



MILLENNIUM

"BLOOD RELATIVES"

Episode 6 (#4C06)

MILLENNIUM

"Blood Relatives"

Written by

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Directed by

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Episode # 4C06

Story No. 4613

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September 23, 1996 (Pink-Pgs)

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September 26, 1996 (Yellow-Pgs)

September 22, 1996

"Blood Relatives"

CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Jordan Black
James Dickerson
 /Ray Bell
 /Eric
 /Travis
Greer Cort
Mrs. Cort
Funeral Director
Lt. Bob Bletcher
Charles Cort
Detective Giebelhouse
Peter Watts
Connor
Greeter
Hennaed Redhead - Tina
Young Man
Angler
Mrs. DeChant (James's Mom)

September 26, 1996

"Blood Relatives"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

FOREST CEMETERY
/CHAPEL
/PREP ROOM
/OPEN GRAVE
SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING
/GARAGE ENTRANCE
URBAN (ANGELUS) FUNERAL HOME
SAMMAMISH LAKESHORE
DIEBSTAHL HOME
/FRONT PORCH
"SKORPION SALVAGE" JUNKYARD
RED CHEROKEE - MOVING
PLEASANT HOUSE
/FRONT PORCH
/REAR ENTRY

(X)

INTERIORS:

CEMETERY CHAPEL
/FOYER
/SANCTUARY
SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING
/HALLWAY
/CONFERENCE ROOM
/BLETCHER'S OFFICE
/HOMICIDE BULLPEN
/FORENSICS LAB
/INTERVIEW ROOM
/OBSERVATION ROOM
DIEBSTAHL GROUP HOME
/JAMES DICKERSON'S ROOM
/HALLWAY
/FOYER
/BASEMENT STEPS
/DINING ROOM
BLACK RESIDENCE
/MASTER BEDROOM
/UPSTAIRS HALL
/JORDAN'S ROOM
URBAN (KOHLMAN) FUNERAL HOME
/ENTRY HALLWAY
/CHAPEL RIGHT
/CHAPEL LEFT
/2ND FLOOR
LARGE HOUSE
/UPPER HALLWAY
/BOY'S BEDROOM
PLEASANT HOUSE
/FOYER-STAIRCASE
/MASTER BATHROOM
/MASTER BEDROOM

(X)

TEASER

1 EXT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - NIGHT

1

The chapel FADES IN, a developing Polaroid, the inviting glow of stained glass and a wide open doorway the first light in an otherwise dark cemetery. As the static image reaches full resolution a LEGEND appears: FOREST GLEN CEMETERY, SEATTLE. There's movement...

(X)

IN THE OPEN CHAPEL DOORWAY

(X)

A dozen young MOURNERS, mostly thick-necked COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS, hug the FATHER and SISTER of the deceased.

THE MOURNERS

leave the Chapel. Passing a FIGURE, voyeuristic in the shadows, obscured by tombs and the thick trunks of sheltering trees. He's watching, unseen.

(X)

(X)

(X)

THE LURKING FIGURE, JAMES DICKERSON

He steps from the shadows as the disconsolate VOICES of the mourners FADE, and we see him clearly for the first time--a handsome twenty-year-old we'll know by various names.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - FOYER - NIGHT

2

James enters unobtrusively, picks up a PROGRAM off a table, next to an arrangement of CALLA LILIES. He scans the folded paper, opens it.

CLOSE ON THE PROGRAM

Fragments of..."In Loving Memory of Jeff--1976 to 1996." A picture of the deceased in football gear. His bio. A Poem. James quickly FINDS the words "Freshman at W.S.U."

SISTER (O.S.)

Thank you for coming.

RESUME CHAPEL FOYER

James turns toward the comforting voice of GREER CORT, an attractive girl around his age.

SISTER

I'm Greer. Jeff's sister.

JAMES

Ray Bell. I was a friend of your brother's... at W.S.U.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SISTER

You just missed your classmates.

JAMES

I ran into them. We're meeting up later, but... I can't imagine the gang without Jeff.

SISTER

Yeah. He was always talking about his college friends.

JAMES

He was always telling us about his family.

SISTER

Really?

She listens up, hanging on every word.

JAMES

I remember one night everyone was bagging on their families. Like sport, you know. Jeff got up and walked out. I'll never forget it. He always said the bad thing about going away to school was leaving all of you.

She's moved by this. Intrigued by James.

SISTER

I'm sorry... Ray?

JAMES

Ray Bell.

SISTER

It would be really nice for my mother to hear that right now. She's kind of falling apart.

James lets slip a small smile that he quickly controls as Greer takes his arm, leading him into...

3 INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - SANCTUARY - NIGHT

3

James pauses at the front and Greer gives him a moment, taking a seat in the front pew next to her MOM while James looks at the open casket.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JAMES'S UNSETTLING POV

SCANNING JEFF'S college-age remains. The face. The body.
Including a FOOTBALL-SHAPED PIN attached to the breast pocket.

RESUME - JAMES

All sadness and disbelief as he turns toward Greer and her mom
in the pew.

SISTER

Mom? This is Ray Bell. He's a
good friend of Jeff's from
college.

Mom looks up bravely, stands to greet him, can't speak...

JAMES

Mrs. Cort. I was just telling
Greer how devoted Jeff was to
all of you.

Mom was on the edge of tears, now she's over. After a moment she (X)
falls into the comfort of James's arms.

JAMES

(gently, distinctly)
It's ok... it's ok...

They HUG, Greer watching her Mom's face but missing...

ON JAMES

Eyes alive, savoring the hug in an unsettling, sensual way. He
smells her hair, finally closing his eyes, slaked. The hug ends. (X)

MOM

Thank you.

(X)

(X)

JAMES

I am so sorry. Part of us...
will go with him.

(X)

(X)

(X)

She nods agreement. Nothing else to say. James squeezes her hand (X)
and starts off. (X)

TIME CUT TO:

4 INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - SANCTUARY - NIGHT

4

CLICK. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR closes the door to the office area, (X)
speaks with practiced empathy. (X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
I hate to do this to you.

The casket is now closed, Mom the only one left. The director (X)
holds up her coat for her. (X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
It will be a beautiful ceremony
tomorrow. Why not go home and
get some rest?

She rises. Bows her head one last time.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - NIGHT

5

As Mom exits, she pauses, takes a step back inside, and removes one CALLA LILY from the arrangement by the door.

The funeral director stands a moment in the lit doorway after she leaves the chapel, then closes the door.

Walking silently toward the parking lot, Mom notices an OPEN GRAVE, newly dug, not far off the path. She looks at the flower in her hand and we're...

TRACKING MOM

She leaves the woodsy path, making her way past headstones and vaults. We move ahead of her, arriving first at...

6 EXT. CEMETERY - OPEN GRAVE - NIGHT

6

Alone at the grave where her son will spend eternity, Mom LOSES IT. Crying, clutching the flower with two hands like a great weight, barely able to see it through her tears. PUSH IN as she shuts her eyes a second then opens them as... (X)

Mom tosses the flower gently into the grave, her gaze following its downward arc. (X)

As suddenly as it began, her WAILING STOPS. She GASPS as... (X)

Upstretched HUMAN HANDS explode out of the open grave, jerk Mom's feet out from under her. She falls hard on her back, eyes wide with terror, helpless. (X)

Mom's body flails against the static landscape as she is dragged slowly, irretrievably into the open grave and, clawing to the last, disappears inside. (X)

(CONTINUED)

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6 CONTINUED:

6

WIDER, THE CEMETERY

Nothing moves.

(X)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

7

A LEGEND establishes the SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING after our Polaroid fade in.

8 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

8

BOB BLETCHER waits at the ELEVATOR DOORS. Impatient, preoccupied, holding a CASE FOLDER. The doors open.

BLETCHER

Thanks for getting here so fast.

CATHERINE BLACK steps out of the elevator.

CATHERINE

I hope I can help.

BLETCHER

You and me both.

He hands her the folder. As they start off down the hall she flips it open.

BLETCHER

The son died three days ago in a car crash. The mother was found murdered after the kid's wake. We can't get the father to stop yelling long enough to find out if he knows anything.

