. Breslin appears in the doorway.

BRESLIN

Great game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN
(mumbling through foam)
Done.

Jack stands, hooks his hands under his brother's armpits, and lifts him so he can spit into the sink.

BRESLIN
So I was thinking me and Sean could drive you to school tomorrow. You know. Make sure you're actually going.

JACK
(to Sean)
All done?

Sean nods vigorously. Jack sets him down.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Sean)
Go get ready for bed.

Sean pads off. Breslin calls out after him:

BRESLIN
I'll be in in a minute, Sean.

Jack looks to his father. Unenthused.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
Is it really that bad? (beat) Tell them you're adopted.

JACK
You don't know what kids are like.

BRESLIN
I think that's obvious.

Jack shakes his head, laughs to himself.

JACK
Fine. OK.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIME LAPSE SHOT OF NIGHT BECOMING DAY.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack enters, all set for school. Hm. NOTE on the table. And it's got a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL paper-clipped to it. Jack reaches for it.

INSERT NOTE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Jack, I'm sorry. Please wait with Sean until Rosa gets here. I'll make it up to you. -Dad"

SMASH CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE PLUNGING INTO A HUMAN ARM.

A photographer's FLASH and we FREEZE on the image.

STINGRAY (V.O.)

Been dead at least twelve hours. Tuck's just started his examination, but it's all the same. Definitely them.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A THICK FISHING HOOK PIERCING HUMAN FLESH.

FLASH! FREEZE shot.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

Any correlation between this victim and the others? Anything at all?

STINGRAY (V.O.)

Absolutely nothing to do with the other two. We got a lot of digging to do, but...I mean, this is just a completely different world.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON A BEAUTIFUL EYEBALL. GREEN. SQUEEZES SHUT. TEARS RUN THROUGH THE MASCARA.

FLASH! FREEZE.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

Who found her?

STINGRAY (V.O.)

Daughter.

FADE INTO:

INT. MANSION - MORNING

COPS EVERYWHERE.

Breslin and Stingray make their way down a regal curving staircase. Breslin's eyes are trained on the THREE TEENAGED GIRLS (18, 15, 12) sitting on the couch in the sitting room into which the staircase leads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
Which one?

STINGRAY
Oldest.

Closer now, Breslin looks toward the oldest of the girls: KRISTIN, unlike the other two, is ASIAN. And beautiful. He looks toward Stingray, confused.

STINGRAY (CONT'D)
Adopted.

Breslin nods, approaches the girls. Excuses the officers that are talking to them. He squats in front of them, and only then sees the pain in their tear-streaked faces.

BRESLIN
Hi. I'm Detective Breslin. I just wanted you girls to know that I'm going to be heading up the investigation, and I promise you...

Breslin looks up at the girls, who are trying to keep themselves together to be attentive to him. The youngest one starts to cry, her face a wash of every emotion that humans have ever learned to fear.

Breslin stands, shakes his head in self-disgust, starts to walk away.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
(off Stingray's look)
What the fuck am I supposed to say to them?

A COMMOTION at the front door. The sea of policemen parts, and a wild-eyed and extremely bedraggled BUSINESSMAN runs into the room, frantic.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER
Daddy!

BUSINESSMAN
Oh God!

The children run to meet their father in the center of the room. He drops to his knees and they envelop him.

The entire force steps back, melts into the walls, hearts breaking for this family gutted.

Quietly, Breslin sneaks around the perimeter of the room, meets up with the OFFICER that escorted the father in. They converse in whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRESLIN

Where was he?

OFFICER

Out of town attending a business-related conference. Checks out across the boards.

Breslin nods. Allows his eyes to wander around the room. They HOLD on the three "Come and See"s smeared along the curved wall that flanks the stairway. He EXHALES deeply, looks to the floor.

INT. MANSION'S KITCHEN - LATER

The father, MR. SPITZ, sits on a stool at the kitchen island. Breslin enters, led by a policeman. Spitz stands, extends his hand.

MR. SPITZ

Detective Breslin. Hi. David Spitz.

Breslin shakes, sits down opposite Spitz.

BRESLIN

Mr. Spitz. I am so sorry for your loss.

MR. SPITZ

Thank you.

BRESLIN

You wanted to talk to me about something?

Mr. Spitz fiddles mindlessly with the various countertop items.

MR. SPITZ

Yes. I wanted to tell you that I served as a forensic psychologist with the Agency for twenty years.

Breslin sits back, impressed.

BRESLIN

Oh.

MR. SPITZ

I wanted to tell you that up front.

BRESLIN

OK. (beat) Mr. Spitz, I'm not sure I understand...

MR. SPITZ

When you find him. I might be able to help you with questioning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin studies Spitz carefully. The man is toeing the line between breaking into tears and exploding with rage.

BRESLIN

Mr. Spitz, I'm sure you understand that protocol doesn't allow for...

MR. SPITZ

I won't touch him. We can be in separate rooms. (then, vitriolic) Twenty years, Detective. I know how to do things to men's minds that the darkest corner of your nightmares can't even manifest. I want to eat his soul.

Breslin shifts uncomfortably, feeling the fire burning in Spitz's eyes.

BRESLIN

I can only imagine how you must feel, Mr. Spitz. But...

MR. SPITZ

(suddenly pleading)
Did you see what he did to my wife, Detective? Did you see what he did to the mother of my children?

TUCK (O.S.)

Aidan?

Breslin looks behind him to see Tuck standing in the doorway. Breslin holds up a finger. One sec. Directs his attention back to Spitz. Takes a deep breath. Knows he shouldn't be doing this.

BRESLIN

OK.

A huge weight from Spitz's shoulders. He forces a smile through the pain.

MR. SPITZ

Thank you.

Breslin excuses himself silently and walks to Tuck, who leads him into a somewhat secluded

BREAKFAST NOOK.

BRESLIN

What's up?

TUCK

It's all the same, but there's...there's something new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
What's new?

Tuck looks over Breslin's shoulder at Spitz, who, in the distance, has broken down again.

TUCK
They...they took something.

Breslin furrows his brow, not understanding. Tuck wipes at his forehead with a rolled up sleeve. He looks ill.

TUCK (CONT'D)
Aidan. They took something from inside her.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - LATER

Breslin sits alone in a luscious garden, collecting himself.

KRISTIN
Detective?

Breslin looks up, startled. The Spitz's oldest daughter KRISTIN stands before him. Looks at the ground, embarrassed. Innocent.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you...

BRESLIN
No, no that's OK...

KRISTIN
Kristin.

BRESLIN
Kristin. (stupid question) Are you...are you OK?

Kristin looks up, tears welling.

KRISTIN
No.

BRESLIN
(awkward)
Is there anything I can do?

Kristin shakes her head "no."

KRISTIN
Are you going to catch the person that did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
I'm going to try.

Kristin inhales deeply, her breaths racked by choking sobs.

KRISTIN
I just...wanted to ask I guess.

She turns and starts to walk away. Breslin watches her, knows he should reach out to her, but doesn't know how.

BRESLIN
Kristin.

She looks back to him. He fumbles in his pocket, hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)
If you ever want to talk...or...you need
a counselor, or...you just want to scream
and yell...I don't know.

Kristin forces a smile, and even under these tenuous circumstances, it's captivating.

KRISTIN
Thank you.

Kristin pockets the card and heads back into the house.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean sits on his bed, coloring. Breslin enters.

BRESLIN
Where's your brother?

SEAN
Outside. Writing.

Sean continues to color for a beat, then looks up at his father. Emotionally beaten and battered, Breslin just stands there.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(worried)
Do I have to go to sleep?

Breslin considers this. Does he have to go to sleep?

BRESLIN
No. Can we watch Spongebob?

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sean in bed. Breslin in his chair. Jack enters, KNOCKS at the doorjamb. Breslin looks up, smiles weakly.

BRESLIN
Hey there. Hey, I'm sorry about this morning.

JACK
(means it)
It's fine. Bad things?

BRESLIN
Yeah.

JACK
Are you...um...OK?

Breslin wells up at his son's concern. Then lies to him.

BRESLIN
Yeah.

JACK
OK. (then) Good.

Jack looks to his brother, who seems to sense the oncoming query...

SEAN
I brushed them!

Jack smiles, backs out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lilly the Receptionist works away, moving a million miles a minute.

KRISTIN
Excuse me?

Lilly peers over the desk to see Kristin holding out Breslin's business card. She clearly feels uncomfortable.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I was looking for Detective Breslin?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Breslin sits at his desk, staring at a sloppy table that he's scribbled down on a notepad:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

	HARTINGER	JACOBS	SPITZ
RIG:	Yes	No	Yes
"COME & SEE:"	4	3	3

Just staring. Unable to make rhyme or reason of the small but glaring inconsistencies.

His phone RINGING.

One last look at the table, then he sets it down, rubs his eyes, and answers the phone.

BRESLIN
(into phone)
Breslin.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Breslin and Kristin take a slow stroll through a park that is, for the time being, a winter wonderland.

BRESLIN
Kristin, I have to tell you. I'm not sure I'm the person you should be talking to...I'm not really trained...

KRISTIN
I just want to talk to a normal person. Not a man in a crisp suit with a tape recorder.

Breslin smiles, nods. He gets that.

BRESLIN
OK. I should also warn you that I'm not too good with children.

KRISTIN
(friendly)
I'm not a child.

Breslin looks at her. She's not a child.

BRESLIN
No, of course not.

KRISTIN
Do you have any kids?

BRESLIN
I have two sons. They're sixteen and five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN

What kinds of things do you all do together?

BRESLIN

We don't really do stuff together.

KRISTIN

Why not?

BRESLIN

Well. It's a lot of things, but...Sean, he's real young. I'm only just starting to figure him out. He's sort of introverted. And Jack...I've been so focused on my career for so long. I sort of...missed his childhood.

KRISTIN

My parents did that.

BRESLIN

Yeah?

Kristin nods, gets a little choked up. Breslin is uncomfortable.

BRESLIN (CONT'D)

Being a parent...it's harder than they tell you.

Kristin forces a smile, wipes away a tear.

KRISTIN

They thought my mom was infertile. They adopted me when I was one. And that was great. (beat) When I was four, Teresa was born. Doctors said it was a miracle. Angie was born when I was six.

BRESLIN

That was hard for you.

KRISTIN

I wasn't from them. I didn't look like them. It wasn't their fault. They just...they just got really lucky.

BRESLIN

I'm sorry.

Kristin looks up, face streaked with tears. Her voice trembles.

KRISTIN

But she was still my mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Breslin walks in silence, allows Kristin to fight through wracked breaths.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Why do people do the things they do?

BRESLIN

I don't know.

KRISTIN

How can a human life be that disposable?

BRESLIN

Kristin...

KRISTIN

(sobbing)

How can you hurt someone and just walk away from what you've done?

For lack of better things to do, Breslin wraps an arm around Kristin's shoulder. Immediately, she pulls into him, wraps her arms around him. Buries her head into his shoulder. And cries and cries and cries.

Awkward and unsure, Breslin wraps his other arm around her. Holds her safe, the last thing protecting this angel from the world around her.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

BRESLIN

(gentle)

Why should you be sorry?

Kristin looks at him with her sad eyes. She turns away, reaches into her backpack. When she looks back at him, her eyes are not sad anymore.

KRISTIN

I didn't know this was inside her.

She holds out a LARGE ZIPLOCK FREEZER BAG. Something BLOODY AND RAW inside.

INT. POLICE STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Breslin splashes his face with cold water. Looks at himself in the mirror.

Stingray enters, watches Breslin wash his face again.

STINGRAY

Bres. I just heard. Are you shitting me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin looks at Stingray in the mirror, shakes his head "no." He vomits into the sink.

INT. INTERROGATION MONITORING ROOM - DAY

Breslin and Stingray enter the small booth that looks through a single-sided mirror into the INTERROGATION ROOM. Kristin sits at a table, utterly collected as she talks to a POLICE QUESTIONER.

Some CONTROL ROOM GUY mans the monitoring room's controls.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM:

Kristin leans across the small table, getting in the questioner's face. It almost looks like she's interrogating him.

