

Insomnia  
by,  
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FADE IN:

On credit sequence...

AN ARM

stretched out. Long, alabaster white. Beautiful. A WASH CLOTH enters frame. Starts washing the arm with long, tender strokes.

A TUMBLE OF HAIR

thick and auburn. Being gently washed.

FINGERNAILS

being clipped with a shiny nail clipper. Short. Uniform. Tidy.

EYEBROWS

brown with a touch of gold. A BRUSH comes into view. Brushes against the eyebrow hair, then back again. Against. Then back again.

PANTY-HOSE

pulled gingerly off a long leg. Folded neatly. The wash cloth begins between the toes. Warm, soapy water.

HAIR

now dry. The HAND appears with a comb. Pulls down through the thick tresses.

It is only now that we see the hand is wearing a SURGICAL GLOVE.

The gloved hand holds up the comb and pulls stray hairs from it. Places them in a big, clear, plastic bag. In the bag we see the panty-hose, a folded flower dress, the nail clippings.

Goes back to combing. Comes across a knot and yanks the comb through. The HEAD rolls over to us. Her face is bruised, her eyes blank. She is lying on the floor.

Dead.

End of credit sequence.

INT. BUSH PLANE - THE KILBUCK MOUNTAINS, ALASKA - DAY

The loud THRUM of a bush plane. We CLOSE ON a small, cloudy window. Through it we see an endless expanse of pine trees.

HAP (O.S.)

Jesus. Just look at all that.

PULL BACK to reveal HAP ECKHART and WILL DORMER sitting side by side. Hap's at the window. In his forties, a little pudgy, wearing a brown suit. Pops a Roloids.

HAP (cont'd)

I thought we had a population problem.  
Everyone should just move up here.

(taps window)

Just look at it, Will.

Will's eyes remain on the file on his lap.

WILL

I don't have to look at it.

Hap throws him a glance. Tension. Returns to the window. Will Dormer checks the knot on his tie. Perfect. So's his expensively tailored suit. Hair's thinning a little on top, though. And that ache in the lower back won't go away.

He looks back down at the file.

WILL'S POV

a stack of 8x10 PHOTOGRAPHS. Of the dead girl. Her eyes puffed up from bruises. The whites bloody. Another shows a smattering of bruises along her breasts and shoulders.

PILOT (O.S.)

Detective?

Will looks up. We see the trace of a thick, ropy SCAR by his Adam's apple.

The PILOT's looking back at him. Wearing a leather red baron hat.

PILOT (cont'd)

Better check your belts. We'll be  
landing in about fifteen minutes.

Will nods. The plane lurches. The file falls to the floor and the photographs scatter.

The pilot catches a glimpse of them. Looks at Will.

EXT. BUSH PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The small yellow plane veers left. Clears a mountain top and gives view to the spectacular Alaskan coastline. The green of the Bering sea, the blanket of pine trees, the jagged rock of the beaches. Enormous.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY

A silver Jeep Cherokee caked with mud drives along a windy road. A big bear of a GUY's at the wheel. A hula-girl hangs from the rear view mirror.

Will and Hap sit in the back. Evergreens whip past the windows. They pass a sign:

*Welcome to Nightmute! Pop. 5,023. Halibut Fishing Capital of the World!*

HAP

Halibut fishing capital of the world?

The driver flicks his eyes up to the rear view.

GUY DRIVING

That's what the sign says.

HAP

Guess you have to really like fish.

GUY DRIVING

Morning, noon, and night.

Hap chuckles, rubs his neck. Turns to Will.

HAP

We'll be in and out on this one, right?

Will nods.

WILL

In and out.

Will turns to the window. The evergreens rushing by, almost in a blur, hypnotic.

EXT. NIGHTMUTE POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

The Jeep Cherokee's parked next to a police car outside a plain, one-storey building. The Nightmute Police Department. A totem pole stands out front.

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CONTINUED:

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)  
 Taking my grandnephew fishing Saturday.  
 (holds up file)  
 Here's what we got. Beyond what we sent  
 you.

He hands it to Will. Sighs.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)  
 Couldn't get a thing from the body.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Nyback leads Will and Hap down a hallway. Crooked plaques  
 and black-and-white pictures line the walls.

CHIEF NYBACK  
 I've briefed the investigation team about  
 your coming. They know to follow your  
 lead on this one.

They turn a corner and stop at a door. Will glances up:  
 MOOSE ANTLERS hanging over it.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)  
 It'll be good. Like one big happy  
 family.

Nyback opens the door onto...

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHTMUTE PD - CONTINUOUS

...the bullpen of Nightmute PD. Wooden desks, a couple  
 computers, a jumbled corkboard, an impressive gun cabinet. A  
 RADIO's playing.

Three MEN look over. A young uniformed cop and two guys with  
 heavy facial hair, Timberland boots, and flannel shirts. One  
 of them's part Inuit.

In the back, a young WOMAN, about 24, jumps to her feet,  
 smiling.

WILL AND HAP

stand in the doorway. Sticking out like sore thumbs in their  
 suits. Chief Nyback jerks his thumb towards them.

CHIEF NYBACK  
 These are Detectives Dormer and, um...

HAP  
 ...Eckhart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF NYBACK

Eckhart. On loan from Captain Buck  
Lundgard, Seattle Robbery and Homicide.  
They'll be helping with the Connell case.

The Inuit, FRED DUGGAR, snorts. Takes his feet off his desk.

FRED

Helping?

Nyback ignores him.

CHIEF NYBACK

Anything they need to see, you show them;  
anywhere they want to go, you take them.

Nyback nods to Fred.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

This is Detective Fred Duggar. He's been  
leading the investigation up to now.

Will puts out his hand. Fred tugs at his dark handlebar  
mustache.

FRED

Guess you want to see the body.

EXT. NIGHTMUTE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Fred steps out of the station, pulls on a baseball cap.

FRED

We can walk from here.

He heads off across the parking lot. Will and Hap exchange a  
glance.

HAP

Alaskan hospitality.

They start after him.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Detective Dormer?

Will turns. The young woman from the bullpen rushes out  
after them. Petite with short brown hair. Full of energy.

ELLIE (cont'd)

I just wanted to say what an incredible  
honor it is to have you working with us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE (cont'd)

I've followed all your cases, Theodore Dineli, Frank and Casey Prud'homme, the Port Angeles shootings. And especially the Leland Street Murders. That was my case study at the Academy. So if there's anything you need...

FRED

Ellie!

Fred has stopped up ahead. Annoyed. Ellie smiles.

ELLIE

He's mad 'cause you're taking over.

She puts out her hand.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Ellie Burr. Just made detective three weeks ago.

Will looks down at her. Can't help but smile.

WILL

Congratulations, Ellie.

ELLIE

That's a real honor coming from you...

She focuses in on his scar. Touches her own smooth neck.

ELLIE (cont'd)

That's where Ronald Langley cut you in the basement of his father's house on 325 Leland, isn't it?

Will's a little taken aback. Nods.

WILL

You did your homework.

FRED

Ellie! Go type something!

Fred continues on across the street.

INT. NIGHTMUTE MORGUE - LATER

CLOSE ON a faucet. A bead of water, quivering at the mouth. Falls with a BLIP!

CORONER (O.S.)

Did a fundascopic examination and found papilledema and petechiae of the retina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal Will, Hap, and the COUNTY CORONER standing by a stainless steel table. The naked body of KAY CONNELL is laid out before them. Fred hangs back.

The coroner tugs at her surgical gloves. She's in her late seventies.

CORONER (cont'd)

Clear cause of death was herniation of the brain stem due to intracerebral hemorrhage.

HAP

Beaten to death.

CORONER

Beaten to death.

Will points to the bruises on the body's shoulders and breasts.

WILL

These contusions?

CORONER

Superficial.

WILL

Any signs of rape?

CORONER

None.

The coroner starts to cover the body with a sheet.

CORONER (cont'd)

She was a nice girl. Played flute with my granddaughter.

Will stays her hand.

WILL

Wait.

He pulls the sheet back down. Starts walking slowly around the table. Studying the body of Kay Connell. The faucet drips. Drips. Drips.

He bends down to smell her hair. Dispassionate.

WILL (cont'd)

He washed her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Takes up a handful and lets it fall from his fingers.

WILL (cont'd)

Combed it.

Continues around the table. Picks up one of her hands. Examines her fingers, her nails.

WILL (cont'd)

Cleaned under her fingernails. Clipped them.

Continues down around her feet. Checks between her first and second toes.

WILL (cont'd)

Toes, too.

(to Fred)

You found nothing on the body?

FRED

No.

WILL

No fibers, skin flakes, hairs...

FRED

Like I said, no. We know about those things up here.

Will stands there. Looking down at the body. Slim. Young. beautiful. Skin like marble.

WILL

He knew exactly what we'd be looking for. Covered up all his tracks.

HAP

Even the best make mistakes.

Will looks up and locks eyes with his partner.

INT. PIONEER LODGE - NIGHTMUTE - NIGHT

Will and Hap enter the lobby of the Pioneer Lodge. Big stone fireplace and heavy ceiling beams. MOOSE ANTLERS mounted above reception.

They put their bags down by the desk. Look around.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Lower forty-eight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn. RACHEL CLEMENT stands in a doorway behind the desk. Dunking a teabag into a mug. Long dark hair and intelligent eyes.

HAP

Lower forty-eight?

RACHEL

You're not from here. I can tell by your walk.

HAP

Oh? And how's that?

RACHEL

Unsure.

Hap smiles at her. Will checks his watch.

WILL

Detectives Will Dormer and Hap Eckhart.  
There should be a reservation.

Rachel looks at him. Goes to a small file box on the desk.

RACHEL

(to Hap)

Your friend's all business.

Hap throws Will a look.

HAP

My friend's in a bad mood.

Will ignores him. Turns and looks out the window. It's bright as day.

WILL

Is it really 9:30?

RACHEL

(nods)

Alaskan summers. It'll be like this all night.

She hands them two cards.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Sign here.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will's taken off his jacket and is unpacking. The room is sparse and creaky. Bed dips in the middle.

He hangs a jacket in the armoire then returns to his suitcase. Pulls out his SMITH AND WESSON 45. Lays it on the bedside table. Takes out a shoulder holster. A back holster. A handful of shells. Lays them on the table. Then a small SMITH AND WESSON 39/13 9MM. Checks the magazine.

There's a KNOCK on the adjoining door.

HAP (O.S.)

Me.

Will looks at the door. SLAPS the magazine back.

WILL

Come in.

Hap opens the door. A glimpse into his room. Two family PICTURES on his bedside table - an older WOMAN and three teenage GIRLS.

He enters the room.

HAP

See you have the same decor as my room.

He strolls over to the big window. It overlooks the harbor. Big, snow-capped mountains in the distance. One lone TUGBOAT in the harbor towing a freighter.

HAP (cont'd)

Same view, too.

He looks out. Pensive.

HAP (cont'd)

I've been watching that tugboat for the last half hour. So small, pulling all that weight.

He turns. Drops into the chair by the window.

HAP (cont'd)

We have to talk, Will.

Will reaches into his suitcase. Pulls out a shirt. Turns to hang it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
What about?

HAP  
You know what about.

Will throws him a look. Tension.

WILL  
We'll talk when we get back to Seattle.

HAP  
What's that, a week? A month? It could  
be cracked wide open by then.

Hap stands. Walks over to Will. Light beads of sweat on his  
forehead.

HAP (cont'd)  
I don't want to fight you on this, Will.  
Let's just figure out our plan of action.

Will pulls out a tie. Hangs it carefully over the closet  
door.

WILL  
You know my plan of action.

HAP  
To do nothing.

WILL  
That's right.

Hap runs his hand through his hair.

HAP  
There were seven messages on my desk from  
I.A. when I left the office this morning.  
Seven. That means you probably had twice  
as many.

WILL  
It's fine.

HAP  
The evidence is fucked, Will. It's fruit  
of the poison tree.

WILL  
We say nothing, it goes away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAP

It doesn't just "go away..."

Will turns. Crack in his veneer.

WILL

He was eight years old, Hap. Eight years old and left hanging in the basement like a piece of meat. You just remember that.

HAP

You know I remember that.

WILL

We say one word, that son-of-a-bitch walks.

HAP

We could talk to Buck. Cut some kind of deal. Departmental Censure.

WILL

Out of the question.

HAP

We're already one step away from probation...

WILL

I don't care about probation! I care about Weston Dobbs staying in jail!

Will turns back to his suitcase. Pulls out another shirt. Hap watches his partner. Shaking his head.

HAP

Goddammit, Will. You'd run twenty miles just to avoid walking one.

Will snatches a hanger.

HAP

You grab on to something and you don't let it go - I don't know if it's because you think it's the right thing to do or because your pride won't let you do anything else. I can't tell any more.

Will. Not looking at him.

HAP (cont'd)

We fucked up big. We could get into a lot of trouble.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAP (cont'd)

And I don't want to go down just because you can't admit we made a mistake.

WILL

We didn't make a mistake.

HAP

You're running out of good will, partner. Leland Street was ten years ago...

Will turns on his partner, eyes burning.

WILL

This has *nothing* to do with Leland Street...

Just then the phone RINGS. Piercing the tension. Rings again. The partners hold a look. A thousand things unsaid.

Hap takes a step back towards the door.

HAP

This isn't just going to go away, Will.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will's asleep. It's dark in his room, quiet. Suddenly the shade on the window quivers and SNAPS up, flooding the room with light.

Will's eyes pop open. He rolls over to look at the clock: 3:15.

Squinting, Will gets up and walks over to the window. We can see the rest of his scar. Runs down deep across his sternum.

He yanks the shade back down. It bucks, then settles. Satisfied, Will returns to bed. Plumps the pillow, pulls the blanket up around him. Closes his eyes.

The shade lurches halfway. Then SNAPS back up. Light pours in.

Will's eyes open.

WILL

You got to be kidding me.

EXT. STREET - NIGHTMUTE - DAY

Will jogs along in a Sonics sweatshirt, a ring of sweat around his collar. He looks out over the harbor. Fishing boats are coming in with their early morning haul. More halibut.

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CONTINUED:

He winces and slows to a walk. That pain in his lower back. He reaches back to massage it. Looks up and sees

ELLIE BURR

standing on the front steps of the Pioneer Lodge. Smiles. Holds up some car keys.

ELLIE

I'm here to take you to the Connell's.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY

Ellie driving. Will in the passenger seat. Now wearing a crisp suit and a hint of cologne. You could bounce a quarter off him.

Ellie hands him a take-out bag.

ELLIE

Brought you a bear claw. Just in case you were hungry.

Will takes the bag. Looks inside. Yikes.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Local delicacy.

Will puts the bag on the dash. Looks out the window. Nightmute's main street. A line of shops. Undistinguished town hall. Potholes in the road.

WILL

What kind of calls you get around here?

ELLIE

Oh. You know. Small-time stuff. Nothing like what you must get. Mostly drinking-related problems. Domestic abuse. Barroom fights. Stuff like that.

She shifts down. Takes a steep turn.

ELLIE (cont'd)

In the summer months it's pretty quiet. That's when there's work out on the boats. The rest of the year, though...

They pass a MAN walking along the road. Gnarled walking stick. Ellie calls out the window.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Hey, there, Joe!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE waves. They pass.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Joe Willy. Took his family hostage in November. That was the most exciting thing that happened last year. I wasn't there, though.

GRINDS the gear.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Chief Nyback barely lets me handle anything above a misdemeanor.

Will looks over at her. Smiles.

WILL

Don't be too eager.

ELLIE

Weren't you eager? I mean when you first started?

WILL

I couldn't wait to get out there.

ELLIE

Then you know what I mean.

Will catches his reflection in the side mirror.

WILL

Enjoy your time now, Ellie. It only gets harder.

EXT. CONNELL HOUSE - DAY

A small ranch house. Aluminum siding still bare on one side. FLOWERS piled up by the front door. TEDDY BEARS. RIBBONS. Left by well-wishers.

MRS. CONNELL (O.S.)

I haven't tidied up, since Fred told me not to touch anything.

INT. HALLWAY - CONNELL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MRS. CONNELL, a big woman with a thick grey braid down her back, opens the door to her daughter's room.

MRS. CONNELL

I don't believe in keeping a child's room like a shrine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will heads into the room. Hap follows. An uneasiness between them. Fred and Ellie stand in the doorway. Mrs. Connell turns to go.

