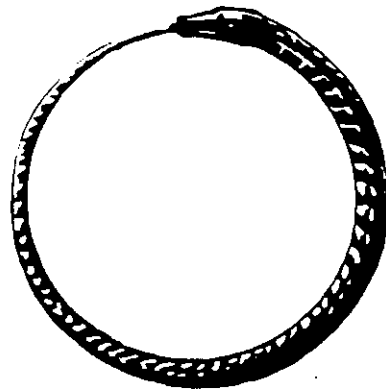




MILLENNIUM

"THE JUDGE"

Episode 4 (#4C04)

MILLENNIUM

"The Judge"

Written by

Ted Mann

Directed by

Randy Zisk

Episode # 4C04

Story No. 4603

August 20, 1996 (White)

August 26, 1996 (Blue-Full)

August 28, 1996 (Pink-Pages)

August 29, 1996 (Green-Full)

Sept. 2, 1996 (Yellow-Pages)

Sept. 6, 1996 (Goldenrod-Pages)

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Juell Hornstock

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MILLENNIUM

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Episode # 4004

Story No. 4600

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August 29, 1996

"The Judge"

CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Jordan Black
Waitress
Windam
Jonathan Mellen
Carl Nearman
Parcel Service Employee
Annie Tisman
Detective Lieutenant Bletcher
Detective Giebelhouse
Detective Teeple
Uniformed Cop-Connelly (non-speaking)
Penseyres
Cheryl Andrews
The Judge
Bardale
Bartender
Jack Meredith (with small dog)
Marilyn (with 2nd small dog)
Terry - Thick-Bodied Woman (non-speaking)
City Pathologist
Biggs
Mail Room Worker (male)
Mail Room Worker (female)

Assistant District Attorney Aquila

August 29, 1996

"The Judge"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

BOWLING ALLEY (X)
 /PARKING LOT
ANNIE TISMAN'S SUBURBAN BUNGALOW
BLACK RESIDENCE
CITY STREET
TITTLE TATTLE ROOM
 /PARKING LOT
THE JUDGE'S RESIDENCE - A FARM HOUSE
 /DRIVEWAY
SEMI-RURAL SETTING
BIG FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING
FARM ROAD - CHELAN COUNTY, WA
 /BOG
SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING
BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - ROADSIDE

INTERIORS:

BOWLING ALLEY (X)
 /THE ALLEY DINER (X)
ANNIE TISMAN'S HOUSE
BLACK RESIDENCE
 /LIVING ROOM
 /BASEMENT
 /KITCHEN
SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING
 /COUNTY MORGUE - EXAMINING ROOM
 /PATHOLOGY LAB
 /LT. BOB BLETCHER'S OFFICE
 /INTERVIEW ROOM
 /CORRIDOR
TITTLE TATTLE ROOM
 /MEN'S ROOM
THE JUDGE'S FARMHOUSE
 /KITCHEN
LUXURY SEDAN - MOVING
FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - MAIL ROOM
A WINDOWLESS FORENSIC LAB
BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - SEATTLE AREA - NIGHT

(X) 1

A POLAROID DEVELOPS TO SHOW the facility. As it reaches full resolution, A LEGEND APPEARS: SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. As CAMERA MOVES IN, through the rain, toward a brightly lit window where we see TWO MALE FIGURES in the alley diner.

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

2 INT. THE ALLEY DINER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

(X) 2

A WAITRESS, kindly, 40's, serves WINDAM and MELLEN. At their feet sit bowling balls, they wear league jackets. The "PIN DOWNERS". The men are open-faced, wholesome types. Mellen's a retired Seattle police officer, who knows how to tuck into lime pie and coffee.

FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE LANES

(X)

Appears CARL NEARMAN; skinny, dissipated, ex-con, jeans and poplin jacket, who takes a seat at the counter. As the waitress approaches, Carl pays her perfunctory attention, his focus is on Mellen.

(X)

WAITRESS

What can I get for you tonight, honey?

CARL

I'll have a beer. And a sandwich. Tuna salad sandwich.

WAITRESS

And that'll be it for you, hon?

CARL

Yeah.

As she departs we follow Carl's gaze --

CARL'S POV

On Mellen, slowly PUSH IN to ECU his TONGUE, as he speaks naturally, inaudibly, to his acquaintance, and eats green pie. Under this we HEAR the waitress drop Carl's beer and sandwich plate in front of him.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

There you be, hon.

END

2 CONTINUED:

2

CARL (O.S.)

Thanks.

CARL

He spins the plate with his sandwich on it. Picks up his beer, and drains it in a single pull. He examines the check beside the plate. Again, Carl looks over at Mellen.

CARL'S POV

Mellen's licking some green cream filling from the tines of his fork. ECU his TONGUE, again. (X)

CARL (X)

watches with focused interest, suggesting intent. (X)

THE TWO BOWLERS (X)

As the waitress approaches with a Pyrex coffee jug -- (X)

WAITRESS

Either of you like a refill?

Windam places a hand over the top of his cup. Mellen extends his mug to her. She pours.

ECU MELLEN'S TONGUE

He raises the coffee cup to his lips, extends his tongue to test the heat.

NEW ANGLE - MELLEN, WINDAM AND WAITRESS

They're paying the tab. The Waitress standing in wait as the bills are counted. Looking off to see: (X)

ANGLE ON COUNTER (X)

Carl's departed. An empty beer bottle and untouched sandwich plate sit on the counter. (X)

ANGLE ON WAITRESS FROM AREA OF THE BOWLING LANES (X)

Matching the Waitress' consternation at the non-paying customer. (X)
As this same man, Carl, enters frame in close f.g., where we see (X)
he is browsing the rack of lane balls, looking for one that (X)
suits him, fits him. RACKING BACK to the Waitress and the two (X)
bowlers as the men rise to leave. (X)

3 EXT. THE BOWLING ALLEY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mellen, LS, holding his bowling ball bag, shakes his friend's hand through the window of his ND car. Waves as the car pulls away --

MELLEN'S CAR

A late-model urban 4x4. Mellen moves around to the door, fishing for his keys.

REVERSE ON MELLEN

From rear of car. Putting a key in the lock, when something causes him to look up TOWARD CAMERA, PAST CAMERA.

MELLEN

Evening.

MELLEN'S POV

Moving casually toward him is Carl Nearman, entering the little corridor between Mellen's car and the one next to it. Nodding but not smiling, with the same focused intent.

MELLEN

(slightly louder)

(X)

(X)

Evening.

PANNING DOWN to Carl's hand, which holds the bowling ball he was looking for.

REVERSE ON MELLEN

Sensing something's wrong, something's going to happen.

3A LOW ANGLE UNDER MELLEN'S CAR - SLIGHT TIME CUT

3A

As Mellen hits the ground on his side/stomach, face facing us, his trajectory dictated by a hard blow to the head with a bowling ball. Said ball dropping to the ground with a dull bonking thud near Carl Nearman's feet.

LOW ANGLE ON CARL NEARMAN

Standing over Mellen. Pulling a knife from his pocket which he opens with a quick, practiced flick. Its blade flashing. As we:

CUT TO:

4 EXT. A SUBURBAN BUNGALOW HOME - SEATTLE - DAY

A PARCEL SERVICE EMPLOYEE RINGS the doorbell. The door's opened, almost immediately, by ANNIE, a middle-aged woman with a care-lined face.

EMPLOYEE

Package for Mrs. Annie Tisman,
sign here --

Annie signs an electronic receipt board. Accepts the package.

ANNIE

I haven't ordered anything. You
sure it's for me?

EMPLOYEE

(checks package)

It's the correct name and
address?

ANNIE

Oh yes. Sure. I've been Annie
Tisman more years than I like to
count.

EMPLOYEE

(departing)

Be a surprise, won't it? You
have a good day, ma'am.

5 INT. ANNIE TISMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - DAY

5

Annie re-enters with the package. Sits on a sofa and tears off the wrapper. She opens the package's inner wrapping, undoing first some Saran wrap, then some wax paper, coming to an inner wrapping of darkly-stained newspaper.

Annie holds the darkly-stained newspaper, hesitant. What could be so bad? She opens it.