KRISTIN

Why are you wasting my time and yours? I know what you're going to ask me five minutes before you do.

IN THE MONITORING ROOM

Control Room Guy turns to Breslin.

CONTROL ROOM GUY

It's been like this for an hour. Everything we throw at her, she hurls back. I think if anyone cracks, it's gonna be Bob.

Control Room Guy gestures toward

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

where Bob, the questioner, is rubbing his temples.

KRISTIN

(continuing)

...Embarrassing. My 12 year old sister could do a better job of this than you, and I've long suspected her of being mildly retarded.

That's it. Bob throws his arms into the air in exasperation, looks to the monitoring room for help.

Kristin follows his gaze, smiles.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Oh is that not just a mirror?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
(to mirror)
What do you want me to do?

KRISTIN
(to mirror)
Detective Breslin? If you'd like to come
in here, I'll tell you things.

IN THE MONITORING ROOM

all eyes are on Breslin.

CONTROL ROOM GUY
Your call.

Breslin looks back in at Kristin. Still the face of an
angel. He takes a DEEP BREATH, collects himself.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Breslin sits across from Kristin. She smiles at him.

BRESLIN
Kristin, you know the questions I'm
supposed to ask you. And I know you're
not going to answer them. So why don't
you just tell me what you want to tell
me.

KRISTIN
That doesn't sound very fun.

Breslin rolls his eyes.

BRESLIN
Fine. Which one...

KRISTIN
(interrupting)
I wonder, Aidan, what you think of me.

Breslin clenches his jaw, stares back.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)
I mean, the last time we had a chance to
talk, you thought I was just a sweet girl
who had been wronged by the world. I
wonder. What do you think now? It's OK
to be honest.

BRESLIN
I still think that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN
Awww...really?

BRESLIN
We all sometimes want to hurt the people
that hurt us.

Kristin smiles, leans in.

KRISTIN
The moment I met you, I knew we would
have a special relationship.

She leans back.

KRISTIN
OK, you can go.

BRESLIN
Why your mother?

KRISTIN
Because I hate my father.

BRESLIN
So why not him?

KRISTIN
Would you rather be dead, or live the
rest of your life without your soul mate?
(beat) I'd rather be dead.

Breslin wipes his brow with the heel of his hand.

BRESLIN
Well you might be, Kristin, do you
realize that? Was this was worth
throwing your life away for?

KRISTIN
My life was over the minute they put me
on that plane from China.

BRESLIN
Kristin?

KRISTIN
Aidan?

BRESLIN
Why did you turn yourself in to me?

KRISTIN
Living my life in a jail cell and living
it in that family didn't strike me as
remarkably different. Besides. I'm not
good at fading into the woodwork.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTIN (cont'd)
Not like the others. You would have caught me.

BRESLIN
And you wanted to deprive us of that satisfaction.

KRISTIN
We thought it would be a fun way to keep you on your toes.

She leans in to him, lowers her voice.

KRISTIN
You know. Make sure you understand that what you're dealing with this time...this is different.

Breslin sits back, takes a long beat to just stare at Kristin. The most beautiful girl in the world. How could she be...

BRESLIN
You're not Death...

KRISTIN
Do you know the difference between Death and War, Detective?

BRESLIN
(reciting)
Death is a physicality. War is a state of mind.

Kristin raises an eyebrow, impressed.

BRESLIN
War.

KRISTIN
Yes, Aidan?

BRESLIN
The Rider of the White Horse is the leader. Death is the butcher. Pestilence is the hacker.

Breslin leans across the table.

BRESLIN
What are you?

Another raised eyebrow. She leans in as well, meeting him halfway.

KRISTIN
You mean you haven't found them yet?

INT. SPITZ MANSION - NIGHT

Dark and silent. Police tape and evidence markers everywhere.

We ZOOM UP THE STAIRS, DOWN A HALLWAY, past family photographs, and into

INT. KRISTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where Breslin and Stingray search.

The room is tidy, almost immaculate. No girlie trinkets, no baubles.

Everything that reasonably could be, including the bedsheets and curtains, is RED.

Stingray opens the closet, shines a flashlight past rows and rows of clothes. Looks up, toward the top shelves.

BRESLIN

Anything?

STINGRAY

(from inside closet)

More books. Some trophies. Disney videos.

Breslin nods, then looks around the room quickly. So sparse, so professional...you'd never expect it to be the room of an 18 year-old girl.

BRESLIN

Disney videos?

STINGRAY

(inside closet)

Yeah.

Breslin walks into the closet, follows Stingray's flashlight to two Disney videos on a shelf. He reaches up, grabs one. Pulls the case open. Shines the light on the label:

"GARRISON JACOBS"

BRESLIN

Oh fuck.

STINGRAY

Bres.

Breslin turns to Stingray, who's opened the other video.

STINGRAY

MaryAnne Spitz. And it has a note.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin takes the note, reads it.

BRESLIN

Find a place to watch these.

Breslin exits the closet, exits the bedroom. He's in the
HALLWAY

Re-reading the note. He looks downstairs, heads in that direction.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Breslin enters, scans the room with his flashlight. Heads for a bookshelf on the far side of the room. Re-reads the note again.

His flashlight pans across several rows of books: The Handbook of Forensic Psychology, Criminal Profiling: An Introduction to Behavioral Evidence Analysis, Dark Dreams: Sexual Violence, Homicide, and the Criminal Mind, etc.

On the bottom shelf, his light stops on a thick, LEATHER-BOUND TOME.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Breslin sits on an ottoman, the book opened to a page marked by a protruding POST-IT NOTE. The page, like all the others, is covered in NEAT HANDWRITING, and is headed by the beautifully scripted words DEAR DIARY.

He begins to read. Very quickly, his face registers tremendous distaste for what he's reading. Soon thereafter, it's a state of total disgust.

INT. MANSION - SAME

We are in someone's POV. We slip past the stairway, peek into the family room. Stare at Breslin's back.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Breslin rubs his eyes, clenches his jaw, and turns to another page.

Only at the last second does he hear the FOOTSTEPS. He starts to spin, but is TACKLED off the ottoman by the ATTACKER lunging from the darkness.

They fall to the floor, the assailant in the superior position and SLAMMING Breslin's head into the hardwood floor.

ATTACKER

I'll kill you. I'll kill you for coming in here again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin manages to free an arm, and he PUNCHES his attacker square in the throat. The man wheezes, falls backward. Breslin gets to his knees, scrambles for his sidearm.

He unbuckles the leather strap holding his gun in place just as he takes a massive BOOT TO THE BACK. He pitches forward, gun skittering across the floor into the night.

The man is on Breslin's back, driving elbows into his back and neck.

His arms pinned beneath the man's knees, Breslin's in trouble. Every time he raises his head, it gets SMASHED back into the floor.

His energy and will are going, His eyelids flutter.

BRESLIN

(weak)

You're...killing...a policeman.

And just like that, the blows STOP. From the attacker sitting above him in the darkness...

ATTACKER

(horrified)

Oh my God.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Breslin sits at the dining room table, icing his mouth and percolating with rage. Across from him is a terribly embarrassed Mr. Spitz.

MR. SPITZ

I didn't know you guys were here. I thought you were one of them.

BRESLIN

Why are you here?

MR. SPITZ

I can't sleep. I come here. I don't want to, but I can't stop myself. Maybe my body doesn't understand that this is not home anymore.

BRESLIN

(bristling)

It doesn't sound to me like this was ever a home to some of the people in your family, Mr. Spitz.

The tension in the room is growing exponentially. Spitz is insulted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SPITZ

Come on. She was my daughter. I loved her. But I mean...after everything that MaryAnne and I went through to have children...how could it not have been the way it was? They came from my wife, from me. Kristin came from a plane.

Breslin is disgusted.

MR. SPITZ

(aggressive)

What? She never fit in. She stopped acting like a kid when she was eight. Eight!

BRESLIN

(angry)

Maybe that's because you were giving the childhoods to other two.

MR. SPITZ

What the fuck do you know about parenting, Detective?

BRESLIN

Nothing. But I at least recognize my faults as a parent.

MR. SPITZ

I love my daughters.

Breslin sits back, shakes his head. Repulsed.

BRESLIN

Mr. Spitz, if more bodies turn up, Kristin is going to be in prison for the rest of her life. And then some. If you really love your daughters, you might want to make your peace with what's happened to this family. Because she's not making any attempt to gain police sympathy.

Mr. Spitz laughs to himself.

MR. SPITZ

You're having trouble interrogating her?

BRESLIN

Yes. We are.

MR. SPITZ

Well that shouldn't come as a surprise. She's been reading my Criminal Psychology books since she was ten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Breslin starts to turn away.

MR. SPITZ
So fuck you.

Breslin turns back, incredulous.

MR. SPITZ
Yeah, that's right. Fuck you and your
holier-than-thou shit. Talking to me
like you know my fam...

BRESLIN
I know what you did to her.

Spitz goes white.

MR. SPITZ
Yeah, well...so fucking what? Look how
it turned out! She's a monster! In
hindsight she fucking deserved it.

BRESLIN
(incredulous)
She didn't deserve it because she's a
monster, you stupid piece of shit. You
doing it is what made her a monster.

MR. SPITZ
Where do you of all people get off
preaching morality to anyone?

Breslin takes a step forward and, unbeknownst to Spitz, grabs
an EMPTY WINE BOTTLE from the counter top. Holds it upside
down behind his back...

BRESLIN
You know, you sick fuck? I oughtta beat
your fucking head in.

MR. SPITZ
I'm sure the national media would love
that. 'Breslin does it again.' Go
ahead, tough guy. Do it.

BRESLIN
Maybe you're forgetting why I was
acquitted. The American Legal System
doesn't have much sympathy for rapists.

Spitz backs down, suddenly afraid. Breslin advances,
tightens his grip on the bottle.

BRESLIN
And there's something else you've
conveniently overlooked.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRESLIN (cont'd)
That guy didn't assault me earlier in the evening the night I kicked his face in.

Spitz looks about ready to wet himself. Breslin practically on top of him...

A KNOCK at the doorway. Stingray stands there. Pale.

STINGRAY
Bres. You should probably see this.

Breslin nods, turns back to Spitz. Puts the wine bottle back on the counter, in clear view of the trembling Spitz.

BRESLIN
(to Spitz)
If I ever see you again outside of a courthouse, it's going to cost your family a fortune in flowers.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Breslin follows Stingray into the room. They sit at the edge of the bed, facing a large TV.

STINGRAY
This is from the MaryAnne Spitz tape.
Stingray uses the remote to play the tape. WE CANNOT SEE THE TV SCREEN, we can only hear the audio and see the horrified reactions of the viewers.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)
(Weak, terrified)
Please. Why are you doing this?

KRISTIN (O.S.)
What does it feel like, the suspension?
I need to know.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)
Kristin. Please.

KRISTIN (O.S.)
Does it feel like you're weightless? It should feel like you don't exist. It should feel like I do.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)
No...

KRISTIN (O.S.)
Look at the floor underneath you, mom.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)
Oh God. Oh God...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN (O.S.)

Do you feel that hole in your stomach?

Silence. Weeping.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

Do you feel that hole in your stomach?

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)

Yes. Yes. Oh God.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

That is how I've felt for the last 14 years of my life.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)

(sobbing)

Kristin. I'm sorry. Please. Please. I'm sorry.

Sobbing.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

I'm your daughter, and you allowed me to hurt.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)

No. Kristin, no. I didn't...

KRISTIN (O.S.)

Now I'm allowing you to hurt. And when you go to the next place, mom? You're going there knowing that you lived as a failure to your daughter.

MARYANNE SPITZ (O.S.)

(sobbing)

No. Kristin, I'm sorry. Please. Oh God.

Stingray STOPS the video. The two sit in silence for a moment, clearly horrified at what they've seen.

STINGRAY

They're both like that. She sat with each of them for an hour. Just tore them apart.

BRESLIN

Waging war in their souls.