MRS. CONNELL (cont'd)  
I don't like this part. I'll be in the back.

Ellie touches the woman's arm.

ELLIE  
Thanks, Mrs. Connell.

INT. KAY CONNELL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small bedroom. Pink shag carpeting and clouds painted on the ceiling. Pictures cut from magazines pasted on the walls. A stack of tapes and a boom box in the corner. Typical seventeen year-old.

Will stands in the middle of the room.

WILL  
She went to a party Saturday night?

ELLIE  
Down at a local dive the kids like to hang out in.

Fred throws Ellie a look. "Kids?" She's practically a kid herself.

Will opens the top drawer of the bureau. Roots beneath the panties.

WILL  
No diary.

On top of the bureau, a stack of photos. A couple torn up. Kay Connell and a GIRL with white-blond hair. Laughing.

FRED  
She left the party early. Friends said she had a fight with her boyfriend and stormed out.

WILL  
What time?

FRED  
Around twelve-thirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hap picks up a bear on Kay's bed. A bell JINGLES when he shakes it. Will crosses to a closet in the corner.

WILL

Who was the last one to see her alive?

FRED

Randy Stetz. Her boyfriend. We've questioned him, searched his place. Didn't find anything.

Will pulls a dress out of the closet. Small, black, elegant. The tag's been cut out. He pulls out another, then another. Feels the fabric.

WILL

These are designer. Expensive.  
(looks up)  
Could Randy Stetz afford these?

Fred and Ellie exchange a look.

ELLIE

He fixes boat engines.

Will looks around. Cheap wallpaper, torn screens in the windows.

WILL

Well her mother didn't buy them.

HAP

What are we thinking?

Will reaches over to a small box on the bedside table. Pulls out a pretty gold necklace. Holds it up.

WILL

Kay Connell had an admirer.

He tosses the dresses on the bed. Heads out of the room.

WILL (cont'd)

I want to talk to the boyfriend.

He disappears. Hap follows him out. Fred glances at Ellie. She smiles, goes over to the bed. Starts carefully hanging the dresses back up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a hand squeezing a shoulder. Hard.

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CONTINUED:

WILL (O.S.)

You don't seem that sad.

The shoulder jerks away. PULL BACK to reveal RANDY STETZ sitting at a wooden table in an interrogation room. Longish blond hair, wearing a Metallica t-shirt, trying like hell to grow a mustache.

RANDY

I haven't had a chance! You fuckers been all over my back since Monday.

He takes out a cigarette. It's bent. He lights it. Hap sits opposite.

HAP

You know smoking stunts your growth.

Randy throws him a look.

RANDY

Yeah, okay, fat-ass.

Hap smiles at Will.

HAP

More Alaskan hospitality.

Will goes over to the coffee machine. Pours a cup.

WILL

Did you love her?

RANDY

Huh?

WILL

You heard me.

Randy flicks his ash. Shrugs.

RANDY

Sure. She was nice.

Will turns with his coffee.

WILL

But maybe she didn't love you.

RANDY

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

You heard me again.

RANDY

She loved me. She wanted to see me every night.

WILL

But she was seeing someone else, too.

Randy glares.

RANDY

I don't know what you're fucking talking about.

WILL

Sunday night, at the party - what'd you fight about?

RANDY

Stuff.

WILL

What stuff?

RANDY

Just stuff. I don't fucking remember.

WILL

Then she left the party to go to him.

RANDY

I don't know...

WILL

Ran like hell to go to him.

RANDY

Fuck you, man! - I'm sick of all your fucking cop questions...

Will suddenly hurls his coffee cup and grabs Randy up by the collar. Nose to nose.

WILL

Listen to me, you little shit. This fuck-the-world-Metallica-t-shirt crap isn't going to work with me - you got mad at your girlfriend because she was seeing someone else. You want to be the last person who saw her alive or do you want to tell me who that is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Randy's lip curls. Red-faced.

RANDY  
I don't know.

WILL  
You don't know.

RANDY  
She didn't tell me.

Disgusted, Will shoves Randy back into his seat.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Will walking away from the interrogation room. Ellie joins him.

ELLIE  
How'd it go?

WILL  
Fine.

ELLIE  
He's a little surly.

Will smooths back his hair. Checks his tie.

WILL  
A little.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the gold necklace from Kay Connell's room. Hands it to Ellie.

WILL (cont'd)  
I want you to check this out.

ELLIE  
We already did.

WILL  
Then do it again.

ELLIE  
But there wasn't any...

Will stops. Ellie stops. Will lays a hand on her shoulder.

WILL  
Want some advice?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE  
(brightens)

Yes.

WILL

The second you're about to dismiss something - look at it again.

He looks down the hall. A bearded GUY on crutches. Ellie follows his gaze.

WILL

Who's that?

ELLIE

Bill Chambers. Bartender at Darrow's.

WILL

Good.

Will heads over to him. Ellie watches his back. Her hand closing over the necklace.

INT. RESTAURANT - PIONEER LODGE - NIGHT

The Pioneer Lodge restaurant. Small, dark wood, a radio playing something between Bluegrass and Folk. Some rough-looking GUYS at the bar. Throwing looks over at

WILL AND HAP

sitting at a table. Studying faded menus.

WILL

(reading)

Halibut Calabrese. Halibut Olympia.  
Halibut Cajun Style. Halibut fish and  
chips...

He puts down his menu. Reaches for his drink.

WILL (cont'd)

Can't wait to see dessert.

HAP

At least there's variety.

Will drains his drink. Locks eyes with a big GUY over at the bar. Beer froth on his mustache.

WILL

Looks like the natives are restless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAP

Will?

Will looks back at his partner. Hap's fidgeting with the end of his tie.

HAP (cont'd)

I think I'm gonna, I think I'm gonna talk to Buck when we get back.

A cold flash down Will's spine.

HAP

Maybe I'm just getting older. But I got to think about Trish and the kids. All this cowboy cop stuff, it's getting too complicated.

WILL

Don't do this, Hap.

Hap avoids his eyes.

HAP

You don't have to be involved.

Will's hand tightens around his glass.

WILL

You tell Buck and I'm involved whether I like it or not.

HAP

I'm worried about my pension, Will. You know that...

WILL

(hisses)  
Goddammit, Hap...

RACHEL (O.S.)

Ready to order?

The men look up, interrupted. Rachel is standing by the table with a pad. Hap tries to recover with a big smile.

HAP

Hey - you do everything around here?

RACHEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

HAP  
How's the halibut?

Will stands abruptly. Eyes on Hap. Holds out his empty glass.

WILL  
I'll just have another scotch. In my room.  
(turns to Rachel)  
If you don't mind.

Just then, his cell phone RINGS. He reaches for it.

WILL  
(into phone)  
Dormer.

Listens. Looks at Hap.

WILL (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
We'll be right over.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHTMUTE PD - NIGHT

Will bursts into the bullpen. Hap behind.

WILL  
Where is it?

Ellie, Fred, and a couple other GUYS huddled around a desk.

ELLIE  
Over here.

Will and Hap head over to them. One of the younger guys, FARRELL, intimidated by Will's presence. Tucks his shirt into his dirty jeans.

They part to reveal...

a blue BOOK BAG

laying on the desk. Mud spots all over it. An embroidered daisy. Will looks down at it.

WILL  
We're sure it's hers?

FRED  
Has her books in it.

CONTINUED:

HAP  
What about prints?

Ellie shakes her head, unfortunately not. Will reaches into the bag. Holds up a text book.

WILL (cont'd)  
Biology book.

Another text book.

WILL (cont'd)  
Algebra.

He shoves the books towards one of the guys.

WILL (cont'd)  
Find out who she studied with.

He continues through the bag. Pulls out a little plastic bag with "Hello Kittys" all over it. Dumps out the contents.

WILL (cont'd)  
Make-up.

Looks up at Fred.

WILL (cont'd)  
Find out where she bought it.

Fred looks at him. Not happy with make-up duty. Will pulls out a hair brush. Hands it to Ellie.

WILL (cont'd)  
Lab.

Next, a worn paperback. It's been read a million times.

WILL (cont'd)  
(reading title)  
Otherwise Engaged.  
(turns it over, reads back)  
"She was a young girl, he a married man.  
It would take murder to bring them  
together."

He looks up at the group.

WILL (cont'd)  
Who reads this kind of crap?

Farrell straightens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FARRELL

I read that kind of crap.

Will tosses it to him.

WILL

Read it.

Down to the bottom of the bag. A Ziploc with a half-eaten sandwich. Will hands it to Ellie.

WILL (cont'd)

Lab.

An apple core. Again, Ellie.

WILL (cont'd)

Lab.

Will upends the bag, shakes it. Scraps, paper clips, gum wrappers.

WILL (cont'd)

That's it.

Fred reaches for the bag.

FRED

I'll put it in the locker...

WILL

No.

Will walks slowly over to the window. Thinking. Twists the bag in his hands and looks out at the

TOTEM POLE

standing tall outside. A black RAVEN alights on top of it. Pecks at the air. Turns around. Cocks its head. Seems to look right at Will.

WILL (cont'd) (O.S.)

We put it back where we found it.

BACK INSIDE

Will turns to them.

WILL (cont'd)

You said it was a fishing cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FARRELL

Uh, right. About two miles outside of town.

ELLIE

On the beach.

Fred tightens his jaw.

FRED

Why are we taking it back?

Will ignores the question. Walks back towards them.

WILL

This murder was in the papers, right?

ELLIE

Yeah. All over.

WILL

Call all of them from here to Anchorage. Tell them we now know that Kay Connell left the party with a dark blue book bag, but we haven't recovered it yet.

(checks watch)

We can get it in by the morning edition.

He hands the bag to Farrell.

WILL (cont'd)

Fill this with random books. Make it look heavy.

Will pulls out a handkerchief. Wipes the mud off his hands. Taking his time. Finally turns to Fred.

WILL (cont'd)

It'll eat this guy alive if he thinks he overlooked a detail.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - OUTSIDE NIGHTMUTE - MORNING

POV through BINOCULARS

A WOODEN CABIN

comes into focus. Right by the water. Hasn't been used in years. Weathered, slate roof. Algae growing up the sides.

HAP (O.S.)

Nice. Lighter than I remembered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

lowers his binoculars. He's standing on the black rocky beach. It's damp, slick, and cold. A fog's rolling in.

Hap and Farrell are sitting behind a cluster of rocks. A couple paper bags and a megaphone. They're comparing guns.

FARRELL

Glock 40. All plastic save the barrel and firing pin. Never rusts. What do you carry down in Seattle?

Hap reaches into his holster. Pulls out a...

HAP

Smith and Wesson 45.

FARRELL

Excellent!

Fred Duggar's standing on the other side of them. He's got a pair of binoculars, too. They're staking out the cabin.

Been there a while.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Coffee...

They turn. Ellie appears with a thermos. Cheeks flushed. Crouching down.

FRED

You park off road?

ELLIE

Of course.

She hands the thermos to Hap. Looks up at Will.

ELLIE

Anything yet?

WILL

Nothing.

FRED

Nothing.

Will and Fred share a look. No smile. Will rubs his lower back. It hurts, but there's no way he's sitting down.

FARRELL

Maybe this guy doesn't read the papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAP

Or goes straight to the Sports Section.

Hap and Farrell chuckle. Hap unscrews the thermos. A cloud of steam.

HAP (cont'd)

Who gets first dibs?

(looks up at Will)

Will?

Will looks down at his partner. A swath of thick fog unfolding over the black rocks.

Fred tenses.

FRED

(looking through binoculars)

I see someone!

Hap and Farrell scramble to their feet. Will whips up his binoculars.

POV THROUGH WILL'S BINOCULARS

a FIGURE making its way to the cabin. Furtive.

WILL (O.S.)

That's him.

Will lowers the binoculars. Snaps his fingers at the men.

WILL (cont'd)

Fan out.

Fred, Farrell, and Hap. Start spreading out. Ellie steps up. Will looks back at her.

WILL (cont'd)

Stay here, Ellie.

ELLIE

But...

Will puts up his hand. She stops short. He plunges ahead.

Hap. Will. Farrell. Fred. Fanning out. Silent. Keeping eye-contact. Will points to Farrell. Wants the megaphone.

Farrell, balancing on a rock, holds it out. Accidentally keys it. The feedback SQUAWKS. Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRED  
He's bolting!

POV THROUGH WILL'S BINOCULARS

The FIGURE, looking around, running towards the cabin.  
Leaping from rock to rock.

WILL

reaches for his Smith and Wesson.

WILL  
Go! Go! Go!

The men jump into action. Race down towards the cabin.

Fred and Farrell, nimble over the wet rocks. Will and Hap,  
harder going. Grab onto jagged edges, slip down small  
crevices. Rocks sticking out every which way. The fog,  
thick and white...

THE FIGURE

disappears into the cabin.

FRED AND FARRELL

leap up onto a tall boulder and jump down. Run over to the  
door of the cabin, guns at the ready...

WILL

rounds the boulder, Hap panting behind him. Joins Fred and  
Farrell at the door.

Will levels his Smith and Wesson at the door, and with a nod  
to Fred he...

KICKS it in...

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

...the door CRACKS and swings in. The men rush inside.

WILL  
Police!

They look around: Nothing. A few old nets, a wooden table  
rotted through. No book bag.

IN THE CORNER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a TRAP DOOR, left open. Will races over. Looks down into the darkness.

WILL (cont'd)  
Goddammit!

Turns and points at Farrell.

WILL (cont'd)  
You! Head back up to base...  
(to Fred)  
You! Go right and follow along the water...  
(to Hap)  
Hap! You go left...

The men nod.

WILL (cont'd)  
Go!

They rush out the door and split directions. Will crouches down by the trap door and...

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

...drops down into a dark, dank TUNNEL. Water dripping. FOOTFALLS echoing. Will cocks his head. Left or right? Starts sprinting down towards the lighter end of the tunnel, his own footsteps bouncing against the tunnel walls. He rounds a curve. Sound recedes...

EXT. TUNNEL EXIT - CONTINUOUS

...He exits the tunnel onto the rocky beach. Stops short.

FOG

has enveloped everything - obscuring all vision, dulling all sound. Like a strange dream. Eerie.

Will blinks against the thick whiteness. Strains to hear any sound, anything. There's only the distant LAPPING of the water.

He tightens his grip on his gun and plunges into the fog. Quick, careful steps. Stumbles over a rock. Waves his gun in defense. Eyes wide open like a blind man...

SUDDENLY

a GUNSHOT. Off to the right. Will whips his head around.

EXT. UP ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Ellie, alone, jumps at the sound.

EXT. DOWN THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Will heads towards the sound. Reaching out for approaching rocks. Scrambles over a small bank and finds...

FARRELL

rolled up into a fetal position on the ground. Clutching his thigh. Blood seeping through his fingers. He looks up.

FARRELL

Sorry about...

WILL

Where is he?

Farrell can't answer that.

WILL (cont'd)

(impatient)

Where'd the shot come from?

Farrell lifts his bloody hand. Points off towards the water.

FARRELL

Over there.

Will disappears back into the fog, leaving Farrell behind.

He clammers back down towards the water, pausing every few seconds to listen, to adjust. He's jumpy, anxious. Hears only his own breathing and the sound of the sea...

Down by the water the rocks are smaller, more manageable. Will hears a sound and swings his gun around...nothing.

He plunges ahead. Heart pounding. Cold water sloshing over his shoes...

SUDDENLY

splashing...

Will looks up

A FIGURE

In the fog...crashing towards him...big and hulking...  
pointing something...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A GUN!

Will goes to shoot but...

Nothing! Jammed!

In one fluid motion, he tosses his Smith and Wesson, reaches behind his back, whips out his Smith 39/13...

The FIGURE emerges...

In a split second...

WILL LOCKS EYES WITH THE FIGURE'S - his EYES, brown and gentle...

Will FIRES...

The FIGURE grips his gut, falls into the water.

SILENCE.

Will holsters his gun. Catches his breath. Sloshes over to the figure who lies face-down in the water. He bends down and grabs him by the shoulder. Turns the body over.

His face contorts.

Oh, Christ. Oh, Christ. Oh, Christ.

It's Hap.

Will crashes down to his knees.

Hap's face. Wet, blood dribbling out of the side of his mouth. His eyes look up at Will. Those brown, gentle eyes. He gurgles against the blood. Questioning.

HAP

Will. You shot me...

Will rubs his face.

WILL

Hap...

