

R.I.P.D.

by

Phil Hay & Matt Manfredi

Based on the comic book series entitled "R.I.P.D." aka "Rest In
Peace Department" created by Peter Lenkov and published by Dark
Horse Entertainment

Revisions by

Brian Koppelman & David Levien
Phil Hay & Matt Manfredi
H. Seitz

Current Revisions

By
Phil Hay & Matt Manfredi

06/07/11

1 EXT. BOSTON CHINATOWN ALLEY - PRESENT DAY

1

Today's Boston skyline. We LOWER into CHINATOWN, come to rest wide over the shoulder of a MAN.

As if in a Spaghetti Western, the man faces down a lonely alley, at the end of which is a beat-up basement-level aquarium supply store. He wears a duster, a cowboy hat.

We come around to see the face of BO. Rough and ready, an old-west swagger to him, he strides down the alley, past a rumbling delivery truck, and down the steps.

2 INT. BEACON HILL AQUARIUM SUPPLY - DAY

2

Bo throws open the door. A thin young man, TIM (19), who can't quite seem to grow proper facial hair, looks up from the counter.

He is surrounded by quietly BURBLING FISH TANKS.

BO

I'm looking for a fish.

TIM

Well... we love fish.

Bo steps to the counter, leaning in and fixing Tim with a hard, searching glare. A long, long pause. Finally--

BO

All you people seem to. Who knows why? Mystery of the unknown.

Bo holds his probing stare a couple beats past uncomfortable.

BO

What is it? The tranquility? The lonely eyes? The softly puckering lips? Tell me. Is it the lips?

Bo produces a greasy container of takeout, slides it across the counter. The smell seems to disturb Tim.

BO

I think it's the whole package. Sure, the fish are sexy. That's a given, it's primal, I get it. But then there's the little castle in the tank. Represents security. And wouldn't it be great to be that little diver man, hidden behind a mask. Bubbling.

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

Must be soothing to wall up with
these gillers and pretend that you
still belong on this earth...

(leaning closer)
...pretend you aren't dead.

A tiny flinch from Tim, as that word lands. A nervous laugh.

TIM

You're crazy.

BO

You've been hiding out 117 years
past expiration.

He stares at Tim, sliding the takeout closer. Tim's eyes
briefly flicker with a deep malevolence.

TIM

Who are you?

BO

You know my name. I slung law with
Hoyt Stenson, the saint of the
prairie. And I. Got. You... Clement
"Smokewagon" Perkins.

Suddenly, Tim erupts uncontrollably in a revealing, furious
burst of anachronisms.

TIM

Hoyt Stenson was a blustering
sidewinder and a fool from the day
he popped from his saloon sweeper
momma! And you carry his water!

Bo whips out a large revolver, a victorious grin on his face.
The bullets in the cylinder GLOW AND GLEAM A SPECTRAL WHITE.

BO

One more word out of your biscuit
holster and god almighty the iron
starts barking.

A LOW, ODD GRUMBLE starts from deep within Tim.

BO

Now we got a whole procedure we
usually go through... but maybe
you're looking for the express
checkout.

WE STAY ON BO as, offscreen, the grumble becomes louder and
more... monstrous.

BO

Either way, you're gonna have to die right this time.

WE CLOSE IN on the glowing bullets in the cylinder, their light haloing the barrel.

THE CAMERA CREEPS INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN, INTO BLACK.

BO (O.S.)

Judgement comes to everybody.

OVER THE DARKNESS, SOUNDS: The scrape of a shovel digging, quiet breathing.

3 **EXT. VIEW FROM UNDERGROUND - NIGHT** 3

We are looking up from the bottom of a hole. As the dirt is flung away, uncovering the camera, we start to see the night sky, a silhouette of a man.

4 **EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT** 4

Kneeling next to the hole is NICK WALKER. He stares at a collection of curved pieces of gold, inlaid with jewels, covered in strange markings.

Nick wraps the gold in an oilcloth and puts it in the ground. He plants a small, wrapped lemon tree over it, starts to fill in the dirt.

WE PULL BACK away from the scene, drifting up and through a bedroom window to find...

5 **INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAWN** 5

... a woman, JULIA, sleeping in this small house.

SHOTS- details of the room: the pre-dawn light creeping in under the curtains. A book, open face down, on a bedside table. An empty water glass next to it. A watch, quietly ticking.

As Nick comes into the room, she stirs.

NICK

Stay asleep, Jules.

Julia looks at the clock: 6 AM. She slowly pushes herself up.

JULIA
No... I'm going to run.

He sits down next to her, affectionately takes her chin between his thumb and forefinger-- it feels familiar, like something he does often. She smiles sleepily, then notices the dirt under his fingernails.

JULIA
What's that?

NICK
Couldn't sleep. Wanted to be useful.

He points to the window. Julia looks outside, seeing the newly-planted tree in their very modest garden.

JULIA
Is that for me?

NICK
(a smile)
Of course. Everything's for you.

JULIA
Wow. Very smooth.

NICK
You like that?

JULIA
You know, it might not be listing so much if you had planted it during the day.

He smiles, kisses her on the shoulder, and gets out of bed.

6 INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE BATHROOM - DAWN 6

- The bathroom light goes on.

- Nick brushes his teeth. Julia moves behind him, leans her forehead against his back for a moment as she passes.