A BLOODY PIECE OF MEAT

could be so bad. Match Annie's GASP of terror to the meat dropping toward a glass coffee table top. slightly OVERCRANKED newspaper wrapping fluttering like a parachute in streamer. HEAR Annie stumbling hastily backwards --

ANNIE

Horror shining in her eyes, her head swinging about in panic, as she backs away, stumbling over a hassock, knocking over a Tiffany-esque lamp, which CRASHES to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

THE BLOODY PIECE OF MEAT

Small really, the newspaper uncurling slightly, the flesh looks slightly familiar, there may be some who recognize it for what it is: a severed human tongue. It's not a package from Omaha Steaks. We HEAR --

ANNIE SCREAMING O.C.

Welcome to the New Age. Welcome to the millennium.

GO TO MAIN TITLES:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. ANNIE TISMAN'S HOME - LATER - DAY

6

The POLAROID DEVELOPS, SHOWS US: ONE marked SPD car, a couple of plain detective vehicles. As it reaches resolution A LEGEND appears: SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. CAMERA ADJUSTS to include a uniformed COP talking with a few curious NEIGHBORS. PICKING UP FRANK BLACK as he enters frame in f.g., moving toward the house.

7 INT. ANNIE TISMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - DAY

7

BLETCHER is standing near a hallway. We HEAR the sound of a TOILET FLUSHING, TAPS RUNNING, and a pale Annie emerges --

BLETCHER

You feeling any better?

ANNIE

A little. I don't understand this. Why would someone do this to me? I never hurt anyone.

BLETCHER

Is there somewhere we could sit and talk?

Annie looks apprehensively in the direction of the coffee table, where detectives GIEBELHOUSE and TEEPLE are examining packaging material. The tongue has been twisted up in the newspaper it arrived in.

ANNIE

(re: evidence)

Are they going to take that away soon?

Bletcher doesn't answer because he's looking o.s. at something.

BLETCHER

It's okay, Connelly.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE YOUNGER OFFICER

Posted near the front door, obviously detaining Frank.

BLETCHER

That's Frank Black. He's here to take a look at the evidence.

Connelly nods, stepping aside for Frank. No offense. None taken.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

RESUME BLETCHER, ANNIE TISMAN

Bletcher silently indicates to Frank he should examine the evidence. Annie starts to pant, looking toward the hallway.

ANNIE

Please. In the other room. We could talk in there. Please.

BLETCHER

Sorry. Wherever you'll be most comfortable.

They move off, Frank moves to Giebelhouse, Teeple. Focused on the small bundle in the newspaper wrapping.

GIEBELHOUSE

Bletcher give you any details?

Frank picks up the wrapped object.

8 FRANK'S INTERIOR POV

8

Series of QUICK CUTS. A distorted mouth (Mellen's) bends toward camera, FEATURE TONGUE. Then Mellen's on the ground, blood running down one side of his face. He's dead. A hand comes in (X) and turns his head TO CAMERA. His dumb mouth is open. As fingers dig at his lolling tongue,

9 RESUME FRANK

9

His face, abstracted. Struggling privately with what he's seen.

FRANK

Yeah. Has anyone spoken to the delivery service?

Frank does not open the package, sets it gently back down.

GIEBELHOUSE

Package was left in a drop-off box with a bogus billing code, bogus return.

TEEPLE

You seen what you need to see?

FRANK

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

GIEBELHOUSE
(to Teeple)
Then let's get the evidence
bagged and tagged.

They trade looks off Frank's seeming non-interest in the tongue.
As Frank turns his attention to Bletcher re-entering the room.

BLETCHER
Frank, spare me a minute?

Frank crosses to Bletcher, who indicates the hallway with his
eyes.

BLETCHER
I sent her to be with a friend.
You saw?

FRANK
Was she helpful at all?

BLETCHER
(shaking his head)
Doesn't seem to be any reason it
was sent to this lady. She's a
bookkeeper for a florist, no
problems at work. Widowed almost
ten years ago, no romantic
involvements, on good terms with
the family she keeps up with.

FRANK
Nobody with any grievances she's
aware of?

BLETCHER
Nope. Doesn't make any sense.

FRANK
It makes sense to the sender.

Frank pins Bletcher now. There's a beat, something passing
between them. Something that Bletcher's kept from Frank.

FRANK
This isn't the first time you've
seen one of these, is it?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

BLETCHER

(beat)

Over the last four years we've had human fingers, a partial hand sent to three individuals locally. No discernible reason these people were chosen, and no connections between any of them we've been able to find.

Bletcher looks over at his two detectives, sealing evidence bags --

BLETCHER

Finger's one thing. A guy can live without a finger, but a tongue...

FRANK

The victim's dead, Bletch. That doesn't mean you shouldn't be working hard to find him. He could tell you a lot about the man who killed him.

BLETCHER

(chuckles, in spite of himself)

With or without a tongue, huh?

Frank has to smile, though more out of discomfort.

BLETCHER

We could use your expertise on this, Frank. I think that goes without saying...

Off Frank:

CUT TO:

10 EXT. FRANK BLACK'S YELLOW HOUSE - LATER - EVENING

10

CLOSE ON AN ELECTRONIC RECEIPT BOARD. A hand enters frame, signing the signature of Catherine Black.

(X)

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

(X)

The Parcel Service Employee we saw earlier, stands before CATHERINE, signing, accepting a package. The package is the same general size and shape as the one Annie received.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

EMPLOYEE

You have a good evening now,
ma'am.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

11 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

11

Catherine enters with the package. Frank is sitting on the floor with JORDAN, reading to her from a large format book.

FRANK

"But Bear didn't tell Rabbit,
Badger or Crow that his honey
was gone from the hollow tree.
But he looked at them
differently from then on."

JORDAN

Why?

Frank looks up at Catherine and, noting the package, stands.

FRANK

We'll find out later, darling.

CATHERINE

Were you expecting a package,
Frank?

FRANK

Yeah. Some files from Bob. I
should take a look over them.
Downstairs. Won't take long.

The cryptic shorthand is well understood. He gives Catherine a quick kiss and heads for the door -- work to be done.

JORDAN

Will you read the rest before
bed, Daddy?

FRANK

(turning back)

Sure I will.

Frank turn and continues on, eyeing the package with private dread. As he opens the door to his basement office. Descending.

12 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

11

Frank takes one of a series of SEATTLE PD EVIDENCE PHOTOS from the image scanner next to his computer. He has one hand cradling the phone receiver to his ear.

FRANK

That's the last of the photos.
Have you read the pathology
reports yet?

Frank sits, rolls his chair closer to his computer. We get the briefest tasteful glimpse of the photos which show: severed human body parts. They have been pinned to the bulletin board over Frank's desk.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

What strikes me about them,
right off, is the examiner's
prior conclusion in each (X)
instance the body parts were (X)
removed while the victims were
alive.

Over Frank's shoulder a photo: a PARTIAL HAND, missing fingers.

FRANK

The deliberate infliction of (X)
pain may be intended to read as (X)
a message.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

To the victim or the recipients?

FRANK

I'd hold off conclusions at this (X)
stage. (X)
(beat) (X)
It's very possible the victim or (X)
the killer weren't acquainted. (X)

THE TONGUE -- hold a few beats, then RESUME MASTER

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Which is why the perpetrator's (X)
been hard to catch. But the (X)
owners of the body parts? Why (X)
haven't they turned up? (X)

FRANK

Given the four years activity --
we can infer the killer has been
careful in disposing the
remains.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

FRANK (cont'd)
Selecting victims whose
disappearance wouldn't draw
unusual attention. No obvious
connections to previous victims
or body part recipients.

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

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Frank is suddenly startled from his focus by:

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Frank?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE CATHERINE

standing on the steps of the basement landing.

CATHERINE

Dinner's on the table.

FRANK

I'll be one minute.

She nods as he looks at his watch. She exits, the door closes.
Frank turns back to his work.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Anything you need, Frank?

FRANK

(beat)

There is an unusual element of
mindfulness associated with the
violence. I think the local M.E.
could use an educated opinion.

(X)

(X)

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

I've got a call into Cheryl
Andrews. Already ran it down
with her. Anything else?

FRANK

No.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Enjoy your dinner, Frank.

FRANK

Yeah. Thanks.

TIME CUT TO:

13 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - EXAMINING ROOM - VERY EARLY A.M. - NIGHT

12

An unusually attractive WOMAN in a lab coat CHERYL ANDREWS,
late thirties, a forensic pathologist, is looking down, OC. We
FOLLOW her look to a TONGUE, which rests in a stainless
dissecting dish.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

ANDREWS

We're aware previous findings (X)
indicate the other body parts (X)
were all sundered while the
victims were alive.