Hap's breath is ragged. His eyes grow unfocused. Glassy. He slips.

Will shakes him.

WILL (cont'd)

Hap!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He's dead.

WILL (cont'd)  
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ...

Panic seizes Will. He grips his head. Looks around. Unbelieving. Lets his partner fall back into the water.

IN THE DISTANCE

Fred's voice calls out.

FRED (O.S.)  
Farrell's down!

Will struggles to his feet. Stumbling. Numb. Lost. Looks back at the body. Out at the fog. Back at the body. Then catches sight of...

A 357 RUGER

discarded amongst the rocks. The killer's.

Will hesitates.

Then, without thinking, without registering, he grabs the Ruger and plunges it deep into his coat pocket.

INT. CHIEF CHARLES NYBACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chief Nyback sits back in his chair, fingers interlaced on his lap. A grandfatherly expression on his face.

CHIEF NYBACK  
And then you heard the second shot?

WILL

sits opposite him. Dishevelled, wracked, dirty. His trousers still damp. Staring off into space.

WILL  
And then I heard the second shot.  
(beat)  
So I left Farrell there.

CHIEF NYBACK  
That's when you found Detective Eckhart.  
Down by the water?

WILL  
A few minutes later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF NYBACK  
Shot by the suspect.

Will looks up at him. Has a beat to make one of the most important decisions of his life.

Slowly nods his head.

Nyback sighs, sympathetic. Reaches down to his bottom drawer and pulls out a bottle of bourbon and a glass.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)  
I think maybe you need a glass of this.

Nyback goes to unscrew the bottle, but Will shakes his head. Stands. Paces. Rakes his hand through his hair.

Turns suddenly and swipes his arm across Nyback's desk. Everything CRASHES to the floor.

WILL  
(yells)  
Why didn't I know about that goddamn tunnel?

Nyback looks up at him. Calm. Reaches down to the floor and picks up a picture of him and a little boy carrying fishing poles. Puts it back on his desk.

CHIEF NYBACK  
There's a bunch of those tunnels out there, Will. From bunkers over sixty years old. I don't even know half of them myself, and I grew up here.

There's a soft KNOCK on the door. The men look over. Ellie sticks her head in. Speaks in a tone that belies that a man has recently died.

ELLIE  
You wanted to see me?

Will turns his back to her. Nyback gets up.

CHIEF NYBACK  
Right, Ellie.

He limps over. She flicks a look at the pile on the floor. At Will's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

I want you to take care of the investigation into Detective Eckhart's shooting.

Ellie looks at him. Confused. Lowers her voice.

ELLIE

But we know what happened.

CHIEF NYBACK

We need paperwork, Ellie. You know that. Just write up a quick report.

Ellie's bummed. Thought she was playing with the big boys.

ELLIE

What about the Connell case? I'm on the Connell case.

Nyback puts a hand on her shoulder.

CHIEF NYBACK

Just write up the report.

Ellie's shoulders droop. Nyback looks over at Will.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

Will?

He bends down. Picks the phone up from the floor. Holds it out.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

Now's maybe a good time to call Mrs. Eckhart.

Will's face blanches. Looks down at the phone. Trish Eckhart.

EXT. NYBACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Will exits the office, numb. Nyback's redheaded SECRETARY looks up at him. Gives a sympathetic smile. Will nods absently.

Heads down the hall. A couple GUYS walking towards him. They split to let him pass, each giving him a pat on the back.

A uniformed OFFICER, barely twenty years-old, stops to hold the door for him. Respectfully lowers his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sympathy. For the partner of a dead man.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHTMUTE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SQUEALING tire, ripping around a curve...

INT./EXT. SILVER JEEP CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Will driving. Speeding. Scenery whipping past the window. His hands, tight around the steering wheel. The hula-girl, dancing beneath the rear view mirror, a smile plastered to her face.

He grows suddenly pale. Pulls the Cherokee off to the side.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will jumps out of the Cherokee, leaving the door open. Runs down behind an old WAREHOUSE.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A couple industrial trash bins. Will leans his hand against the wall and vomits. Hovers for a moment, saliva dripping from his mouth. Braces himself. Heaves again.

Liar. Liar. Liar.

And again.

Hears a GROWLING behind him. Turns.

A MUTT

standing there, teeth bared. Skinny. Mangy black.

Watching him.

INT. THE PIONEER LODGE - LATER

Will walks up to reception. No one's there. All he wants is his key. Rings the bell.

In the back room, he hears a radio.

RADIO

*...earlier this evening after an aborted attempt to apprehend a suspect. He was forty-two...*

It clicks off abruptly.

RACHEL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

appears in the doorway. Folds her arms.

RACHEL

I'm sorry about your partner.

Will looks at her. She walks over to the desk.

RACHEL (cont'd)

It's been on the radio for the last two hours. Nothing but that. Like when they found Kay Connell's body.

(sympathetic smile)

We're not used to this sort of thing up here.

She reaches for his key.

RACHEL (cont'd)

He was standing right there just a couple of days ago. Your partner. Exactly where you are now.

Will takes his key.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I hope I was nice to him.

WILL

You were nice to him.

He turns to go. Rachel remembers something.

RACHEL

Oh.

Will looks back. She holds up a stack of messages.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Your messages. All from Seattle.

Will heads for the stairs. Exhausted.

WILL

I'll pick them up in the morning.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SHOELACE tied to the base of a lamp. Tense, taut. We follow it along until we reach...a knot tied to the bottom of the window shade.

It's holding it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lamp quivers under the tension. Trembles. Then, suddenly, tips over.

THWACK! The window shade SLAPS open.

PULL BACK to reveal bright light flooding Will's room.

Will, in bed, opens his eyes. This is a game he's been playing all night. The clock reads 3:37.

He tenses his jaw and gets out of bed. Goes over to the shade and pulls it down. It lurches up halfway. He tugs it down again. It slaps all the way open. Will yanks it down so hard it rips off the window.

WILL

Goddammit!

He gets tangled in it.

WILL (cont'd)

Goddamned...thing!

Pulls it off and flings it into the corner.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - 4:22 A.M.

The digital clock flips to a new minute. 4:23.

Will's sitting at the edge of the bed. Scratching at his stubble. His hair is messy. Looks tired. Staring at...

HIS OVERCOAT flung over a chair.

he makes a decision. Gets up and heads over to the coat. Reaches into the pocket and pulls out the Ruger.

Starts to walk around the perimeter of the room, hugging the wall. Pressing down on the floorboards with his toes. Stops when he hears one of them SQUEAK.

He crouches down and pulls back the rug to reveal WOODEN FLOORBOARDS. He presses the squeaky one again, then digs his fingers along its edges and starts to pull it up. His face reddens. Slips the Ruger in underneath.

INT. BATHROOM - 5:18 A.M.

Water gushing out of the faucet. Will's WATCH sitting on the sink's edge. 5:18.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will reaches up into the open medicine cabinet for a prescription bottle. Shakes out a couple of pills. Cups his hand under the water then knocks the pills back.

Closes the medicine cabinet and CRIES out...

HAP'S REFLECTION

looming behind him.

HAP

This isn't just going to go away, Will.

Will whirls around...

WILL

Fuck!

...nothing. No one's there.

EXT. MAINSTREET - NIGHTMUTE - MORNING

CLOSE ON Will's running shoes, POUNDING the tarmac.

PULL BACK to reveal Will running down Nightmute's Mainstreet. His eyes are bloodshot.

A COUPLE NATIVE ALASKANS

walking into a hardware store. Stop talking and glance over at him.

A YOUNG MOTHER

in her husband's work shirt. Lifts her small KIDS into the cab of a 4x4. Watches him pass.

AN OLDER MAN

fixing the broken "E" on his store front. Turns at the sound of Will's footfall.

Everyone edgy. Cautious. A murderer amongst them.

WILL

continues on. Looking straight ahead. Wipes the sweat from his neck. Slows to a stop just outside the...

LOCAL CONVENIENCE STORE

A blown-up picture of KAY CONNELL in the window. Below, a painted sign: *We Miss You, Kay.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A stack of newspapers by the front door. The "Nightmute Ledger." On the front, a headline: *Seattle Cop Killed by Suspect.*

Will picks one up. Stares down at it. Rain starts to dot the paper...

CHIEF NYBACK (O.S.)

...We're going to bring down a couple of guys from Ridgemount, but I want us to step up the investigation here...

INT. BULLPEN -NIGHTMUTE PD - LATE MORNING

Rain hammering against the windows. Chief Nyback addresses the bullpen. Everyone's there except Farrell.

CHIEF NYBACK (O.S.)

...Nightmute hasn't lost an officer in over thirty-seven years, and even though Detective Eckhart was from Seattle, he was as good as one of us on this case. I think we'd all agree he was a fine detective.

Nodding all around. Will sits on a desk near the window, watching the rain hit the glass. His suit pants are slightly wrinkled.

Nyback nods towards Fred.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

Fred, you'll be working with Detective Dormer directly from now on.

Fred, stroking his mustache, looks over at Will. Nods. Nyback turns to Will.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

Will? Anything you'd like to add?

Will looks up. Everyone's eyes turn to him. He shifts in his seat. Shakes his head.

WILL

No.

CHIEF NYBACK

Okay. Then let's get to it.

Feet shuffling, chairs scraping the floor as people get up. A sense of determination in the air. Will grabs his coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Detective Dormer?

He turns. Ellie is beside him, holding a map.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
I'm embarrassed to bother you about this.  
But I was asked to write the report on...  
(lowers eyes)  
...you know what I was asked to write the  
report on...  
(looks back up)  
...Could you, just to be accurate, for  
the report, could you just point out  
exactly where you were when you found  
Detective Eckhart yesterday?

She holds out the map. It's of the small stretch of  
coastline. Red circles marking various points.

Will looks down at her. Takes the map. Turns it around.

WILL  
It's good to be accurate, Ellie. It's  
our currency.

He looks down at the map. Ellie watching his face.

ELLIE  
I'm so sorry about what happened.

Will points to a spot.

WILL  
I was here.

Hands her back the map. Smiles. Just then Fred walks up.

FRED  
Dormer. Still no sign of the bullet that  
went through Farrell...

Will turns to him, cutting him off.

WILL  
I'll be back in an hour. We'll talk  
about it then.

He smooths down his tie and heads for the door. Fred watches  
him leave. Sticks a toothpick in his mouth.

FRED  
Arrogant prick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ellie marks the new spot on the map.

ELLIE

He has to be an arrogant prick. He's a great detective.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE ON the cover of the paperback, Otherwise Engaged by Walter Byrd.

PULL BACK to reveal Farrell lying in a hospital bed in striped pajamas, reading it. A tear runs down his cheek as he turns the page.

A SNICKERS BAR is tossed on to his lap. He looks up. Face brightens.

FARRELL

Detective Dormer!

Will stands by his bed. Farrell puts down the book. Picks up the Snickers.

FARRELL (cont'd)

You don't seem like the bring-an-underling-who's-in-the-hospital-a-Snickers-bar kind of guy.

WILL

I'm not.

He pulls a chair over to the bed and sits.

WILL

How's the book?

Farrell bites into the candy bar.

FARRELL

Oh, a real tear-jerker. Brody, the good guy, just got shot.

He stops chewing. Realises the association. Swallows uncomfortably.

FARRELL (cont'd)

Oh. I'm really sorry. About Hap. Detective Eckhart.

WILL

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

I wish I'd had the chance to get to know him better. Take him fishing or something.

WILL

He would have liked that.

FARRELL

We just gotta catch the bastard, right?

He takes another bite. Like a little boy.

WILL

That's why I'm here.

(sitting forward)

I need to know what you saw yesterday.

FARRELL

What I saw?

WILL

Around the time you got shot.

Farrell chews, furrows his brow. Trying to remember.

FRED

Pretty much nothing. That fog was so thick. The bullet seemed to come out of nowhere. Then I saw you. But only when you came up close.

(shrugs)

I heard more than I saw.

Will leans back, rubs his eyes.

FARRELL

Sorry.

WILL

No. No. Don't be sorry.

Just then a NURSE comes in with a Dixie cup. Pretty, freckled face. Not much older than Kay Connell.

NURSE

Time for your meds.

Farrell smiles at her, winks at Will.

FARRELL

Lonnie and I went to High School together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lonnie gives him the cup.

LONNIE  
Just take the pills, Farrell.

WILL  
How's the leg?

FARRELL  
Oh, you know. Don't feel that much.  
Bullet went right through.

WILL  
Right. Got lost in the rocks.

FARRELL  
We'll get the other one, though.

Pops the rest of the Snickers in his mouth.

FARRELL (cont'd)  
After the autopsy.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - LATER

Will walks down the hallway. Light pouring in from a set of high windows. He looks tired, set-upon.

POV of SOMEONE

WATCHING HIM. From a doorway. Not close, not far. A HAND comes into view. Small. Bruised knuckles. Holds on to the door jamb. Watches as...

Will suddenly stops.

Skin prickling at the back of his neck. Turns and looks around.

A MAN in a wheelchair.

A LITTLE GIRL tugging at her hospital gown.

A couple of NURSES laughing at check-in.

An empty doorway.

Nothing.

WILL

shakes the feeling away. Continues down the hall.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - OUTSIDE NIGHTMUTE - EVENING

Back at the beach. We see nothing but thick, cottony fog. A VOICE comes through.

ELLIE (O.S.)

...and at this point Detective Dormer headed towards the noise...

ELLIE

emerges from the fog. Carrying the map and talking into a small tape recorder. She's climbing over the rocks, wearing a windbreaker a couple sizes too big.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER follows, carrying a camera.

OFFICER

You want me to shoot it?

Ellie switches off the tape recorder...

ELLIE

Shoot everything.

...then switches it back on. Continues clambering over the rocks.

ELLIE (cont'd)

...wherein he discovered the wounded Detective Farrell Brooks, having been shot in the vastus externus of the upper left thigh...

She climbs over the same bank Will Dormer climbed two evenings before. Finds...

ANOTHER UNIFORMED OFFICER

hanging out and smoking.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Francis!

He looks up. Pimples on his chin.

FRANCIS

What?

ELLIE

You're supposed to be Farrell. Shot in the thigh and writhing in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCIS

C'mon, Ellie. What's it matter?

ELLIE

It matters. Accuracy is our currency.  
(points to the ground)  
Now get down.

Francis looks up at her. Flicks his cigarette away and gets down amongst the rocks. Holds his thigh like he was shot.

FRANCIS

Ow.

CLICK! The other cop takes a picture.

EXT. DOWN BY THE WATER - MINUTES LATER

Ellie slishes through the water. Ankles getting cold. Cheeks pink. But it doesn't matter. She's investigating.

ELLIE

(into tape recorder)

...shortly after hearing a second shot, Detective Dormer continued through the water until he spotted the body, lying approximately fifteen feet away...

She stops. All she can see is more fog. Looks down at the map. At the spot Will pointed out. Looks back up.

Fog.

Clicks off the recorder. Calls out.

ELLIE (cont'd)

You there, Rich?

A VOICE calls back. Someone pretending to be Hap.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah. And I'm freezing my nads off!

Ellie furrows her brow. Looks back at the map.

ELLIE

Fifteen feet.

She continues on. Counting feet off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE (cont'd)  
 Fourteen...thirteen...twelve...eleven..  
 ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five..  
 four...

Just then. She can just make out the form of RICH. A cop lying in the water, shivering.

RICH  
 Can I get up now?

But Ellie's not listening. She's looking down at the map. Hand on hip. Just then

FRANCIS

appears. Slips on a rock but catches his fall.

FRANCIS  
 Ellie! Think I found something...

EXT. ROAD NEAR BEACH - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a SQUAD CAR'S red CHERRY TOP. Turning.

WILL (O.S.)  
 Anything catches your eye, you put in a bag. Anything looks strange, you put in a bag...

PULL BACK to reveal the unit parked on a road about a mile up the beach. Will stands in front of it. Hands in pockets. Addressing a SEARCH TEAM. Some cops, some locals. Spread out in line across the road.

Fred hands out plastic bags.

WILL (cont'd)  
 ...Anything he may have dropped, moved, kicked, or stepped on, you put in a bag. Cigarette butts, gum wrappers, paper clips, coins - nine times out a ten a suspect leaves something behind. Any questions?

Everyone looks at each other. No questions. Will checks his watch.

WILL (cont'd)  
 We'll stop at a quarter mile.

An OFFICER nods to the team. MURMURING as they get in place. Fred saunters over to Will. Toothpick in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED

You don't want to start further back?