7 INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAWN 7

- Sitting at the end of the bed, Julia pulls on running tights.

- Nick sits down next to her, leaning against her as he puts his shoes on.

- Detail: the reflective material on her workout gear, a series of chevrons catching light.
- Detail: he yanks his shoelaces tight.
- Detail: Julia ties her hair back.
- Detail: her wedding ring. A simple band, no diamonds.

8

INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

8

Julia pours two cups of coffee, brings one to Nick. A quiet, shared moment as they stand together against the counter, sipping it. Then, Nick makes a face-- the coffee is terrible.

NICK

Jesus. It's like getting punched in the face.

JULIA

(laughing)

You're awake. It's doing it's job.

Nick takes another long sip, shaking it off as he puts his mug in the sink.

NICK

That's it, we're getting a new machine. One of those big units you put in the wall.

JULIA

Really. Does that tree grow money?

NICK

What if I just made it happen?

She smiles.

JULIA

I like what we have.

She kisses him and moves toward the door. We linger on him. Conflicted, wanting to say more.

9

EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - DAY

9

Julia rattles down the steps of their house in this working class neighborhood, Nick following. She slips on the last step. He grabs her.

NICK
Got you.

JULIA
Thanks.

They kiss and she starts to jog, hitting her stride. Nick smiles, watching her go. Just then, the sound of a car pulling up. A voice.

HAWES (O.S.)
Hey, partner.

Nick turns to see a wiry, intelligent-looking man in the driver's seat of an unmarked police car. This is HAWES. He rattles a to-go cup out the window.

HAWES
Coffee.

10 **EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE / INT. HAWES'S CAR - DAY** 10

Nick gets into the car and they pull away from the curb, in a few moments passing the jogging Julia.

As Nick puts on his kevlar vest, labelled "POLICE," Hawes slows next to her, gives her a thumbs-up.

HAWES
Great form, woman.

Julia smiles, waves at him.

JULIA
Get to work.

Hawes waves good-bye as he speeds up.

NICK
Your car stinks, Hawes.

HAWES
I don't have a woman to take care
of me.

Nick watches her in the REARVIEW. Hawes notices the look on Nick's face.

HAWES
She still likes me. So obviously
you haven't told her.

NICK

No. But I'm gonna have to tell her
sometime.

Nick keeps his eyes in the rearview, on Julia. Suddenly,
Julia veers to the left up the steps to Bunker Hill Memorial
Park and is gone.

HAWES

Tell me you hid yours well. It's
not in some hamper where Julia's
gonna find it?

NICK

I hid it well.

HAWES

You mean you hid it well in the
hamper, like under some shirts, or
you actually hid it well?

NICK

It's under some shirts and some
towels. So it should be fine.

HAWES

I'm serious.

NICK

I said I hid it.

A hint of tension hangs between them as Nick glances back at
the rearview. He sees another UNMARKED POLICE CAR, pulling in
behind them.

Nick picks up the radio mic. He waves into the rearview
mirror, the guys behind him waving back

NICK

Good morning, guys.

COP (ON RADIO)

Morning boss.

Nick puts down the mic, looks at Hawes.

NICK

You need to get on moving it. I
don't like it around me. I touch
that gold and it feels weird.

Hawes pulls back his jacket-- there's a bulge in the pocket,
one of the gold pieces.

NICK
It wouldn't have lasted a week in
the evidence locker, would it?

HAWES
No way. Why let Sanchez and Miller
scoop it up?
(pause)
You're not thinking of giving it
back?

Silence.

NICK
Victimless crime.

HAWES
Hell yeah, it is.

We hear the sound of a helicopter. Hawes looks up.

13 **EXT. BOSTON STREETS - SHOT FROM HIGH ABOVE - DAY** 13

We see the full caravan of unmarked police vehicles. A
HELICOPTER shoots by over them.

HELICOPTER PILOT (RADIO)
Man in the moon is looking at you.

14 **INT. HAWES'S CAR - DAY** 14

Nick keys the radio mic.

NICK
Moments away. I trust you guys
didn't sleep through last night's
briefing?

COP (RADIO)
*Is this the one with the meth lab
and the heavily-armed junkies?*

ANOTHER COP (RADIO)
I love this one.

Behind them, a last car veers into line.

HAWES
How about we don't get shot today?
Nick smiles. This is a sort of ritual for them.

NICK
That's good advice. You're a great
cop, Hawes.

Nick grabs the radio mic again.

NICK
Quick note. Detective Hawes advises
that we should avoid getting shot.
(to Hawes)
We should probably all wear one of
your charm bracelets.

Around Hawes' wrist-- a leather band with a small silver
medallion attached.

HAWES
It's a St. Christopher medal,
jackass.

NICK
On a charm bracelet.

15 EXT. EAST BOSTON HARBOR - WAREHOUSE - DAY

15

The convoy pulls up near a rundown 19th century brick-and-mortar warehouse, stark against the sky.

The cars screech to a halt. Officers jump out of the cars and are moving immediately, guns out. Nick glances over to Hawes, who kisses the St. Christopher medal.

NICK
You know, you could put a little
terrier on that bracelet. Or like a
tiny thimble. It'd be adorable.

Hawes ignores him as they move up, the other cops naturally falling in behind Nick.

Nick and Hawes split off as the rest of the team takes their position at the front, movements precise, well-practiced.