Andrews deftly pins a shred of tissue to one side, with a gloved hand, we WIDEN to SHOW Bletcher, at Andrews' side. Penseyres and Frank are to one side, also observing.

ANDREWS

But I believe this tongue was
removed after death.

Bletcher glances toward Frank.

ANDREWS

Also the instrument used was not
as sharp, or as skillfully used
as in the previous excisions.

BLETCHER

Would that point to rage, loss
of control?

ANDREWS

Doubtful. The cuts aren't
unusually forceful, just
imprecise, a few false starts.
Repetitive blade strokes.

Bletcher looks to Frank and Penseyres as Andrews snaps her gloves off and discards them.

BLETCHER

Frank?

FRANK

We do have a pattern change. (X)

Penseyres remarks as Frank nods -- (X)

PENSEYRES

Unlikely to be intentional (X)
deviation from the established
method.

BLETCHER

So how do we account for it?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

ANDREWS

Possibly an unforeseeable event
of some kind. Victim died
prematurely, or the killer was
interrupted.

PENSEYRES

(X)

The perpetrator may be getting
lazy, becoming more casual as
his activities lose their
novelty.

(X)

BLETCHER

So it really doesn't tell us
much then....

FRANK

It tells us he's less concerned
about being discovered. But no
less dangerous. Possibly more so.

(beat)

And there's nothing to indicate
this is going to stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. CITY STREET - LATER - NIGHT

14

A man, THE JUDGE, large, baby-faced, formidable, authoritative
presence, watches A BUS, marked WASHINGTON DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS
(or whatever's appropriate), pull to a stop. A younger man,
BARDALE, 20's, gets out. He has a hard, withdrawn look, is
dressed in a state issued suit and carries a small, cheap
suitcase. The Judge watches Bardale move toward a BAR down the
block, NEON calls, the TITTLE TATTLE ROOM. The Judge follows
unhurriedly, at a distance.

TIME CUT TO:

15 INT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - NIGHT

15

MUSIC: Steve Goodman's song about Charlie Starkweather and his
gal, Caril: "Baby are you looking for love or are you looking
for danger?" In inelegant counterpoint, The Fall Guy plays on
the bar TV set.

The Judge takes a stool next to Bardale in the nearly-empty bar.
He holds up a finger to the bartender, who is watching a small
TV at the bar's other end.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

JUDGE
(to Bardale)
A wet, raw night.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

JUDGE
Rain without, rain within. A
glass of water.

BARTENDER
(half-insult)
Really.

JUDGE
Be very careful about the tone
you take with strangers. Bring
another round for Mr. Bardale.
Now.

The Judge places both hands face down on the bar, they are
(SPFX?) very small for a man his size. The Bartender, disturbed,
complies quickly, silently. Bardale looks from the Judge's
spread hands to his innocent, infant's face.

BARDALE
What're you at?

JUDGE
You've been released from
prison. Newborn in the world,
off the bus just minutes. Do you
like it?

The Judge indicates to the Bartender to take out for the drinks
from Bardale's money on the bar.

BARDALE
(nasty)
Look, if you're some queer
thinks he got lucky --

JUDGE
(sharply)
Queer?
(beat)
Since the age of fifteen, Mr.
Bardale, you've been released
six times, but your total time
outside prison has been less
than a year.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BARDALE

You a cop?

JUDGE

You're out again, having served eight years for robbery with violence. You've never been tried for much of what you've done.

BARDALE

Parole Officer? I got twenty-four hours to report in.

JUDGE

Two murders: the girl in Tacoma last time you were out, and a man who picked you up hitchhiking. You were seventeen, he was homosexual.

(off hand)

Others you killed in prison.

Bardale drinks his shot and beer, signals to the Bartender for more. The Judge waves the Bartender away. The man obeys.

JUDGE

I admire your capacity for action.

(beat)

I want to keep you in the world, your nature can serve a higher purpose.

BARDALE

You want to keep me from going back to prison?

JUDGE

Without me, you'll be in custody within days.

(gestures at drinks)

Sooner, perhaps. I will keep you in the world.

BARDALE

(thinks he gets it)

You're a lawyer. Right?

JUDGE

(seriously)

No, Mr. Bardale, I'm not. I'm a Judge.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

Bardale freezes, wondering if this is possible. And off the Judge's serious, small eyes --

CUT TO:

16 EXT. A FARM HOUSE - OUTSIDE SEATTLE - LATER - NIGHT

16

To establish. The Judge's residence. There is a hog shed to one side. We can HEAR HOGS, see their forms dimly, as we MOVE IN, past the Judge's ND sedan, to a light in the kitchen window.

JUDGE (O.S.)
(courtroom echo)
Undertake to faithfully serve
the court, Mr. Bardale, and I'll
offer you the protection it
accords.

17 INT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

17

On Carl, Mellen's killer, across a homey, cloth-covered table. Carl is slightly blown out on alcohol, chemicals.

CARL
I had to be practical, it's hard
to cut a guy's tongue out while
he's alive.

REVERSE ANGLE -- to reintroduce --

JUDGE
Sentence carried out contrary to
just instruction of the court.

CARL
I meant to get him unsuspecting. (X)
He bled out in the parking (X)
lot, croaked before I got the (X)
tongue.

JUDGE
You acted as agent of the court
while impaired.

CARL
One beer is all --

JUDGE
Remember I am who I am. How was
the corpse of the condemned
disposed of?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CARL

Same way as usual.

JUDGE

You have forgotten. You feel you
can lie as freely to me as to
yourself.

Carl gives way to guilt under the Judge's gaze.

CARL

They'll never find it. I had to
hurry.

JUDGE

Carl Nearman, you've acted
selfishly, ignored both the
requirements of justice and the
procedures of this court. You
are in radical disobedience to
the principle we serve. I'm
discharging you from the court's
service.

(calls)

Mr. Bardale.

Bardale steps into the room. Carl, addled with blow and bug
juice, tries to make sense of this; a look of horror crosses his
face as he does. The Judge pulls on a black hood.

JUDGE

Stand to receive sentence.

Carl's paralyzed with terror, as Bardale jerks him to his feet.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

18

The POLAROID DEVELOPS: And Catherine pulls into the driveway and gets out of her car to discover JACK MEREDITH, walking his dog. Meredith allows the tiny mutt to pull him across the Black's lawn, closer to Catherine. His pup paws at some neatly-raked rose beds. He lets it.

CATHERINE
I wouldn't let the dog around there.

MEREDITH
Beg your pardon?

CATHERINE
I think Frank said he was using slug pellets.

MEREDITH
(pulls mutt off)
Have you given any thought to when you and your husband might want to join us for dinner?

His small dog YAPS over him.

CATHERINE
We're still hoping to get organized on that, Jack. One of us will let you know --

Catherine retreats toward the house. The little mutt thrashes on its leash as we --

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SEMI-RURAL SETTING - CONTINUOUS - DAY

19

A similarly small dog is rooting at a pile of garden clippings. OC we hear a woman, MARILYN, calling.

MARILYN (O.S.)
Achilles! Achilles! You come right here, now, girl!

(X)

NEW ANGLE - ACHILLES THE DOG

Continues his work. We SEE Marilyn and another thick-bodied, severe-looking WOMAN approach.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Both wear red flannel lumber jackets and sturdy boots --

MARILYN
Achilles!

The dog's got a hold of a fabric item. Tugging it.

MARILYN
What in Heaven's name have you
got there? My God, that's an
appalling smell.
(to companion)
Isn't that an appalling smell?
Achilles? Come away. What is
that she's got?

Achilles has dragged a bowling jacket, "THE PIN DOWNERS", free
of the compost.

MARILYN
What could she want with that
foul, stinking old thing?

Marilyn clips a leash on the mutt. She looks more closely at the
pile of compost from her kneeling position --

MARILYN'S POV

The low angle shows a human buttocks, partially covered with
debris, darkened with lividity, gnawed by something larger than
Achilles --

MARILYN
Now, Terry. Don't panic. I think
there's a person there. A dead
person.

She stands, looking from her companion then to the bowling
jacket.

MARILYN
We'd best call the police at
once.

20 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

20

Catherine slowly descends the stairs.

CATHERINE
Frank?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

The grisly photos are still pinned to the bulletin board, (X)
affording Catherine a brief glimpse as she moves into the room. (X)
Making Frank uneasy, causing him to rise and move to her, so as (X)
to put a distance between her and the horror. (X)

FRANK

Catherine. How was work?