CATHERINE

Think what he's going through. Anger is a very appropriate response.

BLETCHER

Just not very helpful.

They stop in front of the closed door to a conference room. Bletch lowers his voice.

BLETCHER

I know I've been skeptical about victim services in the past.

(X)

She hands the case folder back to Bletch.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CATHERINE
I'll see what I can do.

(X)

9 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

9

The father, CHARLES CORT, wheels toward Catherine as she enters the room, already angry at her.

FATHER
Who are you, now?

CATHERINE
I'm Catherine Black. From Victim Assistance.

FATHER
What? A counselor?

CATHERINE
That's part of what I do.

FATHER
Get that Lieutenant back here!

SISTER
Dad...

FATHER
Get him now!

CATHERINE
Lieutenant Bletcher asked me to talk with you. He thought I might help.

FATHER
I don't need help. I need to see my wife.

CATHERINE
You haven't claimed the body?

FATHER
Don't they tell you anything?

SISTER
Dad, please...

FATHER
Your mother's body is not government property!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The daughter turns away and he quiets down. Hurting.

CATHERINE

When a crime like this occurs,
the victim is considered
evidence. Unfortunately, some
people actually think about her
that way.

FATHER

We were married twenty seven
years. They won't even let me
see her.

Off Catherine, all sympathy and understanding...

CUT TO:

10 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - BLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Bletcher looks up from his work as Catherine enters in advocate
mode.

CATHERINE

You've got to let him see his
wife.

BLETCHER

I'm not jerking him around here.
She was cut up. Viciously. All
the evidence is under wraps
until my game plan's in order.

CATHERINE

It won't be real to him until he
sees the body.

(X)

(X)

BLETCHER

I seriously doubt it's the way
he wants to remember his wife.

CATHERINE

Then don't expect his
cooperation.

(X)

(X)

Bletcher seems a little pre-occupied. Something on his mind.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CATHERINE

It would help to have him on
your side.

BLETCHER

I could definitely stand someone
on my side.

It's not lost on Catherine. He's looking for help.

BLETCHER

My God. This was a fifty-five
year-old woman. Standing at her
son's grave. Not the kind of nut
I'm used to.

CATHERINE

Maybe someone else should have
picked up the phone when you
called our house this morning.

(X)

(X)

(X)

He grimaces a tacit "yes."

(X)

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CEMETERY - OPEN GRAVE - DAY

11

Crime scene. High overhead, from the POV of one of the free-
floating spirits that inhabit this cemetery. We drift down as
FRANK BLACK descends a ladder into the open grave. The mom's
body is gone. Bletcher stands at the lip.

BLETCHER

The coroner wanted the woman out
of here before the bugs got any
worse.

FRANK

Peter Watts is taking a look at
her. He'll come by after.

(X)

CAMERA CATCHES Frank as he reaches the floor of the grave.

BLETCHER

We made quite a few footprint
castings. Mostly gravediggers.
It'll take a while to sort them
all out.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Frank is drawn to a corner of the grave. If there's any blood, it matches the dark soil. He squats, finds the remnant of a FLOWER, mostly STAMEN AND PISTIL trampled in the dirt.

FRANK
Calla Lily.

Frank looks up, back at Bob and...

(X)

12 FRANK'S INTERIOR POV - THE NIGHT BEFORE

(X) 12

Mom at the edge of the grave, holding the FLOWER that STROBES through frame as she is yanked to her death PAST CAMERA in a faceless blur.

12A RESUME - FRANK AND BLETCHER

(X) 12A

BLETCHER
She brought it here. To place on
her son's grave.

(X)
(X)
(X)

12B FRANK'S INTERIOR POV - NEW ANGLE

(X) 12B

TIME SLICES of a violent struggle. BLOOD is visible now, hot, spattered everywhere, oozing from dozens of stab wounds lacerating the front of her crumpled body.

13 RESUME - FRANK

13

as he rejoins the world.

FRANK
So much rage.

Frank looks away, back up, as Bletcher is joined by GIEBELHOUSE and WATTS looking down. Frank and Watts exchange a nod.

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

14

Frank leads the way through the cemetery, back toward the chapel.

(X)
(X)

WATTS
Thirty-seven stab wounds. Small
blade.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FRANK
What about the son?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Seems like an odd question to Bletcher.

BLETCHER

Run of the mill tragedy. Star running back celebrates big win with a blood alcohol of two seven. He hit a tree at sixty miles an hour.

FRANK

Anyone else in the car?

Bletcher seems a little taxed.

BLETCHER

He was solo. Look. I don't think the son's in the picture. A woman in a secluded place at night. Massive overkill. That says random crime of opportunity. That's why I asked you in.

FRANK

He knew who she was.

BLETCHER

Not many housewives make that kind of enemy.

FRANK

It wasn't about her. The killer's rage is directed at someone else.

BLETCHER

Who?

FRANK

I don't know yet.

GIEBELHOUSE

So he knew who she was, but it wasn't about her, and he sliced her up, but it wasn't directed at her.

(off Bletcher)

Hey, I'm just trying to keep up.

BLETCHER

You want to see the woman's body?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

FRANK
No. The boy's.

Off Frank...

(X)

CUT TO:

15 OMITTED

(X) 15

16 INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - SANCTUARY - DAY

16

Frank and Bletch enter from the foyer as the funeral director
enters from the office area off the chapel.

(X)

(X)

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
The Corts have decided to bury
Jeff back east, by his
grandparents.

Mr. Cort and Greer enter on the heels of the Director.

(X)

FATHER
Or do you have some claim on
him, too?

BLETCHER
(beat, carefully)
Mr. Cort. Greer. I'm sorry we
got off to such a bad start.

(X)

Bletch has caught them off guard. A corner is turned.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BLETCHER

I want you to meet Frank Black.
He's a special consultant on
your case.

FRANK

I'm very sorry for your loss.

Frank says this with such indisputable sincerity that Mr. Cort
looks at him, looks to him.

FATHER

We just want to find who did
this to my wife.

FRANK

I'd like to talk with you about
that. When you're ready.

FATHER

We're ready now.

The father looks to Greer, who nods agreement.

FRANK

I understand quite a few people
came yesterday to pay their
respects.

FATHER

Yes. Jeff was... loved.

(X)

FRANK

Were there any strangers? People
you didn't know?

Greer grows concerned as her father speaks.

FATHER

A group of his college friends
came. Mostly teammates. Some I'd
only heard about.

SISTER

Dad. After they left, there was
this other guy from W.S.U. Ray
Bell?

The father shakes his head "no". Never heard of Ray.

SISTER

(getting emotional)

I introduced him to mom.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

The father moves to comfort his daughter who's crying now, fearing the worst, the horrible realization on all their minds.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - SANCTUARY - DAY - CLOSE ON CASKET (X) 17

as two hands unseal the closed box. WHOOSH. The funeral director (X)
slowly raises the lid, REVEALING Jeff's body. (X)

INCLUDE Frank, Bletch, Father and daughter, a tableau of (X)
anticipation and dread. Father and daughter off to one side, not
looking as Frank scrutinizes the body.

FRANK

This stranger. Was he standing
close to your brother?

SISTER

At one point.

FRANK

Can you show me?

Frank moves aside as Greer moves reluctantly in, trying to
remember, bent over the body slightly, like paying last respects.

SISTER

Like this, maybe.

FRANK

I know this isn't easy for you,
but we're looking for something
that's changed.

Father and daughter scrutinize the body, uneasy, as Frank talks
them through.

FRANK

Something that wasn't here
before.

She shakes her head "no," trying not to lose it.

FRANK

Or something missing.

She steels herself. Forces herself to slide back her dead
brother's cuff and check--his WATCH is still there.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SISTER
No... everything is...
(looking...then)
His pin. Someone stole his team (X)
pin.

The sister POINTS to the breast pocket, and we...

CUT TO:

18 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

18

START CLOSE on a FOOTBALL-SHAPED LAPEL PIN as James fastens it to his chest pocket, checks himself in the mirror. The door opens and CONNOR enters--several degrees tougher, several years older than James.

CONNOR
You blew curfew last night.
(silence)
Hey.