Will shakes his head.

WILL

He had to have exited here. Over those boulders.

Fred shrugs, skeptical. Just then, his cell phone BLEATS. He reaches for it.

FRED

(into phone)

Duggar...

Will looks back at the search team. Arms linked, heads down, moving forward. Inch by inch.

FRED (cont'd)

(into phone)

Where was it?...

A local WOMAN. At the end of the line. Glances over her shoulder. Looks at Will. Smiles. *You'll help us catch him.*

FRED (O.S.)

(into phone)

Okay.

(slaps phone closed)

That was Ellie.

Will turns back to him.

FRED (cont'd)

They found Farrell's bullet.

Will freezes.

WILL

What?

FRED

Says it looks like a 357. After the autopsy tomorrow we can send 'em both to the lab. Have a murder weapon by morning.

Fred crosses his arms. Sarcastic.

FRED (cont'd)

That is, if it's alright with you.

EXT. PIONEER LODGE - NIGHT

Thunder RUMBLING.

INT. PIONEER LODGE - NIGHTMUTE - NIGHT

Rachel's sitting at reception, doing paperwork. A radio plays in the background. A classical piece. She looks up as

WILL

enters the lodge. Preoccupied. Soaked through.

She reaches down beneath the desk. Pulls out an umbrella and places it on the counter.

RACHEL

On the house.

Will absently takes it

RACHEL

I can get you a cup of tea, too. If you want.

WILL

I'm fine.

Rachel looks at him for a moment. Can't figure this guy out. Turns and plucks his key from the board.

RACHEL

A man came by to see you earlier.

Hands him key.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Said he was your new partner.

A tingle skips down Will's spine. He looks at her.

WILL

Detective Duggar?

RACHEL

No. That wasn't it. I forget what he said his name was. Said you were expecting him.

WILL

I'm not expecting anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

That's not what he thinks.

WILL

What did he look like?

Rachel thinks for a second. He wasn't that memorable.

RACHEL

Average. Dark hair. I'm not so good with faces.

Will rubs his forehead. Pounding headache.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I'm sure he'll be back.

Will nods. Turns to go. Hesitates.

WILL

I need to borrow something.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a nail. One THWACK of a hammer and it bites into the wall.

PULL BACK to reveal Will nailing the corner of a blanket to one side of the window. An ad hoc curtain.

He finishes that side. Starts to stretch the blanket across the window.

Hesitates. Looks outside. To the left. To the right. To see if anybody's out there. If anybody's watching. Sees instead

A LONE TUGBOAT

chugging across the harbor. Pulling a huge freighter.

WILL

squeezes his eyes shut. Opens them again. Pulls the blanket fully across the window.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - OUTSIDE NIGHTMUTE - EVENING

Fog everywhere. Dense. White. Suffocating.

We're running through it. Can hear nothing. Only the sound of our own BREATHING. It's rapid. Heavy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We stumble. Recover. Our HAND reaching out. Trying to wave the fog away. It's like a blanket tightening around us.

In the distance. A FIGURE. Running towards us. Our breath grows faster. Our heart POUNDS.

The figure. Running closer. Closer. Arms outstretched.

We hold up a GUN.

The figure emerges from the fog.

THOSE EYES...

Brown and gentle.

Those eyes. Those eyes...

BANG!

INT. WILL'S ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - 2:59 A.M.

Will sits bolt upright in bed.

WILL  
I didn't know!

His undershirt, drenched in sweat. His breathing, quick and ragged. A shaft of light falls across his face. He looks across the room and sees

HAP

sitting in the corner. Eating an apple with a penknife.

HAP  
You sure about that, buddy?

Will rakes his hands across his face. This isn't happening.

INT. PIONEER LODGE - NIGHTMUTE - NIGHT

Will in a sweater and suit pants. Heads down the stairs. Fleeing the dream. Sweat still beaded across his forehead.

Arrives at the reception desk. Rings the bell. Waits a moment. Rings it again.

RACHEL

emerges from the back room. Her hair over her shoulder in a braid. Clutching a crocheted blanket around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Can I help you?

Will's a little awkward. Knows that he's only been brusque with her up to now.

WILL

I was hoping to get a drink.

INT. BAR - PIONEER LODGE - NIGHT

Rachel pours out two glasses of brandy. Will sits at the bar. Catches sight of the MOOSE ANTLERS hanging behind the bottles.

WILL

What's with all the moose antlers around here?

Rachel smiles. Pops the cork back in the brandy bottle.

RACHEL

Lots of moose.

She clinks her glass to his. Takes a sip. Will watches her.

WILL

You don't seem to fit in.  
(looks around)  
With all this.

Rachel leans against the back of the bar.

RACHEL

There are two kinds of people who live in Alaska. Those who were born here, and those who've come here to escape somewhere else.

WILL

What were you escaping?

Rachel looks at him, shrugs.

RACHEL

Oh, you know. The same old cliches. Bad marriage. Suffocating job. A sense of purposelessness. I came up here six years ago to visit a college friend and never left. Her uncle owns this place.

Will takes a deep sip of his brandy. Warming his insides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
Do you regret it?

RACHEL  
I make it a rule not to regret anything.

Will lowers his eyes.

WILL  
That's smart.

Rachel refills his glass.

RACHEL  
What about you?

Will looks up.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
You don't fit in, either. You keep to yourself.

WILL  
Guess I do.

Rachel's eyes. Flick to Will's RING FINGER. Bare.

RACHEL  
You have family?

Will brings the glass to his lips. Shakes his head.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
No brothers or sisters?

WILL  
Nope. Well. I had a younger brother.  
He died when I was eleven.

RACHEL  
How?

WILL  
In a fire. In New Mexico.

RACHEL  
That must have been awful for you.

Will leans back, brandy opening him up. Remembering.

WILL  
Not really.  
(slight smile)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL (cont'd)

I remember I was embarrassed that he had died. Embarrassed that it made me different. So I didn't tell the other kids at school what had happened. They'd ask me where he was, where he'd gone. And I'd make up stories. He was visiting an aunt up north, he'd broken his leg, he was in a Swiss boarding school. Stuff like that.

(shakes head)

The stories just kept getting more and more elaborate, so when...

Suddenly, he stops talking. Irony hitting him like a ton of bricks. And as quickly as Will opened up, he closes down again.

Rachel looks at him. Senses it.

RACHEL

Don't stop talking.

Will downs his drink. Stands.

WILL

I've got to get back to my room.

RACHEL

I thought you couldn't sleep.

Will drops some bills on the bar.

WILL

Thanks for the brandy.

Rachel hands the money back to him.

RACHEL

You don't have to pay for it, Will.

They share a look. It takes everything inside Will not to reach for her hand.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - 4:52 A.M.

Will paces his room, more urgent. The clock staring at him, relentless. Minutes ticking by.

Suddenly, something hits him. He stops. Crosses to the squeaky floorboard.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - LATER

In the distance, FISHING BOATS head out to sea for their morning catch.

Will drives. Bags under his eyes. Skin sallow. The RUGER sitting on the passenger seat, his coat thrown over it.

Stops near the old warehouse.

INT. ALLEY BEHIND WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Will heads down the same alley he was in days before. Water dripping from a rain gutter high above.

He stops by the set of trash bins. Whistles. Calls out softly.

WILL

Here, boy...

Whistles again. Fishes a pair of gloves from his pocket. Pulls them on. Looking around. Just then

THE MUTT

comes out from behind one of the trash bins. Recognises him. Growls. Ears flattening.

WILL (cont'd)

That's right. It's okay...

The mutt. Standing his ground. Guarding his territory.

Will looks at the dog. Hesitates. Then takes out the Ruger. The dog's ears prick up.

WILL (cont'd)

I'm sorry, boy...

He takes a deep breath. Looks away. Shoots. The mutt drops to his front knees. Wavering.

Will crouches down. Catches the dog in his arms. The dog tries to growl. His back legs buckling. Collapses.

Will exhales. Looks down at the mutt. Paws twitching. Pockets the gun and lays the body down.

Gently strokes its side, searching for the bullet's point of entry. Finds it. Blood pumping out. Will pulls out a PENKNIFE and extends one of the blades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carefully cuts into the gash, fingers probing deep for the lodged bullet. He finds it, pulls it out. Drops it into a plastic bag.

Looks back at the dog. Wipes sweat from his brow. A little smear of the mutt's blood left on his forehead.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHTMUTE MORGUE - MORNING

Will hurrying down a hallway. Fluorescent lights. Cinderblock walls.

Stops at an open doorway just in time to see

THE CORONER

pull a sheet over the cold, blue body of Hap Eckhart.

Will's heart lurches. Catches his reflection in the paper towel dispenser. The mutt's BLOOD on his forehead. Quickly rubs it off.

The coroner looks up.

CORONER

Detective. Thought you were sending one of your lackeys.

Will clears his throat.

WILL

Thought it was better if I came.

The coroner nods. Goes to wash her hands.

CORONER

It's different when you know them, isn't it?

(nods to clipboard)

Just sign over there and she's all yours.

Shrugs off her lab coat. She's wearing a flower-print dress. Looks like a piano teacher. Heads into an adjoining office.

Will. Alone. Steps cautiously into the room. The smell of formaldehyde. Bloody instruments on a stainless steel tray.

Walks along the wall, far from the table. Uncomfortable. Eyes flicking to that shape, that form under the sheet...

SUDDENLY

Hap's HAND drops down. Thick fingers. Wedding band.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will jumps...

CORONER (O.S.)  
(calls out)  
Your partner didn't suffer much...

THE CORONER

re-emerges from the office with a manila envelope.

CORONER (cont'd)  
Maybe for a minute or two.

Will rubs his face. Tries to focus on the clipboard. The coroner holds out the envelope. Smiles.

CORONER (cont'd)  
Just enough time to reflect.

WILL  
Thanks.

He takes the envelope. The coroner peers up at him.

CORONER (cont'd)  
You're looking a little green, Detective.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON steaming hot water. Running into a sink.

PULL BACK to reveal Will in a gas station bathroom. He opens the manila envelope and gingerly shakes out the BULLET that was lodged in Hap Eckhart's spine. Pockets it.

Takes the bloody plastic bag out. Shakes out the bullet he shot into the dog. Drops it into the sink filled with hot water.

Looks up at the tiled wall. Graffiti. Fuck You.

EXT. TESORO ALASKA GAS STATION - MORNING

POV of BINOCULARS. Watching as...

WILL

exits the bathroom at the side of the gas station. Rubbing his hands on his coat. Manila envelope tucked under his arm.

The BINOCULARS lower.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHTMUTE PD - MORNING

Fred Duggar sitting at his cluttered desk. The manila envelope drops down in front of him. He looks up.

Will standing before him.

WILL

Tell the lab I need results by tomorrow.

A twinkle in Fred's eye. Will looks like shit.

FRED

Aye, aye, Cap'n.

Just then Nyback's secretary calls over. Cupping her hand over the telephone receiver.

SECRETARY

Detective Dormer? Phone.

Will nods. Heads over to Nyback's office. Spots

ELLIE

sitting in the interrogation room. Poring over some photographs. Holding a felt-tipped pen.

He reaches the secretary's desk. She pulls something from under her desk. A beat-up BOX. Will's name on it.

SECRETARY

This came for you earlier.

Will glances at it. Takes the phone. Rubs his eyes.

WILL

(into phone)

Dormer.

Nothing. Someone's there. But they're not saying anything.

WILL (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Dormer.

Then...the VOICE. A MAN's voice. Medium-ranged, nose sounds stuffed.

MAN'S VOICE

*I bet you haven't been getting much sleep.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will straightens. Something weird.

WILL  
(into phone)  
What?

A little TITTER on the other end.

MAN'S VOICE  
*You lower-48s. You think the white  
nights are kind of neat. Then you can't  
sleep for days. I've seen it happen  
about a million times. But you're a  
little different.*

WILL  
(into phone)  
Who is this?

A PAUSE.

MAN'S VOICE  
*"Seattle Cop Killed by Suspect."*

Jesus H. Christ. Will turns to face the bullpen. Eyes darting from person to person. As if they can see what he's hearing.

WILL  
(into phone)  
What are you trying...

MAN'S VOICE  
*Don't worry, Will. We're partners now.*

Chief Nyback exits his office. Passes Will and smiles.

Farrell, on crutches, tries to balance a cup of coffee.

A uniformed COP pulls something from a file cabinet.

Will's head is reeling. The voice, almost apologetic.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)  
*I saw what really happened.*

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Will. Unbelieving. Slowly hangs up the phone. Throat feels constricted. NOISE, going on in the bullpen as if nothing's happened. He looks down at

THE BOX

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

sitting at the edge of the secretary's desk. He reaches for it. Slowly, rips the packing tape. Bends back a flap. Inside, some dark blue material. An embroidered daisy.

Kay Connell's book bag.

EXT. NIGHTMUTE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Will heading for the Cherokee. Clutching the box. Face pale, pace quick. Reaches for the driver's side door.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Detective Dormer!

ELLIE

hurrying after him. Holding the stack of photographs. They almost fall.

Will closes his eyes. Now is not the time. Puts the box in the car.

Ellie catches up, breathless.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
I wanted to catch you inside, but you left in such a hurry.

Will sees the box is slightly open. Throws his coat over it.

WILL  
I am in a hurry, Ellie.

ELLIE  
I just have a question about these.

Holds up the photographs.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
I didn't think anything of it, but I wanted to look at it again before I dismissed it.

She smiles. Will is not charmed by hearing his own words. Wants to get the hell out of there. Ellie hands him a picture of

THE BEACH

almost all fog. Except for a rock in the foreground. She points to it. Has a band-aid on her finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE (O.S.)

That's where you said you were when you found Detective Eckhart.

Will hands her back the photograph. Gets into the car.

WILL

Right...

Closes the door. Ellie comes up to the window.

ELLIE

But here's the thing. I retraced your exact steps the other night according to your statement. You couldn't have seen Detective Eckhart from there. Not in that fog.

WILL

Then change it.

ELLIE

How much closer would you say you were?

WILL

I don't remember.

ELLIE

Five feet?

WILL

Maybe.

ELLIE

Seven feet?...

Will turns the ignition, looks at her. Trying to hold his temper.

WILL

Listen, Ellie. I don't have time for this. Five feet, seven feet, twenty feet. Put down whatever you want in your report, alright?

He releases the hand brake. Ellie steps back.

ELLIE

Okay.

With a SQUEAL Will pulls out. Ellie watches him drive away. More curious than stung.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHTMUTE - MORNING

CLOSE ON a YOUNG GIRL's face. Dark hair held up in two barrettes, wind tousling the curls. Reading from a piece of paper. Trying to be strong.

YOUNG GIRL

...and that's how I think Kay would want us to remember her. Swimming, reading, hiking through the Kebaughs...

PULL BACK to reveal Kay Connell's funeral. A group of PEOPLE standing by the grave, most of them HIGH SCHOOLERS. The sky's a brilliant blue. Red fireweeds blanket the hillside.

YOUNG GIRL (cont'd)

...playing her flute, and meeting at Darrow's after school...

A few knowing smiles. The girl looks up.

YOUNG GIRL (cont'd)

...And always, always with a smile on her face.

She lowers her eyes, folds the paper closed. People SNIFFLE. Mrs. Connell reaches out to squeeze her arm.

WILL

stands off to the side with Fred and Ellie. They're all in black. Ellie looks like she's wearing her mother's dress. Holds a potted plant.

Will's eyes dart from person to person as MOURNERS line up to place wildflowers on Kay's casket. An OLD MAN with gnarled hands and brass-tipped cane. Two GIRLS, look like sisters, holding each other up. A MAN with a thick red beard. A WOMAN with a cluster of lavender.

Then a LITTLE BOY, about five. Walks slowly up to the casket. Holding a flute with a bow tied around it. Places it carefully amidst the flowers.

Will looks away. Moved. Catches sight of

RANDY STETZ

at the end of the line. Tight jeans and a down vest.

In front of him stands the GIRL with the white-blond hair. From the torn pictures in Kay Connell's room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will sees Randy surreptitiously caress her ass.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The service is over. People are heading back to their cars. Fred loosens his tie.

FRED

We should go say hello to Mrs. Connell.

ELLIE

Right. I can give her my gift.

Fred looks at the plant. A little peaked.

FRED

That'll make her feel better.

He starts off. Ellie looks back at Will.

ELLIE

Detective Dormer?

