



MILLENNIUM

"Kingdom Come"

Written by

Jorge Zamacona

Directed by

Winrich Kolbe

Episode # 4C03

Story No. 4599

August 9, 1996 (White)

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CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Jordan Black
Woman (non-speaking)
Unkempt Man / Galen Calloway
Father Silas Brown
Father Schultz
Ardis Cohen
Detective Kerney
Marcus Crane
Man
Pueblo Police Officer (non-speaking)
Jonathan Matewon (non-speaking)
Sister Beatrice
Forensics Detective Romero
Motel Manager
Young Girl (non-speaking)
Jill Harned
Jack Harned
Maid (non-speaking)
Reverend

August 9, 1996

"Kingdom Come"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

CHURCH - TACOMA, WASHINGTON
 /WOODS NEAR CHURCH
 /PARKING LOT
BLACK RESIDENCE
GOLF COURSE
 /WOODS ALONG FAIRWAY
MOTEL EIGHT
ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH
HARNED HOUSE
ALL SAINTS CHURCH

INTERIORS:

CHURCH - TACOMA, WASHINGTON
 /CONFESSIONAL
BLACK RESIDENCE
 /KITCHEN
 /BASEMENT
 /JORDAN'S BEDROOM
 /UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
TACOMA MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB
 /HALLWAY
FIRST MOTEL (X)
PUEBLO POLICE DEPARTMENT
MOTEL EIGHT - ROOM SIX
ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH
 /OFFICE
SECOND MOTEL (X)
ROCKFORD POLICE DEPARTMENT
 /FORENSICS LAB
HARNED HOUSE
 /KITCHEN
ROCKFORD P.D. SEDAN (FRANK, COHEN, ROMERO) - MOVING
CAR (CALLOWAY) - MOVING
ALL SAINTS CHURCH
 /REVEREND'S OFFICE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

1

THE CHURCH CHOIR is practicing in the tiers above the pulpit. Dressed in their civvies, led by FATHER SCHULTZ, forties, the rise and fall of notes from something Latin fills the otherwise empty church. Save for:

WIDE REVERSE

A LONE MALE FIGURE sits in the last pew, watching.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

2

FATHER SILAS BROWN, sixties, administers penance to a WOMAN whose head is bowed. In the b.g. we hear the CHOIR.

FATHER BROWN

Three Hail Marys and an Our
Father. Go in peace and sin no
more.

The woman crosses herself and walks out. Beat. An UNKEMPT MAN enters the confessional. Father Brown waits patiently for the man, whose face we cannot make out, to situate himself on the other side. The screen between them distorts their faces making a visual connection unsettling. A moment, then the man starts speaking in mumbled, almost hushed tones.

UNKEMPT MAN

Sin ages like wine, doesn't it,
Father?

FATHER BROWN

I didn't hear.

UNKEMPT MAN

Only it becomes bitter.

FATHER BROWN

Excuse me?

UNKEMPT MAN

No. I won't.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FATHER BROWN
I can't hear you. Can you speak
up?

UNKEMPT MAN
Tell me your sins. And don't
hedge. Because I know them all.

Brown leans in a little.

FATHER BROWN
I'm sorry?

UNKEMPT MAN
I've seen peasant women walking
on their knees in the plaza just
to nail a peso to the church.

FATHER BROWN
Are you here for absolution?

UNKEMPT MAN
You must ask yourself, Father,
"How big a liar am I?"

FATHER BROWN
What's your name, son?

Father Brown tries to make out the man's face through the
screen. He leans in a little closer.

FATHER BROWN
I still can't hear you very well.
(beat)
Hello?

Father Brown waits a minute. The man leans in, his lips just an
inch from Brown's ear. He whispers,

UNKEMPT MAN
Bless you, Father... For you
have sinned.

Brown sits back in seat. Beat. He exits confessional.

3 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

3

Brown opens the curtain of the side that the man was sitting in,
but the confessor is gone. Brown looks up to see the front door
of the church closing. He follows after.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

4

Brown walks out the front door, reacts to a CAR DOOR SLAMMING in the parking lot nearby. Moving toward it as A CAR ENGINE STARTS.

5 EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

5

ANGLE OVER RUNNING CAR as Father Brown approaches. CAMERA DROPPING as he draws nearer. Near enough now to REVEAL as Brown looks into the car, that there is no one inside.

NEW ANGLE ON BROWN

Rising now, confused. Turning to scan the immediate area when he is SUDDENLY STRUCK FROM BEHIND. A blow from an unseen assailant that sends him sprawling to the ground. Brown rolls, trying to get a look at who hit him.

Brown looks up groggily.

FATHER BROWN'S POV

His vision blurred by the blow. The man standing above him a vague, out of focus silhouette.

MAN
Inquisitor Deum, Father...

6 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

6

The CHOIR is singing "Nearer My God To Thee." Father Schultz, directing.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WOODS NEAR CHURCH - NIGHT

7

Brown, barely conscious, is being pulled along the ground by the still unseen man.

MAN
Est in nomine Dei, Padre.

Pulled toward:

ANGLE OVER A PILE OF STACKED WOOD

out of which rises A VERTICAL POLE. The man dragging Brown toward this man-made pyre.

8 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

8

The TENOR hits a high note. When Father Schultz turns TOWARD CAMERA, staring at something. Something which the choir hears now, too. Causing them to stop singing.

FATHER SCHULTZ
What.. what was that?

In the quiet now they HEAR DISTANT SCREAMS.

9 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

9

Father Schultz and a few Choir Members exit the church, the glow of distant fire dancing on the front of the church, and on their faces, too. As the SCREAMS CONTINUE, proximally LOUDER.

FATHER SCHULTZ
Oh Lord --

REVERSE ANGLE - THEIR POV

In the adjacent woods beyond the parking lot TALL FLAMES leap into the air. And from this direction MORE SCREAMING. Father Schultz and the others enter frame, taking off to the woods at a run.

LOW ANGLE ON LEAPING FLAMES

Where Father Brown's legs kick and buck. Beneath his unseen torso which is fixed to the pole with chains that hang into frame. Kicking until the screaming stops, until Brown is dead presumably.

As CAMERA RACKS FOCUS off the flames to the APPROACHING GROUP led by Father Schultz. Who keep their distance from the savage heat. Helpless to do anything for:

FATHER BROWN

His body slumped against the stake, his death mask frozen in a last, futile scream for mercy. As:

FATHER SCHULTZ

crosses himself in horror, we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

10 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

10

Establishing.

11 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

11

FRANK BLACK is at the stove flipping an omelet. JORDAN BLACK is at the table eating her cereal. CATHERINE BLACK walks in.

CATHERINE

Something smells wonderful.

Catherine looks into pan.

CATHERINE

What is it?

FRANK

Scrapple and eggs.

JORDAN

What's scrapple?

FRANK

It's a mystery.

CATHERINE

It's leftovers.

Frank smiles at Catherine as she sits down next to Jordan.

CATHERINE

What do you want to do today?

JORDAN

You're not going to work?

CATHERINE

Today's Sunday. The day of rest. And fun.

Jordan smiles, happy at the thought, when something SMASHES into the window right behind her and Catherine. They both jump, STARTLED at the sound of CRACKING GLASS.