James turns with insolent slowness and we take in the room. Spartan, institutional. Somewhere between the big house and a freshman dorm.

JAMES
Doesn't anyone around here knock?

CONNOR
Did you hear what I said?

JAMES
Yeah. I'm sorry.

CONNOR
You're always sorry.

James just glares, not wanting this conversation again.

CONNOR
Who puts his butt on the line
and checks you in?

JAMES
You do.

CONNOR
Who takes care of you?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JAMES
I know, I know.
(then)
Look. I got hungry. Headed
out...

Forget the BS. In a flash, Connor grabs James's face in one hand. Pulls him uncomfortably close.

CONNOR
You think I don't know what
you're up to? You think it's not
obvious?

JAMES
(scrunched lips)
Let go.

CONNOR
I got responsibilities here.

James squirms out of the face hold, backs up a step or two.

CONNOR
(notices lapel pin)
What's this? Where did this come
from?

JAMES
Someone gave it to me.

CONNOR
No one gave you anything.

James doesn't answer. The guy's right.

CONNOR
What're you even after out
there? Huh? You ever think about
that?
(then)
You're in bed tonight at lights
out or else. I'm not covering
for you anymore.

Connor leaves the room. As the door SLAMS...

CUT TO:

19 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

Frank enters to the sound of Catherine reading quietly to JORDAN (X)
from a children's BOOK. INCLUDE her as... (X)

CATHERINE (X)
It's nice to go far, And it's (X)
nice to go wide, But when gators (X)
are biting you need some place (X)
to hide. (X)

Catherine glances up as she turns a page and finishes. (X)

CATHERINE
So whatever you do, girl, (X)
Wherever you roam, Know your (X)
family sure loves you, You can (X)
always go home.

She closes the book, checks Jordan who is out cold. (X)

CATHERINE
She wanted to wait up for you.

Frank admires his sleeping daughter for one perfect second.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 20

Frank carries Jordan to her bedroom, trying not to wake her. (X)

FRANK (X)
How's the Cort family holding up? (X)

CATHERINE (X)
I don't know how to help them (X)
understand this. The son dead. (X)
The mom butchered. It's like Job. (X)

FRANK (X)
Job endured. (X)

CATHERINE
I'm expecting a collapse after (X)
they see the mother tomorrow. Is (X)
there anything I can tell them?

FRANK
That we're still looking.

They pause outside Jordan's door. Frank seems pained. (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CATHERINE
Frank. I don't want to add to
the pressure on you.

FRANK
You don't. The pressure comes
from out there. The depravity.

Jordan STIRS in Frank's arms. SIGHS.

FRANK
You two make it possible to go
on. (X)

He looks at her a long moment, can't imagine life without her.
Catherine stands in the doorway, watching...

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

21

As Frank tucks Jordan in she says a few sleepy words.

JORDAN
Hi daddy...

FRANK
Good night sweetheart.

He strokes her forehead. Pulls up the covers.

JORDAN
(falling asleep)
What's 'pravity?

CUT TO:

22 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

The door swings open. A swath of light partially illuminates the
room. Connor enters, crosses to the bed. The covers are bunched
up, could be occupied... but it's not.

Connor MUMBLES under his breath, then looks up as... (X)

JAMES
Bed check. Man, what a concept.

James enters from the hallway in cutoff sweats, toothbrush in
hand. He hops into bed turning toward the wall.

Connor marks James present on a CLIPBOARD, then stares at him
oddly, with appetite, before leaving.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

As the door CLICKS shut behind him the darkness is broken by...

A NARROW FLASHLIGHT BEAM

dances around the room then SETTLES as James retrieves...

TODAY'S NEWSPAPER, THE OBITUARY SECTION

from under the pillow. James scans the offerings with the flashlight. Finally, he pops the cap off a felt marker, CIRCLES one obit. Lights out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

23

A COMPUTER MONITOR fills the screen where an image of James Dickerson takes shape, like a Polaroid fading in.

GIEBELHOUSE (OS)

(X)

The daughter must have liked
what she saw.

REVEAL Giebelhouse and Frank, who looks up from a NEWSPAPER.

(X)

Bletcher is on the phone. A few support staff move purposefully
in and out.

(X)

GIEBELHOUSE

(X)

One of the rare composites that
looks like an actual human being.

A TECHNICIAN sitting in front of the monitor pushes a button and
a nearby PRINTER spews a hard copy.

BLETCHER

(X)

(on phone)

Yeah, well... you got our
number... thanks.

Bletcher hangs up the phone, turns toward Frank.

(X)

BLETCHER

(X)

Last Raymond Bell at W.S.U. was
Class of fifty-three.

FRANK

The name is meaningless.

Frank spreads out the newspaper for all of them to see.

FRANK

(points to right page)

This is the obituary of the boy
who died. It appeared two days
ago.

(points to left page)

Here's Ray Bell.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

A photo of an AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN holding a huge Rainbow Trout
under the headline "Ray Bell Sets Record at Sammamish Lake."

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

RESUME - BULLPEN

Palpable discouragement as they look at the paper.

BLETCHER

So he read the kid's obituary.

FRANK

This was his starting point.
He's done it before.

GIEBELHOUSE

You mean he just picks one out
of the paper and shows up?

BLETCHER

Why would anyone go to a funeral
they don't have to?

GIEBELHOUSE

Watch people suffer?

FRANK

He doesn't watch. He
participates.

BLETCHER

How do you figure this from one
obituary?

FRANK

It's not the obituary. It's the
lapel pin.

BLETCHER

What about the lapel pin?

FRANK

He's taking souvenirs from each
funeral.

(then)

His performance with the mother
was practiced, skillful. Honed
by repetition.

GIEBELHOUSE

Or some underpaid janitor jacked
the pin and all bets are off.

BLETCHER

Frank. Anything ended like last
night we'd have heard about.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

FRANK

Last night he crossed the line
into murderous violence.
Possibly for the first time.
Next time will be easier for him.

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24

25 INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - ENTRY HALLWAY - DAY

25

A LEGEND establishes KOHLMAN FUNERAL HOME as Frank and (X)
Giebelhouse enter along with some mourners. A freestanding SIGN (X)
lists the multiple services in this large concern while a
GREETER points people in the right direction.

GREETER

Collin down the hall. Meyer?
Upstairs...

The foyer buzzes with PLATITUDES ("A wonderful man." "God called (X)
him home." "Happier now.") (X)

GIEBELHOUSE

Enlighten me here. What's the (X)
big appeal? (X)

Frank scopes the chapel to the left of the stairs, then looks (X)
into the chapel to the right. (X)

FRANK

He goes to funerals of young (X)
men. Offers himself as a (X)
replacement. (X)

Giebelhouse follows as Frank heads into... (X)

25a INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - CHAPEL RIGHT - DAY

(X) 25a

Geibelhouse hangs back, smiles consolingly to a total stranger, (X)
as Frank goes right up to the open casket, scrutinizes the body (X)
of a young man lovingly detailed for burial. (X)

25b FRANK'S INTERIOR POV

(X) 25b

Flashes of Jeff Cort, oddly lucent, glowing in death, as the (X)
Football shaped pin is deftly lifted. (X)

25c RESUME - FRANK

(X) 25c

thinking a split second before leaving the casket, picking up Giebelhouse on the way back to the foyer.

(X)
(X)

FRANK

He's here.

(X)
(X)

But obviously not in this room. Giebelhouse follows Frank.

(X)

25d INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - ENTRY HALLWAY - DAY

(X) 25d

More mourners head down stairs to the basement.

(X)

FRANK

Check the lower floor. I'll try upstairs.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Giebelhouse heads downstairs and Frank looks up the grander staircase that leads to...

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

25A INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

25A

Frank reaches the landing, and joins a flow of YOUNG PEOPLE, around James's age, moving down the hallway where...

The Young People continue up steps to the third floor. As Frank starts up he turns, drawn by a more UPBEAT WALLA back down the hall. He goes on alert.

FRANK'S POV - JAMES

visible a moment as he crosses at the end of the hallway, part of a group of YOUNG MOURNERS that includes a HENNAED REDHEAD.