She glances around his office.

CATHERINE

Fine. Frank, that package you
got the other night... what are
you working on?

FRANK

(glances at photos)

Why?

CATHERINE

Does it have anything to do with
a package sent to a woman here
in town?

FRANK

Yes.

CATHERINE

I had lunch with someone from
the office. She's been
counseling a woman who'd had a
human tongue delivered to her.

FRANK

Annie Tisman?

CATHERINE

She couldn't give me her name.
But has anyone spoken to her you
know of? About her history?

FRANK

The police did brief interviews.
They weren't productive.

CATHERINE

Well, her husband was sent to
jail for robbery about twelve
years ago. He was appealing,
post conviction, on the basis
that the testimony against him
was perjured.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

FRANK

What was the outcome of that?

CATHERINE

The husband was murdered in prison before the matter was resolved.

FRANK

Did your colleague say more?

CATHERINE

She reiterated her strong impression that this woman was a straight forward, decent person. That what happened to her back then, and recently, didn't make sense.

FRANK

(beat, then:)

Thanks for telling me.

Catherine glances around the office, clearly uncomfortable.

CATHERINE

I just always feel like a trespasser down here.

FRANK

Neither of us should feel at home with what I do.

When the PHONE RINGS. Frank picks it up.

FRANK

Hello --

BLETCHER (PHONE FILTER)

Frank, it's Bob Bletcher. We found the body.

TIME CUT TO:

21 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - EXAMINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

21

Frank and Bletcher are moving through the doors, into the facility. As they walk briskly.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

BLETCHER

The corpse was hardly concealed.
Some garden clippings tossed
over it. Tongue cut out; it's
looking like we've caught a
break here, Frank.

Bletcher glances at his watch as Teeple, already in the
facility, moves toward them --

TEEPLE

Body's on its way. Pathologist
wanted to take a quick look --

BG an ATTENDANT wheels a separate, covered body, toward a rear
corner of the room. One of the corpse's hands poking out from
under the covering sheet. Frank takes a separate interest in
this, noting the CUTS on the corpse's hand.

The other men move toward the CITY PATHOLOGIST who enters,
grimly satisfied, Mellen's body rolling in his wake --

BLETCHER

Is this our guy?

PATHOLOGIST

Everything's a match.

The Pathologist uncovers Mellen's upper body. As Bletcher turns,
sees Frank still looking at the first, unconnected body.

PATHOLOGIST

White male, early fifties,
evident good health, blunt (X)
object trauma to skull, probably (X)
occurred prior to these -- stab (X)
wounds -- no defensive injuries, (X)
any or all of these wounds might (X)
have caused death. (X)

Bletcher is staring at Frank, who is now standing beside the
other gurney. Studying the hand.

CLOSE ON FRANK

Bending in, seeing the fingernails dirty and chipped. The
crimson cuts on the fingers and heel of the hand.

22 FRANK'S INTERIOR POV

22

Series of quick cuts. Of a knife flashing. Of Mellen (whose corpse we just saw on the other gurney), his mouth being pried open with dirty hands, one of which holds the knife.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

The other is bleeding from the heel and the fingers.

23 RESUME SCENE

23

As Bletcher moves over to Frank.

BLETCHER

Frank? That's an unrelated DOA --

Frank nods.

FRANK

Who is this man?

BLETCHER

(to Teeple)

That the John Doe off the tracks?

TEEPLE

Yeah.

BLETCHER

A vagrant. Railway cops found him early AM. Died from a massive loss of blood. Probably tried to hop a freight with a bag on, slipped and his legs swung under.

Frank nods, then moves back with Bletcher toward Mellen's remains, troubled.

TEEPLE

Happens three, four times a year. Rail yard bulls hate it. Interrupts their running poker game.

Bletcher gestures at Mellen's body --

BLETCHER

You want to take a look, Frank?

Frank moves to do so, noting SCRATCHES on MELLEN'S cheek, as Giebelhouse enters, gestures with a manila file --

GIEBELHOUSE

Got an ID from the prints. The man you're looking at is Jonathan Mellen -- former Seattle police officer.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

FRANK

He was a cop?

GIEBELHOUSE

Retired seven years. We're (X)
running down any living (X)
relatives. Divorced, reputation
for being argumentative, few
friends. Did some league
bowling. I got his jacket here --

The lieutenant flips through Mellen's work history in the file --

FRANK

(beat)

These two men are connected.

BLETCHER

What? Mellen and the DOA there?

Frank moves back toward Nearman. Looks at the hand.

BLETCHER

One's a murder, the other's
death by misadventure. Miles
apart, Frank, days apart.

FRANK

Who was this man? The man from
the freight yard?

BLETCHER

(to Teeple)

Do we know that yet?

Teeple shakes his head.

FRANK

You'll find the evidence to
connect these two. It's here.

Frank heads for the door. Off Bletcher staring toward Nearman --

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED
AND
25

26 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NEXT MORNING

(X) 26

To Establish.

27 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

27

Frank watches data scroll across the computer screen. Periodically he taps a mouse button and stops the flow of information. He punches in a very long series of numbers on the keyboard, we HEAR a SERIES OF CONNECTIONS made rapidly.

FRANK

Can you hear me?

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Lot of links and patches between us right now. I'm traveling. I may lose you.

FRANK

I'm looking for older documentation. Court records that are likely archived only on hard copy.

(X)

(X)

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

If it can be found it will be.

FRANK

The records would pertain to the husband of the woman who received the tongue. Last name Tisman. He was a state prisoner, would have filed a post conviction appeal or the appropriate motions seeking to overturn between nine and twelve years ago.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Okay.

FRANK

We ID'd the body from which the tongue was removed. An ex-Seattle police officer. He may figure in the record of the court proceedings, he may not.

(X)

(X)

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

I'll check it.

FRANK

There was an unrelated DOA present in the morgue. It hasn't been confirmed but I believe it's the man who killed the ex-cop, sent the Tisman woman his tongue.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

This feels like it could take us
somewhere. This unrelated DOA,
has he been identified yet?

The DOORBELL RINGS upstairs--

FRANK

No. I'll be in touch.

28 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

28

A happy Bletcher stands on the steps, his back to the door,
taking in the lovely neighborhood. The door opens and Bletcher
turns his smile on Frank. There is something exchanged between
them, a conversation which we can't discern, then Frank exits.
Moving out onto the porch.

NEW TIGHTER ANGLE ON THE TWO MEN

BLETCHER

Five hundred years ago you'd
have been burned as a witch.

FRANK

Nothing I do is magic, Bob.

BLETCHER

A lot of people shouted just
that from the middle of a
bonfire.

(X)

(beat)

The pathologist found traces of
tissue under the fingernails of
the rail yard corpse. Tissue
blood-typed out same as
Mellen's, DNA work-ups pending,
but it'll confirm it.

BLETCHER

If I knew how you linked these
two, I'd be easier in my mind.

FRANK

A combination of experience and
intuition.

BLETCHER

Uh-huh. At least it's over. The
rail yard DOA's an ex-con named
Nearman. He killed Mellen and he
looks a fit for the others, too.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

FRANK

What's his history?

BLETCHER

He'd done a half dozen sequential bits in State prisons for armed robbery, grand theft, released five years back. No record since. If I'd had to guess yesterday, I'd've said he took to the bottle, and that the drinking took the starch out of his tail. But as we now know, he moved on to bigger things. You were right about the connection, Frank. I wanted you to hear it from me.

Bletcher makes to leave. Frank follows --

FRANK

Carl Nearman: A violent repeat offender, repeatedly caught, convicted and jailed. You see a learning curve there?

(X)

BLETCHER

I didn't see the connection with Mellen. You did.

FRANK

Habitual criminal, sub-normal intelligence at best, a drinker and a user.

BLETCHER

You don't have to be sober, or much of a thinker, to kill people. We both know that.

FRANK

He didn't just kill people. He acted with deliberate purpose. He covered his tracks well.

(X)

BLETCHER

He slipped up.

FRANK

No. There's been a direction and purpose to these crimes.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

FRANK (cont'd)

The man you've described wasn't
capable of formulating the
rationale that would require.

(X)

(beat)

There's someone else in this.
Bletcher.

Bletcher pauses, looks to his car and back at Frank.

BLETCHER

Oh, boy. Sometimes, Frank, if it
quacks, it really is a duck.