JORDAN

(frightened)

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Frank moving over from the stove and Catherine rising to see a PANE OF GLASS has been cracked on the window above her head. Was it a bullet? Frank studies it with IMMEDIATE CONCERN, then his eyes catch something outside that quickly relieves it.

FRANK

It's okay.

As we:

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

12

Frank, Catherine and Jordan exit the house. Approaching a SMALL BIRD which lies in the flower bed under the kitchen window. Still breathing, but knocked senseless.

JORDAN

It's a birdie.

Jordan kneels next to it. Reaches out to it.

CATHERINE

Don't touch it, sweetie.

FRANK

It flew into the window.

JORDAN

Why?

FRANK

It probably saw its reflection and got confused.

JORDAN

What's the matter with it?

CATHERINE

It's just hurt.

As Frank gently picks up the injured bird,

CUT TO:

13 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

Catherine gets an empty box from the broom closet. Frank puts a dishtowel in, then puts the bird in the box. Jordan stares at the bird, interested and scared.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JORDAN

Is it going to get better?

CATHERINE

We hope so, sweetie.

The phone rings. Frank answers.

FRANK

(into phone)

Hello... this is he. Yes.

He listens and moves around the counter. Catherine sensing that the call is one from someone with bad news.

FRANK

Yes. Can you hold on?

CATHERINE

Who is it?

FRANK

Work.

He motions that he needs a pencil, something to write with. While in the b.g. Jordan continues to stare into the box.

JORDAN

It's not moving, mommy.

Catherine hands Frank the pencil and he begins to write. As she moves to Jordan.

FRANK

Where in Tacoma?

CATHERINE

It's just resting, Jordan.

Frank is writing. As Catherine moves to Jordan and the box.

JORDAN

It's not breathing.

Catherine stares into the box now, too. As Frank hangs up the phone, turning to them.

CATHERINE

Frank.

They both exchange a look that says it all.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

JORDAN

Is it going to die, mommy?

Catherine doesn't answer. She doesn't have the heart to. Off her continued look to Frank, we:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CHURCH - TACOMA, WASHINGTON - DAY

14

Tacoma Police have established a perimeter around the site of the immolation. T.V. CREW is there photographing scene. An M.E. van is parked near the clearing. Millennium Group member ARDIS COHEN, female, 40's, is moving to Frank as he approaches.

COHEN

Hi, Frank.

FRANK

Ardis. Where are we at?

COHEN

Closing ceremonies. The body's been removed. Thought you'd want to see the crime scene.

FRANK

Yeah.

COHEN

Tacoma PD's a little overwhelmed at the moment. They're welcoming our help.

A DETECTIVE, 40's, approaches.

COHEN

This is Detective Kerney. Frank Black.

Mutual nods of hello. As they move toward the pyre.

KERNEY

It's my understanding you have some insight into this.

FRANK

There was a series of homicides in 1993 involving men of the cloth. Ms. Cohen and I were part of the FBI investigative team.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

KERNEY

You catch the guy?

FRANK

No.

Frank, Cohen and Kerney walk over to the charred remains of the stake, the wood pile.

COHEN

The victim's name is Silas Brown. Georgetown University and a former professor at the International Institute of Catechetical and Pastoral Studies in Brussels.

FRANK

A Jesuit.

Frank looks at the body, the ashes, the burnt ground.

15 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

15

A series of quick cuts, compressing time and action. Father Brown is dragged through the woods. Screaming as a FLASH OF RED illuminates his face. As a signal flare is lit.

CUT TO:

16 RESUME SCENE

16

Kerney looks at Cohen, noting Frank's momentary abstractedness.

KERNEY

You think that's relevant?

FRANK

I don't know.

KERNEY

I went to a Jesuit middle school. Got a permanent welt on the back of my head from a guy name Father Dodson.

Frank examines the blackened cloth that has melted onto the vertical pole.

KERNEY

For what it's worth.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

FRANK

He was wearing a sanbenito.

Cohen nods.

KERNEY

A what?

COHEN

A sanbenito. It was the black cloak heretics were forced to wear before being burned at the stake in the Middle Ages.

FRANK

You see the forensics report?

COHEN

Same materials. No accelerants.

FRANK

It was only a matter of time.

COHEN

Looks a lot like it.

KERNEY

Hold on - what do you mean, the Middle Ages? What's that about?

FRANK

The killer is very precise. The process is important to him. He treats the scene as a ceremony.

KERNEY

What kind of ceremony?

FRANK

Medieval. A fresh hewn stake, probably cut locally, peat and wood for fuel.

KERNEY

And you think this is the same guy?

COHEN

Very possibly.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

FRANK

Tomorrow is three years to the day that he began. Three men died and then it stopped. Until last night.

Frank moves away from them now, moving back to his car.

COHEN

(to Kerney)

We're gonna head over to the autopsy.

KERNEY

Yeah, okay.

(looks back at pyre)

Anything I can do right now?

COHEN

I'm not religious myself, but you might want to say a few prayers.

Cohen walks away to join Frank. Leaving Kerney a little shaken.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TACOMA MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

17

SLOW TRACK from foot to head of Brown's body.

COHEN (O.S.)

Victim is a caucasian male, sixty-one years old. Due to extreme charring of corpse any identifying organic material, fiber or marking is unavailable.

FRANK

Watching Cohen examine the body, which has already been autopsied.

COHEN

There is evidence of blunt trauma to the occipital protrusion, but the victim was most certainly alive when he was fastened to the stake.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

FRANK'S INTERIOR POV

Series of quick cuts. Of Father Brown's face through the flames. Of his legs kicking and bucking. Then Brown going limp, his body losing its fight. Ending with a close shot of Brown's gaping, dead mouth. All from the killer's POV.

RESUME SCENE

Cohen looks at Frank.

FRANK

The cause of death?

COHEN

Asphyxiation. Carbon monoxide robs the lungs of oxygen. When the threshold drops below twenty-one percent, thankfully, you pass out.

FRANK

You don't really burn at the stake.

COHEN

Not technically.

Frank moves in for a closer look. Looking at the corpse's charred face.

COHEN

Though I doubt our killer's interested in that distinction.

FRANK

Did you see this, Ardis?

COHEN

What?

Frank moves so that she may take his position, so that they are both standing on opposite sides of the body, looking into the victim's open mouth.

FRANK

His tongue.

Ardis checks the chart.

COHEN

Nothing specified here.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

FRANK
It's a deep charring.

COHEN
From what?

Frank picks up a pair of tweezers. Inserting them into the mouth of the deceased. Probing when the tweezers hit something that makes a CLINK. He pushes the tweezers deeper. Beat. He lifts something from the tongue. A BLACKENED CIRCULAR OBJECT.

FRANK
It's a coin.

COHEN
We've never seen this.

Frank uses a wipe to rub the blackened coin. Revealing:

FRANK
A Spanish peseta.

COHEN
New killer, Frank?

Frank shakes his head, unsure.

COHEN
Feeling one way or the other?

FRANK
A break in the pattern.
Possibly a refinement in his
m.o. -- some kind of symbolism.
Or possibly an escalation.

COHEN
Maybe we can pull a print.

Cohen takes the tweezers and coin, walks out leaving Frank alone with corpse.

TIME CUT TO:

18 INT. LAB HALLWAY - DAY

18

Father Schultz, stands down at the end of the hall. Looking kind of lost.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ANGLE TO INCLUDE FRANK

Exiting the lab. Noticing the man at the end of the hall.
Moving toward him, though not with any pace.