WITH FRANK

as he quickly retraces his steps through the hallway crowd back to the entry staircase.

25B INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - ENTRY HALLWAY - DAY

(X) 25B

Giebelhouse returns from downstairs looking discouraged. As he reaches the first floor landing he spots James clearing the bottom of the stairs, turning into the chapel to the left of the stairs. Giebelhouse pushes past a mourner, after James.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

GIEBELHOUSE

Excuse me.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED:

25B

The Greeter notices the increased movement, as does... (X)

ON THE STAIRCASE (X)

Frank is stalled by slowspeed ELDERLY WOMEN as he watches (X)
Giebelhouse head into the Chapel. Frank threads his way past the (X)
matrons, flies down the remaining steps into... (X)

26 INT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - CHAPEL LEFT - DAY (X) 26

Frank enters, moves quickly toward the front where... (X)

Giebelhouse approaches James, who is standing in front of the (X)
OPEN CASKET, slyly removing GLASSES from the body (an OLD MAN). (X)

As James starts to move away from the casket, Giebelhouse moves (X)
quickly to intercept. (X)

GIEBELHOUSE (X)
Hey. You. (X)

Giebelhouse grabs James by the shoulder. Only it's NOT JAMES. (X)
Except for the hair and clothes, this guy looks nothing like him.

YOUNG MAN
What? Who are you?

ON FRANK (X)

joining them, the Greeter right with him. Wrong guy--Frank (X)
starts off again, searching while Gieblehouse tries to extricate (X)
himself. (X)

YOUNG MAN (X)
Dad's glasses are dirty. I'm (X)
cleaning them. (X)

GREETER (X)
It's alright. Everything is (X)
under control. (X)

YOUNG MAN (X)
Someone call the police. (X)

GIEBELHOUSE (X)
I am the police. (X)
(starting off) (X)
Sorry... mistake... (X)

Giebelhouse follows Frank back toward the entry foyer, past a (X)
second large window. As the men clear frame we RACK FOCUS, (X)
THROUGH THE WINDOW where... (X)

27 EXT. URBAN FUNERAL HOME - DAY

27

ON JAMES climbing into the back seat of a CAR filled with young mourners.

The Redhead watches James, adjusting a BOW-SHAPED BARRETTE in her hair as he shuts his door and the car takes off. She gets into a SECOND CAR with the rest of the party.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

(X) 28

29 OMITTED

(X) 29

30 INT. LARGE HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

30

James stealth-surveys the large post-service reception from above before heading down the hallway, looking into doorways. The WALLA of the gathering recedes as he enters...

31 INT. LARGE HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

31

James closes the door behind him, breathes it in. This is ground zero, the bedroom of the deceased. He moves from dresser to desk, looking, touching. He starts to open a drawer...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

INCLUDE THE REDHEAD

standing silently in the doorway, disgusted.

James feels her presence, stays calm, TURNS slowly toward her.

By the time he faces her, his expression is completely changed.
Doleful. A TEAR rolls down one cheek.

The Redhead adjusts, concerned now.

REDHEAD

Sorry for intruding. I
thought... I don't know what I
thought.

JAMES

We spent so much time in this
room together, growing up.

REDHEAD

You okay?

James shrugs, looks shaky.

REDHEAD

Right. Dumb question.
(then)

I'm Tina. David and I were
friends at Reed.

She extends her hand. He accepts.

JAMES

Eric.

REDHEAD

So I guess you knew David from
around here?

JAMES

Since fourth grade.

REDHEAD

You've got to tell me what he
was like as a kid.

James starts to say something, stops. In pain again.

REDHEAD

Are you really okay?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

JAMES

When they say it hurts, they mean it.

REDHEAD

Yeah. It's actual... pain. Like you've been stabbed or something.

JAMES

(beat, then)

I think this house is getting to me.

REDHEAD

Too many memories?

JAMES

I better go.

He starts toward the door.

REDHEAD

You need a lift? I was leaving soon anyway, and... the fact is I'm driving his mother crazy just being here.

JAMES

I could show you where David and I used to go fishing.

REDHEAD

David?! Fishing?! No way.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. SAMMAMISH LAKESHORE - DAY

32

A panorama, populated by two figures, standing close together but not touching, at water's edge. We are behind them, up from the water as James SKIPS STONES.

(X)

ANGLE ON JAMES AND THE REDHEAD

James skips another stone while she stares at the lake.

(X)

JAMES

David could skip anything. I remember one time, we found this turtle...

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

JAMES (cont'd)
(then, concerned)

Tina?

Her good mood has turned to SOBBING.

(X)

REDHEAD
I can't believe he's gone...

She turns to James for consolation and he HUGS her.

JAMES
It's okay... it's okay...

James repeats the lethal mantra as the hug becomes tighter and tighter...

ON JAMES

savoring the moment beyond all reason, practically inhaling her hair, touching the BARRETTE in her hair.

ON THE REDHEAD

as her sunglasses are crushed awkwardly against her face. She senses something is wrong, goes on guard.

REDHEAD
Eric?

She looks at him. Baffled. A little panicked.

JAMES
Sorry, I... forgot my coat in the car. I'll be right back.

(X)

The Redhead watches him a few seconds as he walks off, then she looks back at the lake. Not certain if she overreacted. She squats down, picks up a stone and idly tosses it into...

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

32A UNDERWATER POV, LOOKING UP

32A

The stone plops into frame, disturbing the surface, making it difficult to make out what's going on above as...

(X)

(X)

A figure attacks the Redhead from behind. She stands, struggles and...

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32A CONTINUED:

32A

SPLASH! The Redhead falls face down into water, right at camera. (X)
fibrillating, rivulets of BLOOD appearing from the corner of her (X)
mouth before she is turned over, her face away from us. As the (X)
spasms subside... (X)

CUT TO: (X)

(CONTINUED)

32A CONTINUED: (2)

32A

CAMERA DRIFTS down through leaves and sunlight.

(X)

ANGLER'S VOICE

I heard a splash. Rushed over.

33 EXT. SAMMAMISH LAKESHORE - DAY - LATER

33

Watts supervises two uniformed cops ankle deep in bloody water, (X)
lifting the Redhead up as a diminutive, aging ANGLER in high (X)
rubber boots talks to Frank, Bletch and Giebelhouse. (X)

Cruisers are parked almost down to the lake's edge where two
other cops string yellow Crime Scene tape, keeping a few
onlookers at bay.

ANGLER

Some colored gentleman caught a
rainbow this big a few days
back, thought maybe I was due.

BLETCHER

What about the guy running?

ANGLER

I think it was a guy, but in
this town, maybe it was a girl.

Frank moves with Watts and the cops, carrying the girl to the
stretcher. They're a little rough.

WATTS

Careful.

The cops plop her onto the stretcher face up and the group (X)
reacts grimly to multiple wounds and the washed-out red mottling
on her blouse.

ANGLER

I was smart not to touch her.

The men focus as Frank parts the bottom of her blouse and we
GLIMPSE a SERIOUS MUTILATION, a MESSAGE deeply, precisely carved
in her abdomen. Oddly clean from the lake. "Stop looking."

BLETCHER

Stop looking.

(beat)

Does he mean us?

They turn to Frank, who's staring at the Redhead, sickened.

34 FRANK'S INTERIOR POV 34

Impressions of fibrillating spasms, obscured by churning water.

35 RESUME 35

Frank steps splashing into the lake, fishes around in the mud.
He retrieves her BARRETTE, carefully, by the edge. Off Frank.

CUT TO:

36 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY 36

A PROJECTION of the bow-like barrette with two partial prints in
contrasting day-glow colors. Watts steps into frame. (X)

WATTS (X)

We found two quality partials.
Same index finger.

He stands in front of Bletch, Giebelhouse and a few other (X)
detectives. Frank stands apart, looking at crime scene photos (X)
mounted on the wall. (X)

WATTS (X)

Ester fuming developed the
latent images, which we
composited into a single print.
We're expediting it through AFIS.

GIEBELHOUSE

That bow was underwater.

WATTS

We've lifted prints off bones
buried for fifty years.

RING RING. A phone at the side of the room chirps.

BLETCHER

(into phone)

Bletcher.