WE'RE RIGHT WITH NICK AND HAWES as they move quickly along the side of the building, keeping low. WE HEAR THEIR BREATHING, THEIR FOOTSTEPS. Then...

As they near a side door, ANOTHER CONVOY OF CARS arrives. The cops are out of their cars quickly, meeting Nick and Hawes.

NICK
On my lead. Put 'em on their heels.

Nick leads them in.

16 INT. WAREHOUSE - METH LAB SIDE ENTRY - DAY

16

They enter through a small storage area. Through a small window, Nick sees movement down the hall. A man.

Nick shouts at him, gun coming up.

NICK
Police officer! Get on the...

The man lifts a gun-- doesn't get a shot off before Nick DROPS HIM.

Movement to the right. Another gunman, lurching down the hallway. Nick spins and fires, taking him down, and is moving immediately.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR OFF OF METH LAB - CONTINUOUS - DAY 17

Hawes is right with Nick as they leapfrog up the hall, clearing rooms-- one moves, the other covers.

To the right, as the warehouse opens up, the equipment of a major METH LAB is visible. SHOTS, SCREAMS echo as cops burst through the front. FLASHBANG grenades go off.

Somewhere a RADIO PLAYS VERY LOUDLY. It's chaos.

As Nick moves past an office, a GUNMAN opens up wildly with an MK-5 submachine gun. Bullets sing past Nick as he dives out of the way, just as more shots come FROM AHEAD.

Cut off from Nick, Hawes trades fire with the MK-5 shooter. Nick moves ahead, alone, looking for the other shooters.

As he moves up the darkened corridor, the RADIO GROWS LOUDER and...

...a MAN armed with a .44 Magnum ducks out of a doorway, blazing away. Nick fires. The Man's .44 BLASTS up into the rafters as he goes down.

Movement-- someone running up the open staircase ahead. Nick reacts, following.

18 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRCASE / SECOND FLOOR - DAY

18

A WILD-HAIRED MAN scrambles up the stairs, taking two at a time. At the landing, he whirls around-- FIRING AT NICK, who takes cover around the doorjamb, barely in time.

Nick and the man TRADE SHOTS FROM CLOSE RANGE, Nick at the bottom of the stairs, the man at the top. Their shots pepper the walls and banister, just missing, plaster dust clouding the air. Nick CLICKS EMPTY.

The man FIRES another desperate volley and retreats to the second floor. Nick doesn't hesitate. He moves up the stairs, reloading on the fly, hugging the wall.

Near the top, he waits. The gunman is right around the corner in the hallway. We can hear his labored breath, the shells being loaded, the shotgun quietly cocked.

Nick waits, looking for the moment. Silence. Just breathing.

Then-- the shotgun whips AROUND THE CORNER, Nick grabs it and YANKS hard-- the man is pulled out. Nick blasts him.

As the man tumbles down the stairs, Nick pops into the upstairs catwalk/ corridor. Gun swinging toward one end, down the other.

The sounds of the fight below echo up to him. He is alone.

VERY CLOSE ON NICK

As he presses on, gun raised, we hear his controlled breathing. He clears an intersecting hallway, dim from broken lights. Nothing there.

Reaching another open staircase-- he looks down-- can see the action below him-- then looks up to the third floor. Sounds, movement up there. He goes up the stairs.

19 INT. WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

19

Nick moves along the railing, gun raised, toward the offices in the front of the building-- and something moves behind him.

He turns, bringing his gun up, but...

HAWES

It's me.

Nick lowers his gun. Starts to turn back... but something isn't right... Hawes is holding a different gun: the MP-5 from the hallway shooter.

Nick meets Hawes' eyes.

NICK

Hawes.

HAWES

Sorry.

And Hawes empties the gun into him.

NICK STAGGERS AND CRASHES THROUGH THE RAILING.

20 INT. WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR TO FIRST FLOOR - DAY 20

ON NICK

... as he falls in silence three stories down, through air that feels thick and inky black, seeming to take forever...

21 INT. WAREHOUSE FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY 21

... and then he crashes onto the first floor with a back-breaking, jarring JOLT.

Nick stares up, hands going to his vest... the holes in it.

ABOVE: pieces of the bannister he broke through are suspended in midair.

AROUND HIM: we see the scene frozen as it was the moment Nick was shot-- cops charging in, perps firing back.

Muzzle flashes burn eerily, completely still. A flashbang grenade is frozen in the midst of going off. A fire is starting to climb up the ratty curtains, frozen in time.

Nick gets to his feet, trying to understand. We stay close on his face, seeing his isolation, his confusion, as he moves through the meth lab itself, which is in mid-explosion.

As if pulled there, Nick goes outside, through a crumbling hole blown in the building.

NICK
Ease into what?

PROCTER
Come on, genius. I know you can get there.

NICK
No. Not possible.

PROCTER
I know, I know. *This can't happen to me. I had so much left to give. What about my dog? Someone has to fix the roof.*

NICK
This is not real. This is a joke.

A pause. She is completely deadpan.

PROCTER
Hilarious.

NICK
You're trying to tell me I'm dead?

PROCTER
Christ, every time. It's like a broken record.

Nick shakes his head, remembering.

NICK
Hawes.

PROCTER
Tragic... but pretty classic.
(can't resist)
You did kind of have it coming.
Let's be honest. Being a dirty cop is one of the higher shot-in-the-face-percentage jobs.

NICK
That's not who I am.