FRANK
Can I help you?

FATHER SCHULTZ
I'm sorry, I don't know my way
around here. A friend of mine
died and I'm supposed to arrange
for him to be taken to the
funeral home.

FRANK
Father Brown?

FATHER SCHULTZ
Yes. I'm Father Schultz.

FRANK
You were his friend.

FATHER SCHULTZ
(nods)
He was a good man. A true
believer. And that's not quite
as popular as it used to be.

FRANK
(reading him)
Don't look for a reason, Father.

FATHER SCHULTZ
Are you saying there isn't one?

FRANK
Not one that would make sense.

Schultz studies him.

FATHER SCHULTZ
Silas often said that we have to
spend as much time trumpeting
good as we do publicizing evil.
Otherwise we'll get too
comfortable living with badness.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

FRANK

The man who did this -- who we believe did this -- he does it without conscience. Is that evil?

FATHER SCHULTZ

There's a disconnectedness out there. And those desperate with that feeling expect faith to fill the void. When it doesn't, they blame us.

FRANK

I can't speak to that, Father.

FATHER SCHULTZ

No?

FRANK

I'm afraid my own faith is lacking.

FATHER SCHULTZ

I've ministered to many who've lost their way.

Frank nods, evading this.

FRANK

I think my time is best spent trying to catch the man who killed your friend.

And with another polite nod, Frank turns and walks away. Off Schultz watching him go, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - EVENING

19

To establish. With a LEGEND mid-screen: SEATTLE, 7:02 PM

20 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - EVENING

20

Frank is at his desk paging through one of half a dozen old history books.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

INSERT BOOK PAGES BEING TURNED

We see pictures of medieval people being drawn and quartered; drawings of the medieval devil coming out of the chest of an accused heretic; women, hands tied behind their backs, being thrown into ponds; a black-shrouded priest reading from a scroll before a man tied to a stake as the flames build at the doomed man's feet. Hear a BEEP.

ANGLE FRANK

As he turns to his computer a message comes in: HELLO, FRANK. HERE IS THE INFORMATION YOU REQUESTED. A. COHEN. There is a pause. Then the CRIME SCENE photos of a previous burning come onto the screen. The photos are labeled: ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, FEB. 14, 1993. There are several different angles of the same horrible death as seen at the church earlier: a man chained to a post, burnt to a crisp.

Another series of photos replaces the first. The legend reads: MANHATTAN, KANSAS, APRIL 10, 1993. These images are of a man in the fetal position, hands behind back, having fallen to the ground with the pole still chained to his back, also burned black. Frank leans in, searching for something, some detail. He catches his breath and turns with a start.

Catherine stands at the bottom of the steps.

CATHERINE

Are you coming up?

FRANK

Right up.

Catherine walks a little closer. Frank rising, moving to her before she can see what he's working on.

CATHERINE

Jordan had kind of a bad day today, Frank. She was very upset about the bird.

FRANK

What did she say?

CATHERINE

She asked me if dogs die, horses, cars, trees... us.

FRANK

What did you tell her?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

CATHERINE

I mustered all of my clinical powers and... lied. Told her you and I would live forever.

Frank smiles.

CATHERINE

So back me up on that, will ya?

FRANK

Yes.

CATHERINE

Saw you on the news tonight.

FRANK

Yeah.

CATHERINE

It's frightening, you know. Churches, clergy... symbols of what is supposed to be safe haven, coming under attack.

FRANK

Becoming all too common.

Catherine heads back to the steps.

CATHERINE

You get a chance, talk to Jordan before she falls asleep.

FRANK

I'll be right up.

Catherine walks back upstairs.

Frank turns, steps back to his computer. Looks at the screen, at the killing in Kansas. He zeroes in on an etching on the stake.

He keys a few commands and the image becomes larger, zeroing in on the dead man and the stake. He keys in another command and the image PANS LEFT a bit. He stares intently. Something's there. He keys another command. The image of the stake is enlarged, taking up the whole screen. He hits the contrast key and the background goes black, highlighting everything white.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

COMPUTER SCREEN

Scratched into the stake -- previously unseen -- are the words "SERMO GENERALIS".

FRANK

Picks up a book showing the picture of a burning man. Moving his finger down to the words "SERMO GENERALIS" - MOVE DOWN PAGE to more caption... "THE GRAND CEREMONIAL PROCEEDING OF HERETICS..."

Frank sits back, knowing something he didn't before. He shuts off the computer and then walks toward the light at the top of the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DUSK

21

Legend reads: PUEBLO, COLORADO, 8:17 P.M. MARCUS CRANE, late-fifties, is playing a late round with another MAN. The Man drives. Watching his ball land a good distance down the fairway.

CRANE

(re: shot)

You might want to play ahead.

Crane moves to tee up his ball.

MAN

Wait'll you see me six putt.

Crane addresses the ball.

CRANE

I'm just getting my swing back.

Crane tries to get comfortable, then takes a swing. His ball slicing into the woods along the fairway like an errant bullet in a drive-by shooting. The Man winces.

MAN

Take a mulligan.

Crane shakes his head, taking a frustrated practice swing.

CRANE

Nah. I'll just be chasing two balls in the rough.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Crane gets in his golf cart and the Man gets in his. They drive along together for a moment. Then Crane peels off into the woods.

22 THE WOODS ALONG FAIRWAY

22

Crane pokes around the long grass in a dense thicket of trees.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This yours, Reverend?

Startled, Crane turns to look behind him. A Man stands there. We have not seen the dark, disturbed eyes of this man before. He is six foot, 40's, hair slightly unkempt.

UNKEMPT MAN

Titan three...?

CRANE

Yes, it is.

UNKEMPT MAN

Tough lie.

CRANE

Yes. Are you playing this hole?

UNKEMPT MAN

I was considering it.

The Unkempt Man remains standing in the grass. Near him is his pull cart with his golf bag. There is one club in it, an iron, which the Unkempt Man pulls from the bag.

CRANE

Playing with one club?

UNKEMPT MAN

One's all it takes, Reverend.

Moving toward the Unkempt Man, becoming suddenly wary.

CRANE

Do I know you?

UNKEMPT MAN

Somewhat, Reverend.

CRANE

I've been retired for four years now.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

UNKEMPT MAN

You don't remember me?

Crane stares at the Unkempt Man, trying to remember. When he doesn't respond, the Unkempt Man picks up Crane's ball and tosses it toward him. So that it lands in the grass between them.

CRANE

I have no idea who in the hell
you are.

Crane moves to his ball, then reaches down to pick it up.

ANGLE ON THE UNKEMPT MAN

Raising his club and striking down, out of frame. All we hear is the dull sound of metal striking skull bone. And Crane's muffled YELP OF PAIN.

UNKEMPT MAN

Yep. That hurts.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Jordan is already asleep as Frank walks in quietly. He sits on the edge of her bed, momentarily lost in the image of how beautiful and peaceful his daughter looks while sleeping. Jordan smiles, then opens her eyes.

FRANK

You were trying to trick me,
weren't you?

JORDAN

Yes.

FRANK

You're a rascal. A little
rascal.

JORDAN

Yeah.

Jordan giggles, then giggles some more.