Bletcher walks down the steps. Into sunlight. Frank stands above
him. Bletcher halts and turns. A troubled Frank stands
half-shadowed.

(X)

FRANK

This isn't over.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED

30 INT. THE JUDGE'S - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

30

The Judge is wrapping Bardale's leg in gauze, slapping handfuls
of wet plaster on it from a bucket at his side. As he forms the
cast he speaks gently to Bardale, who sits in a kitchen chair.

JUDGE

Having found sufficient evidence
the accused removed, or caused
to be removed, lighting from his
apartment building's common
stairwell.

The Judge rises now, hands still slick with plaster.

JUDGE

And this action having resulted
in a female tenant, aged 62,
sustaining fatal injuries as a
result of a fall, it's now my
duty to pronounce sentence. Have
you seen my hood, Mr. Bardale?

BARDALE

You had it earlier.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Judge turns, moves to the sink where he washes the plaster from his hands. Finishes, looks around the counter, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out his black hood. He shakes it out --

JUDGE

You are to apprehend the
condemned, as instructed and,
having transported him to the
place designated, to amputate
his right leg below the knee.

(X)

(X)

BARDALE

I got it written down from
earlier, Judge. I like the foot.
I mean it's like this
sonofabitch, he kicked that old
lady down the stairs.
Practically.

JUDGE

The prisoner shall be conscious
prior to the amputation and you
shall make him aware of the
court's sentence.

BARDALE

I'll rub it in good.

The Judge dons the hood.

JUDGE

Having carried out your
instructions, you are reminded
that the condemned, should he
live, shall in no way have his
pain or suffering ameliorated,
but he shall be placed at once
in the designated place of his
confinement. There he shall
remain. Forever.

The Judge pulls off his hood. He inspects Bardale's drying cast.
Bardale loves this man.

JUDGE

The hood may seem superfluous to
you, Mr. Bardale, but I
pronounce formal sentence to
honor what we do and to set it
apart from frying bacon or
passing gas.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

BARDALE

I respect that, Judge. Only just
the two of us here it seems a
little like law court, you know?

JUDGE

Mine is not a Court of Law, Mr.
Bardale, it is a Court of
Justice. We cannot address every
case. Our scope is not broad,
like the common law courts, it
is narrower, deeper, purer and
our judgment final.

BARDALE

I better get going.

(beat)

Doing the right thing like this.
It feels good. I'm real
grateful, Judge.

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

Off the Judge's nod --

(X)

CUT TO:

31 INT. A LUXURY SEDAN - TRAVELLING - LATER - NIGHT

31

BIGGS, 40's, is driving. Up ahead he sees a car, a tire off, by
the roadside. Bardale, in his cast, steps onto the road,
blocking it, waving his arms, looking miserable, weak and
desperate.

BIGGS

Ah... dammit.

He slows the car.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 EXT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - SEATTLE - DAY

32

The POLAROID DEVELOPS. Coming into complete focus, A LEGEND APPEARS. Then A POSTAL TRUCK enters frame, continuing into an underground garage entrance. Rolling past A PARCEL SERVICE truck, exiting.

33 INT. FEDERAL OFFICE BLDG. - MAIL ROOM - DAY

33

A MAIL ROOM WORKER stands with his back to a conveyer belt along which packages and mail move. The man talks to a FEMALE CO-WORKER, her back to the camera. Over the man's shoulder we see an X-RAY MONITOR SCREEN which displays the shadowy contents of the mail moving along the belt below.

MALE WORKER

(mumble under)

Don't mind the no windows after
a while. Been here six years,
an' workin' security, it's
important. You know you're
contributing.

Behind him on the monitor screen we see A HUMAN FOOT,
unmistakably, pass. The female co-worker chokes and points.

FEMALE WORKER

(horrified)

Uh-uh, fot-foot-

The man turns to his screen. The foot's passed through.

FEMALE WORKER

Turn it back. Turn the belt back.

The guy hits a button, the belt reverses, and the FOOT is again clearly visible inside the misty outline of a package. He backs away as the female worker stands motionless, staring at the image on the monitor and we PUSH IN on THE MONITOR. THE FOOT.

MALE WORKER

(yammering in b.g.)

Go for a damn supervisor. I'm
takin' a personal day. I don't
get paid for this -- I'm trained
for bombs 'n... I ain't got it
for this kinda crap...!

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

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. POLICE PATHOLOGY LAB - LATER - DAY

34

A calf-high sock, knotted at the end, is undone by a pair of rubber-gloved hands. The gloved hands strip off the sock to reveal a hairy calf and the foot. PULL BACK to show Bletcher, Giebelhouse and Teeple. The PATHOLOGIST drops the muddy, blood-stained sock into a zip lock bag held by Giebelhouse.

The Pathologist strips his gloves off and washes his hands --

PATHOLOGIST
Going by the state of
decomposition, assuming no
refrigeration, I'd put the
amputation within the last 36 to
100 hours.

(X)

Frank enters, they nod acknowledgment --

TEEPLE
It's got to be the same guy,
Nearman, we made for the others.

FRANK
Who was the addressee?

Giebelhouse looks to Teeple, this is solved --

TEEPLE
Filman. G-3 worked for the
Department of the Interior, in
the Federal Building. Widower.
Due to retire this year.

(X)

FRANK
What was the time stamp on the
package?

TEEPLE
Parcel service guy said it could
have sat in the drop box over
the weekend.

(X)

(X)

GIEBELHOUSE
As much as another five or six
hours before getting sorted,
time-and-date stamped and
shipped. Plenty of time for
Nearman to do it before his
accident.

TEEPLE
We're assuming it's the same
perpetrator.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TEEPLE (cont'd)
Nothing says different.
(pointedly)
Nothing else makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

Frank and Bletcher trade a look. Bletcher already knowing what Frank's thoughts are on this line.

PATHOLOGIST

By the evidence the time frame works and we're seeing the established pattern. Amputated while the victim was alive.

Frank's moves closer to the leg, Teeple steps aside.

FRANK

It's not the established pattern.

(beat)

It's a return to the established pattern.

34A FRANK'S INTERIOR POV

(X) 34A

Quick shots: 1) Hands (Bardale's) pour liquid from a brown bottle onto a rag. 2) Rag is secured with thick elastic bands over Biggs' face. 3) A turf-cutter's polished half moon blade flashes above a socked leg.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

34B RESUME FRANK

(X) 34B

FRANK

The guy who killed the cop, Mellen, he didn't do this.

(X)

BLETCHER

Then who did?

FRANK

Someone else. These impressions on the ankle, was there a sock?

PATHOLOGIST

Over there. It's been bagged.

Frank picks up the bagged sock from the counter.

He opens the envelope and removes the sock.

FRANK

(to pathologist)

Are you doing soil work on this?

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED:

34B

PATHOLOGIST

That has to be done back east.
won't have results for a week or
so.

Frank takes a small manila envelope from his pocket. He rubs the
sock between his fingers, dried soil drops down into the
envelope.

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED: (2)

34E

GIEBELHOUSE

We've got our guy. Every piece
of evidence says he could have
done it.

(X)

FRANK

No. This is the old pattern,
this limb belongs to someone who
may still be alive. We recess
for debate and that might change.

(X)

Off Bletcher, nodding. Acquiescing to Frank --

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED
AND
36 OMITTED

37 INT. A WINDOWLESS FORENSIC LAB - ANYWHERE - LATER - DAY

37

Close on the soil sample being dumped from the small manila
collection envelope into a small test tube. A fluid is poured in
by female hands. The tube is placed in a centrifuge and begins
to start whirling faster and faster until it's a blur.

WIDER

Cheryl Andrews waits and watches over the WHIRRING machine. Near
her, Penseyres is dialing the phone.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

38

Frank is absorbed in reading sheets of info as they come out of
his active Fax machine. When the PHONE RINGS. Frank answers.

FRANK

Yeah.

PENSEYRES (PHONE FILTER)

Did you receive my copy of the
court records?

FRANK

I'm looking at them right now.

(X)

INTERCUT WITH PENSEYRES IN THE WINDOWLESS BASEMENT

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

PENSYERES

Cements the connection between
the cop who was killed and the
lady who was sent the tongue.

FRANK

We can thank my wife for that.

PENSEYRES

The dead police officer, Mellen,
was a prosecution witness at the
Tisman trial; the conviction
turned on his testimony.

FRANK

A possibly false testimony.