Bletcher picks up a pen and note pad, then GOES UNDER as he
moves off to take his call.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ANGLE ON FRANK, JOINED BY WATTS

in front of photos from the second crime scene--"Stop Looking" carved in well-formed letters. The "S" is stylized, like a lightning bolt, but in flesh it's indistinct.

WATTS

(re; "stop looking")

Communication. What do you think
he's trying to tell us?

(X)

(X)

FRANK

I don't know, but there's a
message on the first body.

(X)

Watts considers this a moment, Frank's certainty.

WATTS

They checked, Frank. Nothing.

(X)

FRANK

The carving is too elaborate for
first time out.

(points to "S")

This acute angle in the "S."
He's thought about it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

WATTS

Between the stab wounds and the
autopsy if there was a message
it may be gone forever.

(X)

FRANK

It's there. Maybe done more
hastily. Even an afterthought.

(X)

(X)

WATTS

I'll take a look.

(X)

They're interrupted as the FAX machine RINGS ONCE then WHIRS.

INCLUDE BLETCHER AGAIN

He re-joins the others, reading from a note pad.

BLETCHER

We got a hit. James Dickerson.
Paroled to the Diebstahl Group
Home.

(X)

Giebelhouse GASPS, sarcastic.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

BLETCHER

(to Frank and Watts)

It's a remand center for paroled
convicts.

GIEBELHOUSE

Twelve sociopaths cohabiting in
a family neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

BLETCHER
They're faxing his picture to
confirm. (X)
(X)

FRANK
What was he in for?

BLETCHER
Juvenile. Record's sealed. (X)

Frank pulls the delivery off the FAX machine, holds it up. A picture of James, some personal data.

FRANK
That's him.

CUT TO:

37 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

James sits head in hands on the edge of his bed. He hears the sound of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS coming up the hall and lies down quickly, pretending to be asleep.

The door flies open, Connor blasts in, shakes him.

CONNOR
Get up, get up!

James sits up on the bed. Shell-shocked.

CONNOR
Up!

JAMES
What?

Connor muscles James to the window, cranks the VENETIAN BLIND slightly, cracking it open, REVEALING...

THEIR POV - THE STREET BELOW

Police cruisers are stopped up the street in this tidy neighborhood. ARMED FIGURES make their way from the cars to the house.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ANGLE ON JAMES AND CONNOR

JAMES

This is insane. I...

CONNOR

(cuts him off)

I don't want to hear it. Because
then I'm an accomplice and they
got me by the lips.

Off James, paralyzed with fear.

CUT TO:

38 INT. GROUP HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

38

Connor flies down the still dark hallway toward the front door
where someone is KNOCKING...

CONNOR

(loud to cops)

Just a second!

BLETCHER (O.S.)

Open up! Police!

Connor RATTLES the locks, not really trying to open up.

CONNOR

Hang on! Just a minute!

39 EXT. GROUP HOME FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

39

Bletcher in charge. Frank senses what's happening inside.

FRANK

He's getting away.

BLETCHER

Move back from the door!

(then to cops)

In on three.

(X)

A couple of OFFICERS nod, CHAMBER ROUNDS as a handheld BATTERING
RAM is brought into position.

The door cracks open. Connor's face is visible behind a security
chain.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CONNOR

I'm not allowed to let anyone in
or out after eight. Please. Let
me call the director...

BLETCHER

Three!

CRASH! Connor goes sailing as the ram hits the door and the team
enters to the cry "GO GO GO..."

40 INT. GROUP HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

(X) 40

Kevlared bodies maneuver inside.

BLETCHER

Get the lights on.
(angrily to Connor)
You! Lights!

Connor complies, flipping light switches like a madman.

CONNOR

You got 'em. I don't want any
trouble.

ANGLE ON A NAME BOARD

(X)

by Bletcher, suddenly lit. It lists the residents, a dozen in
all. Among them is "Dickerson, James - Rm 3".

(X)

(X)

BLETCHER

Room three.

(X)

Bletch and two uniforms blast up...

(X)

THE STAIRWELL

(X)

Past bare lightbulbs, dodging a curious ex-con to...

(X)

40A INT. GROUP HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

(X) 40A

PAROLEES, heavier on the TATTOOS than Connor or James, peer from
their doorways as the cops marshall outside Room 3.

(X)

(X)

BLETCHER

All of you! Back in your rooms!

They move back into their rooms s-l-o-w-l-y as the cops barge in
on Bletcher's nod.

(X)

(X)

41 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Door flies open as the cops barge in, weapons drawn. No James. (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

As they clear the closet Bletcher enters, crosses to the partially open venetian blind. He looks out at the street scene. James saw them coming.

BLETCHER

Damn.

CUT TO:

42 INT. GROUP HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

42

Alone, Frank makes his way down into a cluttered basement. He pulls a LIGHT CHAIN. Light. Across the room a window hangs askew (X) by a single hinge. An escape path to outside.

CONNOR (O.S.)

That goes to the alley. (X)

Frank turns. It's Connor at the top of the stairs. Frank looks at him, closely, as if seeing him for the first time. (X)

FRANK

Thanks. So what's your name? (X)

CONNOR

Connor. I'm the trustee. (X)

As Frank heads back up the stairs... (X)

CONNOR

Goes without saying I'm here to help. (X)

Frank hits the top of the stairs, face to face with Connor. (X)

FRANK

Good. (X)

Bletcher arrives from down the hall. (X)

BLETCHER

He's gone. (X)

Off Connor, watching Bletcher and Frank move away, down the hall... (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 INT. GROUP HOME DINING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Polaroid fade in of a hand-lettered word, "Family," as...

GIEBELHOUSE (O.S.)

(X)

You scrape together two-fifty
for a house, spend weekends
trying to keep up with repairs...

PAN OFF. The word is on one of the HOMEMADE POSTERS tacked to the wall, encouraging the parolees to "WORK YOUR PROGRAM," "FOLLOW PROCEDURES" and avoid the "LANGUAGE OF DENIAL." Frank and Bletch circle a worn formica table where Giebelhouse sits.

(X)

GIEBELHOUSE

(X)

...you got a right to wonder how
the dozen convicts next door
qualify as a single family
residence.

Connor joins them, hands Frank the sign-in CLIPBOARD.

CONNOR

Here's the bed check.

FRANK

(looks at it, then)

He was here five minutes before
we were.

CONNOR

So can I ask what he did?

BLETCHER

You can ask.

CONNOR

Must be pretty bad. You don't
storm the place over parking
tickets.

BLETCHER

You're right there.

CONNOR

Between you and me, James isn't
programming. I think he's got a
lot of anger.

FRANK

What do you do about that?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CONNOR

Not much you can do. Ever heard
of denial?

Connor points to the "Language of Denial" poster with ten
expressions (e.g., "I can stop when I want to" and "I'm only
hurting myself") including...

CONNOR

(points to poster)

"I don't have the problem. You
have the problem." That's James.

But Frank is distracted, drawn to ANOTHER POSTER, a feel good
item... "Never stop trying/Never stop feeling/Never stop
looking/Never stop healing."

CAMERA FINDS the words "STOP LOOKING" with Frank, who gives
Connor a piercing look.

CONNOR

Okay. I don't go around skeezing
guys out. That's not me. But...

BLETCHER

Yeah?

CUT TO:

44 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

44

CLOSE on a SCREWDRIVER prying a wood panel off the bottom of a
cheap dresser. HANDS reach in, retrieve...

JAMES DICKERSON'S SECRET STASH

A JOURNAL, dozens of neatly ordered OBITUARIES clipped from
newspapers, and a cigar box containing various JEWELRY ITEMS,
none much larger than a tie tack.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

REVEAL, THE ROOM

trashed from prior search. Bletcher squats by the dresser, hands the box to Frank. (X)

BLETCHER

How'd you know about this? (X)

CONNOR

Some junkie thief we bounced out (X)
of here last fall hid his fix (X)
there. I figured maybe James (X)
heard about it. (X)

Frank finds the FOOTBALL SHAPED LAPEL PIN in the box. Holds it up for all to see, including Connor.

CONNOR

I told you. I'm here to help.