FRANK

Mommy says you have some
questions.

JORDAN

The bird died.

FRANK

Yes.

JORDAN

What happens to it?

FRANK

There're lots of different
ideas, but no one knows exactly.
Some people say your soul finds
a new home.

JORDAN

Another yellow house?

FRANK

Kind of. Yeah.

JORDAN

Does God live there, too?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Frank is hit with an unexpected punch. He takes a three count.

FRANK

Lots of people think he does.

JORDAN

Do you?

FRANK

I think if he does he'd say it's
way past your bedtime, don't
you...?

He pushes the covers up around Jordan's neck.

FRANK

And if he does he's going to
know what a little rascal you
are.

Frank turns, realizes Catherine is in the doorway. She's been
watching this exchange.

FRANK

Say good night to mommy.

JORDAN

Good night, mommy.

CATHERINE

Good night, sweetie.

JORDAN

Good night, daddy.

Frank bends and kisses her on the forehead.

FRANK

Good night, baby.

24 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

24

Frank exits, pulling Jordan's door nearly closed behind him.
Catherine waits a beat, then slides her arms around Frank,
kissing him.

FRANK

What's that for?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CATHERINE
For nothing.
(small kiss)
For everything.

Frank smiles, then kisses her on the forehead.

FRANK
I'll be up to bed in just a
little bit.

They break and he moves to the stairs, heading down. HOLD ON
Catherine watching him. As we:

CUT TO:

25 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

25

The computer is BEEPING as Frank enters, the screen registering
that an E-mail has been received. Frank sits down, hits his
mouse. After a moment a message log shows something received
from A. COHEN. A beat, then the message appears:

COMPUTER SCREEN

The message is a GIF. It is of Reverend Crane, a wood stump
tied to his back, and bobbing face down in the water hazard near
the fairway where he encountered the Unkempt Man. Next to him
is a a POLICE DIVER. The photo is illuminated by bright police
work lights.

The caption reads: REVEREND MARCUS CRANE, DOA. CALL ME ASAP.
ARDIS.

FRANK

Opens one of the books on his desk. He thumbs through quickly.
He stops at a page with a heading: TORTURE ORDEALS OF HERETICS.
There is a picture of a woman tied to a wood board and being
dunked in a pool of water.

Frank picks up the phone and dials.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
Ardis Cohen, please.
(beat)
Ardis? Frank Black. I just got
the file.

COHEN (PHONE FILTER)
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
I think our guy's back at work.

COHEN (PHONE FILTER)
Would you change your opinion if
I told you the crime scene was
in Pueblo, Colorado?

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
No.

COHEN (PHONE FILTER)
You sound pretty certain, Frank.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
I have reason to be. How soon
can you meet me at the airport,
Ardis?

COHEN (PHONE FILTER)
My bags were packed in
anticipation.

As Frank hangs up, heads back upstairs:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

26

The water hazard still has police tape around it. Frank and
Cohen are walking around it.

COHEN
His name was Marcus Crane. He
was a retired Presbyterian
minister. If it's the same
killer it's the first time he's
targeted a Protestant.

FRANK
What was the cause of death?

COHEN
Again, there was blunt trauma to
the head to incapacitate the
victim. The instrument was
wedge shaped, probably a golf
club. But he died of drowning.

CLOSE ON FRANK

As he stops, staring down into the water.

27 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

27

Crane chained to the stump. A hand (of the killer) covers Crane's mouth. Crane flails and coughs as more and more water enters his lungs.

28 RESUME FRANK, ARDIS

28

She's looking at him, waiting for his reaction.

FRANK

The torture of the heretics.

COHEN

Golf or drowning?

Even Frank has to smile at that one. Before:

FRANK

During the Inquisition one of the methods used to determine the piety of the accused was to test them with water. They would tie the accused heretic to a plank and submerge them repeatedly.

COHEN

Until they drowned?

FRANK

If you died you were innocent of the charge. If you lived it was as a result of the Devil's hand and you were summarily burned.

COHEN

So even if you lived, you died.

FRANK

I don't think the latest victim ever stood a chance. His choice to alter his method is semiotic. An escalation toward a goal.

COHEN

He's getting more angry. His lack of denominational concern would suggest he's becoming more random.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

FRANK

Not random. More precise. My guess is the killer may have known these men. That he was once a member of the church himself. Maybe a seminarian or an altar boy.

Frank looks at Cohen now. She meets his gaze with one that says she knows something. That his last point might be contended.

FRANK

You disagree.

COHEN

Not necessarily. But there was something else. Something they found on the body.

FRANK

What?

COHEN

A man's wedding band in the victim's stomach.

FRANK

Were there initials, or a date?

COHEN

Nothing.

Frank surveys the water. His mind working fast.

29 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

29

CLOSE ON CRANE, choking and gagging as he sinks below the surface. A series of shots in the gloaming light.

30 RESUME FRANK

30

FRANK

The victim would have been gagging. The choke reflex would have made it difficult to swallow.

Frank slips under the police tape now, moving to water's edge.

COHEN

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

FRANK

There could be something else.
Something that wasn't ingested.
Something that was overlooked.

Frank is looking in the water now, in the shallows near shore.
Pacing, trying to find something they didn't.

COHEN

Then I'd say there's too much
water in this lake.

TIME CUT TO:

31 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

31

The course GROUNDS CREW is pumping out the pond. The cement lining of the man-made water hazard starts revealing itself. The water has an inch to go and a thousand golf balls which didn't make the fairway are revealed.

The grounds crew rakes all the balls out along with empty beer and booze bottles, twigs, etc. Wearing tall rubber boots, a PUEBLO PD OFFICER, Cohen and Frank examine the muddy artifacts.

COHEN

It'd help if we knew what we
were looking for.

Frank looks back at the muddy bottom then walks out into it.

FRANK

Slugging through the muck. He sticks his hands into the silt. He pulls them out and buries them in the ooze again. Then again. Then he pulls something out. He walks out of the pond and over to the water pump.

FRANK

Ardis.

Cohen joins him. Frank holds the object under the flow of water. As the mud is washed away a woman's engagement ring, soldered to a wedding band, is revealed. Cohen takes it.

COHEN

It's engraved. J.W.M.
(looks at Frank)
The killer's initials?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FRANK

If we're lucky. Tacoma is roughly seven hundred miles from Pueblo. He could drive it, but maybe he flew.

COHEN

(following)

You want me to run the initials against passenger manifests on all flights in the last twenty hours?

FRANK

No. Let's put the PD on it. I want to see if there's anything more we can learn from this ring.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MOTEL #1 - DAY

(X) 32

The room is rundown, the walls dark, the carpet stained.

THE BED

A suitcase is thrown onto it. A pair of hands open the lid, then start taking out objects that have clearly been salvaged from a house fire. A pair of children's socks, a little girl's Sunday dress, a woman's Easter hat, a small, charred music box. Finally a framed picture with burned edges.

In the photograph is a smiling GIRL OF TEN and a RADIANT BRUNETTE in her thirties. Holding them both proudly is the

UNKEMPT MAN

He has arranged the items in shrine fashion on the desk next to the bed.

ANGLE SUITCASE

The Unkempt Man takes out a two foot leather lash.

PAN TO SHADOW ON THE WALL of the Unkempt Man as we see him take off his shirt and lash himself.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

UNKEMPT MAN (O.S.)