She points to the ever-swirling tunnel.

PROCTER
Really? That was the tunnel to the afterlife I pulled you out of. How'd it feel for you as you headed toward judgement? Comfortable?

(MORE)

PROCTER (CONT'D)
Felt like you were bound for glory?
Or were you a little worried?

Nick looks away.

PROCTER
Thought so. You ready to take a
seat yet?

Slowly, Nick complies.

PROCTER
You're lucky, Nick. You have skills
we value. So you get a choice. You
can go through the tunnel, to the
place you've earned in eternity.
Or... you join our police force.
The RIPD.

NICK
RIPD?

PROCTER
Rest in Peace Department.

NICK
I get it. Cute.

She stares at him.

PROCTER
I will kick your ass.

She takes out a spectral gun and gleaming cuffs, lays them on
the table in front of Nick.

PROCTER
Simply put, we find dead people who
are hiding out on earth, and toss
'em back into that tunnel where
they belong. Can't have the dead in
our world-- messes up the balance,
big time. We need boots on the
ground. Say yes, we send you back
to work for us for 100 years.

NICK
You send me back to Boston.

She gives him a knowing smile.

PROCTER
It's not gonna be the way you
think, Nick.

NICK

Got it.

Nick reaches for the gun. Procter catches him by the wrist. The look on her face is deadly serious.

PROCTER

I know what you're thinking. You got rooked. You want your old life back. You want Julia.

Nick stares at her, trying not to give up anything.

NICK

You asked me to join, I said yes. I just want to help you.

PROCTER

You really don't think I can read you, huh? You think you can just talk to me like I'm some green-eyed giggling honey at O'Shaughnessy's Cop Bar and Grille?

She taps his voluminous file, which sits in front of her.

PROCTER

I know everything about you. You made a life out of getting around rules you don't like, but you won't get around ours. This is an opportunity, Nick. Don't squander it. I know for a fact you could use a little karma boost come judgement day. You scratch our back for a hundred years, we'll scratch yours for the rest of 'em.

(pause)

Any other questions?

NICK

What's with the Steely Dan?

PROCTER

No idea. It's always playing. Seems to relax people.

Nick looks at her, at the gun, still lying on the desk. He takes it. He's in.

NICK

What's next?

Procter smiles.

PROCTER
This'll tickle a bit.

She puts her hand on Nick's chest. He SHOUTS OUT in extreme pain as if prodded with a hot poker. He pulls his shirt open.

A badge has been branded on his chest. When he looks up, she is already headed away from him, beckoning him.

He looks back toward the tunnel. Far off, Nick can see SILHOUETTES of people being led to judgement-- strange misshapen silhouettes. He's too far away to see what's wrong with them.

He moves ahead to join PROCTER as she enters...

26

INT. RIPD HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

26

... a jail-like holding area. As Procter leads Nick past a row of heavy iron doors-- BAM! BAM! A pounding and ungodly screams come from within. Through a tiny slot in the door, Nick catches a glimpse of something monstrous... hideous.

PROCTER
This is holding. Lotta paperwork
before we send 'em off.

NICK
Send who off?

PROCTER
Dead people, of course. Deados.

As she continues down the hallway, Nick looks back over his shoulder.

PROCTER
150,000 people die every day.
Unfortunately, the system wasn't
designed to handle that kind of
volume. Every once in a while,
people squeeze out of the tunnel.
Bad people who don't want to go to
judgement...

More BANGING echoes up the hallway toward them.

PROCTER
... because they know which way
they're headed.

They arrive at two large doors, which open into...

27 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

27

... the RIPD bullpen. It's a VAST, OPEN, MULTI-STORIED version of the classic, hectic police station.

The space is massive. It seems to extend infinitely.

PROCTER

Welcome to the big leagues. RIPD Boston. Third biggest precinct in the force.

NICK

What's the first?

PROCTER

Boca. RIPD Scottsdale does a lot of volume, too.

Nick turns to see a glum "SUSPECT" being led in, in cuffs. Nick is stunned by the sight-- a GROTESQUE, MANY-MOUTHED CREATURE with huge bulging eyes...more monster than human.

PROCTER

Don't worry. Your partner will explain everything.

Suddenly, the suspect FLIPS OUT, overturning a desk and making a break for it. He runs for an exit, almost out...

BAM! HE EXPLODES IN A GOOEY MESS. Across the room, gun smoking, is BO, the cop from the opening.

Silence. One of the nearby cops, splattered with residue, shakes his head.

COP

Come on, Bo...

BO

You come on. Just because I'm the only one willing to lethal-up...

COP

(muttering)

Jesus...

BO

No, YOU Jesus!

Now everybody is looking at him.

PROCTER

BO!

This gets Bo's attention. He walks toward them, ready to be dressed-down, looking put-out. He and Procter meet eyes.

BO
What? He was going for the door...

Procter just shakes her head.

BO
I'll plant a gun on him if it makes you feel better--

PROCTER
We'll discuss it during the hearing.

BO
This one you're gonna take all the way? *This* one? Really?

He regards her with childish superiority.

BO
We both know what this is about.

PROCTER
Not the time.

BO
Why not have it out now? I'm comfortable.

A moment's icy staredown. It's clear that there's a history. She turns to Nick.

PROCTER
Nick Walker, Bo. Your new partner.

Bo turns away.

BO
Sorry, I'm a one-man operation.