PENSYERES

So Annie Tisman was sent the
tongue of the cop who looks to
have perjured himself against
her husband. Why?

(X)
(X)

FRANK

I think somebody's righting
wrongs.

PENSEYRES

What? A 'New Age' vigilante?

(X)

FRANK

This person's directing the
killer. The killers. And
there's nothing new about it.

(X)
(X)
(X)

39 INT. WINDOWLESS FORENSIC LAB - CONTINUOUS - DAY

39

We SEE what appears to be a cluster of "boulders", each glowing
with a different colored hue. We HEAR a rapidly repeated SHUTTER
CLICKING, and the WHIRR of a camera's motor drive.

CHERYL ANDREWS

is operating a camera attached to a "CL" (cathodoluminescent)
microscope, photographing the soil sample separates. Penseyres
is on the phone in the b.g. as she finishes, crosses to a
computer monitor, hits a key and begins examining a database of
COLOR SOIL SAMPLES. After three distinct samples she matches the
view through the CL 'scope.

ANDREWS

I've got something here.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Off Penseyres' reaction:

CUT TO:

40 INT. BLETCHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

40

Bletcher listening to Andrews, writing down what she's saying.

ANDREWS

Soil composition suggests a bog.
Absence of herbicide and
pesticide, along with the
presence of cranberry seeds,
indicate it was once a working
cranberry farm -- out of
production a couple years.

BLETCHER

(shouts)

Giebelhouse!

Bletcher continues writing as Giebelhouse enters. The tone is
quick, urgent. Time is of the essence.

BLETCHER

I need you to listen to this.

ANDREWS

Are either of you familiar with
Chelan County, Lieutenant?

BLETCHER

Chelan County. Yeah. Sure.

ANDREWS

If you've got a topo map we can
probably narrow this down to a
few specific sites.

BLETCHER

Let's get her a map.

41 OMITTED

41

CUT TO:

42 EXT. FARM ROAD - CHELAN COUNTY, WA - LATER - DAY

42

A cluster of police vehicles. In the distant BG we see
detectives and uniforms, moving through boggy, low brush.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

A uniformed OFFICER, his radio clipped to his chest stands in the foreground directing what little traffic there is around the scene --

BLETCHER

In the bog, including Giebelhouse, pattern searching nearby --

BLETCHER
(shouts)
Giebelhouse. Keep working this
area.
(to a couple of
Uniformed cops)
You two, follow me.

He heads north--

43 OMITTED

43

44 EXT. BOG - CHELAN COUNTY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

44

The two uniformed cops follow Bletcher, who crosses the road past the cluster of vehicles -- he stops at a half-overgrown farm road.

BLETCHER
If the man we're looking for's
in the area he could be covered,
hidden in debris...

(X)
(X)

Bletcher pulls a couple of shrubs out of the way, looks down to see the branches have been placed to conceal --

TIRE TRACKS

In the mud.

BLETCHER
One of you get on the radio. I
want everybody moved up here.

Bletcher heads into the shrubs, followed by the one cop who is not on the radio --

NEW ANGLE - BLETCHER AND UNIFORM

He enters clearing, looks for tire tracks, doesn't see any. Looking up, across the clearing, half-overgrown by brambles he sees --

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

A RUSTY METAL TANK

Suitable for stashing de-legged men. As Bletcher moves to it, (X)
his suspicions rising. Particularly when he sees DRIED BLOOD on (X)
the steps leading up. (X)

BLETCHER
(to cop)
Call for medical service.

(X)
(X)

GIEBELHOUSE, TEEPLE AND OTHERS

Begin to arrive in the clearing.

BLETCHER

Jogs to the tank, clambers on top, and begins to struggle with
some rusty "T" bolts securing a hatch in place.

BLETCHER
Where's those EMT's?

The EMT's with a portable stretcher enter the clearing.

BLETCHER

Flips back the tank lid, peers inside --

BLETCHER
Get them up here, now.

Bletcher lowers himself into the tank, as Teeple climbs up,
extending a hand to an EMT below --

TEEPLE
Lieutenant?

BLETCHER (OC)
(tank echo)
We've found our victim.

(X)

BLETCHER'S POV

(X)

In the dim light we can see the body, the half-lit face of
Biggs. Eyes open, but in death.

(X)
(X)

RETURN TO BLETCHER

(X)

BLETCHER (OC)
There's no rush.

(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

BLETCHER
I think I know the kinds of
places you mean.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

46 EXT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

(X) 46

SEE Giebelhouse and Teeple roll slowly past in an ND unmarked
unit. A few bikes parked in the bar's lot, maybe an old El
Camino with a heart cut-out window.

45 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - LATER - DAY

45

Frank, Penseyres, Giebelhouse and Teeple watch Andrews and the Pathologist examine the body of BIGGS, one foot amputated, the limb cinched off with a belt --

BLETCHER

Any idea how long he's been dead?

ANDREWS

Not long. Two hours maybe. A little less.

PATHOLOGIST

Improvised tourniquet kept him alive.

ANDREWS

Used his own belt.

BLETCHER

(very disturbed)

You imagine that? The pain?
Knowing you're going to die?

FRANK

Those were most probably the orders of execution. The killer's following a protocol.

(X)
(X)

PENSEYRES

Resuming the m.o.

BLETCHER

Orders from whom?

FRANK

A controller. Someone calling the shots. Out of caution or distaste he's chosen to avoid direct action. Now he's found himself a new surrogate.

PENSEYRES

Someone to carry on the killing.

FRANK

Someone predisposed to an alternative theory of justice. Disillusioned. Credulous. Naive even.

BLETCHER

You mean, we're looking for two guys now?

(CONTINUED)

- 48 INT. BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

42

Bletcher gets in the driver's seat, slams the door, looks to Frank, who's staring across at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

FRANK

The killer's capable of a high level of violence -- probably someone who's been through the justice system once or twice. Done time.

PENSEYRES

Ex-con who moves in similar circles, outside. Limited number of places these people go. Limited ways they socialize.

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

BLETCHER

I think I know the kinds of places you mean.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

46

SEE Giebelhouse and Teeple roll slowly past in an ND unmarked unit. A few bikes parked in the bar's lot, maybe an old El Camino with a heart cut-out window.

47 INT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

47

The bar's few customers are pool-playing bikers, a wino or two, an old neighborhood woman, couple of biker-momma types. Frank sits at a small table, a beer bottle before him, his back to the door. Bletcher is talking to the Bartender, whose attention is primarily on a TV action show. Bletcher rejoins Frank at the table, as BARDALE enters the bar.

BLETCHER

Nothing. Muscle-head bartenders know nothing and try to keep it a secret.

Frank twists a napkin. Sensing--

BARDALE

Glances around the room, his glance flicking over Frank and Bletcher like a ghekkos tongue, the hyper-acuity of a habitual criminal. He orders a beer and a shot. He makes momentary eye contact with Frank. Glance away with a quick, feigned, casual air.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

BLETCHER AND FRANK

BLETCHER

I don't know, Frank. We've
pretty much done the circuit.
Even if this "controller" exists
and recruits his guys straight
from the joint, doesn't mean
we're going to find him.
There's a lot of places cons go
when they get out.

FRANK

(rising)

Come on.

BLETCHER

We'll check release and parole
records, see if --

FRANK

Not now, Bob.

Bletcher falls silent as the two men exit. Franks sees in a
REFLECTION Bardale, looking at him.

(X)

CUT TO:

48 INT. BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

48

Bletcher gets in the driver's seat, slams the door, looks to
Frank, who's staring across at the bar.

FRANK

The killer's inside.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 EXT. TITTLE TATTLE LOUNGE - NIGHT - WIDE

(X) 49

POLAROID DEVELOPS TO ESTABLISH. Reaching resolution, CAMERA
BOOMS DOWN to reveal Frank and Bletcher watching the TITTLE
TATTLE, as before.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

Pale and pasty, hasn't been out
doors lately, a relatively-
recent jailhouse "12" tattooed
on his neck.

BLETCHER

If he is just out, what makes
you think he's right? What says
he's our guy?

FRANK

He recognized us.

BLETCHER

I've been told I look like a
cop, maybe you do, too.

FRANK

We made eye contact. He didn't
just know we were law
enforcement. He was expecting
us. He didn't panic.

BLETCHER

Okay. We'll detain him, see what
his story is --

Bletcher reaches for the radio --

FRANK

We want the guy who runs him.