WILL

I'll see you back at the station.

Ellie nods, catches up with Fred. Will turns his attention back to

RANDY AND THE GIRL

over on the far end of the cemetery. At the edge of the forest. Standing next to Randy's motorcycle.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST - MINUTES LATER

Randy gets on his bike, strapping his helmet on. The girl's about to get on behind him.

WILL (O.S.)

I'll give her a ride.

They look over.

WILL

walking towards them. The wind whipping his jacket. Randy makes a face.

RANDY

Thought I smelled something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will gives a half-smile. Arrives at the bike. The girl, TANYA FRANCKE, looks at him curiously. Her long white-blonde hair, her skin almost translucent. Something sexy about her.

TANYA

Who're you?

EXT. GRAVESITE - CONTINUOUS

Fred shakes Mrs. Connell's hand. Ellie waits. Looks over and sees

WILL

standing with Tanya and Randy.

Shifts the plant in her hands.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Will shows the gold shield on his belt.

RANDY

Fuckin' cop.

Randy kick starts the bike. It dies. He kicks it again. Calls over his shoulder.

RANDY (cont'd)

You coming or not?

INT. CHEROKEE - FOREST - DAY

Sunlight dappling through tall fir trees. Will drives. Tanya sitting next to him. Her black skirt riding up.

Will shifts up.

WILL

You were a good friend of Kay Connell's?

Tanya traces her finger along the window.

TANYA

I was her best friend.

WILL

Best friend?

TANYA

Since grade school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
That's a long time.

TANYA  
We were like sisters. Knew everything  
about each other.

WILL  
Must be tough.

Tanya shrugs. Pulls out a cigarette. Lights it.

TANYA  
Everybody says I'm holding up great,  
considering. Don't even care if I go to  
school. They're all worried I haven't  
cried yet.

She stretches, her midriff showing. Shifts her body towards  
Will.

TANYA (cont'd)  
But there's no law against not crying.

She reaches out and taps the hula-girl. She swings.

TANYA (cont'd)  
You don't have to take me right home, do  
you?

Will looks over at her. She smiles. Blows out a plume of  
smoke. This girl's way beyond her years.

WILL  
You want me to take you somewhere?

TANYA  
Long as it's fun.

She reaches out a sinewy arm. Starts to massage the back of  
his neck.

TANYA (cont'd)  
Older man with young, impressionable  
girl...

Will, impervious to her touch. Reaches for the gear. His  
foot, pressing harder on the gas.

EXT. CHEROKEE - FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SCREECH! The Cherokee whips around a curve.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Tanya giggles. Likes the speed.

WILL  
You like that?

Tanya nods. Will goes even faster. Tires SQUEALING...

EXT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee breaks free from the forest. Racing along a coastal road. Water CRASHING against the rocks.

Up ahead, a LOGGING TRUCK coming the other way. The Cherokee shifts lanes. Heading straight for the truck.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Tanya looks out at the truck. Still giggling.

WILL  
How about this. You like this?

The truck BEEPS. Will goes faster. Tanya takes her arm from Will's neck. Holds on to her seat.

EXT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

The gap's closing fast. The truck BEEPS again.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Tanya looks over at Will. Not giggling any more.

TANYA  
Hey...

WILL  
Thought you wanted to do something fun...

Will goes even faster...

EXT. CHEROKEE - COASTAL ROAD

The truck and the Cherokee. On a collision course. The truck BEEPS wildly.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Tanya squirming in her seat. Not liking this any more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TANYA

Move over!

WILL

But this is fun!

TANYA

Move over, you crazy fuck!

Will looking straight ahead. Tensing his jaw. The TRUCK...bearing down on them...

Tanya reaches for the wheel...Will pushes her hands away...

The TRUCK...a breath away...

TANYA (cont'd)

(screaming)

Move over!

EXT. CHEROKEE - COASTAL ROAD

The truck and the Cherokee...just feet from each other...at the last moment...the Cherokee jerks out of the way...

EXT. ICICLE FISHING CANNERY - DAY

...SCREECHES to a stop near an old sign, *Icicle Cannery*. Gravel flying.

Will gets out. Slams his door. Rounds the car and opens Tanya's door. She's screaming at him.

TANYA

You crazy son-of-a-bitch! You could have killed us!

Will reaches in and pulls her roughly out of the car.

TANYA (cont'd)

Ow! You're hurting me!

Forces her along, away from the Cherokee. Tanya's heels, sinking into bird shit.

TANYA (cont'd)

What kind of a cop are you, anyway?

WILL

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tanya looks around. An old, abandoned fishing cannery. Rusted metal, rotted wood, broken glass. Skeletons of old CRANES reaching up to the sky.

Will pulls her up a steep hill of garbage and broken crates. Pushes her down the other side. She stumbles. Breaks her fall against an oil barrel.

TANYA

You want to tell me what the fuck this is about?

Will stands above her, on the hill. His face set like stone.

WILL

You and Kay were like sisters?

TANYA

That's what I said.

WILL

Told each other everything.

He heads down the hill.

WILL

That why your picture's torn up in the top drawer of her bureau?

Tanya steps back.

WILL (cont'd)

Why her boyfriend's hand was clamped on your ass at the funeral?

He grabs her by the arm. Jerks it up. She cries out.

TANYA

Ow!

Will leans in. Just inches from her ear.

WILL

You like games, little girl? Well how about this one - you're standing right where her body was found wrapped up in a garbage bag.

Tanya's eyes grow wide. She looks around her. Disgusting, rotten. A SEAGULL pecking at the body of a dead bird. She tries to break away...

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

No!

WILL

Who was Kay seeing besides Randy Stetz?

Tanya looks away.

WILL

Who gave her those dresses?

She struggles more. No good. Will's grip is like a vice.

WILL

I need a name.

TANYA

I don't know.

WILL

You don't know.

TANYA

She wouldn't tell me!

WILL

But you were such good friends...

Tanya, squirming. Angry.

TANYA

It was like some big fucking secret!

Will's grip tightens.

WILL

What was?

TANYA (cont'd)

She kept saying she was gonna get out of here. That he was going to take her!

WILL

Who?

TANYA

My arm!

WILL

Who?

TANYA (cont'd)

She used some stupid code name.

CONTINUED: (3)

WILL  
What was it?

TANYA  
Brody...  
(crying)  
...Something Brody!

Will straightens. He's heard that name before.

Suddenly Tanya jams her heel into his shoe. He cries out. She breaks away from him. Tears streaking her face.

TANYA (cont'd)  
You happy now, you fucking bastard?

Scrambles up the hill. Turns to yell at him.

TANYA (cont'd)  
Fucking bastard!

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHTMUTE - DAY

CLOSE ON a FINGER. Running along a row of book spines. Brundt...Buckley...Buss...Butham...Byrie...

PULL BACK to reveal Will in Nightmute's small bookstore. Still in his funeral clothes.

In the "Mystery!" section. Not finding what he wants. Then, something catches his eye...

A BARGAIN BIN

at the end of the aisle. Will limps down to it. Avoids eye-contact with a YOUNG WOMAN shelving "New Arrivals!"

Reaches into the bin. Shuffles through some paperbacks. Then he finds it: Otherwise Engaged by Walter Byrd.

Underneath the title, he finds what he's looking for: *Another J. Brody Mystery*. Flips to the inside of the cover.

A BLURRY PICTURE

of Walter Byrd. His head's turned to the side.

*Walter Byrd was born in Watson Lake, Canada. He graduated...*

Will's eyes skip down to the bottom:

*Mr. Byrd currently lives in Umkumiut, Alaska, with his two labrador retrievers, Lucy and Desi.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will looks up. Slaps the book closed.

INT./EXT. CHEROKEE - ROAD - DAY

Will drives, sipping take-out coffee. Trying to fight the stinging in his eyes. Passes a sign: *Umkumiut, 30 miles.*

EXT. TESORO ALASKA GAS STATION - UMKUMIUT - DAY

Will stands in a phone booth at the gas station. Flips through the phone book.

His finger tracing down the "B"s. Finds it: *Walter Byrd, 451 S. Diamond Tooth, Apt. B.*

EXT. DIAMOND TOOTH ROAD - UMKUMIUT - DAY

Sky's become overcast. Will stands across the street from a pale blue building. On the ground floor, a tackle store. Above, looks like several apartment units.

He starts across.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENTS - DAY

Will heads down a narrow hallway. Floorboards SQUEAK underfoot. Passes a door "A." Stops at the next one, "B." Knocks.

Hears nothing but the muted tv from apartment "A." Pulls out his gloves.

INT. WALTER BYRD'S APARTMENT - DAY

With a CLICK the door swings open. Will, gloves on, pockets his credit card. Hears the CHING CHING of dog collars as

TWO LABRADOR RETRIEVERS

stand at attention, GROWLING. Will's prepared. Takes a bag of treats from his pocket.

WILL

Lucy. Desi.

The dogs break. Trot over to him. Wolf down the treats.

Will scans the place. Small, cheap. Water stains on the ceiling. A matching sofa and easy chair, corduroy upholstery. The walls, lined with old 1950s movie posters. All second-rate detective movies: "Another Shot in the Dark," "Lady Luck," "He Wore a Black Hat."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will walks across the room. Repulsed. The pathetic hovel of a killer. Looks into the

BEDROOM

single bed. Books and magazines. A half-eaten tuna sandwich on the bedside table. "NYPD BLUE" calendar on the wall.

It's quiet. Lucy and Desi lie down, watching Will. He walks over to a large DESK by the window.

Scattered papers. Computer. Mini cassette recorder.

On the wall, hundreds of newspaper articles. Some yellowing, some fresh. All about cops: "*Officer Louis Saved My Life! Cries Robbery Victim,*" "*Shoot-Out in Soho,*" "*South Street Cop Takes Down Drug Ring,*" "*Detective Arthur Barr Decorated for Valor...*"

Will curls his lip. Starts looking through the papers on the desk. Underneath a stack, he finds an 8x10 PHOTOGRAPH. It's of Byrd, standing in front of a big, lakeside HOUSE. A RADIO TOWER in the background.

Walter Byrd's face is blurred, turned to the side. This is the photo from his book bio.

Will takes it. Starts roughly opening drawers. A box of crackers, a rubber band ball, a pocket football game. Then, shoved in the back of the top drawer, an APPOINTMENT BOOK. Will flips through to today's date. Blank. Shoves the book into his pocket. Slams the drawer closed.

Looks out the window.

A YOUNG BOY

riding by on a bike.

Will reaches for his Smith 39/13. Checks the magazine. Slaps it back in place.

He's ready.

SUDDENLY the phone RINGS.

A beige rotary on the desk. Plugged into an ancient answering machine.

It RINGS again, then again. The answering machine WHIRS. Then BEEPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER'S VOICE  
*...Now you're mad at me...*

Will freezes.

WALTER'S VOICE (cont'd)  
*...I spotted your car around the corner.  
 You must have been in a hurry. Put some  
 pieces together. Don't worry, I would  
 have done the same thing...*

Will turns back to the window. Looking furiously...

WALTER'S VOICE (cont'd)  
*...Anyway...  
 (blows nose)  
 ...I'm not coming home. So you  
 shouldn't wait there all day. I mean,  
 they'll wonder about you down at the  
 station. You should be careful about  
 following procedure, Will, especially  
 now that...*

Will lunges for the phone. Snatches it up just as CLICK! the  
 tape cuts off.

WILL  
 Goddammit!

Enraged, he PUNCHES the receiver through the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENTS - DAY

Will exits the apartment. Cradling his hand. Looks down at  
 his coat and tugs at one of the buttons. Snaps off a stray  
 thread. Puts it in his mouth to wet it.

Looks around. Bends down. Sticks it carefully where the  
 bottom of the door meets the door jamb.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHTMUTE PD - DAY

Will strides into the bullpen. Trying to conceal his wounded  
 hand. Country music plays as Ellie hunts and pecks on the  
 typewriter. Looks up.

ELLIE  
 What happened to your hand?

Fred SLAMS a drawer in the filing cabinet.

FRED  
 Don't they have beepers down in Seattle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will turns to him.

WILL

What?

FRED

I've only been trying yours for the last two hours.

Holds out a one-page report.

FRED

Got a fax from the lab. Murder weapon was a 357 Ruger.

Will takes the report. Heads over to the coffee machine.

WILL

Good.

FRED

And something else that might interest you.

He reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a book. Holds it up. Otherwise Engaged. In hardback.

FRED (cont'd)

Remember this?

Will blinks.

WILL

No.

FRED

The paperback was found in Kay Connell's book bag.

Will pours himself a cup of coffee. Trying to act casual. Ellie goes back to her typing...CLACK...CLACK...

WILL

That's right.

FRED

Mrs. Connell found this copy in the house.

(opens it up)

It's signed. Personally.

WILL

So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED

This is a local writer. Kay had all his books. I think we should check it out.

CLACK...CLACK...CLACK...Will rubs his chin. Looks back down at the report. Judicious.

WILL

I don't think it'll lead anywhere.

The CLACKING stops. SILENCE. Will turns around. Ellie's staring right at him - that isn't like him.

He turns back to Fred. Beat.

WILL (cont'd)

Well. If he's local. Give him a call.

The CLACKING resumes.

INT. STAIRWAY - DIAMOND TOOTH ROAD - UMKUMIUT - LATE NIGHT

A dark stairway. Late at night. A SHOE reaches the top step. It's Will. Climbing to the top. Quietly. Carefully. Shadows on the wallpaper..

Heads down a hallway. Avoiding squeaky floorboards. We recognise it. Back where Walter Byrd lives.

Will approaches apartment "B." Slowly pulls out his weapon. Cocks it. Waits a beat then swings out in front of the door. Ready to fight. Ready to confront. Looks down...

Thread's still there.

INT./EXT. CHEROKEE - UMKUMIUT - NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON Walter Byrd's APPOINTMENT BOOK laying open. Scrawled in pencil: 8:30. Dr. Agee, 26 Alberta.

PULL BACK to reveal Will sitting in the parked Cherokee. The appointment book on the passenger seat.

He's been there all night.

Insomnia's taking its toll. His suit, wrinkled. His tie, sagging. His hair, no longer neatly combed. Looks like the whole world's pulling him down.

Staring down the street at a small

BRICK BUILDING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

on the corner. A placard by the front door: Dr. Florence Agee, D.D.S.

WILL

checks his watch. Rubs his eyes with the heels of his hands. Suddenly. Something tells him to look up.

A MAN

in the distance, walking along the road. Towards Dr. Agee's. He's older, late forties. Short, shoulders sloped. Wears a beige, zip-up windbreaker, khakis, brown desert boots.

WALTER BYRD

Has a bulky hearing aid in one ear.

Is looking down at the road. Glances up.

LOCKS EYES WITH WILL

Byrd, slows his pace.

Will, reaches for the door handle.

SUDDENLY

Byrd turns in the other direction, starts walking fast.

Will leaps out of the Cherokee and heads after him.

WALTER BYRD

His short legs pumping, spots a TOUR BUS across the road. Veers over to it.

WILL

a runner's stride. Weaves through PEOPLE. Closing in on Byrd. Sees his plan. Cuts across the road just as...

A PICK-UP

rounds the corner.

THUMP! Broadside him. Will's pitched up and over the hood. Falls hard on the tarmac.

Dazed for a second. Blood, gushing from his forehead. Hears the PICK-UP DOOR open...FEET running over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you alright? You popped out from  
nowhere!

More FEET running over.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

He okay?

Will opens his eyes. Trying to focus. Looks up and sees, in  
the distance...

WALTER BYRD

getting on to the tour bus.

WILL

struggles to his feet. The OLD LADY who hit him, wearing  
overalls. Reaches out.

OLD LADY

I don't think you should move.

Will stands, wavering. Two or three other PEOPLE nearby.  
Shows the old lady his badge. Points to the bus.

WILL

Follow that bus.

INT./EXT. PICK-UP

The old lady rips along in the truck. Will sits in the  
passenger seat, a handkerchief to his forehead. It's soaked  
with blood.

The lady looks over.

OLD LADY

You sure you're okay?

WILL

I'm fine.

OLD LADY

Careful not to bleed on my interior.

Will looks over at her. Shifts in his seat. Ouch. Feels  
like a couple cracked ribs. Peers out the windshield at

THE TOUR BUS

a few cars ahead of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (cont'd)  
Where's that bus going?

The old lady shifts up.

OLD LADY  
Probably the ferry.