STINGRAY

She's a monster, Bres. The things she said to them...the things she made them feel. She's worse than the one who cut them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Breslin nods. Exhales deeply. BOTHERED.

INT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Breslin enters, throws his stuff on the kitchen table. Goes straight for

JACK'S BEDROOM

where Jack sleeps soundly. Lit only by the screen saver on his computer. Breslin sits on the side of the bed, puts his hand through his son's hair. Jack stirs just a bit.

BRESLIN

I love you, buddy. I hope you know that.

He looks around the room. A place he hardly recognizes.

BRESLIN

This is the last one, Jack. No more of this. I'll leave it behind, and we'll...we'll fix everything. I watch you with Sean. Making sure he gets to be a kid. And I know you're angry that you didn't, and it's not fair, but...we'll fix it. It'll be perfect. It'll be like it should have been.

Breslin hovers a moment more, then stands, kisses his son's forehead.

BRESLIN

You're the best older brother in the world.

Breslin exits.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

On one side of the small table, Aidan Breslin. Sweating. Pale. Running a frustrated hand through his hair.

On the other side, Kristin Spitz. Calm. Calculating. Batting her eyelashes.

BRESLIN

I...I can't even comprehend what I'm supposed to say to you.

KRISTIN

Oh come on, Aidan. I know you understand what we're doing.

BRESLIN

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN

(soft)

Don't lie. You do.

Breslin looks about ready to vomit.

KRISTIN

You read my diary. You know what he did.

Breslin nods meekly.

KRISTIN

Then you know just as well as I do.
Taking her wouldn't have been enough. He
needed to know that she hurt. Inside.
Like I did.

Breslin drops his head into his hands.

KRISTIN

12 hours in exchange for 14 years? I
think that's a pretty favorable trade.

Kristin reaches across the table, HOLDS BRESLIN'S HAND.

KRISTIN

It's OK. They need to know what it feels
like.

Breslin looks at their clasped hands, then up into the eyes
of War.

BRESLIN

How many, Kristin? How many more?

Kristin smiles. A terrifying, radiant smile.

KRISTIN

We just want to excise one demon each.
Four Horsemen. Four victims. No
more. (beat, smiling wide) I mean...we're
not monsters.

INT. OFFICER'S GYM - DAY

Breslin assaults the treadmill. Burning off the pressure.
Burning off the anger. Burning off the tension...

KRUPA

Hey Flo Jo.

Krupa approaches, stands directly in front of the equipment.

KRUPA

Got a tip from one of the hackers we
busted last year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRUPA (cont'd)

This morning, some hotshot in a chat room told half the online community that he knows where Pestilence is operating from.

Breslin amps up the speed on the treadmill.

KRUPA

I figured if anything, a pasty geek jerking off in front of a computer is just your cup of tea, so when you're done with your calisthenics, get the address from Stingray. Team's ready.

Krupa heads off.

BRESLIN

You're an embarrassment to every code of honor your father established here.

Krupa stops. Turns. Half the gym has frozen. All eyes on him.

Long, deliberate strides right back up to the front of the treadmill. Breslin continues to run.

CRACK!

Krupa SLUGS him. With the punch, Breslin takes an awkward step backward and LAUNCHES off the back of the treadmill. He lands in a crumpled heap.

The entire gym now silent as Krupa stands over Breslin.

KRUPA

I'm an embarrassment. Me. You know how often I take shit out in public for still having you on this force, as if it were my decision? You know many fucking transfers I've lost because these guys don't wanna have to go home and tell their wives that they're gonna be working alongside the guy who was on TV last year beating the crap out of Teyo Hobson? Fuck, Breslin, the guy's the Rodney King of the Midwest. He's a goddamn rapist and you somehow turned him into a martyr! (gesturing to the other officers in the room) Look at these men. These men take shit every day out there because of you. These men bust their asses for this city and in return, this city hates them because you're a hothead asshole! So I'm the embarrassment?! Look in the fucking mirror, dick.

Krupa storms off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRUPA

And get your ass downtown to check on that lead. Now.

A BUFF OFFICER walks up to Breslin, offers him a hand. Breslin shakes his head. Too proud.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

I want to make sure this is 100% clear.

INT. BURNT OUT APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Breslin stands atop the first stair landing in a 75% charred apartment building lobby. There hasn't been a tenant in this place for years.

Like the half dozen officers standing before him, he wears a BULLETPROOF VEST and carries a SHOTGUN WITH A FLASHLIGHT ATTACHMENT.

BRESLIN

If we get in there, and the suspect has left the premises, you are under no circumstances to touch anything. We're anticipating a large amount of computing hardware in the unit, and we leave that for the geeks.

On "geeks," Breslin nods his head toward the back of the lobby, where four members of the Computer Crime Unit check their Xybernaut body-mounted computer systems.

BRESLIN

We all clear on that?

Murmured approval from the peanut gallery.

BRESLIN

Good then.

INT. BURNT OUT APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A silent, blackened hallway. BEAMS OF LIGHT slice through the darkness from a stairwell at the end of the hall, followed by Breslin and his men.

As they head down the hall, they cover each other methodically, shining their lights into the incinerated husks of what used to be liveable apartment units.

Breslin stops in front of the only unit with a door still intact: UNIT 15. Officers flank him from both sides, cover the ends of the hallway.

Breslin looks right, nods to his troops. Looks left. Three fingers in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two

One

His foot comes up, the sole of his boot comes...

INT. UNIT 15 - CONTINUOUS

CRASHING through the door. The men pour in, shotguns ready, lights sweeping what is, in fact, a VERY SMALL SPACE.

It's a bachelor's single: One room with a small bathroom attached. One officer does a quick sweep of the shower. The others all shine their lights on the far end of the room:

A window, PAINTED BLACK. Below that, a single fold-out table that runs the course of the wall, hosting a MASSIVE COMPUTING CENTER: Several enormous monitors connected to a number of hard drives via firewire. Zip drives, CD ports, T1 lines disappearing into holes that have been crudely smashed into the wall.

And FANS. A half dozen of them, all pointed at the computers and all running.

Slowly, the team approaches the computers. Nothing is running. One of the men reaches out, runs a gloved finger across one of the monitors:

A thick layer of DUST coats his glove.

EXT. BURNT OUT APARTMENT - LATER

Breslin stands, smoking, as the computing equipment is removed from the building. Stingray approaches.

STINGRAY

That shit ain't been used for weeks.
He's moved on.

Breslin nods, lost in thought.

STINGRAY

Hey. On the bright side, now we know
there's just one more victim.

BRESLIN

That's a bright side?

Frustrated, Breslin stomps out his cig, then stomps off.

INT. BRESLIN'S TRUCK - DAY

Driving, white knuckled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cracks his neck both ways, forces a smile onto his face as he pulls in front of the school and Jack hops in.

BRESLIN

Hey buddy.

JACK

Hi.

Jack digs through his backpack, barely notices as his father struggles with a conversation.

BRESLIN

So...how was school?

JACK

Fine.

Beat.

BRESLIN

Work sucked too.

JACK

(re: Breslin's swollen eye)

I can see that.

Jack laughs to himself, doesn't even realize it. But Breslin does. He smiles to see his son reacting to him.

BRESLIN

You learn anything coo...

Jack withdraws himself from his backpack, having found the three TICKETS he was looking for.

JACK

Do you maybe want to go to the game tonight?

Breslin doesn't get it.

BRESLIN

What? What game?

JACK

(awkward)

It's just I know this kid who has season tickets, I thought you might want to go so I gave him eighty bucks for them.

BRESLIN

Where'd you get eighty bucks, Jack?

JACK

From you paying me off every time you ditch us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sucker punch.

BRESLIN

(hurt)

Oh. Right. So...what game is this?

JACK

(reading)

Red Wings versus...um...Colorado
Avalanche?

Breslin nearly has a seizure.

JACK

So...do you have work to do or some...

BRESLIN

No.

Worlds apart but closer than ever, father and son sit in
silence. All smiles.

FADE INTO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS, again in SILENCE.

EXT. JOE LOUIS ARENA - NIGHT

Breslin, Jack, and an awestruck Sean navigate the insanity of
the pre-game parking lot tailgates.

INT. JOE LOUIS ARENA CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Front of the line at the souvenir stand. Breslin points to a
jersey on display, Jack shrugs. Breslin indicates a
different jersey for his disinterested son. The entire
while, Sean is jumping up and down and gesturing spastically
at one of the souvenirs.

INT. JOE LOUIS ARENA CONCOURSE - LATER

Breslin and Jack carry armloads of concessions through the
maze of fans. Matching red jerseys. Father is Steve
YZERMAN. Son is Sergei FEDOROV. Sean can't carry anything
because both of his hands are embalmed in GROTESQUELY
OVERSIZED RED FOAM HANDS.

INT. JOE LOUIS ARENA - NIGHT - LATER

YZERMAN AND FEDOROV cheer for Yzerman and Fedorov. The man
next to them hurls an OCTOPUS toward the ice. Breslin slaps
him five. Sean slaps him a grotesquely oversized five.

The tempo of our cuts SPEEDS UP until we are FLASHING THROUGH
second-long scenes of father and sons enjoying the game.

Cheering for the Wings goals and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sagging for the opponent's and
Screaming bloody murder during the fights and
Chatting during intermissions and
We HOLD ON THIS SCENE,

FATHER AND SONS IN AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION

All sound filtered out, but we can see father and sons
laughing, carousing. Being father and sons.

EXT. JOE LOUIS ARENA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The arena sparkles against Motown at night.

FADE INTO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Sean shuffles in wearing a new Red Wings T-shirt.

He pulls a chair up the counter, climbs atop it, and pops two
Eggs into the toaster. He activates the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE
You have nine new messages.

SEAN
(yelling)
Dad!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Breslin hurries in. Heads straight for Krupa's office.

INT. KRUPA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Breslin enters.

BRESLIN
I was with my kids. What do you want?

KRUPA
She asked for you to have this.

Krupa holds out a folded up piece of paper.

BRESLIN
Who did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRUPA
Fucking Britney Spears.. Who do you
think? Your biggest fan.

BRESLIN
Did you read it?

KRUPA
Of course. Not much to it, but she
insisted we make sure you get it sometime
today.

After a slight hesitation, Breslin takes the slip, unfolds
it.

Reads./

BRESLIN
Fuck her and her bullshit mind games.

Breslin drops the slip of paper onto Krupa's desk and exits.

CLOSE ON the slip of paper: Scrawled, in Kristin's immaculate
penmanship: "Not Much Longer."

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF DOC MARTEN BOOTS

trudge up to a glass door. The door swings open; a "door
opening" bell sounds.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A "door opening" bell sounds. A large, muscular EVERYMAN
enters, seats himself at the counter.

Scans the patrons.

Eyes fix on a booth in the corner. Everyman is casing the
people in that booth.

We ZOOM THROUGH THE DINER to

THAT BOOTH

where LAUREN (23 and sweet) sits across from GREGG (24 and
sweet). Gregg stirs a coffee nervously.

GREGG
I've missed you.

LAUREN
How have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gregg swallows hard, looks up from his coffee. Sad eyes, these.

GREGG

I've um...I've been better.

Over Lauren's shoulder, in the B.G., Everyman stares from his seat.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Simple. Relaxed. Breslin, trying to be the same, sits across from Tuck, who is simple and relaxed.

BRESLIN

I can't deal with this anymore, Tuck.
(looking around himself) This...this whole world.

Tuck doesn't look up from his food.

TUCK

I know how you mean.

BRESLIN

No. I mean I can't. I'm done. When this whole thing is done...I'm done.

Tuck temporarily retires his silverware. Looks at Breslin, who's shaking his head vigorously.

BRESLIN

I don't want to live this life anymore.
I don't want to live in this world that is producing bad faster than I can catch it. It took me away from my wife when she needed me most. It took me away from my son, and if I don't change something, it will take me away from the other one too.

TUCK

Aidan.

BRESLIN

(continuing)

I can't take that night back from this life. But the kids...

TUCK

There's a saying. When a picture's crumpled up, it can never be perfect again.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
You don't think he'll forgive me?