BLETCHER

He'll give that up sooner or
later. If he's the killer. And
if he is, physical evidence's
always there, Frank. We'll prove
it.

FRANK

Wait until he comes out, gets in
his car.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

Bletcher considers--

CUT TO:

50 INT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The Judge is on the phone speaking softly, reassuringly --

JUDGE (INTO PHONE)
My bench's dictates cannot be
appealed, questioned, modified
or set aside by any court of
men's devising. My judicial
privilege shelters you, Mr.
Bardale.

(softly)
We cannot be called to account,
you or I, not by --

51 INTERCUT - BARDALE

In the bar. On the pay phone.

BARDALE (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, yeah, but what do I do?

52 A NEW ANGLE - JUDGE

JUDGE (INTO PHONE)
-- courts at perpetual odds with
the justice they presume to
assure their continued existence.

53 NEW ANGLE - BARDALE

BARDALE (INTO PHONE)
Sure I got cops riding circles
around here and you're on your
"justice" horse. I gotta move--

54 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE JUDGE

JUDGE (INTO PHONE)
Shut up, Bardale. Don't let your
fear make you insolent. You saw
cops in the bar? I'm sure you
did. Are they looking for you?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

JUDGE (cont'd; INTO PHONE)
You're an afterthought now, Mr.
Bardale. They want me.

55 ANGLE - BARDALE

55

BARDALE (INTO PHONE)
Why? Why would they, Judge?

JUDGE (PHONE FILTER)
Because if you saw them, they
saw you. If they wanted you
they'd take you. They'd convict
you. But then; they'd miss me.
If they left you, it's clear
they've some idea I exist --

56 NEW ANGLE - JUDGE

56

JUDGE (INTO PHONE)
I've been wanting to meet the
man who could find me.

NEW ANGLE - JUDGE POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF MILK

JUDGE (INTO PHONE)
They will come to me, and as I
promised, I will protect you.
(beat; fiercely)
Do as I say. Take my car, drive
away. Remember my Court is
paramount.

The Judge cradles the handset.

57 ANGLE - BARDALE

57

Bardale heads for the bar door, a cagey-con look crosses his
face, and he turns toward the men's room --

CUT TO:

58 INT. BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

58

Giebelhouse and Teeple pull up their car, window lowered,
Bletcher looks from them to Frank.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

BLETCHER
I can't wait for this guy any
longer.
(to Giebelhouse and
Teeple)
Go. You've got the description.

TIME CUT:

59 INT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - MEN'S ROOM - SLIGHTLY LATER - NIGHT

59

Giebelhouse and Teeple look at an open window.

TEEPLE
Didn't go right, didn't go left.
Right down the middle.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. TITTLE TATTLE ROOM - PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

60

The street is darker now. It's later and the traffic has
lightened. The Bartender emerges, having locked up. Puts his key
in the lock of an ND car. Teeple and Giebelhouse are not far
away. There is some kind of angry exchange before the barkeep
gets in his car and SQUEALS off --

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

61 INT. BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

61

Frank nods as this action finishes, noting the last remaining
vehicle in the lot across the street.

(X)

FRANK
That car there. It's what the
killer was driving. That's the
car that will lead us to the man
in charge.

(X)

BLETCHER
(noting plate number)
It shouldn't. You know it. That
car should be hot, the plates
stolen.

FRANK
I have a feeling the man we're
after doesn't operate that way.

Bletcher gives Frank a glance and shoves the car into gear --

62 EXT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

62

Bletcher is banging on the door, Giebelhouse stands to one side. Behind them a few marked cars, lights off, OFFICERS, crouched in protective positions. Standing, half-shadowed, near the hog pen, is Frank Black.

The Judge opens the door. Bletcher shows his badge.

BLETCHER
Detective Lieutenant Bletcher,
Seattle PD. We'd like to ask you
a few questions.

JUDGE
I've been expecting you. Come in.

BLETCHER
I'd like to ask you to come with
us.

Follow the Judge's smile as he looks toward --

FRANK

Standing in the shadows watching.

63 EXT. SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

63.

To Establish.

64 INT. SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM -
CONTINUOUS - DAY

64

Giebelhouse is tired as Teeple exits, Bletcher is determined to hide his fatigue. The Judge looks calm and rested. It's been all night and half a day. Bletcher shows him a picture of Nearman.

BLETCHER
Once more, do you recognize this
man?

JUDGE
Once more, it could be Carl, a
hired man who cared for my hogs.
A drifter, an alcoholic, I never
asked his last name. As I said.

BLETCHER
Where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

JUDGE

Well, in the photo he looks
dead, but since you won't say,
I won't guess.

BLETCHER

You said you were out of state,
returned to find him gone.

JUDGE

Yes.

BLETCHER

We have evidence your "hired
man" committed at least one
murder. A man named Mellen. Does
that name sound familiar?

JUDGE

No.

GIEBELHOUSE

You remember if the name was in
your books?

JUDGE

It could well be. So many names.
I can't remember them all,
that's why I keep scrap books.

Bletcher fires another photograph, an older mug shot of Bardale,
at the Judge.

BLETCHER

This man?

JUDGE

I said he looks something like
Mike.

GIEBELHOUSE

Another pig guy you barely know?

JUDGE

Didn't I say so? If that is Mike.

BLETCHER

You've said you're a livestock
auctioneer --

CONTINUED:

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

JUDGE
(auctioneer's
professional sing-
song)

I got fifteen do I hear fifteen
five, fifteen five, thank you
sir, got a fifteen five make it
a fifteen fifty, for this fine
steer thank you, gotta fifteen
fifty, any more, who'll five me
sixteen do I hear a sixteen, any
where a sixteen, gonna stop at
fifteen fifty, sixteen there
sir, do I here more now, who's
gonna bid for --

GIEBELHOUSE
Shut up! Damn...

(X)

JUDGE
I travel all over the country.
(beat)
Often enough to be confident I
was out of state on any occasion
you may chose to concern
yourself with.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BLETCHER'S OFFICE - SLIGHTLY LATER - DAY

65

Bletcher enters, closes the door as ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY
AQUILA gestures at the ledgers on the Lieutenant's desk.

AQUILA
I've reviewed journals removed
from the suspect's home. There's
definitely material there
linking him to the body part
recipients and the victims we've
managed to identify. I think
he's in this.

BLETCHER
You're the ADA. Do we charge him?

AQUILA
I called my boss. He says no. We
don't have enough from the scrap
books.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

AQUILA (cont'd)
There's over a thousand names, (X)
but nothing to satisfy motive or (X)
intent. Did you get a statement (X)
from him we can use?

BLETCHER
We're working on it.

AQUILA
That's a "no"?

Though Bletcher won't give her satisfaction here, either, the (X)
look on his face betrays the answer well enough. (X)

66 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

66

Frank is watching Aquila and Bletcher in discussion through the glass office wall. Bletcher's pantomime by turns conciliatory and demanding. Giebelhouse exits the interview room, stands by Frank, also observing.

GIEBELHOUSE
It'll take another ten minutes,
but guess what? We're going to (X)
have to cut him loose.

Teeple hangs up a phone at his desk in the squad room, crosses to them.

TEEPLE
Who's in there with him?

GIEBELHOUSE
No one. And I never took his
belt and laces either.

FRANK
I'd like to talk to him.

The two detectives exchange a look.

TEEPLE
You know that he asked for you?
Last night.

GIEBELHOUSE
Talk to him. He's going home
soon anyway.

As Giebelhouse opens the door with his key--

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

JUDGE (cont'd)
A wild, unconstrained justice.
You'd have freedom to act
without fear.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

TEEPLE

(X)

He called you "the outsider."

67 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

67

The Judge rises as Frank enters.

FRANK

Sit down.

(after he does --)

What should I call you?

JUDGE

Judge is fine. Or the name on the report. My name is legion --

FRANK

Legion?

JUDGE

When Jesus of Nazareth expelled demons from a herd of enchanted hogs, the story has it the demons told him that their name was "legion". How would you like to work for me?

FRANK

Work? You mean, killing?

(X)

JUDGE

Every man finds his own path to justice. You needn't commit yourself now. The offer's open. A month, a year. There are many benefits. I know you're sometimes scared, for your family, your wife, there's a child too, yes?

A beat. It hangs there, heavy. Like a good lucky guess. Or not.

FRANK

What did you say to Mr. Bardale when you spoke to him? When he called you from the bar?

(X)

JUDGE

Bardale -- who can speak to Bardale. A slave of echoes. I can talk to you. We're after the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

FRANK

How's that?