EXT. WINDY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL VIEW of the pick-up tailing the tour bus. A windy coastal road. Beyond it, a blanket of endless evergreens.

EXT. FERRY STATION - OUTSIDE UMKUMIUT - DAY

A FERRY at the end of the pier. A small wooden booth for selling tickets and coffee.

Beautiful, sweeping snow-capped mountains on the other side of the bay. Nothing else for miles around.

THE PICK-UP

pulls up next to the bus and a couple other cars. Will jumps out. Scans the area for Byrd. Nothing.

Then, sees the last few PEOPLE boarding the ferry.

INT. FERRY - MINUTES LATER

Ferry's getting pitched around in the roiling water. Most everyone is inside.

TOURISTS with throw-away cameras, back-packs, anoraks, CHILDREN. Some looking sea-sick in the corner.

Will weaves his way through the crowd. Eyes darting, searching. The ferry lurches to one side, the crowd sways, Will spots

WALTER BYRD

standing by a window.

INT. WINDOW - FERRY

Walter holds on to the railing. Looking at the view, the sea spray.

Will comes up. Stands next to him. Cognizant of the people around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
Walter Byrd.

Walter continues looking out the window. That same stuffed-nose voice.

WALTER  
When I was seven my mother and grandmother took me to Vancouver. We were walking along the street one day when these two men ran past and snatched my grandmother's purse right from under her arm. Right from under her arm. That night a police officer came to our hotel room to ask us questions. Stood the whole time.

The ferry pitches again. Will grabs on to the railing. Looking down at this little man. Hate in his eyes.

WALTER (cont'd)  
His uniform looked brand new. His shoes and badge were polished, his billy club, his belt buckle. All perfect. He was like a soldier, but better.

Walter reaches up to blow his nose. Will's eyes look on in disgust - his knuckles are still red and swollen. From beating Kay Connell to death.

Walter pockets the handkerchief.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Made a huge impression on me. His goodness. Gave me an instant respect for the police. I tried to become a cop when I left high school, but...

He points to his hearing aid.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Congenital problem.

The ferry's engine HUMS to a stop. Walter smiles.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Oh, we're here.

EXT. GENDREAU GLACIER - DAY

Gendreau Glacier. Spilling down between two huge mountains. Enormous in its whiteness, its coldness, its silent power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will and Walter walk up its face, away from the other tourists. Walter leads the way. Hands in his pockets.

WALTER

You know this glacier moves a quarter inch every day?

He points off to the horizon.

WALTER (cont'd)

And on a clear day you can see all the way over to Newtok. There's a beautiful aviary over there. We can go sometime.

Will's lip curls. Watching him.

WALTER (cont'd)

It's actually cool for this time of year. Normally the temperature runs about...

SUDDENLY Will lunges at him. Walter's eyes widen in surprise as he grabs him up by the collar.

Nose to nose. Will barely keeping control.

WILL

You think this is a nice meeting we're having here? Friendly? Two people getting acquainted?

(jerks him harder)

You sick, coward, fuck. I get up every morning of my life just to bring someone like you down. Beating a seventeen year-old girl to death. Washing her afterwards, cleaning her. Make you feel like a real man?

Will tightens his grip.

WILL (cont'd)

Huh?

Walter flounders.

WILL (cont'd)

I outta end this right now. Take a rock and smash your fucking skull in...

His jaws tense, nostrils flare. Walter, red-faced, sputters...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

I stood right behind you...I saw you look right into his eyes and shoot him...

Will clenches his teeth.

WALTER (cont'd)

...Seattle's great hero. Shooting his partner. I saw it all...

WILL

That was an accident!

Just then a SHRIEK. Will looks over.

A COUPLE KIDS

further down the glacier. Having a snowball fight.

WILL

looks back at Walter. Has to take it easy. Shoves him away in disgust. Walter falls down onto the snow. Dislodges his hearing aid.

Watches Will pace.

WALTER

Then why lie about it?

Will's head, throbbing. His ribs, screaming in pain.

WALTER (cont'd)

And the bullets. You did something about the bullets.

Walter brushes the snow off the dislodged hearing aid. Puts it back around his ear.

WALTER (cont'd)

I mean, I'm all for bending the truth. That's what I do in my novels. It's my trade you might say.

Gets up. Brushes the snow from his butt. Checks something in his pocket.

WALTER (cont'd)

You must have some reason. I have faith in that. Probably something noble.  
(looks down at the kids)  
They should be bundled up better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Will turns on him.

WILL  
What's your game, Byrd?

Will taps his hearing aid. Testing.

WALTER  
No game.

WILL  
The phone calls. The book bag.

Walter shrugs.

WALTER  
I figured we're partners on this one. I mean, after what I saw...

Will stops. It's all he can do not to throttle this weed.

WILL  
We're not partners on anything.

Walter looks at him, scratches his head. Nothing but white vastness behind them.

WALTER  
I research my novels. I know the procedures. You'd have cuffed me back at the ferry. You'd have called for back-up, read me my rights, and gotten a search warrant for my apartment. You're a well-respected detective. There's no reason for you to be talking to me right now...

He takes out a handkerchief. Blows his nose.

WALTER (cont'd)  
...except that we could help each other.

Will stares at him.

WALTER (cont'd)  
So. We're at an impasse.

Will runs his hands through his hair. Crazed, lost, confused, drained.

THE KIDS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

down the glacier. Making angels in the snow. Their GIGGLES carried along by the wind.

WILL

turns, watching them. Unblinking. Heart pounding. Defying every instinct in his body.

WILL

You're going to get a phone call.

Walter perks up.

WALTER

Oh?

WILL

Kay Connell had a signed copy of one of your books.

WALTER

Thought you might find that.

WILL

You're going to be brought in for questioning.

Walter smiles. Pleased.

WALTER

Down at the station?

WILL

(hisses)

Yes down at the station.

Walter rubs his hands together. Thinking.

WALTER

Okay. Okay. Brought in for questioning. Good. I can write this.

JUST THEN the ferry blows its HORN. Low and loud. Walter looks down at it.

WALTER (cont'd)

Ferry's leaving.

He starts down. Will has no choice but to follow. Walter, going over the details in his head.

WALTER (cont'd)

I assume you have my gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WILL

What?

WALTER

When I went back to look for it it was gone.

Will nods his head. Walter smiles. Spreads out his hands.

WALTER

Then that's the wild card. Every detective story has a wild card.

WILL

What do you mean, "wild card?"

A few TOURISTS. Boarding the ferry.

WALTER

Next ferry's in forty-five minutes.

Walter heads over to the ramp. Will watches him. Calls out.

WILL

What do you mean "wild card?"

Walter looks back. Waves.

WALTER

You'll know. At the questioning.

Gets on the ferry just as the ramp's being pulled in. Walks back to the stern. Looks out at Will.

The HORN sounds again.

Walter, at the rail. Smiles. Then, just as the ferry starts pulling away...

Takes a MINI CASSETTE RECORDER from his pocket. Holds it up for Will to see.

WILL

on shore, sees it. A cold flash rips through his body. Stunned. That motherfucker. Bolts for the ferry but...

It's too far away.

Walter Byrd and his tape recorder. Receding into the distance.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHTMUTE - EVENING

CLOSE ON a counter top. Stuff thrown down. Aspirin. Band-aids. Gauze. Medical tape. First aid cream. Back pills.

PULL BACK to reveal Will standing at the counter in the convenience store. Hunched in his coat. His whole body throbbing.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MINUTES LATER

Will exits the store. A bag under his arm. *We Miss You, Kay* looming over his shoulder. Sees

ELLIE

getting out of her truck across the street.

Fuck. Starts to turn away. But she sees him. Waves.

ELLIE

I was just looking for you!

Grabs her backpack and trots across the street.

Will flicks up his collar. Doesn't want her to see him fully. She joins him. Smiles.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Which way are you walking?

WILL

Back to the lodge.

She falls into step with him.

ELLIE

This is lucky. I needed your signature on something.

He glances at her. She pulls a folder from her backpack.

ELLIE

The report on Detective Eckhart. I finished it this morning.

Will takes the file. Flips it open. The death of his partner. Neatly typed. Neatly stapled. Pulls out a pen.

ELLIE (cont'd)

You're not going to read it?

Will signs. Hands it back to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
I trust you.

Ellie puts the file back in her backpack.

ELLIE  
Now I can help you with the Connell case.  
Maybe with the Walter Byrd. He's coming  
in tomorrow.

A stutter in Will's step.

WILL  
Duggar called him?

ELLIE  
About an hour ago.

They turn a corner. Arrive at the stone steps of the Pioneer  
Lodge. Will stops.

Ellie catches a good look at him. She cocks her head.

ELLIE  
You don't look like you've gotten much  
sleep, Detective.

WILL  
I haven't.

Starts heading up the steps.

WILL (cont'd)  
See you tomorrow, Ellie.

Ellie watches him for a second. Calls out.

ELLIE  
That's the difference between a good cop  
and a great cop.

Will stops. Looks back down at her.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
No sleep.

She shifts her backpack. The wind tousling her hair.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
You said that once. A long time ago.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - LATE NIGHT

Clock flips to 3:00 A.M. Will, pacing in his room. Rib cage wrapped in a bandage. Looking through

A STACK OF MESSAGES

*from Seattle. Press wants statement...Dobbs trial...Internal Affairs requesting... Captain Lundgard...Memorial Service...*

WILL

discards them one by one. Can barely focus.

SUDDENLY the phone RINGS. He lunges for it.

WILL  
(into phone)  
Listen to me, you son-of-a-bitch...

Interrupted by a CLICK...

RECORDED VOICE  
*...I stood right behind you...I saw you  
look right into his eyes and shoot him...*

Walter Byrd's voice. Recorded from that afternoon.

RECORDED VOICE (cont'd)  
*...Seattle's great hero. Shooting his  
partner. I saw it all...*

Will hears his own voice...

RECORDED VOICE (cont'd)  
*That was an accident!...*

WILL  
*...Goddammit, Byrd!*

Then, another clumsy CLICK. Walter Byrd gets on.

WALTER'S VOICE  
*You'd have done the same thing, Will. I  
know you would...*

He hangs up.

Will SLAMS down the phone. Eyes burning, head pounding. Grabs a lamp and HURLS it across the room. SMASH! It hits the window frame.

The blanket drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Light floods the room.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - 3:20 A.M.

With a GRUNT Will puts his back into it. Shoving the heavy oak bureau towards the window. Sweat beading his face.

A...few...more...shoves. And the bureau finally stands in front of the window.

Will stands back to take a look. Only covers half of it.

WILL

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S ROOM - 3:45 A.M.

Red-faced, Will leans into the wooden armoire. Shimmying it towards the window. Hair a mess, shirt dirty.

Got to cover the light.

With a last heave. Gets it to the window. Light still shining through the cracks...

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S ROOM - 4:00 A.M.

Will shoving magazines, blankets, sheets, pillows. Anything. To fill in the cracks. To cover the light. His eyes. Like a crazy man's...

SUDDENLY

a KNOCK on the door. Will turns.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Detective Dormer?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel standing out in the hallway. In a summer dress and cardigan. Will opens the door.

RACHEL

(startled by his appearance)

Will...I...

WILL

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

There's a guy down the hall. Complaining  
about the noise.

(beat)

He can't sleep.

Will gives a half-smile. Fucking irony. Heads back into...

INT. WILL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...his room. Rachel follows. Looks around at the mess.

RACHEL

Are you alright?

Will grabs up a sweater.

WILL

I'm fine.

He heads back over to the window. Rachel now notices all the  
stuff piled up. Shit. Softens her voice.

RACHEL

Did something happen?

Will. Cramming the sweater into a crack.

WILL

No.

Rachel walks up behind him. His cramming, more desperate.  
More urgent.

RACHEL

Will...

He grabs a magazine.

WILL

The light. It keeps coming in...

Rachel reaches out. Catches his arm.

RACHEL

Will.

He stops. Looks down at her hand.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will suddenly realises what he's doing. Absurd. Pathetic. Pitiful. Slowly turns to face Rachel.

Her eyes, looking up at him. His shoulders droop. Exhausted. Rachel reaches up. Catches him in her arms. Strong arms. Caring. Will buries his face in her neck.

Wants to be swallowed up.

Rachel holds him. Arms encircling. Will breathes her in. Sweet, soft, safe.

Looks up. His mouth suddenly finding hers. A kiss, hungry, urgent. His arms move to surround her.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - LATER

Will and Rachel in bed. Spooning. Rachel behind Will, her finger tracing his scar. Rain DRUMS against the window.

Will stares out.

RACHEL

You almost forgot about it for a while there.

Will blinks.

WILL

What?

RACHEL

Whatever's bothering you.

Will turns over. To face her. Her hair, splayed out on the pillow. Her cheeks, flushed. Beautiful.

RACHEL (cont'd)

It's so strong it's like another person in the room.

She smiles sympathetically. Takes his hand and kisses it. Tell me.

Will looks at her. A battle raging in his heart. His head.

WILL

There was a twenty-four year-old man named Weston Dobbs. Every morning he sat at the only window in his apartment and watched an eight year-old boy get picked up by his carpool across the street.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (cont'd)

And every afternoon he watched the boy get dropped off again. He did this for about six months. Until one day he crossed the street and grabbed the boy before his carpool came. Kept him in his apartment for three days. Tortured him, raped him. Made him do things...

Will tenses his jaw. Rachel listens in horror.

WILL (cont'd)

When he was done, he got a rope and a kitchen stool and hanged the boy in the basement of the apartment building. Naked. But he didn't do a good enough job. The little boy's neck didn't break and he died from shock. The landlord found him five days later.

Rachel squeezes Will's hand. Tears in her eyes.

RACHEL

One of your cases?

WILL

(nods)

Me and Hap. A year and a half ago. I knew the second I met Dobbs that he was guilty. Smug, cold. Dead eyes. Smirking son-of-a-bitch. We had some circumstantial evidence, but nothing to tie him to it. Nothing concrete. Went over every millimeter of that apartment.

He pauses.

RACHEL

What happened?

WILL

This guy was going to walk.

Will sits up. Resting his arms on his knees.

WILL (cont'd)

We took some fibers from the shorts the boy had been wearing and planted them in the apartment.

Rachel looks at Will's back.

RACHEL

Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL  
Arrested him the next day.

Rachel sits up next to him. Goose pimples on her arms.

RACHEL  
What if they find out?

WILL  
Dobbs' attorney has made some  
allegations.

He sighs. Rubs his eyes.

WILL (cont'd)  
It's gone to Internal Affairs.

RACHEL  
What does that mean?

WILL  
That means it's serious.

RACHEL  
What are you going to do?

WILL  
Nothing. I risk saying something and  
Dobbs gets a mistrial.

His eyes wander over to the corner of the room.

HAP

sitting there. Listening.

WILL (cont'd)  
Hap wanted to tell. As soon as we got  
back to Seattle. Thought he could cop a  
plea.

Rachel rubs his shoulder.

RACHEL  
Well, that's not going to happen now.

Will closes his eyes. Opens them. Hap's still there.

WILL  
You think it was wrong? What we did?

There's a pause. Rain PATTERS. Rachel thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL

This man would have gone free. Been around other children. What you did was for the greater good.

(beat)

But you have to live with it, Will.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 6:00. Will pulls on his trousers. Goes to strap on his Smith 39/13 holster. Winces in pain. Looks at his back in the full-length mirror. Black bruises seeping out from under his bandage.

Puts the 39/13 and holster in the top drawer of the bureau. Turns and looks down at Rachel. Sleeping soundly.

FRED (O.S.)

You were acquainted with the deceased, Kay Connell?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will in the interrogation room. Standing by the window. Tensed jaw.

WALTER (O.S.)

Yes I was.

WALTER BYRD

sits at the table. Hair combed, wet. Shirt newly starched. A Styrofoam cup of coffee in front of him.

Playing the part.

Fred sits opposite him. Report file open. Ellie, next to Fred. Taking notes. She's combed her hair, too.

FRED

In what manner?

Walter smiles modestly. Eyes flit to Ellie.

WALTER

She was, not quite a "fan." More like an avid reader of my detective novels.

ELLIE

When did you first meet her?

Fred shoots Ellie a look. She closes her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

A year ago. At one of my signings.

Ellie hands Fred the hardback of Otherwise Engaged. He holds it up.

FRED

Where you signed this?

WALTER

That's right.

FRED

What happened at that signing?