One.
(another lash)
Two.
(another lash)
Three.

As he counts his penance,

CUT TO:

33 EXTREME C.U.

33

Through a microscope, the striation of fatigued metal. PAN past the initials J.W.M..

COHEN (O.S.)

The initials were engraved by hand. The craftsmanship is very fine.

PAN moves to the word BULGARI etched in the metal.

COHEN (O.S.)

Bulgari was the designer. The word has been stamped two millimeters to the left of the setting.

PAN continues to the number 750.

INT. PUEBLO POLICE DEPARTMENT LAB - DAY

Cohen pulls back from the microscope.

COHEN

And the number seven-fifty is stamped a centimeter beyond Bulgari.

She turns to

FRANK

Who has been following along reading a jeweler's manual.

FRANK

The ring was made of rose gold in Italy sometime in the forties. The number indicates a gold content of eighteen carats.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

COHEN

An American serviceman bought his sweetheart a ring during the war. Or maybe it's a family heirloom.

FRANK

Maybe both.

COHEN

Even if he were drafted at eighteen, he'd be about seventy years old now.

FRANK

The killer's a younger man.

A POLICE OFFICER enters the room, hands a fax to Cohen.

COHEN

A John Matewon, convicted felon, thirty-five years old, arrived in Pueblo last night on American Eagle flight two-one-three. He used a Visa card to check into a Motel Eight on Route Sixty at eight p.m.

FRANK

J.M..

COHEN

No middle initial. I'll take two out of three.

As they head to the door,

CUT TO:

34 EXT. MOTEL EIGHT - DUSK

34

FOUR PUEBLO PD cruisers pull up silently to the door of the motel. Cohen and Frank follow the OFFICERS to the front of door "Six". One of the officers signals the others. Beat.

35 INT. MOTEL EIGHT - ROOM SIX - DUSK

35

It is dark. The blinds pulled. All we can make out is a MAN asleep in bed. There is an empty vodka bottle on the bedside table. Beat. The door is smashed in. The man comes to life and scrambles toward the bathroom door.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

As he gets there he is pounced upon by THREE OFFICERS. The barrel of a Glock is jammed into his cheek. Flashlights whip back and forth. A beam comes to rest on the MAN'S face... It is JONATHAN MATEWON, victim of bad initials.

SMASH CUT TO:

36 INT. ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

36

SISTER BEATRICE, a nun, fifties, rounds a corner in a dimly-lit hall in the administrative offices of the church. Checking doors to see if they're locked. When she HEARS A CRASH o.c., from our direction, but behind us. She thinks about it a moment then walks toward the noise.

37 INT. ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

37

Sister Beatrice walks into the darkened office. She flips the light switch, but the lights don't come on. Then a FIGURE steps out of the shadows, the fan of light from the open door cutting across his face. It is the killer, who we can now call CALLOWAY. He smiles at the nun.

SISTER BEATRICE

Who are you?

CALLOWAY

A seeker of truths, sister.
Just like yourself.

He suddenly rushes at Sister Beatrice and strikes her across the face with the flashlight. She falls unconscious to the floor. Calloway stands over the stricken woman. He kneels down. He leans into her... kisses her wound.

CALLOWAY

I forgive you.

Then he jumps out the window and escapes into the darkness.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

38 INT. ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH - OFFICE - DAY

38

The office is in disarray. Files have been spilled onto the floor, lamp destroyed. Blood droplets dot the spot where the nun hit the deck. Cohen stands next to Rockford FORENSICS DETECTIVE ROMERO who is hunkered down near the cabinets where Calloway stood, picking at the floor. Frank enters.

COHEN

Frank, this is Detective Romero,
Rockford PD Forensics.

Frank offers a hand as Romero rises.

FRANK

Hi. What are you finding?

ROMERO

The kitchen sink. We've got a
full set of prints off the
cabinets. Hair and fiber's
going to be putting in overtime.

Frank and Cohen exchange a look. Good news? Not exactly.

COHEN

Don't get your hopes too high.
It's some kind of animal hair.

ROMERO

Except, as far as we can
determine, nobody here can
explain its presence. None of
the sisters bring a pet to work,
et cetera.

Frank nods, processing this.

FRANK

Do we have a description of the
assailant?

COHEN

Sister Beatrice can't give us
more than a narrative -- that a
man attacked her, hit her across
the face with a club or
flashlight, then fled.

FRANK

Did he say anything to her?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

COHEN

That he was a seeker of truths.

FRANK

Where is she now?

COHEN

Froedert Hospital ER. She's gonna be fine.

FRANK

Is anything missing from the office?

ROMERO

We won't know until the sister is able to go through the mess. With any luck, she's gonna take a look this afternoon.

COHEN

Are you thinking she was supposed to be victim three?

FRANK

No.

Frank moves farther into the room, looking at the mess that's been created. The rifled files strewn across the floor.

FRANK

He was here for something else.

Then Frank's attention is drawn by something out the window. By CHILDREN'S VOICES. By SINGING.

FRANK'S POV

Through the window Calloway exited, he can see into the window of an adjacent building where a GROUP OF KIDS are SINGING in Bible class.

REVERSE ON FRANK

Watching this. The image having a profound impression on him. Cohen comes up behind him.

COHEN

What is it, Frank?

FRANK

I know what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

COHEN

The killer?

FRANK

Yes. He's not killing men -
he's killing faith.

COHEN

Why?

FRANK

I don't know. But I think it's
getting harder for him to live
with his actions.

COHEN

Based on what?

FRANK

During the Middle Ages there
were orders of extremist monks.
They would beat themselves, whip
themselves and fast for weeks in
order to cleanse the inherent
sin of being human. They wore
clothes that cut their skin,
clothes made of untanned animal
hides and hair.

COHEN

Then what was he doing here?

FRANK

He's made his next choice.
Whatever he came for last night,
a name, an address, something in
a file, that person is going to
die. Unless we can stop him.

SOUND OVERLAP OF METAL PINGS:

39 INT. MOTEL #2 - DAY

(X)39

The suitcase we saw before lies open on the bed. One by one we
see placed inside: a bolt cutter, pliers, charcoal, lighter
fluid, a box of matches, a vise-grip, some chain, an ice-pick.
Neatly. Methodically.

Camera adjusting to reveal calloway

As he calmly - almost preternaturally so - closes the suitcase.
Locks it. When there is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ANGLE ON DOOR

As Calloway appears in frame, peering in the peephole. Then he unfastens the safety chain, unlocks the door. Opening it to reveal the corpulent MOTEL MANAGER standing there.

MANAGER

Sorry to bother you, Mister,
(reads credit card)
Calloway. But I need the holder
of the card to sign.

CALLOWAY

She's dead.

The Manager has an involuntary reaction to this. He laughs.
But Calloway doesn't even crack a smile.

MANAGER

Pardon me?

CALLOWAY

(cold, calm, no
inflection)

The holder of the card. My
wife. She is dead. Is that a
problem?

MANAGER

No, not at all. Sorry to hear
that.

CALLOWAY

Yes.

MANAGER

It's just the credit card
company won't authorize the
charge.

Calloway reaches into his pocket, pulls a folded group of bills,
thumbing out several twenties.

CALLOWAY

Cash still good here?