PROCTER
Not a choice, Bo.

Bo turns back, deeply annoyed. Nick sticks his hand out toward Bo.

BO
Nah, you gotta earn that.

28 INT. RIPD VCR REPAIR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

28

Nick and Bo emerge from the bowels of HQ into what appears to be a ratty store, piles of old electronic equipment gathering dust and a sign above the counter reading "VCR REPAIR."

NICK

You ever think about hiding the place a little better?

BO

When was the last time you got a VCR repaired?

NICK

Point taken.

Bo pushes open the door and...

29 EXT. RIPD VCR REPAIR STORE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

29

... they emerge out of the unassuming storefront, nestled in the shadows of an old meeting house.

When he hits the sunlight, Nick looks discombobulated, shocked to be back in the world. The street is normal: a bus passing, sun filtering through trees. He can't move.

Bo checks his watch, gets into a car parked at the curb.

BO

Get in. You don't want to be late.

NICK

Late for what?

BO

Procter likes to start you off with some closure. Says it's the healthy thing to do.

30 EXT. AUBURN HILLS CEMETERY - DAY

30

Nick stands alone, under stark twin obelisks, looking out at something far away.

We pull back to reveal-- we are at NICK'S FUNERAL, a classic police affair. There is an understated nobility to the proceedings. Julia looks shaken and drawn.

Nick watches the service in the distance. The minister finishes a reading, steps behind the casket.

ON NICK: this hits him very hard.

Then, a voice.

BO (O.S.)
Disappointing turnout, huh?
(pause)
Expected more.

Bo has been behind him the whole time.

BO
We got a lot to talk about. But for
now... I'm just gonna step back and
let you soak it in for a minute.

Nick nods, watching as Hawes puts his hand on the coffin, saying goodbye. Nick's eyes flash with anger, before they are drawn back to Julia, who stays in her seat.

Bo stands respectfully, hands clasped behind his back, watching as Julia is presented with a folded-up flag.

BO
This moment is not about me. It's
about you. Letting go.

NICK
Thanks for letting me soak it in.

Bo attempts to be quiet... which seems difficult for him. Finally, he can't help himself.

BO
I guess the crowd is... decent.
Totally respectable. When you
factor in the inclement weather.

Bo gazes solemnly toward the casket for a moment.

BO
Eulogies a bit stock.

In the distance, Hawes excuses himself, waving off people who approach him, too "overcome."

BO
You know what my "funeral" was?
Watching a bunch of coyotes pick my
carcass clean and then drag my
bones off into a cave. Real, real
comforting. Healing.

Nick watches as the other cops from his unit pay respects.

BO
Freakin' cave, hoss.

Nick ignores him. He stares, tormented, as Hawes comes over to Julia, kneeling down next to her, comforting her. She shakes her head, gets up, and heads toward her waiting car.

The rage and loss builds on Nick's face. Bo watches him.

BO
Uh oh. Here it comes.

Julia reaches the car, looks down at the flag... and breaks down, sobbing. This is the last straw. Nick's heart is broken. He has to go to her.

BO
And there it is.

Nick strides down toward her, picking up speed across the cemetery, more determined with each step.

NICK
Julia. Julia!

She turns as he gets to her.

NICK
I'm here. I don't know how, but I'm here.

JULIA
I'm sorry, I don't...

The words come out in a rush.

NICK
I know it's crazy, but I've been given another chance. There's so much to say, I don't where to start.

JULIA
Stop this. I don't know who you are.

NICK
It's me, Julia, it's Nick...

JULIA
I said stop! Get away from me.

Nick backs away, stunned.

Hawes comes up-- obviously he doesn't recognize him either.

HAWES
Get the hell out of here before I
haul you in.

NICK
I don't understand.

He steps toward Julia, is blocked by Hawes.

Julia retreats into the car and pulls the car door shut. And the reflection in the glass of the window is not Nick, but AN ELDERLY CHINESE MAN.

We pan over to the Nick we know, stunned.

Hawes gets into another car and closes the door. Both cars pull away-- Nick watches them recede in disbelief.

31 **EXT. CEMETERY - UPPER ROADWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY** 31

Nick trudges back up the hill. Bo is waiting for him, sitting atop the hood of the car.

BO
So that went well.
(pause)
You know, we try to do something
nice for you...

NICK
She doesn't see me, she sees some
Chinese guy?

BO
To them, you don't look like you,
you don't sound like you... and
they certainly can't understand
when you try to tell them that
you're still here. The universe, in
its ultimate wisdom, will not let
you tell people who you really are.
It's got rules. It's smarter than
us.

Bo gets into the car, Nick sliding in next to him.

32 **INT. RIPD CAR - PARKED CAR - DAY** 32

NICK
It's sick.

BO
Consider it the universe's witness
protection program.

NICK
You talk about the universe like
it's a guy you know from juvie.

BO
You aren't going to trick it. It's
the universe, hoss.

Bo rummages around in the glove box.

BO
Here are your ID's. Some federal,
lot of utilities, whatever gets us
access.

Nick flips through the ID's. On all of them are pictures of
the old Chinese man.

NICK
Unbelievable.
(pause)
What do you look like, then?

Bo raises one of his ID's. Nick looks at it for a moment,
then--

NICK
I guess you win.