Off Frank.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED

45

46 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING -- HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

46

Bletcher, Giebelhouse and a few other detectives are turned toward Frank, standing by crime scene PHOTOS that scream from the wall. The mementos taken from James's room are in plastic evidence bags arrayed on the table.

BLETCHER

So we got a guy who goes to
funerals for fun, and kills
people.

GIEBELHOUSE

Plus carves them up.

BLETCHER

Does social services have a name
for that?

INCLUDE Catherine, the object of the question. She's holding a case folder marked "Department of Corrections."

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CATHERINE

He's a classic "lost child." And there's an army of them just like him.

(finding items in report)

Put up for adoption at one and a half, never placed, in and out of foster homes, abuse, reform school. He essentially raised himself.

BLETCHER

Didn't do a very good job.

CATHERINE

They never do. No one showed him how to connect with the world. Odd as this may sound, going to funerals is his attempt.

GIEBELHOUSE

Attempt at what?

CATHERINE

Finding human contact. Family.

GIEBELHOUSE

Family? Please...

Catherine holds up several spiral bound NOTEBOOKS lying on the table. His journals, one with a CHEAP GIVEAWAY PEN jammed in the spiral binding. (X)
(X)

CATHERINE

(re: journals)

Read his diary. Decide for yourself. But I'm telling you, at some level he wants what we all have.

GIEBELHOUSE

He wants to destroy what we have.

BLETCHER

I read once that the first two weeks of a kitten's life seal its fate. If it has human contact it becomes domestic. If not, it goes feral. And once that happens, no matter what anyone does, it will always be wild.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Catherine sits down by Frank, who is holding some Greeting Card
ENVELOPES bound with a rubber band.

CATHERINE
(sotto to Frank)
Tough room.

(X)

He smiles, hands her the envelopes.

FRANK
Do you make anything of these?
They're all "Return to Sender."
The name isn't in our files.

CATHERINE
(reading)
Peggy Dechant.

(X)

Rings a bell. She opens her case folder as Bletcher joins them.

BLETCHER
What have you got?

Catherine finds something in her case report, shows Frank and
Bletch.

FRANK
His mother.

CATHERINE
She contacted Victim's
Assistance three years ago.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

47 EXT. "SKORPION SALVAGE" JUNKYARD - NIGHT

47

Massive FLOODLIGHTS paint a grand chiaroscuro as Connor scales
a fence into a large scale auto wrecking and salvage yard. He's
holding a BAG OF FAST FOOD and a PLAIN BROWN BAG which he
reaches into as he hits the ground inside the fence and ARF ARF!

A PACK OF NASTY JUNKYARD DOGS

careens around a pile of auto parts heading right toward Connor.
They stop near him, snapping, hackles up.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

FAVORING CONNOR

as he reaches into the brown bag and pulls out some treats, calming the dogs with snacks and cooed words.

CONNOR
C'mon... you know me... yeah....

WIDER, CONNOR AND THE DOGS

stand in front of a large faded "Skorpion Salvage" sign. If we weren't so on edge about the dogs, we might notice that the "S" in "Skorpion" matches the stylized "S" carved in the second victim. Connor pats the dogs, continues on.

ANOTHER ANGLE, STACKS OF CRUSHED CARS

Connor is clearly at home here as he leaves the valley between the stacks of cars, climbing up to...

JUNK CAR NEST

a roofless wreck at the top of a pile of crushed cars. A slightly-pitched tarp covers the passenger compartment.

Connor throws back the tarp, REVEALING James. In a state. (X)

JAMES (X)
Where have you been? (X)

CONNOR (X)
You miss me? (X)

JAMES
I'm trapped here.

CONNOR (X)
What's it matter? You got (X)
nowhere else to go. (X)

JAMES (X)
You think I don't know that? (X)

Connor opens the bag of food, pulls out some burgers, fries.

CONNOR
Calm down. You gotta chill a (X)
while. Here, eat something. (X)

James shakes his head, on the verge of tears.

JAMES
I can't take this.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

Connor moves in, oddly close. He puts an arm around James as if he were a child, and FEEDS HIM.

CONNOR
(offering food)
C'mon. You'll feel better.
Please?

Connor holds up a fry to James's mouth. Finally, he eats.

WIDER, THE JUNKYARD

The two guys close together in the rusting iron alps, the dogs (X)
patrolling far below.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Bletcher walks up the dark empty hallway to the FAINT SOUND of Frank talking on the phone. He stops at the doorway to the bullpen, looks in...

49 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - NIGHT

49

Frank hangs up the phone, then closes one of the handwritten (X)
JOURNALS Catherine was holding before, the CHEAP GIVEAWAY (X)
BALLPOINT jammed in the spiral binding.

BLETCHER
Like old times. You still here
when everyone else has gone home.

FRANK
I just got off the phone with
the Johnsons. One of the
families in his journal. They
lost a son a year ago and James--
Travis then--ended up spending
a week in their home.

BLETCHER
They lived to tell?

FRANK
They describe him as a loving
person who sustained them
through a difficult time.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

BLETCHER

What pushed that kid over the edge?

FRANK

I'm not sure this kid was pushed.

(X)

(X)

Before Frank can clarify, Watts pops his head in.

(X)

WATTS

Frank. You were right. I got something off the first victim.

CUT TO:

50 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

50

Frank and Bletch follow Watts at a brisk pace into the lab, dark except for an odd colored light at the other side of the room.

WATTS

Her skin was thoroughly distressed. No message of any subtlety could have survived, so I turned to clothing.

They arrive at a stainless lab table, where the bloody, shredded dress of the first victim is arranged under a 4x5 CAMERA with a Polaroid Back and a mil-spec ALTERNATE LIGHT SOURCE (ALS) that casts an eerie UV glow. An ELECTROSTATIC BOX is wired to a clear plastic film covering the dress.

FRANK

What are we looking at?

WATTS

Traces of pollen.

FRANK

Calla Lily.

WATTS

There's a message.

They all crane their necks, looking...

ON THE DRESS

Through the clear plastic, tantalizing SMEARS fluoresce on the gore tattered cloth.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

WATTS
(pointing)
Here. Here... Careful.

ANGLE ON THE MEN

Watts pulls Bletcher back as he gets too close to the dress.

WATTS
Corona discharge. I'm lifting
the image electrostatically.

BLETCHER
It's only fragments.

WATTS
No, just too faint to read. I
started some time exposures. (X)

They join Frank, who is looking at a series of PHOTOS. (X)

WATTS
After about fifty minutes, there
it was.

THE LAST PHOTO (X)

"Stop Looking." The letters come and go but the message is
clear. Like the carving on the Redhead, only more distinct in
fabric than in flesh. The "S" stylized like a lightning bolt. (X)

INCLUDE THE MEN

staring intently at the message.

BLETCHER
Not to rain on anyone's parade,
but we already have this, right?
"Stop looking."

WATTS
Appears so. What do you think?
Frank?

In answer, Frank takes the giveaway PEN out of the spiral
Journal binding. Places...

THE GIVEAWAY PEN AGAINST THE PHOTO

as Frank rotates the pen to REVEAL "Skorpion Salvage" written on
the barrel in letters that match exactly the style of the
letters on the screen. The "S" like a lightning bolt.

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Blood Relatives" 4C06 (Yellow) 9/26/96 43A(X).

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

FRANK
I think the "S" looks familiar.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

ANGLE ON THE MEN

Bletcher grabs the pen from Frank. Completely impressed.

BLETCHER
I know that place.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. "SKORPION SALVAGE" JUNKYARD - NIGHT

51

James wakes up in the Junk Car Nest to the sound of BARKING. (X)

JAMES
Connor?

(X)

Nope. All alone. He stands, straining to see as the barking grows more frenzied. (X)
(X)

AT THE FRONT GATE (X)

The dogs go ballistic, lunging at the chain link as MASSIVE BOLT CUTTERS SNAP the thick lock securing the wire gate. (X)
(X)

BAM! A gunshot scatters the dogs, muzzle blast flashing off DARK FIGURES, including Frank and Bletcher, who move into the yard. (X)
(X)

IN THE JUNK CAR NEST (X)

James reacting to the shot, he sees... (X)

HIS POV - THE POSSE (X)

Dark figures in uniforms, hounded by manic dogs. No one gets out of here alive. (X)
(X)

RESUME - JAMES (X)

Pure panic now. He scrambles from the nest, drops into... (X)

JAMES, IN THE IRON VALLEY

Lost. Unsure which way to go when ARF ARF ARF!