MANAGER

Hey... wouldn't turn it down.

Calloway lays the bills in the man's hand.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

CALLOWAY

You wouldn't happen to know a man in town named Jack Harned, would you?

MANAGER

Reverend Harned? Sure. Since I was little.

CALLOWAY

Mm hmm. Seems he doesn't live at his old address.

MANAGER

Moved into his dad's house a couple years back. After he passed away.

CALLOWAY

Maybe I can get that address from you. Like to make his reacquaintance.

Off the Manager's ignorant nodding head, we:

CUT TO:

40 INT. ROCKFORD PD FORENSICS LAB - DAY

40

Lights are off. A LARGE SQUARE OF BRIGHT LIGHT pops on. A partial fingerprint copied to a transparency fills the screen. Only a quarter of the surface of the print bears the familiar circular lines of a fingerprint. The rest of the print is a mangled, then smooth, then mutilated-looking mass.

COHEN (O.S.)

This is the best one lifted from the set.

REVERSE ON COHEN, FRANK

COHEN

The initial thought was that these were partials. But unfortunately this appears to be the killer's whole fingerprint.

Frank moves close to the projected print, studying it.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

COHEN

The ellipticals have been erased
or mutilated. With sandpaper or
etched away with chemicals.

Close on frank

The bright light of the projector at his back as he studies the
projected image.

41 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

41

There is fire, as in the Teaser. But the face that appears
inside is not Father Brown's, but that of a CHILD trying to get
out of a burning room. She is SCREAMING, PANICKED. The wall of
flames preventing her from escaping.

42 RESUME FRANK

42

Still staring at the fingerprint.

FRANK

Or burned. In a fire.

COHEN

Possibly. But it doesn't put us
any closer to an ID.

FRANK

Maybe the killer experienced
some emotionally catastrophic
event. A loss. A fire.
Something that consumed his
faith, that did everything but
kill it. And now he's trying to
finish the job.

COHEN

How is he choosing them, Frank?
What's the victimology?

FRANK

The victims have been of some
religious significance to his
life. I just don't know what.

COHEN

What was he looking for in that
office? His next victim?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Frank turns to Cohen, shaking his head. Stumped. When Detective Romero enters.

ROMERO

I've got Sister Beatrice on the phone. She was able to go through the files. Says there are definitely ones missing.

FRANK

Which ones?

ROMERO

Christening records. A whole year's worth.

Frank and Cohen look at each other. What could this mean?

CUT TO:

43 EXT. STREET - HARNED HOUSE - DAY

43

From the knees down, a pair of legs move up a walkway to a house. Feet mounting the wood steps of an old house. We hear a KNOCKING at the door. Beat. A familiar suitcase is lowered into frame with a loud CLUNK. Another KNOCK. The door opens.

JILL HARNED

Sixties, radiant smile, blue hair.

CALLOWAY

Mrs. Harned?

JILL HARNED

Yes.

CALLOWAY

Hi. My name is Galen Calloway. I'm an old friend of your husband's. A very old friend.

JILL HARNED

(beat)

Oh. Yes.

CALLOWAY

Is he at home by any chance?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

JILL HARNED

He's just inside. We're in a bit of a panic. Jack has officiated hundreds of christenings but this is the first time he's doing it for a family member. Our little Emma.

Calloway shifts on his feet. Beat.

CALLOWAY

Your granddaughter?

JILL HARNED

Yes. The light of our life. You have children?

CALLOWAY

His face flashes a semblance of deep pain.

CALLOWAY

No. I don't.

JILL HARNED

Well, Jack's so excited he didn't even remember to pick up his vestments from the cleaners.

Jill Harned opens the door for Calloway.

JILL HARNED

Why don't you come on in. I've got to run out. Be right back.

Calloway nods, holding the sprung screen door. Watches her leave. He leans down and picks up the suitcase. Calloway enters doorway, looks back at street to see if anyone is looking. Then he closes the door.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ROCKFORD PD FORENSICS LAB - DAY

44

Frank is on the phone. Cohen and Romero standing by.

SISTER BEATRICE (PHONE FILTER)

I just don't understand it. I could have given him the information he needed. He didn't have to hit me.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
Do you have any idea why he
would have taken those files,
Sister?

SISTER BEATRICE (PHONE FILTER)
No. They're just records.
There isn't much information on
them.

Frank takes a beat, looking at Cohen. Stumped still.

COHEN
Who officiated christenings that
year?

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
Do the files include the names
of the men or women who did the
christenings?

SISTER BEATRICE (PHONE FILTER)
Yes.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
Is there any cross reference
that would give us those names?

SISTER BEATRICE (PHONE FILTER)
I remember them myself. There
were two ministers. One was
kind of filling in for the other.

Impatience mounts in Frank.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
What were their names?

SISTER BEATRICE (PHONE FILTER)
There was Reverend Lorans.
Sweet man. He died last year.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
What was the name of the other
man?

As she is about to answer, SOUND OVERLAP CALLOWAY'S VOICE,

CALLOWAY (O.S.)
Reverend Harned?

CUT TO:

45 INT. HARNED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

45

JACK HARNED, sixties, a God-fearing/loving man of the cloth, exits a doorway in his boxer shorts, black stockinged feet and a t-shirt. Regarding Calloway, this stranger standing in his kitchen, with a start.

JACK HARNED

Yes.

CALLOWAY

I was just talking to your wife.
You must be mighty excited.

JACK HARNED

Who are you?

CALLOWAY

My name's Galen Calloway. You
don't recollect my face?

JACK HARNED

No. What are you doing there?

Calloway has set his suitcase down. He begins to unlatch it.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ROCKFORD PD SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

46

Romero is at the wheel. Frank rides shotgun, Cohen is in the back.

ROMERO

This guy would have to live in
the nice part of town.

COHEN

No cruisers in the area?

ROMERO

(shakes head "no")
It's safe.

Romero's BEEPER goes off. He pulls it from his waistband and reads the message. He clicks it off.

ROMERO

Got Harned's home number.

Romero dials the car phone, hands-free.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HARNED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

47

Calloway opens his suitcase. Harned gets a look at the contents.

JACK HARNED

I think you'd better get the
hell out of my house, son.

Calloway says nothing. As the PHONE RINGS.

JACK HARNED

You hear me?

Calloway says nothing. He takes out a pliers. Harned watches
him, letting the PHONE RING.

CALLOWAY

Aren't you going to answer it,
Reverend?

Harned is freaked. He doesn't know what to do -- so he answers
the phone.

JACK HARNED (INTO PHONE)

Hello.

ROMERO (PHONE FILTER)

Reverend Harned? This is the
Detective Romero, Rockford PD.
We believe you may be in
potential danger.

As he hears this, Harned is watching Calloway calmly and
deliberately move to the gas stove. He turns on one of the
burners and puts the pliers into the fire.

ROMERO (PHONE FILTER)

Reverend Harned? Are you there?

Calloway turns to Harned.

CALLOWAY

During the inquisition, priests
were forbidden to draw blood.
So they would heat the tools red
hot. That way when they tore
flesh from the accused the wound
cauterized. No blood, no mess.

CUT BACK TO:

48 INT. ROCKFORD PD SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

48

ROMERO

Reverend Harned. This is
Detective Romero, Rockford PD.
We are on our way. Do not let
anyone into your house.