33 EXT. CEMETERY UPPER ROADWAY - DAY

33

Two grave diggers stare into the car as they walk past. We
SEE WHAT THEY SEE: An elderly Chinese man sitting next to A
STUNNINGLY HOT RAVEN-HAIRED MODEL (Bo).

Once they are past, the car pulls away and we FADE INTO:

34 INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

34

Bo and Nick drive down Storrow, a commercial thoroughfare.

BO
Let me bring you up to speed on
what's on my plate. When you ride
with me, you ride with the best.
The pace is lightning, the
expectations high.

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

Things are gonna come at you fast,
they're gonna come hot, and they're
gonna come wet.

NICK

Wet?

BO

Gonna throw you right into the mix
with a standard pickup... find the
dead guy, test him, bring him back
to... back to...

Bo trails off, craning his head out the window, instantly
distracted by a good-looking girl on the sidewalk.

BO

Would you look at the ankles on
that girl?

NICK

That's what you're into? *Ankles?*

BO

In my day, women dressed very
conservatively.

NICK

When exactly was "your day?"

BO

1800's, buddy. I was what we used
to call a "lawman." Marshal
Bocephus Pulsipher.

NICK

Bocephus. Somebody picked that for
you.

Bo looks a touch self-conscious.

BO

It was considered a very sexy name
at the time. Easily top 5. Right up
there with Penniwether and
Abednigo.

(pause)

Didn't get a peek at your wife's
ankles. She was wearing boots...

NICK

Not one more word about her.

BO
Sore spot? Listen, Nick. You're going to have to get a little distance, because you two are over.

NICK
We'll see.

BO
Wait, let me guess. It isn't over, because you're going to find your way back to her, avenge your death, blah blah blah. Am I close?

NICK
Just worry about yourself, partner.

BO
Whoa. You ain't my "partner," rook. You're just the ass in the other seat until I say contrary. The title of partner is reserved for Mr. Hoyt Stenson.

NICK
Who's Hoyt Stenson?

BO
Hoyt Stenson was the greatest partner a man ever had. He would never sass me the way you do, Nick. Never. He was strong and very much silent. He was a shining star of justice in a lawless, dirty time. And not a day goes by that I don't miss him.

Bo seems to stew in his own personal reverie for a moment. Nick looks at Bo, incredulous-- "who is this guy?"

BO
There will be no other. I watch my own back now.

NICK
You know, Bo... you seem like just the perfect source of level-headed advice for me.

He pulls the car up in front of a towering art deco building.

BO
Get your head in the game. Your job is catching dead people now.

35 **EXT. 333 CONGRESS STREET - NAWICKI'S BLDG - NIGHT** 35

Bo pops the trunk of the car. He extracts and checks a bag of Indian food as if he is checking his weapon.

NICK
You're gonna break for lunch now?

BO
This is tactical, rook.

They look up at the art deco highrise-- there's a PALPABLE CHILL to this grand place, as if it's under a spiritual black cloud. They walk toward the entrance, past a plumber's truck and an electrician's van. Bo nods.

BO
Toilet trouble. Promising.

Nick looks at him askance as they walk toward the entrance.

36 **INT. NAWICKI'S BLDG - LOBBY - NIGHT** 36

As the two walk through the lobby, Bo points to the potted plants, most of which are dead or dying.

BO
Deados put off a bad dead mojo...

They reach the elevator bank. Each elevator goes to a different set of floors, and each is ringed by a set of inset lights. One elevator's lights are FLICKERING.

Bo points to that elevator.

BO
... infect everything with their soul-stank. Affects everything for the worse, people and things.

37 **INT. NAWICKI'S BLDG - ELEVATOR - NIGHT** 37

The light in the elevator is also flickering. Bo indicates this, as well as the button for the top floor, which is cracked. He presses it.

As if in answer, the elevator shudders.

BO

We got this great computer always looking for places with a certain number of noise complaints, car wrecks outside, utilities calls... when one hits, we hustle on over.

NICK

Sounds like the Hoyt Stenson of computers.

BO

I'm gonna ignore that. Listen up. Deados do NOT want to be exposed, so he's gonna sell you pretty hard. If he gives us too much trouble...

(pats his gun)

...we got Sweet Sally Jenkins.

Bo hands Nick an extra clip. The bullets inside are GLOWING A SPECTRAL WHITE.

BO

Soul-killers. You saw what they do when wielded with precision and flair.

NICK

Are you sure you know what those words mean?

BO

Hit a deado in the head with these-- personally, I find the face most satisfying-- they get erased from the cosmos. So be extra, extra careful where you point that thing.

NICK

I'm pretty solid on gun safety.

The elevator shudders to a halt.

BO

Watch me sniff this out.

38

INT. NAWICKI'S BLDG - 29TH FLOOR/ELEVATOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT 38

The elevator doors open-- it has stopped a couple feet short of the floor. Bo and Nick step up and into a LONG HALLWAY.

Bo runs his hand along the peeling-paint walls.

BO
Even more promising.

NICK
Yeah, of course. Couldn't be an
underpaid super.

The decay and despair get increasingly worse as they advance. Dogs howl, the carpet is rancid and torn. Bo pauses to listen at a couple doors... hearing arguments and angry voices, they move on.

At the end of the hall, past the two loudest apartments, is one quiet one. Bo indicates it. A superior whisper:

BO
It's always the quiet one.

In front of the door, Bo looks Nick up and down.