WALTER

She flattered me about my writing. Asked if she could visit me. To talk about my books.

FRED

Did she?

WALTER

Yes. Not much at first. But then she became more comfortable. Started visiting me every week. Sometimes twice.

Will, from over by the window.

WILL

What was the nature of your relationship?

Walter looks over.

WALTER

What do you mean, Detective Dormer?

Will turns. Accusatory.

WILL

She was an attractive girl. Did you have sex with her?

Walter blinks.

WALTER

She was only seventeen.

WILL

But she was an attractive girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

I suppose.

WILL

Did you have sex with her?

Fred shoots Will a look. Ellie, watching him in action.

WALTER

No.

WILL

But you wanted to.

WALTER

I was a mentor to her.

Will heads over to Walter's chair. Hands in pockets.

WILL

You gave her gifts.

WALTER

Yes.

WILL

Expensive dresses. A heart necklace.

WALTER

Yes.

WILL

Doesn't sound like a mentor to me.

WALTER

I gave her things she didn't have.  
Couldn't have.

He turns to Fred and Ellie.

WALTER (cont'd)

Her family lives on Mr. Connell's  
disability. It isn't much.

Fred stops Will with a look.

FRED

We understand, Mr. Byrd.  
(to Will)

You want to sit down, Detective?

Tense BEAT. Will stares at Walter. Revulsion. Heads back  
over to the window. Ellie, itching to jump in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

She wasn't happy. I was someone to talk to.

FRED

How do you mean?

WALTER

That boyfriend. Randy.

Fred sits up.

FRED

Randy Stetz.

WALTER

That's right.

WILL

What about him?

WALTER

He. Well, he...

Walter hesitates. Takes a sip of coffee.

WALTER (cont'd)

I don't want to talk out of school. Kay told me things in the strictest of confidence. As a friend.

Fred shifts in his seat.

FRED

Mr. Byrd. Anything you tell us could help out with this case.

Walter furrows his brow. Taps his hearing aid.

WALTER

Well. He hit her.

Ellie's eyes widen. Fred glances at Will. But Will's too busy watching this little man weave his web.

FRED

Are you sure about that?

WALTER

She'd come to me, sometimes in the middle of the night. Bruises all over her back, her upper arms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER (cont'd)

I pled with her to let me call the police, but she wouldn't hear it. Wanted to keep it secret.

ELLIE

Randy Stetz beat Kay Connell?

FRED

(angry)

Ellie.

Walter looks right at her.

WALTER

He has a terrible rage. Consuming.

Fred stands. Calls out the door.

FRED

Margaret! Get Judge Kepp on the phone.

(to Will)

I'll get another warrant for Stetz's place.

Walter takes a sip of his coffee. Cup's empty. Holds it out to Ellie.

WALTER (cont'd)

Could I have some more coffee?

Ellie nods, takes the cup. Heads over to the coffee machine. Fred turns back to the door...

AND AT THAT MOMENT Walter levels a look right at Will.

Mouths the words "Wild Card."

A shiver down Will's spine. Wild card. The gun. Randy.

ELLIE

over at the coffee machine. Pouring coffee. Glances up at the window. Catches the REFLECTION of the two men.

An intense look between them.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - OUTSIDE NIGHTMUTE - LATER

CLOSE ON a SODA CUP. A straw sucking on the dregs.

PULL BACK to reveal Ellie sitting on a rock on the beach. Cross-legged. Finishing her coke. She's scanning the coastline. Thinking.

INT. RANDY STETZ'S ROOM - NIGHTMUTE - CONTINUOUS

A dark, narrow boarding room. A HAND reaches through an open window. Feels for the lock on the door. CLICK.

Will enters Randy Stetz's place. Cigarette butts, electric guitar, Hustler centerfolds tacked on the walls.

He looks around. Every inch of him revolting against what he's about to do.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The sound of lapping water. A slight breeze. Ellie jumps off the rock.

Walks along the water. Looking down. Brow furrowed. Stops and puts her hands on her hips.

INT. RANDY STETZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will heads over to a hanging sheet on the other side of the room. Pulls it aside. A MOTORBIKE being repaired. Parts and tools all over the place.

Pulls the 357 Ruger from his pocket with a handkerchief. Spots a COFFEE CAN on a shelf. Filled with thick oil.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

SOMETHING catches Ellie's eye. GLINTING from between the rocks.

She bends down. Pulls a pencil from her backpack. Spears something and holds it up.

A SHELL CASING.

INT. RANDY STETZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will drops the 357 into the oil. Swallowed up by blackness.

EXT. RANDY STETZ'S ROOM - LATER

Will stands just outside the doorway into Randy's room. UNIFORMED OFFICERS inside searching the place. Tearing down pictures. Turning out drawers. Ripping up carpet.

Randy's voice. In protest.

RANDY (O.S.)  
You can't fucking do this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will hears some SCUFFLING. The sheet being pulled down. The CLATTER of tools.

RANDY (O.S.)

Hey! I'm working on that!

Parts pulled off the shelves. The bike, shoved to the side. Then. A SILENCE. Followed by...

OFFICER (O.S.)

Found something.

Will shuts his eyes. Heavy FOOTSTEPS head over to the bike. Someone's pulled the gun from the can.

RANDY (O.S.)

What the fuck is that!

Fred's voice, calm.

FRED

That's it. Let's bag it.

More FOOTSTEPS. Randy, desperate.

RANDY (O.S.)

That's not mine, man! That's not mine!

Will opens his eyes. Fred's voice. Almost sympathetic.

FRED (O.S.)

Randy...

RANDY (O.S.)

No way, man!

More SCUFFLING. A chair kicked over. Something SMASHES. Will looks down at the floor as

FRED AND A UNIFORMED COP

struggle to drag Randy through the doorway. Randy writhes, kicks, tugs. Screams.

RANDY (cont'd)

That ain't mine!

Fred grabs Randy's shoulder.

FRED

C'mon, Randy.

Randy squirms. Turns. Looks right into Will's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gone is the bluster. Gone is the attitude. Randy Stetz, lost kid. Tears streaming down his face.

RANDY

I swear to God. I didn't kill her. I swear to God...

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

Will stands outside the garage apartment. Wind whipping his coat. Watches as a Nightmute PD SQUAD CAR pulls off with Randy Stetz in back.

Fred sees him, heads over.

FRED

You look like you need some sleep.

Will shifts his eyes to him.

WILL

That's an understatement.

Fred half-smiles. Watches the receding squad car.

FRED

Well. Looks like we can wrap this one up.

Will barely nods. Fred pulls on his baseball cap.

FRED (cont'd)

We're getting together for a couple of beers later on. Might not be the Seattle thing to do. But you're welcome to come.

He puts out his hand to shake. Truce. Will looks at him. Takes it.

INT. SHANTY BAR - NIGHTMUTE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a tray of dark beer. Five glasses, foam sloshing.

FARRELL (O.S.)

I can't believe it. Randy Stetz.

PULL BACK to reveal Farrell, Rich, Francis, and Will sitting at a small, round table. Fred's passing out the beers. Dive bar. Carved graffiti, stuffed fish, anchors on the walls. MUSIC blaring. Place packed with rough-looking FISHERMEN.

Rich takes a glass from Fred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH

What do you mean, you can't believe it?

FRANCIS

He was an asshole.

FARRELL

That doesn't mean anything.

FRANCIS

Sure it does.

RICH

He was always out of control.

Fred sits. Takes a sip of his beer. To Farrell.

FRED

Didn't you grow up with him?

Farrell shifts in his seat.

FARRELL

Our dads were on the same boat.

(to Will)

We would wait for them together.

Will nods. Jostled by the crowd. Reaches for his beer.  
Francis grabs a handful of peanuts.

FRANCIS

He used to pick fights at the gas  
station.

RICH

And remember when he did all those donut  
holes that one summer?

He and Francis GUFFAW.

FRED

Just a bad seed.

Farrell looks over at Will.

FARRELL

How do you like our beer?

Will slams down his empty glass. Squeezes his eyes open and  
shut. Loud music. Cigarette smoke.

WILL

It's fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fred pats Will's shoulder.

FRED

What Detective Dormer needs is a little shut-eye.

RICH

The white nights been hard on you, Detective?

WILL

They haven't been easy.

Francis spits out a peanut shell.

FRANCIS

They don't have titanium shades over at the Pioneer.

RICH

Well no wonder.

FRANCIS

You lose all sense of time.

FARRELL

Better than Fred's home town.

Will turns to Fred. Wiping the foam from his mustache.

FRED

My people are from Barrow. Way up north.

RICH

In the winter there's no sunlight for five straight months.

FRED

Like being swallowed up in a black hole.

JUST THEN

ELLIE (O.S.)

Hi, guys.

They look up.

ELLIE

standing by their table. Jeans, down vest. Hair tousled.

FRED

Nancy Drew! Pull up a seat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANCIS

You hear what happened, Ellie?

ELLIE

Yeah.

RICH

Pretty cool.

FARRELL

Rich found the gun.

ELLIE

I know. I heard.

Fred leans back in his seat. Eyeballs Ellie.

FRED

Something's on Nancy's mind.

Ellie shrugs. Reaches into her vest pocket. Pulls out a Ziploc with the SHELL CASING inside.

ELLIE

I found this out at the beach.

FARRELL

What is it?

ELLIE

Shell casing. 9mm.

The blood drains from Will's face.

FRANCIS

Let it go, Ell. We got the bad guy.

ELLIE

None of us carries a 9mm duty weapon.  
And the murder weapon was a 357.

Rich throws peanut shells at her.

RICH

Get a hobby, will ya?

Ellie brushes off the shells. Looks over at Will.

ELLIE

It's a legitimate point, isn't it  
Detective Dormer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Everyone turns to Will. Their faces, spinning. Will clears his throat. Grabs the side of the table.

WILL

The case is closed, Ellie.

(gets up)

I got the next round.

Ellie watches him waver. He looks at her.

WILL (cont'd)

Beer?

ELLIE

Coke.

Will nods. Starts heading for the bar. Weaving through broad shoulders, massive backs. Smoke. Music. LAUGHTER. Arguing. A MASS of bodies and SOUND. *Like being swallowed up in a black hole...*

Looks back at the table.

ELLIE

watching him.

EXT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie's truck pulls up in front of a small house. She jumps out.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

SLAM! Ellie heads through the front door like a gust of wind. Thunders up the stairs. Calls out.

ELLIE

Me, Pop!

We hear the TV in the other room. An older MAN, Ellie's father, appears in the doorway. Thick glasses, grey stubble, big paunch. Wearing a flannel robe.

ELLIE'S DAD (cont'd)

Ellie? You okay?

ELLIE

appears at the top of the stairs. Hands on hips.

ELLIE

Where's all my Academy stuff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE'S DAD  
In the basement.

INT. BASEMENT

Pitch black, then, CLICK! as a bare lightbulb's switched on. Ellie stands beneath it. Surveys the basement. Piles of crap everywhere.

She steps through the quagmire of old bikes, fans, auto parts. Over to a stack of cardboard BOXES in the corner.

She nudges through them, reading the writing on the tops. In thick black pen. Shoves a couple aside. A box teeters, falls. No problem. Full of stuffed animals.

Then. Finds what she's looking for. Pulls down a box marked: *Ellie Acad.*

Tears it open.

INSIDE

piles of papers, polaroids of her and FRIENDS, schedules, syllabi, handbooks, an old pair of sneakers. Stuff from her Academy year. At the bottom, a report. The title: "*Securing the Crime Scene,*" the Leland Street Murders. By Eleanor P. Burr.

Ellie pulls it out. Sits down on an old stool. The lightbulb, throwing light over her.

She opens to the middle of the report. Her finger, tracing down the typewritten page. Flips to the next page. Then the next. The next. Then, she spots it.

THREE-QUARTERS DOWN THE PAGE

her finger finds the sentence: *...Detective Dormer's unregistered back-up gun, the Smith and Wesson model 39/13 9mm, to immobilize Langley...*

ELLIE

looks up. Chews her bottom lip.

EXT. MARINER'S MEMORIAL - OUTSIDE NIGHTMUTE - DAY

CLOSE ON a huge wave CRASHING against a retaining wall. Spray flying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal a small MONUMENT by the sea. A stone cupola with a bronze statue underneath. The sky, black with clouds.

INT. MARINERS MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Walter Byrd waits under the Mariner's Memorial. Wind whipping his jacket, the green sea churning behind him. Next to a ten-foot statue of a SEAMAN, tall, rugged, rough, holding on to a thick coil of rope.

Hunches against the wind. Watches as

WILL

approaches the monument. Sonics sweatshirt, wrinkled coat. Face drawn and haggard. Angry.

WALTER

(smiles)

Hi, Will...

Will enters the monument.

WILL

What the hell are you doing calling me at the station?

A gust of wind WHORLS through the monument.

WALTER

I figured we should touch base. Compare notes. I thought it went well. What did you think?

Will's eyes pierce into him.

WILL

Randy Stetz is in jail.

WALTER

Told you I could write an ending.

WILL

Congratulations.

Will holds out his hand.

WILL (cont'd)

The tape.

Walter looks at the open hand. Hugs his jacket to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

I thought we could talk some more.

WILL

There's nothing more to talk about.

WALTER

But we work so well together...

Will breaks. Rushes Walter. Slams him against one of the concrete pilasters.

WILL

We do *nothing* well together!

Slams him again.

WILL (cont'd)

Nothing! Do you understand me?

Another wave CRASHES. Sprays them. Walter looks up into Will's bloodshot eyes.

WALTER

You run on two settings, Will. I've noticed that...

Will tightens his grip.

WALTER (cont'd)

You jump from calm to rage in the blink of an eye. That's okay. I do that too.

He holds up the tape. Will grabs it, shoves Walter to the side. Yanks the tape out of the cassette. Steps back and HURLS it into the sea. Waves engulf it hungrily.

Walter watches him.

WALTER (cont'd)

You're not sleeping, are you?

WILL

What the hell do you know.

WALTER

Kay told me. She comes to me, you know. Tells me things. About you. About me.

PAUSE.

WALTER (cont'd)

Does Detective Eckhart come to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will curls his fists.

WALTER (cont'd)  
Does he ask you why you shot him?

Whips around.

WILL  
I told you that was an accident!

WALTER  
Then so was mine...

WILL  
Don't you pull that shit with me.

WALTER  
I didn't want to kill her, Will.

Steps closer to him. Beseeching.

WALTER  
When she called me that night from the party, she'd had a fight with Randy. Wanted to talk. I told her to meet me at our special place. The cabin at the beach...

A couple RAVENS alight nearby. Flapping their wings. SCREECHING into the wind.

WALTER (cont'd)  
... When she came she was barefoot. And there was liquor on her breath. I only wanted to comfort her. To touch her. She could have at least let me do that. Her skin...it was like everything I'd ever written about.

A dark shadow crosses his face. Holds on to the coiled rope of the statue. Will hisses.

WILL  
Couldn't get it up, Walter?

WALTER  
It was when I went to kiss her. She started laughing. I got angry. After all I'd given her. All I'd told her. I just wanted to make her stop. That's all.

Walter. Squeezing the bronze rope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

From calm to rage in the blink of an eye.

Locks eyes with Will. Conspiratorial.

WALTER (cont'd)

Remember?

Will's HAND

shoots out. Clamps around Walter's neck.

WILL

Like this?

Walter's face, starts turning red.

WALTER

Yes. Like that.

WILL

This an accident, Walter?

WALTER

If you want it to be...

Will looks deep into Walter's eyes. Squeezing harder. Pure hatred.

WILL

It took ten minutes to beat Kay Connell to death. Ten minutes.

Their eyes, locked. Veins, popping along Walter's temples. Lip quivering...

Just then A BELL sounds in the distance. Will looks up.

A LINE OF FISHING BOATS

coming back in.

WILL

looks back at Walter. Throws him to the ground. Sickened.

WILL (cont'd)

Get the fuck out of town, Byrd. Leave and never come back.

Walter coughs. Holding his neck. Enjoying this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER

I have a summer house up by Kgun Lake. I'm going to write my next novel there. It's about a famous detective who goes bad.

Will shoots him a look.

WALTER (cont'd)

Just kidding.

He pulls himself to his feet. A little unsteady. Takes out a handkerchief. Dabs his forehead.

WALTER (cont'd)

The never coming back part, though. I'm not sure. To tell you the truth this has been kind of fun. Going to the station, meeting all those nice people. Talking with you.