(beat)

Reverend? Are you there? Don't
let anyone in.

Harned's VOICE fills the car:

JACK HARNED (PHONE FILTER)

I already have.

Romero looks over at Frank. At Cohen.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49 INT. ROCKFORD PD - DAY

49

Romero's on the phone.

ROMERO

Yeah... no, no. Keep them on
the clock. Right. Good.

(he hangs up)

We got the bus stations,
airport, train station covered.
And we got nothing.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Cohen pacing. While Frank stands near a window.

COHEN

It'd help if we knew who we were
looking for. Harned's widow
give a description?

ROMERO

She's kind of destroyed right
now.

There is silence in the room. A heavy silence.

COHEN

Perverse as it is... he's got
his quota. If he's true to his
pattern we're in the clear for
another few years.

FRANK

If he goes into hiding it's
going to make him that much
harder to catch.

(turns to room)

The first of the first three
murders was where?

COHEN

Frankfort, Kentucky.

FRANK

He's killed in six cities.
Heading west through the first
three.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

FRANK (cont'd)

Now moving east, northeast
through the last three. Moving
in a rough semi-circle.
Following what?

COHEN

Old Chautauqua routes?

FRANK

Maybe.

(thinking)

Why did he stop for three years?

He and Cohen exchange looks. It hitting them at the same time.

COHEN

Maybe he didn't. Maybe
something stopped him.

CUT TO:

50 INT. MOTEL #2 - DAY

(X) 50

CLOSE ON CALLOWAY'S HANDS

Doing some very fine wiring on an explosive device. Though it
is made of commonly available materials, there is a beauty to
it. To the copper wiring, to the way the blasting caps are
arranged on the black nylon strapping on which they are aligned.

CLOSE REVERSE ON CALLOWAY

Working deliberately, beads of perspiration on his face. He
wears his garment, his hairshirt, which only makes the work
hotter.

CUT TO:

51 INT. ROCKFORD PD - DAY

51

FRANK

Go back to the first killings.
They were done with less
flamboyance. With more care to
cover his tracks. But the last
three --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

COHEN

-- The killer was in the house when we called. He knew we were on our way. He didn't hurry, he didn't compromise the ritual.

FRANK

He's resigned. Committed. He's become comfortable. You get the luxury of calmness in a murder when you know your surroundings.

COHEN

You think he's from here?

FRANK

I think he's come home. This is where the tragedy occurred.

Frank turns to Romero.

FRANK

Pull your records of every accident over the past ten years involving the death of family members. A wife. A child. Boating accidents, house fires, whatever. Look for the ones where the father lived.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

52

PAN across the front seat. The burned photograph of the now nearly all-dead family. PAN up to Calloway. He drives with conviction, with the closest thing to peace we have yet seen in his eyes.

CUT TO:

53 INT. ROCKFORD PD - DAY

53

Romero, Cohen and Frank are huddled up near the CPU. Beat. Romero starts reading off the screen.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ROMERO

February fourteenth, 1993. Joan Calloway and her ten year old daughter Sara died in a house fire. Galen Calloway, the father and husband survived but suffered third degree burns to his arms... and hands.

COHEN

Okay.

FRANK

What did he do for a living?

ROMERO

(reads screen)

He was a teacher... At Edgewood Catholic High School. Geez... my kids go there.

FRANK

He have a criminal record?

COHEN

(reading over

Romero's shoulder)

A day after the killing in Manhattan, Kansas. He was pulled over by the State Police for excessive speed and driving while under the influence. He struck a patrolman. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to five years.

(beat)

He was paroled after three.

On Frank, realizing.

FRANK

He wasn't done. He was just interrupted.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - EVENING

54

Calloway pulls his car into the parking lot of the church. He kills the engine and rolls down the window. HE/WE can hear the congregation SINGING.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

CALLOWAY

Smiling a peaceful smile as a memory washes over him. He picks up a .357. He calmly loads the cylinder. He gets out of the car. He looks up at the sign that reads ALL SAINTS. He reaches into the car and puts on a heavy-looking vest. Then he starts walking toward the entrance of the church... toward his destiny.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ROCKFORD PD FORENSICS LAB - EVENING

55

Frank and Cohen stand beside Romero at CPU.

ROMERO

If it's not over... Where the hell is he?

FRANK

He'll make his final statement at the site at which he was ushered into the faith.

ROMERO

Where's that?

FRANK

Where he was baptized.

Romero turns and starts punching in commands to the computer.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - EVENING

56

Calloway walks in as the CONGREGATION SINGS. He watches them a moment then locks the door behind him. He raises the .357 and FIRES OFF a couple of loud rounds. PEOPLE SCREAM and dive to the floor.

CALLOWAY

If any one of you moves you will die. If you just sit still and hear me out... You'll die later.

THE REVEREND takes a step toward Calloway who stops him by pointing the .357 right at his heart.

REVEREND

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

CALLOWAY
I... am the lamb.

CUT TO:

57 INT. ROCKFORD PD SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

57

Frank rides shotgun. Romero drives. Cohen rides in back reading case folder on Calloway. Through the back window we can see two other CRUISERS following behind.

ROMERO
We have a cruiser at the church right now. The officer tried to take a look inside but the door is locked.

FRANK
Keep everyone back.

ROMERO
Done.

COHEN
I would think he is very unstable at this point.

FRANK
(shakes head "no")
He's calm, ready... anticipating the peace that his death will allow.

As they speed along,

CUT TO:

58 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT

58

Calloway stands in the pulpit, palms turned up, looking heavenward. The Congregation sits, terrified and listens.

CALLOWAY
"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," he said. "Confess your faith unto him who said 'All souls are mine.'" But hell is stronger than heaven and fire is hotter than love. There is no peace.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CALLOWAY (cont'd)
There is no forgiveness.
(begins crying)
Just lonely nights spent in
empty houses.

Calloway steps out from behind the pulpit. The veins in his forehead pounding with hate, remorse, longing.

CALLOWAY
Rejoice...
(beat)
Thy kingdom come...

Calloway opens his vest revealing several pounds of explosives that have been wired together and taped to his body.

CALLOWAY
Is here.

The Congregation SCREAMS.

A MAN gets up from the pew and makes a dash for the door. Calloway turns and fires the .357 taking out the man's right leg. The man, his right leg almost severed, crumples in a heap at the door. Mayhem and SCREAMING ensue. Then,

A PHONE RINGS. Calloway whips his head around toward the room behind the pulpit. Hot, white lights suddenly blast through the stained glass windows, casting an almost psychedelic pall. The PHONE RINGS again.

REVEREND'S OFFICE

Calloway stands in the doorway with gun trained on the Congregation. He reaches inside the room and picks up the phone. Beat.

FRANK (PHONE FILTER)
Mr. Calloway? This is Frank
Black.

CALLOWAY
You a police officer?

FRANK (PHONE FILTER)
No.
(beat)
But I know why you're here.

Calloway's face twitches. His lip quivers.

59 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

59

The church has been surrounded by a phalanx of heavily-armed Rockford Police and Illinois State Police. Snipers lie flat on top of the vans, huge lights have been set up, bathing the church in pure, white glow.

FRANK

Mobile phone in hand.

CALLOWAY (PHONE FILTER)

Then you've come to watch the angels ascend.