BO
You ready? You pumped? I need you
all here. Get your snowman on. Get
frosty. Alert. Icy-hot.

NICK
Is this you trying to sound like a
cop? Because it throws up some red
flags for me.

BO
Gotta learn the lingo, hombrito.

NICK
I'm "frosty." Don't worry about it.

Nick goes to abruptly knocks on the door. Bo grabs his wrist.

BO
Senior officer gets to knock, rook.

NICK
Cut the "rookie" bullshit. I've got
15 years on the force.

BO
You done this before? You know
what's waiting behind that door?
You can flush your 15 years down
the toilet. Right here, right now,
you are a rookie and I am the boss
of you.

Bo jams a little PACKET OF CARDS into Nick's chest.

BO
I knock. You do the cards.

Bo knocks on the door. The cacophony around them CRESCENDOS as the door opens...

... to reveal a DUMPY MAN. Nick looks surprised-- this is the cause of all of this evil?

All business, Bo holds up his ID. In the REVERSE, we see Bo's alter image.

BO
Stanley Nawicki? We're from the
Department of Health.

STAN
Is there a problem?

BO
Well, Mr. Nawicki... we suspect you
might be dead.

39

INT. STAN NAWICKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Stan sits across the table from Bo, Nick standing behind. Stan stares at them, eyes darting from one to the other.

STAN
Is this really necessary? No
offense, but you sound kind of
crazy.

BO
None taken. Just a routine test and
we'll be out of your hair. I'm 99
percent sure this is a mixup, to be
honest with you.

Stan nods, leaning back in his chair.

STAN
I am not *dead*. I mean, that's
laughable. Check my pulse. Go
ahead.

BO
Nick, the first question?

As Bo showily takes out a carton of Indian food and opens it, Nick looks down at a small card. He reads, a bit incredulous.

NICK

"It's late on Ash Wednesday. An Asian teenager in a slammed-out Acura offers you a plate of chicken vindaloo? Do you accept?"

STAN

How am I supposed to answer that?

BO

You tell me.

STAN

Okay. The answer is no.

BO

What's the problem, the teenager?
The ash?

STAN

No.

BO

Is it the Japanese performance
sedan?

Bo takes a sloppy bite of what looks to be lamb galbi. Stan is now looking a little sweaty, and a lot stressed.

STAN

What? I...

BO

Maybe it's the Indian food. Maybe
you hate Indians.

STAN

No. That's...

BO

Eyes on me, sir. Nick?

NICK

(reading)

*"The teenager is Armenian. The day
is Rosh Hashanah. The dish is sag
paneer."*

STAN

I don't want it.

BO

Why not? Too spicy? Too mushy?

Bo offers Stan a heaping fork of food, which drips onto Stan's shoe. Stan looks at it, breathing heavier, sweating.

STAN

You... You can't eat during an interview. I don't...

BO

You don't what? Nick?

NICK

"The car is a lime-green Scion. The season is the solstice. The dish is chicken tikka masala."

STAN

No. No!

Bo leaps up and gets in his face, flecks of samosa flying out of his mouth and onto a horrified Stan.

BO

THE DISH IS CHICKEN TIKKA! THE DISH IS CHICKEN TIKKA!

And suddenly-- Stan unleashes a sort of DISGUSTING BURP and "POPS." He grows, his body pulsing, bulging and changing, growing weird monstrous protuberances, mouth widening into a maw...

BO

Big ol' mouth coming in.

... and he resolves with a sort of heavy plop into a downcast-looking monster.

NICK

Holy shit.

BO

Yep. That's a Deado.

Indeed, Nawicki's ROTTEN SOUL IS EXPOSED. In this case, among other weirdnesses, Nawicki has an extra set of hands.

BO

Snitch in life. Mouthy soul. See, Nick? Like that. Metaphorical.

Nick is stunned by this disgusting process.

BO

Gotta pop 'em. Only way to know for sure.

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

They reveal themselves when they get angry. For some reason Indian food seems to do the trick.

(reflective)

Maybe it's the cumin.

Bo tosses Nick the cuffs.

BO

Go ahead and bag this one, my treat. Get comfortable with the visuals and the smell profile.

(to Nawicki)

Spread 'em and let's get this over with.

Nick warily approaches with the cuffs, trying to figure out which exactly of the hands he's supposed to cuff.

The Nawicki-creature puts one set of hands against the fridge.

BO

Once they pop, they know it's over, right pal? They run, they get erased so...

Suddenly, Stan UNLEASHES AN OTHERWORLDLY BELLOW, rips off the fridge door and smashes Nick with it, sending him sprawling across the room into the corner.

He THROWS the door at Bo, who catches it square in the face, then reaches into the fridge and grabs two milk cartons filled with something heavy.

BO

Nick! Grab him!

Nick goes for him, but Stan BLASTS through a side door into a narrow back hallway.

40 INT. STAN NAWICKI'S APARTMENT - SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT 40

Nawicki races down the hallway, Nick in pursuit. The hallway ends in a dead end-- a wall with a window in it-- but Nawicki doesn't slow down as he CRASHES THROUGH the window, taking a chunk of wall with him.

Nick gets to the window, to see--

NAWICKI FREE-FALLING 15 STORIES, SMASHING THROUGH THE CORNER OF ANOTHER ROOF, then belly-flopping into yet another roof 4 STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND. HE HITS THE ROOF WITH A CRUNCH.