TUCK
I'm not talking about Jack.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Same as before, though both Gregg and Lauren are openly crying.

LAUREN
Baby. It's nothing I'll ever be able to explain. I wish I could, believe me. I wish so badly that I could make this all easier.

GREGG
How could you have said the things that you did? You told me that you loved me, that I was your soul mate, that you wanted to be with me...

LAUREN
And I did. But something changed. And I wished it hadn't, but it did, and..

GREGG
What? What changed? Baby. All I've ever done was treat you better than any man ever has or ever will. Make you smile, make you laugh, make you feel safe. I just wanted to spend my life with you.

Gregg breaks down.

LAUREN
(sympathetic)
Baby.

Lauren reaches out, gently strokes Gregg's face. Wipes away tears.

EVERYMAN

sits on his stool, watches the former couple over his meal.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits at his desk, Sean on his lap. Each working diligently on their own appointed side of the coloring book in front of them.

INT. DINER - LATER

LAUREN
I really should get going.

Gregg fishes into his pockets, produces an ENGAGEMENT RING.

GREGG
I brought this. I don't know why.

Through tears and a turkey of a fake smile,

GREGG
You sure you don't want to keep it?

Lauren/nods slowly. Apologetically. Gregg pockets the ring.

GREGG
I'll walk you to your car.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Ding! Gregg and Lauren walk out into the brisk night air. Their breath freezes. They head for the parking lot behind the diner.

Ding!

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Full of automobiles, devoid of life.

And dark. Two of four outdoor lamps SMASHED.

Gregg and Lauren, huddled against the cold.

Everyman, five feet behind them. A walking SHADOW.

Lauren stops. Scans the lot.

LAUREN
I don't remember where I'm parked.

Gregg and Lauren scan for her car.

A PAIR OF DOC MARTENS quicken their pace.

Lauren spots her car. Gregg follows.

It starts.

EVERYMAN
Excuse me.

Gregg and Lauren turn, can barely see the stranger approaching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYMAN
Do you happen to have the time?

GREGG
(whispered to Lauren)
I'll meet you at the car.

No questions. Lauren hurries off. Everyman steps up to Gregg. INVITING SMILE.

GREGG
(checking watch)
It's 9:15.

EVERYMAN
What kind of watch is that?

Gregg backpedals.

GREGG
Um...

EVERYMAN
Listen. You obviously know how this is going to end. You sent your little girlfriend back to the car, which was cute...

GREGG
Please don't do this.

EVERYMAN
I think that I'm going to.

GREGG
I wish that you wouldn't. You could just walk away.

Everyman steps forward, a foot away now.

EVERYMAN
I could. But I'm not going to.

GREGG
This is bigger than you. I'm not going to stop now for you.

EVERYMAN
I hope you're not getting tough with me, kid.

Gregg starts to mumble something to himself. Everyman smiles, steps forward again.

EVERYMAN
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyman SHOVES Gregg, who continues to mumble to himself. Everyman draws closer. Practically chest to chest.

A LIGHTNING FAST MOVEMENT

THE GLINT OF A BLADE

EYES GONE WIDE

Gregg's right hand SHOOTs OUT, grabs the back tuft of Everyman's mullet. JERKS Everyman's ear close to his mouth.

GREGG
I said, 'Please just walk away.'

In a FLASH, Gregg recoils into the night. We hear him as he goes:

LAUREN (O.S.)
What happened? Are you OK?

GREGG (O.S.)
Get in the car.

Everyman drops to his knees, pulls his hands from the PERFECT SURGICAL INCISION that has cleaved his shirt apart, opened a hole in his stomach.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

But not the same parking lot. A nicer parking lot. A better lit parking lot.

Tuck and Breslin stand smoking next to the truck.

BRESLIN
You think you'll ever get out?

Tuck shakes his head "no."

TUCK
Wouldn't know what to do. I honestly don't think my life can be balanced without the wounds. The blood. The bodies.

Smoke swirls through the night air.

BRESLIN
That doesn't bother you?

Tuck shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCK
You make your own bed.

BRESLIN
(embarrassed)
Yeah. I guess so.

TUCK
Although I don't see any reason why you
can't just buy a new bed every now and
again. If you're tired of the old one, I
mean.

They share a smile. Breslin's PAGER goes off.

He checks his pager, shakes his head in resigned
disappointment.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Outside the diner. Police everywhere. Medical crews.

Breslin pushes through the crowd, finds Stingray standing
next to the stretcher that hosts the once mighty Everyman.

BRESLIN
What's up?

STINGRAY
Some guy slashed this dude earlier
tonight, cut a pretty decent hole in his
gut.

BRESLIN
So? Why did you call me?

STINGRAY
(to Everyman)
Tell him.

EVERYMAN
He cut me with a scalpel, man. Who the
fuck carries around a scalpel?

Breslin's heart races.

BRESLIN
Could you describe him to a sketch
artist? Did you see his face?

EVERYMAN
I stared at him for an hour, bro. I
could paint his portrait.

Breslin turns to Stingray, eyes ablaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

Ray. Get someone on this right now. I want our best artist. Get it done fast. Then fax it to every medical facility in a 200 mile radius. Check it against employees, residents, candy stripers, whoever. Find him.

STINGRAY

You got it.

Stingray hurries off. Breslin walks in circles. Burning nervous energy.

INT. BRESLIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack turns out the various lamps. Peers through the front curtains at the

EMPTY SPOT

on the driveway where Breslin's truck would normally be.

Turns to face Sean, who's been following him around.

SEAN

Is dad coming home tonight?

JACK

No.

SEAN

Why not?

JACK

You know how his job can be, Sean.

Sean nods, solemn.

JACK

Hey. Go get in bed. We'll read a story together.

Sean bounds out of the room. Jack locks up, turns out the rest of the lights.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Only several police vehicles remain. The ambulance gone.

Removed from the remaining police element, Breslin sits on his truck's tailgate, pours over Everyman's written statement.

Stingray approaches, a CELL PHONE extended.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
(to Stingray)
Who's this?

Stingray just holds the phone out. Breslin shrugs, gets on the horn.

BRESLIN
Hi, this is Detective Breslin. Who is this please?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A sweet, older nurse named LEE holds the phone with one hand, stares at a piece of paper in the other.

LEE
Hi, this is Lee Shoemaker. I'm a registered nurse at the University Hospital in Ann Arbor? (beat) Yes, I know Gregg.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal the paper that she's studying. It's a police sketch of Gregg.

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

Breslin paces furiously, phone pressed to his ear.

BRESLIN
Ms. Shoemaker. Would you by any chance have Gregg's home address on record?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A dilapidated bathroom. Tiles cracked or missing. Single dangling light bulb as the light source.

Gregg stands over a small steel INSTRUMENT TABLE. Arranges the tools of Death's trade:

A syringe.

A scalpel.

A bowie knife.

A .22 pistol.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Breslin drives, focused. Glances again at the address scribbled on his note pad.

CUT TO:

THICK NYLON ROPE

cinched around FEMALE WRISTS.

LAUREN (O.S.)
(crying)
Why are you doing this?

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Stopped. Checking the address. Lowering it to reveal
A RATTY APARTMENT BUILDING.

Breslin checks the clip in his sidearm. Leaps out of the car.

CUT TO:

THE TRAY OF DEATH'S TOOLS

being wheeled out of the bathroom into some larger area.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Oh my God. Gregg, what are you going to
do?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Breslin breathes deep, back to the wall to the immediate
right of a door identifying APARTMENT 9.

Gun clenched in both hands. One more deep breath.

Then he SPINS...

CUT TO:

SCALPEL PRESSED TO FLESH

The blood comes.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door FLIES INWARD, kicked straight off its hinges.

Breslin framed in the doorway, weapon drawn. Slowly, he

LOWERS HIS WEAPON.

Steps into the apartment.

CUT TO:

THE SCALPEL

pulls back from a small incision just as we

PULL BACK to see Gregg has cut his forearm, just so. He examines his blade, satisfied by its edge.

INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT - SAME

Breslin stands in the center of the room, perplexed.

REVERSE ANGLE

This is a studio-sized apartment. Just one room. Lots of books, a bed, framed lithos, the usual.

BUT NO PEOPLE.

PULL BACK THROUGH A WINDOW...Wider and wider, until we're looking at an

AERIAL SHOT of Detroit at night. Living, breathing. And very, very large.

CUT TO:

GREGG'S FACE

wracked with emotional distress.

Gregg steps back from the CRACKED MIRROR. TEARS STREAK HIS FACE. He takes a deep breath and

Steps out of the bathroom and into

A LARGE, EMPTY ROOM.

Windows blacked out. No furniture, with the exception of the SUSPENSION RIG that Lauren is hanging from and the CHAIR set up in front of it.

LAUREN

Oh my God.

Gregg walks to her. He reaches out to touch her face. She recoils. Terrified. Sobbing.

LAUREN

Don't touch me! I don't even know who you are!

GREGG

(sad)

I'm not the one who changed. You're the one who changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

Why are you doing this? Gregg why are you doing this? I'm scared, Gregg, stop!

Legitimate heartbreak in the boy's eyes. A hand through Lauren's hair.

GREGG

We can't both live like this anymore, Lauren. Knowing you're going on with your life without me...the pain is too much. You don't know.

Gregg is crying in earnest now. As is Lauren.

LAUREN

Gregg, we can talk, we can...

A FINGER to her lips.

GREGG

No. No more talking. The pain needs to go away. The pain is going to go away tonight.

LAUREN

No...

INT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

He enters. Tired, defeated. Retires to his bedroom...

TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY

Night becomes day.

INT. BRESLIN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Breslin lies in bed, still dressed as he was the night before, staring at the ceiling. Bloodshot eyes. Bloodshot soul.

A BUZZING SOUND.

On a side table, his pager vibrates. A long beat before he reaches for it, checks the display.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

Jack gets dressed for school. Breslin, unkempt and weary, pops his head in.

BRESLIN

Hey. Can you keep an eye on Sean this morning? Don't go to school or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack nods, a bit weirded out. Breslin nods as well, more to himself than anything else. Drags ass out the door.

Jack throws his coat to the floor, sits at the edge of his bed. As many times as it's happened in his life, Jack knows better than to be disappointed...but he is nonetheless.

He falls backward onto his bed, looks at the ceiling.

JACK
You just don't get it.

INT. TRUCK - MORNING

Breslin on his cell phone.

BRESLIN
(into phone)
It's Breslin. (long beat) He did what?

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Silent, as always. Scenes dissolve into each other through a dark haze.

-Detroit belches smoke into the frigid morning air.

-Breslin drives, lost in thought. Endless highways through a snowy, nondescript wasteland.

-His truck pulls up in front of a shabby APARTMENT COMPLEX. Joining the phalanx of emergency vehicles already there.

-Breslin enters the scene of the crime. CLOSE ON HIS FACE. Dead to it all.

-CLOSE ON the words "Come and See" smeared in blood across one wall.

HYPER-CLOSE SHOTS OF THE CRIME:

-An empty syringe on the floor,

-An enormous POOL OF BLOOD, the handgun in the center,

-An absolutely BUTCHERED area of human tissue, impossible to identify at this close angle and at this level of damage.

INT. CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Breslin stands tall, looking down DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA. Shakes his head, then squats down, leans in close...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

My name is Detective Breslin. I'm afraid
I have to ask you a few questions. (beat)
Can you hear me? Lauren?

WIDE REVERSE ANGLE:

Breslin, flanked by several police officers as well as Tuck,
leans over Lauren, who trembles beneath a blanket. She JOLTS
TO ATTENTION at the sound of her name.

LAUREN

Wha...what?

BRESLIN

Lauren. I'm detective Breslin. I need
to ask you a few questions. OK?

LAUREN

Oh...OK.

BRESLIN

We can go as slow as you want. If you
want to stop, you just tell me...