He shrugs. Walks past Will.

WALTER (cont'd)

I might miss it.

Will turns. Watches him walk away. Walter hesitates. Turns back.

WALTER (cont'd)

I especially liked your protégé.

Will looks at him. What protégé?

WALTER (cont'd)

Detective Burr.  
(smiles)  
I liked her very much.

Will's stomach jumps. Walter turns back. Continues on.

The little man in a beige windbreaker.

INT. CHIEF CHARLES NYBACK'S OFFICE - NIGHTMUTE PD - DAY

CLOSE ON a HAND. Signing the bottom of a form.

CHIEF NYBACK (O.S.)

I was hoping not to send you back with so much paperwork, Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal Chief Nyback sitting at his desk. Will stands before him. Signing papers. A bottle of bourbon on the desk, some paper cups half filled.

CHIEF NYBACK

When are you taking off?

Will checks his watch.

WILL

Six-thirty.

Fred, standing over by the filing cabinet. Toothpick in his mouth.

FRED

If Spencer's not too drunk to fly.

Nyback chuckles.

CHIEF NYBACK

Can't talk you into staying a couple of days? Do some fishing?

Will shakes his head.

WILL

I have to get back.

CHIEF NYBACK

Too bad...

Looks over at Fred picking his teeth.

CHIEF NYBACK (cont'd)

...Brought some real class to the place. But, Buck says Seattle needs its hero back.

(stands)

You're as good as your reputation, Detective. Thorough, careful, tenacious. You really helped bring this case home.

Will caps this pen. Uncomfortable. Nods towards Fred.

WILL

Thanks to Nightmute's finest.

Puts the forms on Nyback's desk.

WILL (cont'd)

I'll send the rest once I'm back in Seattle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Just then the door swings open. They look over as

ELLIE

hurries in. She smiles.

ELLIE

Didn't want to miss anything.

CHIEF NYBACK

Detective Dormer's not leaving for a few hours.

ELLIE

Good.

CHIEF NYBACK

Maybe you could drive him to Spencer's.

ELLIE

Sure.

An awkward beat. Ellie walks over to Will. Looks up.

Suddenly throws her arms around him.

ELLIE (cont'd)

I thought what you did on this case was amazing.

Will holds his hands out, not sure what to do. Looks down at the top of Ellie's head.

ELLIE'S HAND

slips down his back. Feeling for a holster. For that 39/13.

Nothing. She breaks away.

ELLIE (cont'd)

We're really going to miss you around here.

She and Will lock eyes. Hold for a beat.

He knows exactly what she was trying to do.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - NIGHTMUTE - DAY

Will, driving down Nightmute's main street. The hula-girl, doing her dance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a left. Goes up a hill. Turns to look out the window.

THE CEMETERY

passing by. A cluster of headstones. The newest, Kay Connell's. The mound of dirt wet from the recent rain.

WILL

stops the car. Looking.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - PIONEER LODGE - EVENING

Will walks into his room. Throws his coat and keys on the bed. Notices something.

It's dark.

A NEW SHADE pulled down over the window. Will walks over. There's a card taped to the shade. He pulls it off. In small, sweet handwriting: *Sleep tight, Rachel.*

Will gives a melancholy smile. Opens the shade. LIGHT pours in on him like liquid. Absently touches his scar.

Makes a decision.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Will's reflection in the mirror. He's showered. Hair's combed. Put on a clean suit.

Steps back. Smooths down his lapels. Just right.

Turns to face the room. Bed's made, mess cleaned up. He heads over to the bureau, pulls out his Smith 39/13. Lays it on the bed.

Unclips his badge from his belt. Lays it on the bed. Takes something from the bedside table. The BULLET found in Hap Eckhart. Lays it on the bed.

All neat. All ordered.

Reaches under the mattress. Pulls out

THE PHOTOGRAPH

of a blurry Walter Byrd standing in front of a house. A radio tower in the background. The call numbers: WKOZ.

Will studies it. Tears it in half.

INT. BACK ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - EVENING

Rachel in the back room behind reception. A pullman's kitchen, a desk, an old recliner. Pouring some milk into a bowl for a CAT. A stray.

WILL

walks in. Rachel turns, smiles.

RACHEL  
I found a new friend.

Will walks up to her. Puts his arms around her. Holds her, smells her, kisses her neck.

Pulls away. Looks into her eyes.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Will. What is it?

He doesn't answer. The cat, rubs against his leg. PURRING.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - EVENING

Will driving along a forest road. Eyes dead ahead. A map sits on the passenger seat. By the fold, Kgun Lake circled in pencil.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHTMUTE PD - CONTINUOUS

Ellie working at her desk. Looks up at the clock: 6:00. Gets up, grabs her down vest. Heads for the door.

FARRELL

sticks the tip of his crutch in her path. She stumbles.

ELLIE  
Not funny, Farrell...

EXT. ROAD TO KGUN LAKE - EVENING

AERIAL VIEW of the silver Jeep Cherokee. The only car on the road. The sky, white-grey. The trees, a blanket of green.

The Cherokee heads around a hairpin curve.

INT. LOBBY - PIONEER LODGE - EVENING

Rachel at reception. Reading the paper. Ellie walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE

Hi, Rachel.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - ROAD TO KGUN LAKE - EVENING

Will, scanning the treeline. Takes a left fork then stops. Thought he saw something. Grinds the gears, backs up. Takes another look.

IN THE DISTANCE

a radio tower. WKOZ.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WILL'S ROOM

Rachel and Ellie, standing outside Will's room. Ellie knocks again.

RACHEL

I would have seen if he came back.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - PIONEER LODGE - CONTINUOUS

The CLICK of a key and the door opens. Ellie strides in.

ELLIE

Detective Dormer?

She stops. Rachel behind her. Taking in the strange feeling in the room.

Walks over to the bed. Eyes riveted on the 39/13. On the bullet. Rachel, behind her.

RACHEL

What is all this?

Ellie, her mind racing. Notices

TORN PHOTOGRAPH PIECES

in the trash can. Reaches in and pulls some out. A puzzle.

INT./EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE - LAKE KGUN

Will stops the car at the end of a narrow dirt driveway. Looming before him

A HOUSE

right on the lake. Tall, wooden, in disrepair. Chipping yellow paint. A ghost of what it once was. The house from the photograph.

INT. STUDY - HOUSE

The CLANG of electric typewriter keys bang out a title:  
BLINK OF AN EYE, by Walter By

WALTER BYRD

hunched at his typewriter. In an old study. Books stacked everywhere. Light patches on the walls where pictures used to hang.

BARKING outside. Walter cocks his head. Gets up. Walks over to the window.

OUTSIDE

Will walking up to the house. Lucy and Desi jumping around him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUMMER HOUSE

Will opens the screen door with a CREAK. Steps into the living room.

Recoils from the smell. Flies BUZZING. Yellow plastic covering the sofas. Boxes, books, papers, pictures piled high everywhere. Wallpaper faded, peeling.

Everything, decaying.

INT./EXT. ELLIE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ellie ripping along the forest road in her truck. Gripping the wheel. The photograph pieces, taped together on the passenger seat.

INT. SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will heads down a hallway. Dark, narrow, floorboards worn. More shit stacked up.

Each step, careful, quiet. Tracking. Listening. A BREEZE sweeps through. The burned-out lightbulb hanging from the ceiling, starts swinging.

WALTER

Here to visit me?

Will whips around.

WALTER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

standing there. At the other end of the hallway. Shoulders slumped.

Will shakes his head.

WILL

No.

FLIES, bouncing against the screen door.

WILL (cont'd)

I'm here to end this.

Walter looks around.

WALTER

Where's your back-up?

WILL

No back-up.

WALTER

You're not following procedure.

WILL

Procedure went out the window a long time ago.

Walter looks at him.

WALTER

We're on the same side, Will. You know that. After what we've been through together. We're like brothers. Bound by a secret.

Will takes a step forward...

WILL

That's where you're wrong, Walter.

Slowly reaches into his jacket...

WILL (cont'd)

There is no secret. Because the biggest difference between you and me is what we will or will not live with...

Pulls out his SMITH AND WESSON...

Walter. Looks at the gun. Inches back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER

Will...

SUDDENLY

darts out of sight. Swings back into the doorway with a SHOTGUN...

BAM!

Will's shoulder explodes with blood.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie, jumping out of her truck. Hears the sound. Looks up at the big yellow house.

Pulls out her Glock 40. Looks like it's never been used.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walter walking down the hall. Will, writhing on the floor, reaches for his back holster...gun's not there!

Walter stands over him. Swings his leg back and...CRACK!  
Kicks Will in the ribs.

The pain, blinding. Will GASPS.

CRACK! again, CRACK! again, CRACK! again. Walter's face. Calm, flushed. A vein along his temple.

Will's eyes flutter. Blood, spewing from his lips. A THUD! to his kidneys.

Walter stops, out of breath. Hand on hip.

WALTER (cont'd)

You give the police a bad name, Will.

WILL'S HAND

suddenly shoots out. Grabs the shotgun barrel.

WALTER

stumbles back. The shotgun goes off. BAM! Chunks of ceiling rain down. Walter falls to the ground.

EXT. SUMMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie, heart pounding. Kicks the front door open...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will, covered in dry wall, struggling to his feet. Reaches for his Smith and Wesson.

WALTER'S DESSERT BOOT

kicks it out of the way. It SKITTERS down the hall.

Walter grabs his shotgun. Scrambles to his feet. Runs down to the end of the hall. Ducks into...

INT. LIBRARY

...the library. Dirty shelves, strings of dust. Endless books. He races over to a cabinet. Yanks open a DRAWER...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will, on his feet, trying to focus. His suit, soaked with blood. Looking for his gun. Spots it, in the corner...

INT. LIBRARY

Walter jerks open another drawer. A STACK OF BOOKS teeter on the top of the cabinet. He finds what he needs. SHELLS. Grabs a handful...

THE BOOKS tumble down on top of him. He CRIES out, covering his head...

Touches his ear, panics - hearing aid's gone! Looks up. Will coming down the hall...

INT. HALLWAY

Will hobbles into the library. Sweeps the room with his gun. No Walter.

Steps on something, crushing it. Looks down. Walter's hearing aid. Kicks it aside.

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Ellie. In the front hall. Following procedure. Right hand gripping the gun. Left supporting the butt.

Blinks away the sweat. Facing three doorways.

INT. DINING ROOM

Will limps into the dining room. Furniture stacked high. Eyes, darting. Gun, covering. Trying to stay conscious...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG!

The screen door.

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Ellie. Gun swinging. Doorway one. Doorway two. Doorway three...SUDDENLY

a FIGURE

runs past number one. Big. Shadowy. The flash of a GUN. She wheels towards it. Finger on the trigger...

SLO-MO...The FIGURE, passing. Her heart, POUNDING. Her finger...squeezing...

Will Dormer or Walter Byrd?

At the last second, she jerks the gun away. The figure disappears.

She swallows. Gripping the gun. Follows.

EXT. BACK YARD - SUMMER HOUSE

The sky, heavy with clouds. The air, foreboding.

Will steals out the screen door. Gun cocked. Eyes scanning. Wind, bending the weeds, the trees.

BAM!

a shot. Out of nowhere. Rips into his thigh. Will CRIES out. BAM! a second shot. Whizzes past him...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...CRACK! the shot bites into the window frame. Wings Ellie halfway across the room. She drops to the floor. Clutching her shoulder. Flesh wound.

ELLIE

Shit!

Pulls herself over to a SIDEBOARD for cover. Shrinks behind it. Notices a

PLASTIC BAG

sticking out from one of the drawers. Nudges it open. A flowered dress, some panty-hose, strands of long dark hair...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Will. On the ground. Gripping his leg. Looking wildly around. No sign of Walter. Then. He sees it.

LUCY AND DESI

down by the boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE

The boathouse. Old, rotted wood. Crumbling beams.

Walter stands at a window. Re-loading his shotgun. He fumbles, drops a shell. It rolls towards a crack in the floor. Falls into the LAKE WATER below.

CLICK! Walter levels the shotgun out the window.

WALTER'S POV

the long, undulating WEEDS outside.

EXT. WEEDS

Will. Pulling himself through the weeds. Losing blood fast. Dragging his body. Approaches the side of the BOATHOUSE.

WALTER'S GUN BARREL

sticking out.

Will ducks his head. Winces in pain. Breathing, becoming ragged.

Rounds to the other side. Hoists himself up to another WINDOW. Cautiously, looks in...

WALTER

at the far window.

Will jerks back. Steps on the dock. A plank CREAKS. Shit. Peers back through the window.

WALTER

still looking out. Didn't hear a thing.

Will remembers. Walter doesn't have his hearing aid. He's deaf on that side.

INT. BOATHOUSE

Walter, looking out the window.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

we see Will climbing in through the window. Smearing blood along the sill, favoring his leg. Stands straight.

Levels his gun at Walter's back.

WILL  
(softly)  
Walter.

Nothing. Walter continues staring out the window. Will raises his voice.

WILL (cont'd)  
Walter!

Walter jumps, whips around. Comes face to face with the barrel of Will Dormer's gun. Surprised.

Absently touches his deaf ear.

WALTER  
Wild card

WILL  
Drop the gun, Walter.

Walter looks at Will's 45.

WALTER  
That jammed the last time, Will.  
Remember?

The men LOCK EYES. Wind HOWLING through the boathouse. Killer and Detective. Only a bullet separating them.

WALTER

suddenly jerks up his shotgun...

BANG!

He stumbles back.

Hit in the gut.

Will's Smith and Wesson, smoking. No longer jammed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walter, touches the blood. Looks back at Will. Staggering..

CRACK! the rotting floor gives way beneath him. He CRIES out, falls. Drops into the icy water below.

SILENCE. Will steps over to the hole. Looks down at

WALTER

floating on his back. Looking up at him. Water washing over his body.

Eyes, pleading. Fading. A wave, gently pulls him away...

EXT. BOATHOUSE

Will staggers out on to the dock. Drops his gun. Crashes to his knees. Falls back.

His face, pale. Lying against the wood of the dock.

RAIN DROPS. Start to fall. Washing the blood from his skin. Puckering the lake water. Will's eyes...flutter...

FOOTSTEPS

running along the dock. Heavy boots...

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Detective Dormer!

Will squints against the rain. Makes out the face of

ELLIE

hovering over him. He gives a half-smile.

WILL  
God, you're a pain in the ass.

Ellie kneels down next to him. Pulls off her vest. Covers him.

ELLIE  
You're shot.

Will looks at her bloody shoulder.

WILL  
You, too.

Ellie, tearing off her boot. Yanks off her sock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE

I'm going to make a tourniquet.

Will, fading fast.

WILL

Walter Byrd killed Kay Connell. Her things are in the house.

ELLIE

I know.

WILL

Byrd's dead.

Ellie, wraps the sock around his leg. Starts twisting. Will grimaces. Ellie swallows. Doesn't want to ask this.

ELLIE

You shot Detective Eckhart, didn't you?

Will nods.

WILL

Yes.

A pained look crosses Ellie's face.

ELLIE

Did you mean to?

Will shakes his head.

WILL

No. But I covered it up. I lied.

ELLIE

Why?

RAIN, drumming down around them. Will, takes a deep breath.

WILL

Because I just couldn't be wrong.

(looks at her)

Don't get that way, Ellie. Don't lose your way. It blurs the line.

His blood, pumping out in rivulets. Ellie looks down at him. Her hero. Moves up to the wound in his arm.

ELLIE

This one looks worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will reaches up a feeble hand. Stops her.

WILL  
(whispers)  
Just let me sleep, Ellie...

His eyelids, growing heavy..

WILL (cont'd)  
Let me sleep.

Ellie blinks away the tears. Knows what he means. What he wants. Watches as a calm spreads over him.

Will closes his eyes.

ELLIE  
No!

Will opens his eyes. She ties the second sock around his arm.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
I will not let you sleep. If you've lost your way then you have to make it right. That's the only way. That's what you'd tell me. I've been a detective for five weeks and I say you're coming with me.

She gets up. Slips her arms under his shoulders. Starts hoisting him up.

ELLIE (cont'd)  
C'mon...

Will. Struggling to his knees. Every inch of him, screaming in pain.

Gets to his feet. Arm slung around this tiny, young woman.

WILL  
What about your shoulder?

ELLIE  
Don't worry. I'll have a cool scar.

And they head, slowly but surely, back down the dock.

FADE OUT.