THE JUNKYARD DOGS

race toward him, hackles up. They DON'T STOP... ATTACK JAMES, drag him down as he tries to climb back up the wall of cars. He SCREAMS in pain.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

FAVORING FRANK

Leading the cavalry, DARK FIGURES charging toward James.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICERS rush in carrying restraint NOOSES,
grappling with the snarling animals.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

A dog YELPS, snaps savagely as an officer drags it off.

The pack scatters, running for cover and the Dark Figures swarm James.

ON JAMES

collapsed, clothing savaged. He rolls onto his back, looks up.

JAMES'S BLURRY POV

Dark Figures surround him. Among them Frank and Bletch calling for help, but we don't really hear them...

FRANK

Call the paramedics!

(X)

Our last image is Frank, distorted, mouth moving but silent, as blackness overtakes us.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

52 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

52

Polaroid fade in of a child's ROCKING HORSE, capsized on the front porch. As the picture reaches full resolution, a hand appears in frame, righting the horse. It's Catherine.

She steps up to the door of this seemingly abandoned house. The door is open. An exercise guru bellows on TV. She rings the bell. No sign of life.

CATHERINE

Mrs. Dechant? Anyone home?

Catherine turns and we see she's accompanied by a UNIFORMED COP, (X)
hanging back down the walkway. (X)

Concerned, Catherine starts to step inside--just as an upbeat suburban WOMAN bounds down the stairs.

JAMES'S MOM

Yeah, hello. I was just putting
the baby down. (X)

(noticing cop) (X)

What is this? (X)

CATHERINE

I'm Catherine Black. From Social
Services.

Mrs. Dechant's sunny demeanor vanishes. She snaps off the TV,
comes outside, not wanting Catherine in her house.

CATHERINE

It's about James Dickerson.

JAMES'S MOM

You people said I'd never hear
from him.

CATHERINE

I know he sent letters...

JAMES'S MOM

Letters? Three years ago he
walked up that driveway, a
complete stranger. Says nothing,
just hugs me. Then he tells me
"I want to come home." I'm still
afraid to let the kids out of my
sight.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CATHERINE
Well he's in custody now.

JAMES'S MOM
Good. Keep him there.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

CATHERINE

He's been asking for you.

JAMES'S MOM

No. I'm out of this.

CATHERINE

Mrs. Dechant. He's your son.

JAMES'S MOM

He is not my son. He's something that happened when I was a strung out teenager. You said you'd find him a good home. You never did. Now you deal with him.

CATHERINE

We are dealing with him. But two people are dead.

JAMES'S MOM

He did that?

James's Mom struggles to get her head around it. It's much worse than she imagined.

CATHERINE

I need your help.

CUT TO:

53 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

53

Bletcher questions James, BANDAGED on his arms and face from the attack. Giebelhouse sits tensely on a chair against a wall.

BLETCHER

So you found her dead.

JAMES

We were down at the lake. I went back to the car for a sweater. It was cold. When I returned, there she was.

BLETCHER

Why didn't you try to revive her?

JAMES

She was cut up. I was scared.

The interview GOES UNDER (SEE INDEX PAGE ONE), we're...

(X)

Additional dialogue for Scene 53, to play under Scene 54.

JAMES

She was cut up. I was scared.

BLETCHER

Too scared to come forward.

JAMES

I told you. I wanted to.

GIEBELHOUSE

That's what you told us.

JAMES

It was a huge mistake.

GIEBELHOUSE

You could say.

BLETCHER

What was a huge mistake, James?

James shakes his head, weary. Frustrated, trying to hang on.

JAMES

No, not that. How many times do I have to tell you? I don't even know who killed her.

GIEBELHOUSE

Are we annoying you?

JAMES

No.

GIEBELHOUSE

Cause I'm detecting something in your voice sounds like annoyance.

Bletcher checks in again, calmer, trying to move this ahead.

BLETCHER

So when you left to get this coat she already knew you never met her dead boyfriend. Is that right?

54 BEHIND THE ONE WAY GLASS, FRANK

54

watching the interview. Watts enters from the hallway.

FRANK

He says he didn't do it.

WATTS

He may honestly believe that.

(then)

Call me when you find out what
"stop looking" means. I've got
a six-thirty plane.

They shake hands. Watts picks up a hesitation in Frank.

WATTS

Are you uncomfortable with this?
I can stay.

FRANK

Not necessary.

WATTS

Frank. Is he capable?

FRANK

Yes.

WATTS

Does he fit the profile?

Frank hesitates a moment. NODS.

FRANK

Have a good trip, Peter. Thank
you.

Watts exits the booth and Frank turns back to...

54A THE INTERVIEW ROOM

54A

Bletcher is calm, trying to close the deal.

BLETCHER

So when you left to get this
coat she already knew you never
met her dead boyfriend. Is that
right?

(X)

JAMES

Essentially.

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

54A

BLETCHER

She didn't leave you much
choice, did she?

JAMES

I didn't kill anybody!

Giebelhouse shifts noisily in patent disbelief.

JAMES

I swear I didn't.

GIEBELHOUSE

Yeah, well James, Ray, Travis,
Eric. You're kind of a
professional liar, aren't you?

54B OMITTED

(X) 54B

55 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

55

Connor snoops down the hallway, and we pick up Frank, watching
as Connor sees the crime photos posted on the bullpen walls.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

(X)

Can I help you?

(X)

CONNOR

I came to get James but...

(X)

(gesture at photos)

(X)

... maybe he's busy, huh?

(X)

FRANK

You might as well go home.

(X)

CONNOR

No hurry there. The Director
yanked my trustee privileges.

(then)

Think I could talk to James?

FRANK

It's family only.

CONNOR

That'll be the day.

FRANK

Do you have something you want
to say to him?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CONNOR
(beat, measured)
Yeah. That head case really
messed me up.

Frank's attention turns away from Connor now as hallway doors
open and...

ANGLE ON CATHERINE AND JAMES'S MOM

walking quickly down the hallway toward Frank. Catherine gives
Frank a look, relieved to see him.

CATHERINE
This is my husband, Frank. This (X)
is Peggy Dechant. (X)

Frank, Catherine and James's Mom AD-LIB introductions, shake
hands, but we're...

FAVORING CONNOR

forgotten. Non-existent. He stares at the three of them as they (X)
move toward the interview room. Craning his head, looking past
Frank and Catherine as they open the interview room door.

CONNOR'S OBSTRUCTED POV

THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY as James rises to meet his mother. He
makes his cautious way, finally HUGGING her.

Frank starts to close the door as he enters the interview room.
He looks back over his shoulder...

REVERSE (X)

Connor disappearing down the hall. Off Frank, wondering, as he (X)
closes the door.

56 INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

56

The hug continues, utterly one way, the hug we've seen before.
It's James's effort to find meaning in the world by grabbing
another human being and never letting go.

JAMES
(hugging her)
You came. I knew you would.

James's Mom is speechless. As she pulls away, he clutches at
her.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

JAMES

Tell them I never hurt anybody.
(no response)
Go ahead. They'll listen to you.

JAMES'S MOM

Did you kill someone?

JAMES

No! Tell them!

Heavy silence as James and his mom look at each other, the longest moment of their lives.

JAMES'S MOM

I can't do this. I don't even know him.

She backs slowly away from her son, who's frozen in disbelief. (X)

CATHERINE

Mrs. Dechant. (X)

JAMES'S MOM

No! You people raised him. He's yours. (X)
(X)

She exits the room. Catherine follows a beat later leaving James, devastated but fierce, consumed with a tortured rage we're seeing for the first time. (X)
(X)
(X)

JAMES

You want a confession? Okay. (X)
I'll tell how I killed them. And (X)
I'd do it again. (X)

GIEBELHOUSE

So you did it. (X)
(X)

JAMES

They're dead, aren't they. (X)

BLETCHER

What's "stop looking," James? (X)
(X)

JAMES

(beat, exhausted) (X)
Stop looking. You found me. (X)

Bletcher and Giebelhouse exchange a look. Frank walks out, dissatisfied. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED
AND
58

(X)
(X)
(X)

59 EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - GARAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

59

It's dark as the HEADLIGHTS of the Red Cherokee swing up out of the underground parking lot and we join...