LAUREN

(hysterical, very rapidly)
I had to watch him. He made me. I had
to watch him. I had to. He had a gun,
and he...he...he said he would sh sh sh
shoot me if I didn't watch him, so I
watched him, and he, and he, and he did
it, and I loved him so much, so much so
much so much and I had to watch him, and
I had to watch him, and I had to watch
him...

She trails off, a stuttering, crying mess. Breslin just
stares. She raises her arm to wipe at her eyes, and we see
that there's still a FISH HOOK pierced through the back of
her elbow.

Breslin stands, looks to Tuck.

BRESLIN

Jesus. Can't we get those out of her?

TUCK

(shaking head)

She won't let us touch them. When she
calms down, maybe.

BRESLIN

She's OK otherwise?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TUCK
Physically...yeah, she's OK. (beat)
Physically.

BRESLIN
(shaking his head)
He suspended her, but didn't cut her.
Then sat down in front of her, pointed a
gun at her, and made her watch
him...(uncomfortable)...made her watch
him do that to himself.

TUCK
Pretty much.

BRESLIN
How did he do that to himself, Tuck?
PCP?

TUCK
Enough to kill a small mule.

Breslin nods toward the huddled mess that is Lauren.

BRESLIN
Is there anything else I need to know
that wasn't immediately apparent the
moment I walked into this God forsaken
shithole?

Beat.

TUCK
Well, for what it's worth, the kid did an
admirable job. It's not easy, what he
did. Even on angel dust. (beat) Closest
I've ever seen someone come to cutting
their own heart out.

PAN over Tuck's shoulder, where, in the B.G., GREGG'S BODY is
still slumped in the chair.

His lower body is coated in blood and thin slivers of his own
flesh.

"Come and See" is clearly smeared across one wall.

KRISTIN (V.O.)
You found Gregg.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Breslin vs. War. Round Three.

BRESLIN
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles, ecstatic. Aroused, even.

KRISTIN
Tell me about it.

INT. MODEST LIVING ROOM - DAY

Breslin sits with MR. AND MRS. LANE, Gregg's parents. Both are horrified, embarrassed, shell-shocked. No one touches their drinks.

MRS. LANE
He was a good boy, Detective. He was.
Everyone will tell you so. We raised him
real good.

MR. LANE
He was the first member of our family to
graduate from a four-year University.

MRS. LANE
In high school, he was voted Most Likely
to Succeed. He was Class President.

BACK TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

BRESLIN
He did exactly what I'd imagine you knew
he was going to do. I'm not going to
give you the pleasure of any other
information.

KRISTIN
Did he do it?

BRESLIN
He's dead, Kristin. He carved a hole the
size of an apple into his own chest. I
don't think whether or not he got to cut
out his own heart matters anymore.

KRISTIN
(upset)
You should show more respect. Do you
know what kind of person it takes to do
what he did? The determination, the
strength? Gregg was a remarkable person.

BACK TO:

THE LANE'S LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Lane has begun to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. LANE

Seven years. Seven years is a long time when you're 24. They were engaged, he had started a joint account for them...and one day, she just decided that was it. Seven years gone away, just like that. She didn't have the common courtesy to tell him what had gone wrong, to even say it to his face.

She breaks down.

MR. LANE

The worst moment in my life as a father was hearing his voice on the phone, hearing the pain he was in and knowing I couldn't do anything to make it go away. If I could have, I would have taken all of his pain for myself. No one deserves to feel that way, Detective. No one deserves to hurt like that.

BACK TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Kristin leans as far across the table as she can, a predator feeding on the details.

KRISTIN

Did she hurt?

BRESLIN

She'll be seeing an entire battery of counselors for the rest of her life. Does that make you happy?

The sly smiles fades from her face.

KRISTIN

Is that what you think? We do what we do, and all of a sudden, we're happy? Do you know what Gregg was like before she hurt him?

SMASH CUT TO AN IMAGE OF GREGG'S PARENTS, THEN BACK TO PRESENT.

BRESLIN

Yes.

KRISTIN

Gregg was a Straight A pre-med student with a white picket fence and 2.5 kids in his future. She made him a Straight A pre-med student who slaughtered three people he didn't even know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN (cont'd)

In ways that they'll never talk about when they write of what we've done. After she was done with him, he didn't want to be Gregg anymore. Being Gregg betrayed him. She made Death.

BACK TO:

THE LANE'S LIVING ROOM

MR. LANE

He was never the same after that. Never. He stopped believing in the Lord. He stopped believing in himself.

MRS. LANE

Don't you say that, Geoffrey.

Mr. Lane's face twists into a contorted mask of pain and anger. Breslin watches helplessly.

MR. LANE

He did, Linda. He did. (To Breslin) You're 24 years old. You've done everything this world has told you you have to do to be happy, to be successful. And then it turns its back on you. What do you believe in, after that?

Breslin stands.

BRESLIN

I think I should go.

He heads for the exit, leaving the Lanes staring at their feet. Lost in this new world of hopelessness.

CUT BACK TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

KRISTIN

We didn't do this to make ourselves happy, you simplistic asshole.

Breslin clenches his jaw. Kristin continues, more and more belligerent.

KRISTIN

Don't you get it? Haven't you seen yet? The people like us? We can't be happy in this place. It's not a matter of what we can do to change our world, it's a matter of what we can do to bring our world to you. The people who built this world for us. You live in a place of sunshine and lemonade. We live in darkness and bruises...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

You don't know me. None of us live in sunshine...

KRISTIN

Fuck you. You don't know the first thing about hurt. You've been so caught up in your own barely existent pain that you haven't paid attention to what's going on around you. But you're paying attention now, aren't you?

BRESLIN

Yes, Kristin. I'm paying attention now. You promised me four bodies and you've delivered four bodies. (sarcastic) Congratulations. You beat me.

A HUGE smile breaks across Kristin's face.

KRISTIN

Then you can go back to your self-important little universe. But we both know it won't be the same. It will never be the same for any of us.

BRESLIN

I can't go back. After the things I've seen. You know that. (beat) I've got four victims and only two Horsemen.

Kristin leans in.

KRISTIN

If you know what's good for you, you'll stop now. Because you're not going to catch Pestilence. Ever. And the Rider of the White Horse? I promise you. That's a road you do not want to travel.

Long Beat. Kristin sits back in her chair, satisfied.

KRISTIN

I'm just telling you. (Smiles) As a friend.

BRESLIN

Are we done here?

Kristin shrugs.

Breslin stands, heads for the door.

KRISTIN

Detective.

She has his attention, as always.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTIN

You feel like you don't understand the world you live in anymore. The things you see, the words you hear. It's OK. None of us do.

Breslin starts to turn back toward the exit...

KRISTIN

I used to feel that way too. Don't worry. It will all make sense soon.

Breslin takes a deep breath, exits.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Father Whiteleather reads in his comfortably appointed library. The DOORBELL sounds. He checks his watch.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Whiteleather checks the peephole and then, concerned, rushes to open the front door. He reveals a haggard and tired Breslin standing on his front step.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Breslin wanders about the room, mindlessly glancing at and trailing his fingers across the furniture. Whiteleather walks behind a fully stocked BAR in the corner of the room.

FATHER WHITELEATHER

Aidan? Pick your poison.

BRESLIN

Whisky, straight.

FATHER WHITELEATHER

I've found, over the years, that late night calls from members of my parish are rarely to celebrate joyous occasions.

Breslin sits on a bar stool.

BRESLIN

Since I've last spoken to you, Father, I've met an 18 year old woman - a beautiful, intelligent 18 year old woman - who mentally tortured her own mother before watching her die. I've seen former lovers cleaved apart in ways that matters of the heart could never accomplish. And I've had to talk to the parents of a young man who was so wounded by his lover that he found the idea of cutting his own heart out more palatable than continuing to live without her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin downs the entire drink.

FATHER WHITELEATHER
You're questioning your faith.

BRESLIN
That's just the tip of the iceberg.

INT. TRUCK - LATE NIGHT

Heading home, Breslin watches the city roll by.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
I cannot comprehend a God that would let
these things happen.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
Man has always raised his hand against
man. It is his nature as He saw it.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
That's not what I'm talking about. I've
seen the dismemberments, the beatings,
the rapes, the murders. These are things
that I've come to accept.

INT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

As always, Breslin sneaks inside, treading lightly so as not
to wake his sons. He goes to

HIS BEDROOM

and finds Sean sleeping in his bed. He watches the boy sleep
for a beat, then gently lifts him and carries him back to his
room.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
What I can't understand is how anyone
could have allowed them to feel like this
was their only option. How do you turn
your own daughter into the invisible
woman? How do you touch her like that?
How do you, in the process of two days,
shatter a boy who's done nothing but
cherish you for seven years? War and
Death weren't born into this world. They
weren't born as monsters. They were made
what they are.

INT. BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

BRESLIN (V.O.)
And do you think they're the only ones
hurting? There's millions of them out
there, hurting like they were, about to
break like they did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin wails on his punching bag. Just fucking wails on it.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
These are matters of love, Aidan.
Without it, deprived of it, the
separation between man and animal
disappears.

Breslin cracks the bag with FURIOUS MIGHT.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
Without it, deprived of it, the
separation between man and animal
disappears.

AGAIN. As hard as humanly possible.

FATHER WHITELEATHER (V.O.)
The separation between man and animal
disappears.

INT. CHIEF KRUPA'S OFFICE - DAY

Krupa reclines in his desk chair. Breslin paces about, a
ball of nervous energy.

BRESLIN
Don't you get it? They didn't do this
for notoriety, or because they're fucking
perverts who get off on it. Do you know
what it's like to go through pain, and
have people tell you they understand, but
they don't?

KRUPA
Listen, I'm not...

SLAM! Fist to the desk.

BRESLIN
You do. You fucking do. We all do.
What happens when it gets to be too much?
What happens when there's no one to reach
out to, when no one understands? Do you
know?

Breslin jabs violently at several Horsemen crime scene photos
on Krupa's desk.

BRESLIN
This. This is what fucking happens,
Nate. This.

KRUPA
The Horsemen have butchered four people.
Don't you make them out to be victims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

Don't make them out to be victims? One of the people they've killed was their own!

KRUPA

Stop.

BRESLIN

We thought we knew who these people were, we thought we had the profiles...

KRUPA

Stop.

The wild eyes stop darting. Offer a second of attention.

KRUPA

Shut the fuck up. I'm serious. This is the highest profile case in the history of the state. So if you wanna start sympathizing with serial killers? Sing campfire songs about their pain? You do it after we nail them. You get these last two guys, close the fucking case, and then we'll throw you a party and you can go become the feel good crossing guard, or whatever the fuck.

Staredown. Krupa, all powerful. Breslin, defiant.

BRESLIN

Fine.

He turns to leave, but before he gets out the door:

BRESLIN

We're only where we are because none of us saw the bigger picture. We were looking for dog raping schizophrenics when we should have been looking for something else. They've been punishing us for not paying attention to them all their lives.

KRUPA

Boo fucking hoo.

BRESLIN

They're gonna fuck us up bad, Nate. There's something here we don't see yet...but when we do. You watch.

INT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Breslin enters, dumps his now massive Horsemen file on the kitchen table, disturbing Jack's homework session.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
Where's Sean?

JACK
I let him go to a friend's house for
dinner. Didn't really expect you back.

BRESLIN
OK. Can we talk for a minute?

JACK
(hopeful)
I'm sort of hungry.

INT. BD'S MONGOLIAN BARBECUE - NIGHT

A hyper-commercialized version of the classic Mongolian
barbecue, where you fill a bowl with a mixture of meats,
vegetables, and spices at a buffet-style table, and then have
it cooked at the large heated grill in the center of the
room.

Breslin and Jack at a table, savoring their creations.

BRESLIN
This is neat. You eat here a lot?

JACK
Yeah, it's good.

BRESLIN
Who do you come with?

JACK
Just myself. I come after school
sometimes, or if Sean's with a friend and
you're working through dinner.

Breslin smiles weakly.

BRESLIN
Well...we'll start going together. Just
the two of us, maybe like on the same day
every week. It'll be like...one of our
things? I mean, you probably think it's
too little too late, but...

Jack smiles.