(X)

JUDGE

I can show you an absolute
justice. An unconstrained
justice. You'd have freedom to
act without fear. Bardale, his
kindred, they fear me. They obey
me. Your family would be safe
from such threats.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

Maybe.

JUDGE

The police are about to release
me. You, your Group associates,
have never been as close to me
as I've allowed this time. I
wanted you to hear my offer;
feel its truth, see my strength.

FRANK

We will find Bardale.

JUDGE

Oh, yes. My congratulations in
advance. Time to go.

A key turns in the lock; Bletcher, grim, enters, indicates the
Judge can leave.

JUDGE

Remember the offer's open. And
if I'm hard to reach, well,
don't make the conventional
assumptions, will you?

He leaves. Bletcher scowls after him.

BLETCHER

What'd he say?

FRANK

(obliquely, in
disgust)

He offered me a job.

(X)

(X)

Off Bletcher--

DISSOLVE TO:

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

CATHERINE

(X)

What? You know where that is...

(X)

FRANK

(X)

I might.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

68 INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

68

Frank emerges from the basement, well within himself and his thoughts. He's carrying a cold plate of food. Catherine is putting away dinner things. Frank hands her his untouched plate.

CATHERINE

This has been going on almost a week, Frank. You want to talk about it? Out loud that is?

FRANK

The man I had Bletcher pick up has filed a half-dozen law suits. The City Attorney's ordered the police to stay away from him.

CATHERINE

Didn't this man play by his own rules? You said he called himself a Judge.

FRANK

He had people killed, styled it a form of "justice." I guess a few disturbed, scared, ex-cons were convinced it was justice.

(X)

CATHERINE

If he was pushing a private, higher justice, isn't his using conventional law to protect himself at odds with that?

(X)

FRANK

To someone who bought into his private code, maybe. I don't think he himself does. I don't know he buys into anything.

CATHERINE

What about the accomplice? The man you and Bob saw in the bar?

FRANK

We should have found him by now.

CATHERINE

He couldn't be hiding?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

FRANK

He's been imprisoned most of his
life. He's not good at hiding.
He'd be seeking his own comfort.

Catherine sees a look come over Frank.

CATHERINE

What? You know where that is...

FRANK

I might.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. BLETCHER'S UNMARKED CAR - ROADSIDE - LATER - NIGHT

69

Frank's Cherokee pulls in behind Bletcher. Frank turns off his
lights and only the outlines are discernible. We HEAR the night,
as the cooling cars engine's TICK, not far from the Judge's --

FRANK

Gets out, and walks slowly into the shadows to find --

BLETCHER

His hands jammed under his armpits, as if to contain his
tension --

BLETCHER

I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't
be this close to his place.

FRANK

I think Bardale's there.

BLETCHER

(pushing)

That's all. You think he's there.

FRANK

That's all. I think that's why
we can't find him.

BLETCHER

I can't go near there, Frank. I
step on that man's property and
Bardale isn't there -- I put the
department and the city in real
legal trouble.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

FRANK
Just be close by.

BLETCHER
I can't advise you to go there
yourself.

FRANK
I'm a private citizen.

Bletcher watches Frank walk away toward the Cherokee --

CUT TO:

70 EXT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - SLIGHTLY LATER - NIGHT

70

Frank's Cherokee rolls to a stop near the hog pen, lights off,
as silently as possible --

FRANK

Gets out of the car, HEARS the hogs SNUFFLING, GRUNTING and
ROOTING in the darkness. He looks towards the Judge's house.

FRANK'S POV

The house is dark, seems deserted.

Frank moves toward the building, past a wheelbarrow by the hog
pen, in the shadows. Frank makes his way around it.

NEW ANGLE - FRANK

Shielding the beam of a penlight, moves toward the back of the
house.

A REAR DOOR

To the house is open.

AN ENVELOPE

Taped to the door. Frank shines the light on it. Block capital
letters: FRANK BLACK. He opens the unsealed envelope, turns away
from the door, shines his pen-light on it. LETTER: SORRY TO HAVE
MISSED YOU. ANOTHER TIME?

FRANK

Snaps off his light, pockets the letter and moves inside the
house --

71 INT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

71

Frank stands silent; listening, feeling drafts from various darkened doorways -- he moves ahead and stops. HEAR a POP TOP pulled on a beer-can.

Frank moves toward the sound. Toward the kitchen.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The moonlight through the kitchen window shows us Frank, standing by the doorway, looking towards camera, toward the SOUND of a MAN DRINKING. An aluminum can crunched in a man's hand.

FRANK'S POV

Bardale in silhouette, against the kitchen window.

BARDALE

You a cop?

Frank moves closer to him, into a better light--

FRANK

No. Not a cop.

Bardale opens the refrigerator, briefly lit by the light, naked from the waist up, his chest and back are bruised and scratched. Heavily tattooed. Bardale opens another beer.

FRANK

I'm a private citizen.

BARDALE

Like me.

Frank moves toward a door off the kitchen, just a few feet --

BARDALE

You looking for someone?

FRANK

Where's the guy who lives here?

BARDALE

Around.

FRANK

(beat)

There's nowhere for you to go.

Bardale rises, turns on the kitchen light. We see the deep scratches and bruises on his chest more clearly. And lots of tattoos.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED:

71

BARDALE
Back to prison.

Bardale pours the beer over the back of his head and neck shakes it off.

BARDALE
I was always going back to prison.

FRANK
(re: wounds)
How'd you get those?

BARDALE
On business. Man wasn't no Judge.

FRANK
What was he?

BARDALE
Who cares now? He was no Judge of me. That's how it turned out.

FRANK
You think he betrayed you?

BARDALE
In prison you don't have it both ways. You're either an inmate or a convict. A man or a piece of worthless crap. Judge said the system was worthless crap.
(beat)
Then he gets in bed with the system. He was a pig, like the rest.

FRANK
He promised you'd be safe outside with him. (X)
(X)

BARDALE
Who gives a rat's ass.
(beat)
Wasn't what he said, it's what he was that mattered. He was bitch enough to let the cops take him, to file law suits after he let them do it. Bitch in the heart. He wasn't any kind of Judge. Bitch was pure pig. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

FRANK

I want you to come outside with me.

Bardale nods.

BARDALE

You know what Gary Gilmore said, right before they shot him.

Frank nods. He knows well enough. Giving this two-bit recidivist (X) his props, though this man nor his allusions mean nothing to him. (X)

BARDALE

Then, "Let's do it."

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. THE JUDGE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY AREA - LATER - NIGHT

72

It's a full crime scene, lots of police cars, lights, detectives coming in and out of the house, including Giebelhouse and Teeple.

BLETCHER

Gets out of the back of a marked police vehicle where he has been talking to the cuffed Bardale. Slaps the door shut, a uniformed OFFICER snaps out of his slouched position against the driver's door, looks to a half-disgusted Bletcher.

BLETCHER

Get him out of here.

FRANK

Across the driveway area, nearer the hog sty, looking toward Bletcher.

FRANK'S POV

Bletcher makes his way doggedly across the yard toward him, behind him the police vehicle pulls away.

BARDALE

In the back of the car, stares straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

FRANK AND BLETCHER

BLETCHER

He's not talking. Is that just
convict to cop? How much did he
say to you?

FRANK

He said the man called himself
the Judge. And he said the Judge
was a pig.

THE HOG STY

A camera FLASHES amidst a crowd of Crime Scene Unit COPS, there,
some PEOPLE from the ME's OFFICE, disgusted EMT'S, all calf-deep
in hog crap, some forced to keep huge, predacious HOGS away from
the others, whose activity is centered on --

A LARGE WHITE TORSO

Visible in sections between the men's legs.

FRANK AND BLETCHER

Move off a little, away from muffled imprecations and grunts of
disgust from the party at work.

BLETCHER

Bardale killed him, put him in
there?

FRANK

Ham-strung him, dumped him in
alive. Probably.

BLETCHER

You don't know.

FRANK

(beat)

I don't want to know.

Bletcher looks towards the sight --

BLETCHER'S POV

The Judge's body, now bagged, is being removed.

FRANK

Is moving toward his Cherokee.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

BLETCHER

Frank? The bodies? The ones we
never found? We'll find what
there is to find of them in
there?

FRANK

Nods affirmatively.

FRANK

It's over.

(beat)

I'm going home now.

FADE OUT:

THE END