60 INT. RED CHEROKEE - MOVING - NIGHT - RAIN

60

Frank and Catherine drive home in silence, still pained by what happened upstairs. Frank in his own world.

(X)

CATHERINE

When I think of Jordan, I don't know how anyone could abandon a child, but millions of people do. Millions. God, it's scary.

(then)

Frank? Is something wrong?

(X)
(X)

The car pulls to the side of the road at...

(X)

STREET INTERSECTION, STOP SIGN

close to the Public Safety Building.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

A MOTHER AND CHILD in bright hooded rain slickers pass the stopped car. (X)
(X)

FRANK
Connor. He wants James for himself. (X)
(X)

CATHERINE
Who does? (X)

FRANK
The trustee at the group home. (X)
"Stop looking" is a message to (X)
James, a warning. (X)

CATHERINE
Stop looking for... family? (X)

FRANK
His mother is the next victim. (X)

Frank pulls the car into a quick U. As they wipe past... (X)

61 OMITTED
AND
62

(X) 61
AND
62

CUT TO:

63 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 63
James's Mom opens the front door lock and enters...

64 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 64
She drops her purse on a chair, wiped out, then spots A
HANDWRITTEN NOTE lying on a small table in the entry foyer.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

She reads the note, checks her watch and...

CUT TO:

65 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

65

The SOUND of RUNNING BATH WATER obscures other sounds.

CLOSE on a torrent of WATER filling a tub, then on bits and pieces of a FEMALE BODY. Various obstructed angles of the bright WHITE TILE bathroom, as if seen through a keyhole. It's James's Mom preparing for her bath.

WIDER, NEW ANGLE ON JAMES'S MOM

wrapped in a towel, staring judgmentally at herself in the mirror, trying to forget the events of the day.

She hears something (delicate glass breaking) in the next room. Maybe. She turns off the water and in the SILENCE...

JAMES'S MOM
Fred? You back already?

No answer. She turns the bath water back on. The tub is pretty full now.

66 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

James's Mom emerges from the bathroom leaving the door open, the white tiles bright against the darkness of the master bedroom.

She hits a LIGHT SWITCH near the door.

POP! A WALL SCONCE FLASHES and dies, that brief flash illuminating (for us, but not for James's Mom) the SHADOWY FIGURE of Connor hiding behind the door.

ON JAMES'S MOM

approaching the wall sconce, wary. At the sconce...

JAMES'S MOM
Ow!

She hops on one foot, looks down.

FLOOR

Fragments of broken light bulb, one in her foot now.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

RESUME - JAMES'S MOM

who looks at her bleeding foot, then up, at the BROKEN LIGHTBULB in the sconce. Glass smashed, edge jagged. This thing didn't burn out.

She turns, gasps as Connor exits the shadows, stands demonic in front of her. RUNNING WATER thunders.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT

67

Frank eyes the SPLINTERED DOORJAMB, knows the killer is in the house. He enters cautiously.

CUT TO:

68 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - FOYER/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

68

Frank makes his quiet way up the stairs. He stops, listens. The (X)
sound of water overflowing. (X)

WITH FRANK

as he moves quickly up the stairs. (X)

CUT TO:

69 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

69

The tub is overflowing. Frank shuts the WATER OFF, the final faucet SQUEAK clear as the flow of water subsides. He notices...

PINK, MIXED WITH THE WATER

on the flooded floor. CAMERA TRACES the gradient from PINK to RED to...

JAMES'S MOM, MOTIONLESS

slumped behind the bathtub, 'ST' carved in her. The BLOODY KNIFE next to her on the floor. A faint GROAN, we see she's STILL BREATHING and...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

NEW ANGLE, INCLUDE FRANK

moving to help her when...

Connor materializes from behind and WHOOSH! A LAMP CORD sings as he garrotes Frank, drags him up by the neck.

WITH FRANK AND CONNOR

stumbling as a unit, Frank desperate to shake the monkey off his back. (X)

Connor SCREAMS as CRASH, his head slams into a wall. He hangs on (X) for dear life as Frank bounces him off the next wall and...

SMASH! A shelf's worth of toiletries go flying before... (X)

CRASH! They fall through the shower door, safety GLASS SHATTERS. (X)

ON FRANK

Total vapor lock, blackout seconds away, somehow staying on his (X) feet as Connor tightens the cord and... (X)

Frank heaves the two of them backward into the full bathtub with an ungodly death rattle.

ANGLE ON THE TUB (X)

SPLASHDOWN! Connor underneath Frank.

The cord stays taught. Frank strains to keep his nose above water as Connor's writhing ebbs and flows, slowly subsiding.

Finally, Connor's last liquid breath. A burst of angry bubbles.

ADJUST as the cord relaxes and Frank struggles up from the tub, gasping, filling his lungs before...

Frank turns and reaches down, pulls a limp Connor out of the tub straight up AT CAMERA.

CUT TO:

70 OMITTED

70

71 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - NIGHT

ON CONNOR in cuffs as Frank and Bletcher deposit him into a waiting cruiser. Connor SPITS at them viciously. (X)

BLETCHER (X)
It's that two week window. Feral (X)
or tame. (X)

He shuts the door, the window reflecting FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS (X)
and Catherine, standing a few feet back from the car, studying (X)
this man who nearly killed her husband. (X)

ADJUST to REVEAL the aftermath. Heavy police presence. Black and (X)
whites at odd angles, like they got there in a hurry. An (X)
AMBULANCE waits for James's Mom. UNIFORMS keep NEIGHBORS at bay. (X)

BLETCHER
You should have waited for us,
dammit.

FRANK (X)
She'd be dead now. (X)

BLETCHER (X)
(to Catherine now) (X)
He should have waited. You tell (X)
him. (X)

Bletcher moves off to accompany James's mom, carried from the (X)
house on a stretcher by two ATTENDANTS, breathing oxygen from a (X)
bottle. (X)

NEW ANGLE - FRANK AND CATHERINE (X)

Insular, surrounded by the wake of lives gone terribly wrong. (X)

CATHERINE (X)
(growing emotional) (X)
I know... I know you had to go (X)
in there. Because of who you (X)
are. Because you had no choice. (X)

It's feels wrong to continue, not part of the agreement. But she (X)
does. This one was so close. (X)

CATHERINE (X)
Frank, we've come so far. I (X)
can't lose you. (X)

FRANK (X)
I'm not going anywhere. (X)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CATHERINE (X)
Promise me. (X)
(then) (X)
I don't want to ask myself--am (X)
I strong enough to be alone. (X)

FRANK (X)
(beat, comforting) (X)
It's ok... Nobody is. (X)

Nearby, the ambulance pulls away, LIGHTS FLASHING, leaving (X)
Catherine and Frank, apart but connected. The image lingers as (X)
we... (X)

DISSOLVE TO:

72 INT. GROUP HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

72

The residents hang in their doorways, a gauntlet without contact. James slouches past them, eyes forward, as we tune in a growing voice...

JAMES

It's okay, it's okay, it's
okay...

CLOSE ON JAMES'S FACE, STILL BRUISED

His voice continues, lips barely moving. We pick up flashes of people to the side, watching, murmuring under their breath. He reaches his bedroom. His voice stops.

73 INT. JAMES DICKERSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

73

James enters from the hallway, closing the door behind him, a NEWSPAPER tucked under one arm. He sits on the bed, spreads out the paper, opened to...

THE OBITUARY SECTION

TWO HANDS, one still BANDAGED, smooth out the paper. FINGERS move from item to item, exploring options.

LOW ANGLE, ON JAMES

looking down at the paper, at us. He makes his choice, pops the top off his felt tip and as the pen descends toward camera, held painfully in bandaged hand...

THE END