JACK
No. I don't think that.

BRESLIN
(smiling)
Cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

But dad? Sean's going to be old enough to start asking questions soon. Like why his dad is never around.

Breslin nods, embarrassed for an entire lifetime of poor parenting.

BRESLIN

I know that, Jack. Of course I know that. But Sean is five. He has a lot of childhood left. You're sixteen and I've already missed so much time with you. I can afford to worry about Sean a little later.

JACK

So...what? Now you're gonna worry about me?

Beat. Breslin pushes his bowl aside.

BRESLIN

Jack. This case. It's bad news. It's so bad. For the police, for...for people in general. But it's almost over. And after this? That's it. I'm done with it. And we'll watch every game, and we'll eat at the Mongolian Barbecue every week, and we'll...buy you a Playstation and we'll...we'll do all the things you like to do. You can show me everything you like to do, and we'll do that. All of it. Together. OK?

JACK

(hesitant)

It's not going to change what I had to go through. When you weren't there.

BRESLIN

I can't change the past, Jack. I can't keep apologizing for that because I can't change it.

Breslin shakes his head, flustered.

BRESLIN

God, you know? I'm so sorry you had to have that moment with mom alone. I am. But do you know what I would give to have that moment instead of you?

Breslin runs a hand through his hair, upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Do you really think that when you're done
with this...everything will be different?
(hopeful) For good?

Breslin looks up, sees the opening he's being given.

BRESLIN

I promise it will be.

Jack beams as we

MATCH CUT TO:

JACK'S FACE

Which, as we PULL BACK, we see is in a framed photograph. We
are

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

where Breslin smiles at the image of his son, then places it
back on his desk next to a matching shot of Sean.

He looks up, studying a new and enlarged version of his
previous table. This one is tacked to the wall above his
desk:

	HARTINGER	JACOBS	SPITZ	LANE
RIG:	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
"COME & SEE:"	4	3	3	1

After a moment of analysis, Breslin stands, uncaps a red pen,
and circles the "no" under Jacobs' name. He stands back,
chews on the pen. What's missing here?

He digs through the jumble of paperwork on his desk, comes up
with a number of crime scene photos. Shuffles through those,
separates all shots that include a rig.

Rig photos.

Table.

It's here, whatever it is. It's in the rigs.

Breslin pockets the rig photos and exits.

INT. PORNO SHOP - NIGHT

Breslin walks in, his file of photographs tucked safely under
his arm. He respects the first rule of porn shopping: Don't
look at anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches the counter, coughs to get the CLERK'S attention.

CLERK
What's up buddy?

BRESLIN
(uncomfortable)
I'm looking for something...a little weird.

CLERK
Bro, I got molded rubber fists in aisle one and inflatable babies in aisle eight. You're gonna have to be more specific.

BRESLIN
I'm looking for bondage equipment.

The clerk motions toward the wall behind him: It's the who's who of HARNESSES, WHIPS, and BALL GAGS.

BRESLIN
Maybe something...maybe something a little more hardcore?

CLERK
Stop yanking my crank, buddy. What are we talking here? Colostomy bags? Enema tubing? What?

Breslin slides a PHOTO across the counter to the clerk. It's a WIDE SHOT of Hartinger hanging from the rig, but the bottom half of the picture has been cut away so that you can't tell that he's dead.

CLERK
Suspension?

BRESLIN
Is that what it's called?

CLERK
Yeah. That ain't a sex thing, bro. It's a spiritual thing.

BRESLIN
Who does this?

CLERK
Try a piercing place. They do that kind of thing. But between you and me? (leans in) That's some seriously fucked up shit right there.

Breslin looks around him, at the LATEX CONSTRICTION SUITS, at the CHIN-MOUNTED DILDO, at the FOOT LONG JELLY BUTT PLUG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRESLIN

Yeah. That's some really fucked up stuff.

INT. PIERCING STUDIO - LATER

Breslin now stands opposite a clerk whose face is practically PIERCED SHUT. Metal Face is looking at the same photo Breslin showed the sex shop guy.

METAL FACE

Yeah, sure man. We do suspensions.

BRESLIN

Where do you get the rigs?

METAL FACE

We make 'em.

BRESLIN

(gesturing toward picture)
Could you make one like that?

Metal Face takes another look. Takes in the details.

METAL FACE

Yeah, we can do this. In fact...

Metal Face gets even closer to the photo, then stands and calls toward the back of the studio.

METAL FACE

Callaham! Come here for a sec!

Another employee emerges from the back, this one sporting a morbidly fascinating MOKO - A MAORI FACIAL TATTOO.

METAL FACE

Take a look at this.

Callaham looks at the photo.

BRESLIN

Do you know who made this?

Callaham looks up, smiles.

CALLAHAM

Yeah. I did.

INT. PIERCING STUDIO OFFICE - LATER

An administrative nightmare of an office. Documents and receipts EVERYWHERE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin leans against a wall as Callaham rummages through a filing cabinet.

CALLAHAM

You don't forget work like that.
Probably some of my best.

BRESLIN

When was this?

CALLAHAM

Month, month and a half ago?

BRESLIN

So he called you, you never saw him?

CALLAHAM

Nah. He called, told me what he wanted.
FAXed the schematics from a Kinkos.

BRESLIN

That didn't seem strange to you?

CALLAHAM

Come on, man. We got doctors, lawyers,
businessmen coming in here, getting
things done to their bodies...things you
only hear rumors about. But that doesn't
mean they want you to know about it.

BRESLIN

How did the exchange work?

CALLAHAM

He mailed me cash, I left the rigs out in
the alley behind the shop. Next morning,
they were gone. Another satisfied
customer. (beat) I can't find the
purchase order, man.

Breslin is lost in thought.

BRESLIN

That's fine. If there's no name or
traceable info on it, it doesn't really
help me anyway.

CALLAHAM

Yeah but I want to find it now. It's got
the schematic attached, which is cool
because it shows the joints he asked for
and I can show you how I made them.

BRESLIN

Joints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLAHAM

Yeah. So you can fold it up, roll it around real easy. You know.

Breslin steps forward. Callaham's still hunched over, digging, completely oblivious to Breslin's concern.

BRESLIN

Fold it up and roll it around? These things were designed to be space-efficient and mobile?

CALLAHAM

I told you, man. These were sweet. My best ever.

Breslin's eyes dart about the room. The tiny, cramped room. And its tiny, cramped DOORWAY.

BRESLIN

Could you have rolled one into this room?

Callaham stands, sizes up the doorway.

CALLAHAM

In your sleep.

Breslin steps back, leans against the desk. Close enough to a stumble to make you wonder.

BRESLIN

How many did you make?

CALLAHAM

What's that?

BRESLIN

Bro. How many suspension rigs did you make?

For the first time since we've been in the office, Callaham faces Breslin.

CALLAHAM

(pissy)

Bro. I'm a little off. It's fucking midnight and I'm still at work helping you out when I want to be at home getting my sleep on. So maybe you oughtta cut me a little slack if you want help on the collabo, capiche?

Breslin nods wholeheartedly.

BRESLIN

I'm sorry, man. It's just...I'm sort of crazy over this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CALLAHAM
No worries. Just saying.

BRESLIN
So how many rigs are there?

And, as if it's obvious...

CALLAHAM
Four. There's four rigs.

Breslin clenches his jaw, shakes his head in disbelief.
Almost has to laugh to himself.

EXT. PIERCING STUDIO - NIGHT

Breslin rushes out, already on his cell.

BRESLIN
(into phone)
Wake up, I need you to listen to me. The
reason there wasn't a rig left with
Jacobs isn't because it wouldn't fit in
the motel room...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PAST

The scene of the Jacobs murder, well before the police have
arrived. Blood still fresh on the walls.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
Because it would.

A COLLAPSED SUSPENSION RIG is wheeled out the door by unseen
Horsemen. The door SLAMS SHUT behind it and we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Breslin jumps out of his truck, rushes for the closed
station.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
The reason they didn't leave a rig with
Jacobs is because they still needed it.
There's going to be another body,
Stingray.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Stingray sits at Breslin's desk, rubbing his eyes and
examining photos of each of the four victims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin tears into the room, heads his way. Stingray points at the photos, opens his mouth, and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION MONITORING ROOM - DAY - PAST

Kristin's mouth expertly lip-synchs over Stingray's next comment.

STINGRAY (V.O.)
Four Horsemen. Four Victims. No more.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

BRESLIN'S DESK

Breslin stands in front of Stingray, very genuine concern in his eyes.

BRESLIN
Yeah. Except one of these people was not supposed to be one of the four. One of these people doesn't count.

Off Stingray's look, Breslin shifts his attention to his chart, still posted to the wall above his desk.

BRESLIN
In Revelations, every time a Horseman is unleashed, his introductory cry is...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - PAST

With Stingray reading from Breslin's Bible, just as Breslin has discovered the connection between the murders and the Four Horsemen.

STINGRAY
(reading)
...Come and See...

SMASH CYCLE THROUGH A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Four bloody "Come and Sees" smeared across the four walls of Hartinger's apartment.

BRESLIN (V.O.)
Four Horsemen. Four "Come and Sees" when we found Hartinger.

- THREE bloody "Come and Sees" smeared across three of the motel walls at the scene of Jacob's death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN (V.O.)

When we found Jacobs, one of them was already gone.

- THREE bloody "Come and Sees" smeared along the spiral stairway at the Spitz Mansion.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

There were still three when MaryAnne Spitz was taken.

- ONE bloody "Come and See" smeared across the wall behind Gregg's self-mutilated body.

BRESLIN (V.O.)

But when we found Gregg, Kristin had turned herself in and Gregg had killed himself. So there was one. One Horseman left.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BRESLIN'S TABLE.

	HARTINGER	JACOBS	SPITZ	LANE
RIG:	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
"COME & SEE:"	4	3	3	1

PAN OUT to show Breslin and Stingray staring at the table. Stingray has broken into a slow and steady nod.

STINGRAY

You gotta be kidding me.

BRESLIN

I wish I was.

Stingray turns to face Breslin.

STINGRAY

When we found Jacobs, one of the Horsemen was already out of the picture.

Breslin nods.

STINGRAY

Because Garrison Jacobs was one of the Horsemen.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNIT 15 - DAY - PAST

Slowly, the team approaches the computers. Nothing is running. One of the men reaches out, runs a gloved finger across one of the monitors:

A thick layer of DUST coats his glove.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY - PAST

Tuck reaches into the bloated body atop his examination table. When he withdraws, his tweezers have brought with them a curious prize:

A MICROSHIP.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

STINGRAY

They weren't identifying themselves.
They were fucking labelling him. (beat)
Garrison Jacobs was Pestilence.

BRESLIN

The Four Horsemen. The Four Fucking
Horsemen and they handed us one of their
own in a body bag. If that's not the
mother of all criminology mindfucks, I
don't know what is.

CUT TO:

A LARGE STEEL DOOR

swinging open, Breslin charging through. AN ARMED GUARD eyes him. Breslin holds the door open.

The guard nods and exits.

Breslin looks to the single light bulb illuminating the area. He shrugs off his coat, swaddles it around the bulb, and SMASHES IT with his gun. Darkness consumes.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

Why did you do that?

Breslin turns. Looks into

KRISTIN'S HOLDING CELL

Her shadow huddled against a back wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

I don't like to look at you.

He produces a key ring, opens the door to her cell.

LOCKS HIMSELF INSIDE.

KRISTIN

Why not?

He sits against the door, a second shadow.

BRESLIN

It breaks my heart.

No response from the Monster in the Darkness.

BRESLIN

Jacobs was one of you, Kristin.

KRISTIN

I was trying to get my beauty sleep.

BRESLIN

He lied to you. He bore false witness against Hartinger, tricked you into killing him.

Beat.

KRISTIN

Each of us has one specific person we intend to punish. I punished my father by choosing my mother. Garrison Jacobs tricked us into punishing an innocent.

BRESLIN

What did he tell you?

KRISTIN

He told us Hartinger molested his son.

BRESLIN

But he didn't have a son. He was...