Frank rolls the dice.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)

Like Joanie and Sara did.

Frank HEARS the phone get dropped.

60 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

60

The phone swings back and forth off the edge of the desk. Find Calloway standing back near pulpit.

CALLOWAY

His eyes closed, tears flowing.

61 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

61

Frank turns to Romero and Cohen.

FRANK

I have to go in there.

COHEN

Frank, you know from experience as well as I, that there's no expedient hostage for hostage scenario that has ever worked.

FRANK

He knows that I see him. He knows that I know the reason why.

COHEN

This isn't just a gamble. It's dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

FRANK

There are fifty or sixty people
in there. I have to try.

CUT TO:

62 FRONT DOOR OF CHURCH

62

It opens slowly, quietly. Frank steps inside. The whole
Congregation turns to watch him. Calloway is nowhere in sight.
The man who got his leg blown off has died near the door.
Frank takes a few more steps inside. The door closes behind
him revealing,

CALLOWAY

He raises the .357 and jams it into the back of Frank's head.
Frank freezes.

FRANK

I'm unarmed.

CALLOWAY

Lucky me.

FRANK

I know why you're here. I know
what happened to your wife and
daughter. I have a family too.

(X)
(X)

CALLOWAY

Lucky you.

FRANK

Why are you doing this, Galen?

CALLOWAY

I'm doing this so that I can
sleep.

63 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

63

Cohen and Romero watch through binoculars as Calloway, gun on
Frank, ushers him through the church. They see explosives
strapped to Calloway. Their apprehension is palpable.

(X)

CUT TO:

64 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

64

Calloway steers Frank to an empty pew and stands behind him with the .357 still a breath away from the back of Frank's head.

CALLOWAY

Kneel.

Frank kneels.

FRANK

Your conscience keeping you awake?

CALLOWAY

You know it isn't. You know everything.

FRANK

You blame faith, don't you?

CALLOWAY

What do you think faith is, Frank?

FRANK

It is a child.

Calloway looks at the floor.

CALLOWAY

My child is dead. My wife is dead... I am dead.

FRANK

Did your faith die with them?
With your daughter Sara... And
with your wife Joan?

Calloway's face twists up. His pain flowing hard and strong through him. He whimpers,

CALLOWAY

Oh... God...

Calloway loses the fight not to cry. He shudders.

FRANK

Your faith isn't dead, Galen.
You know you will be judged.

Calloway snaps out of it... For a moment. He yells,

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CALLOWAY

What about your faith, Frank?
How deep does it run?

Frank thinks about it moment. The answer comes to him.

FRANK

I have seen evil. I have seen
pain. I've asked myself a
thousand times how God, any god
could let mankind suffer as it
does.

(beat)

And what saves me... at the end
of each day, is my child. How
she looks at me... what she sees
when she looks at me... through
the perfect portals that are her
eyes... I know... that I am her
savior.

Calloway surrenders to another wave of grief.

FRANK

(re: congregation)

Let them out.

CALLOWAY

No.

FRANK

They don't need to be here.

CALLOWAY

No.

FRANK

This is between you and me now.

Calloway struggles with the logic.

65 EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT

65

The doors open and the Congregation shuffles out quickly in the
waiting protection of the police. Cohen and Romero share a look.

COHEN

He did it.

66 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT

66

CALLOWAY

His hands trembling ever so slightly returns his attention to Frank.

CALLOWAY

From the cradle to the grave
they tell you you will be safe,
loved, saved... if you trust in
them and believe in Him...

Calloway trails off.

FRANK

They told you a truth you now
believe is a lie.

CALLOWAY

(quietly)

Yes.

FRANK

They did nothing for your pain.

CALLOWAY

(a whisper)

Nothing.

FRANK

You blame them.

CALLOWAY

(beat)

I was abandoned.

FRANK

But you still believe, Galen.
Your ritual belies your faith.
You've acted as if someone was
watching.

Calloway begins to weep.

CALLOWAY

Do you believe in God?

FRANK

Yes, I do.

CALLOWAY

Do you believe in Heaven?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

FRANK

Yes.

Calloway leans into Frank's ear.

CALLOWAY

Are you afraid to die?

An image of Jordan, of Catherine, of his life sweeps through Frank's mind.

FRANK

Yes.

Calloway stands straighter.

CALLOWAY

Then I've made my point. Why should anyone fear the light?

Calloway cocks the hammer back on the pistol and places the barrel squarely against Frank's neck.

CLOSE ON CALLOWAY'S HAND

As his finger presses against the trigger.

FRANK

His courage cracking. Beat.

FRANK

They're watching you, Galen.

CALLOWAY

Who?

FRANK

Joanie and Sara.

STAY CLOSE ON FRANK. Suddenly an EXPLOSION of the magnum being fired. Calloway, dead, slumps over Frank's shoulder. Smoke wisps from the barrel of the magnum in Calloway's hand.

TIME CUT TO:

67 INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT

67

In a heartbeat the interior of the church is swarming with Rockford PD. Cohen runs in. Seeing Calloway dead, she crosses to Frank. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

COHEN
What did you say to him?

FRANK
A possible truth.

FRANK

He shakes off his close call, his fear ebbs. He walks out. (X)

SLOW FADE OUT: (X)

FADE IN: (X)

68 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT (X) 68

Wide shot of the yellow house. A cab pulls into the driveway. (X)
Frank, duffle in hand, gets out of cab and walks up steps to (X)
house and enters. (X)

69 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT (X) 69

Frank closes door behind him. He sets down duffle, relishing (X)
his return to his sanctuary. (X)

FRANK (X)
Catherine? (X)

STEPS from upstairs. Catherine appears at the top of the (X)
stairs. Frank walks up to her. His arms wrap around her waist (X)
and he buries his head into her neck. She strokes his hair. (X)

CATHERINE (X)
We missed you. (X)

FRANK (X)
I missed you too. Very, very (X)
much. (X)

(they kiss) (X)
Is Jordan still awake? (X)

Catherine smiles and takes him by the hand. (X)

70 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (X) 70

Jordan lies in bed on the verge of sleep. She turns when she (X)
hears something at her door. Catherine and Frank step into (X)
doorway. (X)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CATHERINE (X)
Look who's home. (X)

Jordan's eyes light up. Frank sits on the edge of her bed and (X)
they swallow each other up in a bear hug. Beat. Frank pulls (X)
her even closer, not letting go, not wanting the feeling of (X)
holding his touchstone to end. (X)

JORDAN (X)
Are you staying home? (X)

FRANK (X)
Yes. (X)
(beat) (X)
Say your prayers yet? (X)

JORDAN (X)
Nope. (X)

FRANK (X)
I'll say them with you. (X)

FRANK/JORDAN (X)
God our Father I come to say (X)
Thank You for another day. (X)

FRANK (X)
Looking up at Catherine. (X)

FRANK/JORDAN (X)
Thank You for my family And all (X)
the friends You give me. (X)
(beat) (X)
Guard me in the dark of night, (X)

Frank kisses Jordan's forehead. (X)

FRANK/JORDAN (X)
And in the morning send Your (X)
light. (X)

FRANK (X)
Amen. (X)

Frank tucks Jordan back in. He gets up, reaches for Catherine's (X)
hand. He shuts out the light. (X)

And we, (X)

FADE OUT:

THE END