KRISTIN

Forty and heartbroken and lying. He was the personification of a society that has manipulated and abused us for all of our lives. So we disemboweled him.

BRESLIN

Why did you kill Hartinger if you knew he was just a pawn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTIN

We didn't know he was an innocent until the moment Jacobs walked through that door and we saw the look on his face. At that point, Hartinger was suspended and open.

BRESLIN

You didn't have to kill him.

KRISTIN

It seemed a convenient way to show Jacobs what he'd be looking forward to. Have you ever heard a grown man scream under the weight of his innards being pulled from his body by gravity? It's spectacular.

Kristin smiles. Breslin shifts. Uneasy.

KRISTIN

You'll call us monsters, but we just want to stop hurting. For once in our lives.

BRESLIN

Garrison hurt you.

Kristin laughs.

KRISTIN

He tried to run after that. Knew he would be next, but he wasn't well. He just had to watch us do Hartinger. He knew there was nowhere he could go that we wouldn't find him. But he had to watch. The sickness controlled him.

BRESLIN

And you could afford to kill him, because you didn't need Pestilence like you needed the others.

KRISTIN

It would have been nice to have carried out the Pestilence theme throughout, but...he was expendable at that point.

BRESLIN

Are you expendable, Kristin?

KRISTIN

Have you asked my father that question?

BRESLIN

This means there's one less Horseman out there. And one more body. There's still another victim, isn't there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Shadow in the corner shifts, morphs...and CRAWLS TO BRESLIN on hands and knees. His breathing controlled as her lovely face materializes from the darkness. INCHES from his.

He can feel her breath.

KRISTIN

Does it eat at you, Detective Breslin, that three of the four of us are off the streets, and you had nothing to do with it?

Deep breaths. Clenched fists.

BRESLIN

We would have caught you.

KRISTIN

No, you wouldn't have. And you know something else?

Kristin leans in, KISSES Breslin on the cheek. Soft, lingering. SEXY LADY.

KRISTIN

You're not going to catch the Rider of the White Horse, either.

FADE TO:

EXT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

Breslin sits on the open tailgate of his pickup, smoking compulsively. His weary eyes stare into the distance, at the first hint of the sun peeking over the horizon.

After a particularly hearty drag, he tosses the butt into a MASSIVE PILE OF SMOKED CIGARETTES on the pavement near his truck. The remnants of at least a pack or two die their last death in this nicotine graveyard.

He scoots off the end of the truck, STOMPS down on the entire smouldering heap, and heads inside.

FADE TO:

INT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Breslin sleeps on the couch, dead to the world until...

O.S. SFX: CRASH!

BRESLIN

(half-awake)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (O.S.)
It's me. I came home for lunch. Don't
worry. I'm going back.

Breslin half nods to himself. He rubs his eyes, stands and stretches. On his way into the kitchen when he TRIPS over something.

He stoops to retrieve the HARDCOVER BOOK: "Forensic Odontology: Case Studies and Applications" by Aidan Breslin.

Breslin takes a wistful look at the book.

Then takes a MUCH LONGER LOOK.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack roots around. Breslin's head pokes into the doorway. He does a poor job of hiding his anxiety.

BRESLIN
Hey. Instead of going back to
school...how about...how about you just
stay here?

Jack stops what he's doing, looks back at his father. What the fuck?

BRESLIN
I'm going to have Stingray come over and
stay here with you, OK? You like him,
right?

JACK
(concerned)
Is everything OK?

BRESLIN
(unconvinced)
Yeah. Everything's fine. Where's Sean?

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Breslin hauls ass, one hand on the wheel, one hand holding his cell phone to his ear.

BRESLIN
(into phone)
Rosa? Hi it's Aidan. Is Sean with you?
(pause) Good, listen. I need you to do
me a favor. Can you bring him back to
the house? (Pause) Yeah, Jack's there
now. He's gonna take care of him for the
rest of the day. (pause) Everything's
fine. Thank you.

He hangs up, tosses the phone to the passenger's seat.

INT. KRUPA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Breslin stands in front of a seated Krupa, a small evidence box in his outstretched hand. There's something very nervous about the way he's carrying himself.

Krupa opens the box, withdraws a plastic baggie that precariously contains the shot glass full of teeth.

BRESLIN

It's not part of the overall M.O., yet it was so intentionally presented as the first evidence...

Krupa studies the picture.

BRESLIN

I can't even believe we didn't come back to it earlier. I mean, if it wasn't part of all the killings, why was it there to begin with?

Krupa looks up.

KRUPA

What you're suggesting to me. Do you honestly believe it?

BRESLIN

I...

KRUPA

I'm not asking to fucking bust your chops, Aidan, I'm serious with this. I might hate you, but this is my department. And as much as I like to fantasize about you getting your throat slit out there, in real life, your safety is my priority. You recognize this.

Breslin tips his head forward just slightly, an almost imperceptible acknowledgement of Krupa's comment.

BRESLIN

Kristin has been acting like she knows me since the day she turned herself in. Because she does. Because they studied me, Nathan. The teeth were there when it started so they could guarantee I would be assigned. They need me. (beat) Because I'm the fourth victim.

Genuine concern from Krupa.

KRUPA

Do you have any idea how many motives we're talking about here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breslin rolls his eyes.

BRESLIN

I broke a man's jaw and seven of his ribs on national television. So yeah. I got an idea.

KRUPA

(overwhelmed)

Oh Jesus.

BRESLIN

It could even be someone in this department. It's like you said...

Krupa leans back in his chair, more flustered than we've seen him to date.

KRUPA

We could be talking about anyone in Detroit here. (beat) I don't know what I'm supposed to do.

Breslin collapses into one of the guest chairs.

BRESLIN

Now that they're this close...he'll come for me. No matter what we do.

KRUPA

We'll put you in a safehouse, I'll call...

BRESLIN

No.

KRUPA

No?

Breslin looks his Chief in the eyes.

BRESLIN

(resigned)

No. Nate. I'm not going to run from this. I can't let this life control me forever. This is how it was always supposed to end. Either I beat it or it beats me.

Krupa leans forward, hands pressed together, lips pursed. What's left to say here?

BRESLIN

I need you to know something. You can support me or not. But it's not going to make a difference. (Off Krupa) If He comes for me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

111.

BRESLIN (cont'd)
And I have the opportunity. I'm going to
kill him. I'm not even going to consider
other options.

A LONG beat as Krupa considers this.

Considers the history.

Considers the reputation of his department.

He looks up at Breslin, then reaches into his desk drawer.

Produces a nondescript GLOCK. Lays it on the desk.

KRUPA
It's unmarked.

Without another word, Breslin stands, waistbands the weapon,
and exits. Krupa leans back in his chair, stares at the
ceiling.

KRUPA
Oh shit.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Just as Breslin exits Krupa's office, A HAND on his shoulder
nearly scares him out of his shoes.

RANDOM OFFICER
Jesus. Sorry Detective. The girl wants
to say goodbye.

BRESLIN
The girl?

RANDOM OFFICER
Kristin Spitz.

BRESLIN
Say goodbye?

RANDOM OFFICER
That's what she said.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Breslin enters. This time, he stays on his own side of the
cage.

KRISTIN
Judging by our conversation yesterday, I
think by now you've realized what's
happening here. So I wanted to say
goodbye. Just in case this is the last
time I see you.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

I wish I had never met you.

KRISTIN

Now don't say that. I opened your eyes to the way the world really is. Come here.

Breslin leans in. Kristin kisses him on the cheek. Savoring the torture she's putting him through.

KRISTIN

(soft)

Thank you for at least trying. You're a decent man. I wish what's going to happen didn't have to happen.

Breslin considers this comment long and hard.

BRESLIN

So do I.

Kristin smiles, shakes her head.

BRESLIN

A 40 year old man. A med student. And you.

KRISTIN

(winks)

The internet is an amazing place to meet people, Aidan.

At a loss for words, Breslin takes a step backward. One last look at Kristin. And in return, one last horrendous, evil, black hearted, UTTERLY BEAUTIFUL smile.

KRISTIN

Goodbye Aidan.

BRESLIN

Goodbye War.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Breslin sits at his desk, writing furiously on a pad of paper. Over his shoulder, we can make out the introductory lines of his writing:

"Concerning the allocation of my financial assets..."

RING!

Breslin tears himself from his makeshift will to snag the phone on the last ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN

Yeah.

A grotesque, distorted voice.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

It's so close. Can you feel it?

Breslin cups a hand over his mouth and the receiver.

BRESLIN

You put this together...(beat) You manipulated children.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

I didn't manipulate anyone. I didn't need to. They were completely beaten down by love, or the lack thereof I should say. Getting them to cross the line wasn't a matter of manipulation, it was a matter of time. Take a look at the world around you, Detective. You don't know anyone who hasn't hurt in their lives. That's the shitty reality we live in today. We hurt each other for money, for power. For fun. And you don't know anyone who hasn't wanted to hurt the person that hurt them. Physically. Even just for a moment. We all want it. How much pain does it take to cross the line?

BRESLIN

I...I don't know.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

Oh really? I saw you on the news last year. Beating that rapist on video. You're going to tell me that was just a typical day for you? That that wasn't the rage of dozens of years of watching people hurt redirected onto one of the very people who makes your life a moral Hell? Is that what you're telling me?

Breslin shakes. Tortured.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

Or are you telling me that that wasn't crossing the line?

Long beat as Breslin tries to collect himself.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

I'll take your silence as an indication of your agreement. You see? You're no better than me. You know the line has to be crossed sometime.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE (cont'd)
So you're going to understand when I do
what I'm going to do. You know it needs
to be this way.

BRESLIN
No.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE
Well I guess we'll see, then.

BRESLIN
I guess we will.

A short stint of silence from the other end of the line.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE
You talk a big game for a man who doesn't
know where his family is.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRESLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck SCREECHES into the driveway, is barely parked
before Breslin's...

...running up the driveway...

...up the front steps...

...over BROKEN GLASS from the ALREADY OPEN FRONT DOOR and
into...

THE HOUSE

...gun drawn, eyes darting.

Frantic.

Terrified.

BRESLIN
Jack?! Sean?!

Into

JACK'S ROOM,

Tearing sheets off the bed, throwing open closet doors.

BRESLIN
Jack!
Across the hallway into

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN'S ROOM

Which gets the same treatment. Back into the

HALLWAY

and then a quick sprint down to the CLOSED DOOR to his own bedroom.

Tries the handle.

Locked.

BRESLIN

Guys?! Are you in there?

Desperate tugging on the handle.

BRESLIN

Let me in!!

Several steps back down the hall, then a quick PIVOT. A BODY CHARGING full force into the door...

INT. BRESLIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...which SHATTERS off of its hinges.

Breslin stands, backlit, in the doorway, his gun drawn and aimed into the room. He stares just O.S.

BRESLIN

No.

Then he turns, and he's off, tearing through the house once again. We slowly pan around to reveal

STINGRAY, seemingly unconscious, bound to a chair. His mouth DUCT-TAPED SHUT.

We HOLD on his limp body for a good minute while, O.S., we hear the sounds of Aidan Breslin turning his own house inside out.

And screaming for his missing sons.

After what seems like an eternity, he rushes back into the bedroom. Kneels in front of his fallen friend, his face a contorted mask of the anguish that every parent fears in their worst nightmares.

He takes in the sight and, crying outright, allows his head to drop and rest on one of Stingray's knees.

Stingray MOANS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESLIN
Stingray? Oh God.

He stands, gently lifts the man's face to meet his own.
Stingray's eyes flutter open.

BRESLIN
I'm here. I'm here.

Stingray's moaning has reached a fever pitch. Breslin
reaches for the tape covering his mouth.

TEARS IT OFF.

Stingray looks up at him for a split second as he tries to
part his lips.

And then he PITCHES FORWARD, mouth coming open and...

...unleashing a STORM OF BLOOD far too grand to be healthy...

ON BRESLIN as he leaps backward, horrified. His eyes going
to the floor and growing very, very wide...

INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Dark. A rhythmic POUNDING at the front door.

A bathrobed Tuck enters the picture, unbolts the various
locks.

TUCK
(sleepy)
Hold on, hold on.

The last one undone, he opens the door to see...

...Breslin kneeling on his front stoop, Stingray's
unconscious body draped over his knees. Blood everywhere.

Breslin looks up, into the eyes of his last true friend.
Through the anguish, his voice escapes as a hoarse whisper.

BRESLIN
He cut out his tongue.

INT. TUCK'S CONDO - LATER

Breslin sits on the couch, elbows on his knees, head in his
hands. Several quick HEAVES indicate that he's still crying.

Tuck enters the room.

TUCK
He's got a massive contusion to the back
of the head.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCK (cont'd)
Someone clocked him pretty good from behind. I think he had to have been out through the whole thing...first thing he probably remembers is seeing you. But he's going to be OK.

Breslin looks at him, disbelieving.

TUCK
(granted...)
As OK as you can be without a tongue.

BRESLIN
Why would he...

Breslin trails off. Lost.

TUCK
Honestly? Does it even surprise you anymore?

Breslin nods. Not really to Tuck, not really to himself...

BRESLIN
This is how it ends, Tuck.

Tuck just stands there, unsure of how to respond.

BRESLIN
It took me from my wife. It took me from my sons. And now it's going to take my sons from me.

Tuck approaches, places a hand on Breslin's shoulder. Then lies to his best friend.

TUCK
Aidan. I'm sure they're going to be OK.

Breslin shakes his head. Slowly at first, then more and more vigorously.

BRESLIN
You're not sure of that. You don't believe that at all. (beat) You have Shakey Jake's feet on your wall.

Tucks sighs, caught.

Breslin collapses into a nearby armchair. He's cried too much to manage any more tears. So he just stares at the ceiling.

Tucks leans against a bookshelf. Respects Breslin's moment of reflection.

BRESLIN
I have failed in every possible way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The long silence that follows is ultimately broken by
RING!!!!

Breslin's cell phone.

Seemingly unsurprised, he looks at his pocket.

RING!

Almost in slow motion, the zombie of Aidan Breslin pulls his cell from his pocket, brings it to his ear. Tuck steps forward in nervous anticipation.

BRESLIN
(into phone)
Hello?

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE (V.O.)
Wherever it is you go to pray to whatever
Gods you still recognize...I suggest you
spend time there in the very near future.

DIALTONE.

Breslin nods to himself as he pockets the phone. Completely surrendering to his helplessness of his situation.

He takes a deep breath, then stands and heads for the door.

TUCK
Aidan?

Breslin turns to face this man who has been by his side for so very long.

TUCK
Where are you going?

BRESLIN
I'm going to pray.

And with that, Breslin exits.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Breslin's truck speeds down a mostly empty freeway.

CYCLE THROUGH A SERIES OF SHOTS

Each accompanied by sound bytes from previous moments throughout the film:

THE TRUCK

flies down the empty expressway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTIN (V.O.)

(sobbing)

How can you hurt someone and just walk away from what you've done?

TUCK

Cares for Stingray, holding his hand as he fades out of consciousness once again.

MR. LANE (V.O.)

You're 26 years old. You've done everything this world has told you you have to do to be happy, to be successful. And then it turns its back on you. What do you believe in, after that?

THE TRUCK

Exits the freeway onto a swooping off ramp, heads for the heart of darkness. Downtown Detroit.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE (V.O.)

You know the line has to be crossed sometime. So you're going to understand when I do what I'm going to do. You know it needs to be this way.

BRESLIN

Stares out the windshield, at the AMBASSADOR BRIDGE passing in the distance. Windsor, just beyond that, lit beautifully.

KRISTIN (V.O.)

Don't you get it? Haven't you seen yet? The people like us? We can't be happy in this place. It's not a matter of what we can do to change our world, it's a matter of what we can do to bring our world to you. The people who built this world for us.

A YOUNG PROSTITUTE

Braces herself against the cold. She pulls her coat around her, walks on. A hooded man follows a hundred feet behind her, obscured by shadows.

RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE (V.O.)

That's the shitty reality we live in today. We hurt each other for money, for power. For fun. And you don't know anyone who hasn't wanted to hurt the person that hurt them. Physically. Even just for a moment. We all want it. How much pain does it take to cross the line?

ON STINGRAY

GREGG (V.O.)

No. No more talking. The pain needs to go away. The pain is going to go away tonight.

ON BRESLIN

KRISTIN (V.O.)

(soft)

Thank you for at least trying. You're a decent man. I wish what's going to happen didn't have to happen.

FADE INTO:

EXT. OLD TIGER STADIUM - LATE NIGHT

Breslin steps out of his truck, head hung low.

He heads into the soulless stadium through the gate that he blasted open last time around.

INT. OLD TIGER STADIUM - LATE NIGHT

Breslin emerges from a door in the left field wall. Steps onto the field, alone again in the only place on earth that brings him solace...

BRESLIN

No. Not here. Not like this.

He breaks into a FULL SPRINT toward the center of the field.

Toward the SUSPENSION RIG set up where the pitcher's mound once was. Barely visible through the cold night air.

As he gets closer, it becomes apparent that the rig has, indeed, been put to use.

BRESLIN

Oh please no. Jack.

He comes to a stop twenty feet from the rig, where his son hangs naked and, presumably, disemboweled. That portion of his body is obscured in shadow - we need no visual confirmation of the horror.

Crying, Breslin shakes his head.

BRESLIN

Not here.

Mustering every ounce of courage left in his tired body, Breslin steps forward. Approaches his son. At five feet away, he stops. Puts a hand over his mouth. It's too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eyes welling with tears that we only recently thought impossible, he SPINS...

...draws his gun...

...aims randomly into the stands...

...paranoid, he switches his imaginary target...

again

and again.

BRESLIN

(screaming)

You win! I came and I see and you win!

and again.

BRESLIN

(screaming)

Let me see you! Where is my other son?!

Breslin continues to spin, his mind playing merciless tricks on him. He's emotional, and confused, and frustrated.

BRESLIN

(screaming)

COME OUT!!!!

JACK

(soft)

Dad.

Breslin turns, his heart both warmed and broken by the sound of his son's fading voice.

He kneels before Jack.

BRESLIN

Jack? Can you hear me?

Jack raises his head. From the look on his face, it's painful.

JACK

Don't worry about Sean. He's OK. I dropped him off at Father Whiteleather's before Stingray got to the house.

BRESLIN

What? Why would you have...

Strangely, Jack smiles.

JACK

Do you understand now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRESLIN

(soft)

Do I understand what, Jack?

A wry and disturbing sneer from Jack.

JACK

Do you understand now how even the best of us can so quickly become the worst?

BRESLIN

What? Jack, I don't under...

He trails off, his attention drawn to Jack's right hand: We may have missed this before, but his right arm is not attached to the rig. It hangs freely. And, at the moment, the hand attached to it is slowly losing muscle tension.

Something falls into the grass from Jack's hand.

BRESLIN

(confused)

Jack. Why do you have a...

A SCALPEL.

JACK

Do you understand how good people can be pushed to do bad things?

For the first time, Breslin takes a look at the rig. REALLY looks at it.

On this particular rig, the chains holding the fishhooks DO NOT attach directly to the steel support beams that make up the upper skeleton of the rig.

Instead, they run through PULLEYS, which are in turn bolted to the top of the rig.

From the pulleys, each chain drops to the ground, held there by a 45 POUND WEIGHT PLATE. Small steel posts protrude from the sides of the rig above where each weight plate now lies.

Jack reaches out, weakly tugs on a LEVER built into one side of the rig. The small steel posts withdraw into the support beams. When he releases the lever, they eject back into their starting positions.

JACK

It's pretty clever. I pull this, the weights all fall at the same time, pulling the chains...

The entire rig has itself been rigged to allow the user to SUSPEND HIMSELF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRESLIN
No.

JACK
(smiling)
You do see.

Breslin takes a step back in horror. Shaking his head.

BRESLIN
You didn't do this.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE
I knew you would see. I knew you would understand me in the end.

BRESLIN
No. You didn't do this!

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE
No? Why? Because I'm sixteen years old? (angry) How many of us is it going to take to make you people understand? Just because it's been happening to other people in other places, no one thinks it applies to them! How many of us is it going to take?!

Breslin weeps. Jack calms down a bit.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE
You don't have any idea how hard it is growing up today. This won't end with me. This won't end with the Horsemen. There is no "Four Horsemen." There's millions of them. Hundreds in every town, being born into a fucked up world by parents who are unwilling to even try to understand. This is crime for the new millennium. Kids in pain turning their backs on the society that turned its back on them years ago. Kids. (beat) So this won't end until every parent in this piece of shit society realizes that it does apply to them. It can happen to their kids. (Beat) It's happening to yours.

BRESLIN
Jack! You listen to me! You tell me you didn't do these things! You tell me you didn't do...this! To yourself!?

Breslin vomits. He drops his gun and sits in the grass in front of his son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRESLIN

Oh Jack. I am so, so sorry.

Jack smiles.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

I guess in the end, this is going to work out. I'll have the same peace that Kristin had, that Gregg must have had.

Breslin sobs. After a short while, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cell phone.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

(soft)

Are you going to save my life and condemn me to live the rest of it in a jail cell? Is that what you're going to do, dad?

Breslin stares at the phone.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

Or are you going to let me die up here, and allow me the destiny that I want? For once in my life?

Long silence as Breslin weeps.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

Are you a policeman? Or a father?

Breslin stares at his phone.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

If I'm in jail, Sean will know what his brother did. And he will know what made his brother do it because you have to explain that to him. (beat) Sean can still be saved, dad.

Breslin considers this. Then, crying, he POCKETS THE PHONE.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

You know now. You can never afford to worry "a little later." Because given the time it takes for "a little later" to roll around...they'll have become me. And then it's too late.

The two exist in their silence for a short while, the emptiness of the stadium consuming them.

Breslin can't look at his son. He just sits, knowing he's there in the darkness.

After a long period of silence...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

(weak)

Dad?

Breslin can't look up.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

I'm not a medical student like Gregg was.

I don't think I did a very good job here.

(beat) I'm in a lot of pain, dad.

Now Breslin looks up. Is he suggesting...

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

At least one of us deserves to be set
free from the pain, don't you think?

Breslin eyes his gun, lying in the grass.

Breslin slowly starts to shake his head. Every time he
thinks this nightmare can't get any worse...

JACK

You know how it has to end.

Trembling, Breslin takes hold of the gun. Turns it over in
his hands. Cries and cries, and then...

Slowly, he comes to his knees. Shuffles his way up to his
son. Kisses him on the forehead. Eyes redefining sorrow.

JACK/RIDER OF THE WHITE HORSE

(soft)

When he brushes his teeth, you have to
make sure to watch him. Sometimes he
just makes the sounds to fake you out.

The Breslin men look at each other, tears streaking their
faces. Breslin nods. He understands.

FADE TO:

OLD HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE, GRAINY AND SHAKY:

MR. & MRS. SPITZ pose with an adorable Asian baby. Hold her
up to the camera, her confused but angelic eyes sparkling.
They shower her with kisses, rejoice when she smiles at
them...

FADE TO:

HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE, MORE RECENT:

GREGG is on one knee in front of LAUREN. We're in a classy
restaurant of some kind. She puts her hand over her mouth as
he presents the ENGAGEMENT RING. She bursts into tears of
joy, then looks around the room and smiles, blushing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Points to the camera as if she didn't realize she was being taped. She kisses Gregg with more passion than most will ever know. He beams for the camera, in love in the biggest way.

FADE TO:

OLD HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE, GRAINY AND SHAKY:

BRESLIN plays with a 5 YEAR OLD JACK. His resemblance to Sean is striking. They're playing hockey in the street, with dad defending the goal and son shooting.

Jack winds up, lets loose a pathetic shot....that somehow gets through Aidan's legs. Jack throws his arms into the air in victory, laughs hysterically as his father rushes him, bear hugs him, spins him, holds him upside down...

FADE OUT.