NICK

Jesus.

FAR BELOW, Nawicki scrambles to his feet, scuttling toward the edge of the roof, the fall apparently only causing him a slight limp. Nick can't believe it.

Then Nick HEARS FOOTSTEPS and whips around: Bo is running full speed toward him.

BO

Don't tense up.

Bo lowers his head and TACKLES NICK OUT THE WINDOW.

41 **EXT. 333 CONGRESS STREET - NAWICKI'S BLDG - NIGHT** 41

WE FOLLOW THEM AS THEY PLUMMET THROUGH THE AIR...

BO

Relaxed body.

... AND PLUMMET... BO HOLDING ONTO HIS HAT...

BO

This move's called airbagging.

... AND HIT THE EDGE OF THE 4TH STORY ROOF, Bo cushioned by Nick...

... AND CARTWHEEL DOWN INTO AN ALLEY, pinging off fire escapes and buildings...

... and SLAM onto the ground.

42 **EXT. 333 CONGRESS STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT** 42

NICK'S POV: the bone-crunching impact has knocked the wind out of him. Bo gets in his face.

BO

You may have noticed we're pretty durable.

NICK

It still hurts.

The monster Nawicki leaps down to the ground and TAKES OFF RUNNING down the alley. Bo pulls his gun, takes aim... but Nawicki's around the corner.

Bo and Nick take off after the running deado. Rounding the corner, they pursue him as he lopes away, gripping the milk cartons in his hands.

NICK

A routine arrest. Those were your words.

BO

Routine plus. Little too public. Might get spanked for that.

The deado runs toward a construction site -- an access point underground. As he disappears into it...

BO

Look at the bright side, we get to have some fun in the meantime!

43

INT. SUB-GRADE VENTING BLDG - NIGHT

43

Nawicki races into this 15 story above/below ground complex, which vents all of Boston's underground tunnels and roadways. He careens down open staircases, Nick and Bo in pursuit.

Nawicki spots an exit across a large gap in the catwalks. Out of control, he grabs onto a cable that dangles from a crane arm and ZIPS AWKWARDLY across the gap-- halfway there, the crane stops with a JOLT launching Nawicki into an ugly ass-over-teakettle crash on the other side.

ACROSS THE GAP

Bo and Nick arrive as the crane arm swings back toward them.

BO

Ungainly little S.O.B.

They can see Nawicki across the gap as he grabs up his fallen milk cartons and runs away. Nick FIRES at the receding figure.

BO

Unless you got a headshot in you, keep your powder dry.

The crane arm swings back and Bo LEAPS ONTO IT as Nawicki did, while Nick bolts to the side wall, running across a protruding girder as if it's a balance beam.

As the crane stops halfway, Bo tries for a more elegant dismount-- and fails miserably. He, too, SMASHES INTO A HEAP on the other side. He does manage to keep his hat on.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Nick pulls Bo up...

NICK
Ungainly S.O.B.

... and they race after Nawicki into a...

44 **INT. SUB-GRADE VENTING BLDG MAZE OF CORRIDORS - NIGHT** 44

Ahead, the running Nawicki guzzles the contents of the milk cartons, something shiny and golden, and drops the empty containers behind him. He rushes up an staircase, toward a door back to the surface.

We are WITH NICK AND BO as they run.

BO
Haven't got to chase one in ages!
This is where my herding instinct
really plays!

Bo's foot comes down hard one of the discarded milk containers as we CUT TO:

45 **EXT. GRAVEL LOT / UNDERPASS - NIGHT -** 45

A door is pushed open, Nawicki leaping out. The elevated freeways of Boston criss-cross overhead.

Ahead-- a PASSING T TRAIN. Nawicki runs desperately toward it, barreling through a fence, up a hill.

As he passes a roadway tunnel, the freakish-looking Nawicki covers himself as best he can. People slam on the brakes but he's gone too fast for anyone to get a clean look.

The train almost gone, Nawicki turns on the afterburners, reaching out... and JUST SNAGS the end of the train.

BEHIND HIM

Bo and Nick are too late. Nawicki swings himself to the top of the train as it rumbles away over the tunnel.

BO
Come on.

NICK
Car.

Bo and Nick run into the road coming out of the tunnel, where some people have gotten into a fender bender and are arguing. They leap into one of the cars, throw it in reverse, and go.

46 INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT

46

Head out the window, Bo guns the car into the tunnel. He veers through traffic, in reverse, swinging wildly back and forth, barely in control.

BO
Fun, right?!?!?

They narrowly avoid an onrushing car.

NICK
Ever think this car might steer better if you turned it around? Just spitballing.

Cars weave desperately to avoid them, laying on their horns.

BO
Tap that horn a couple times for me, hoss.

47 EXT. TUNNEL RAMP- NIGHT

47

The car circles up the corkscrew off-ramp, emerging right next to the train, and races alongside it.

48 INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT

48

Bo accelerates produces his gun. Nawicki, dismayed to see them, starts running away, car top to car top.

Just as he draws a bead... Nick grabs the wheel and JERKS it sharply. They barely miss an oncoming truck, the draft of which WHIPS Bo's hat off his head and down the tunnel.

BO
God DAMMIT!

The swerve takes them across lanes, onto another ramp, and onto a PARALLEL BRIDGE across the Fort Point Channel.

Still in reverse, Bo recovers control.

BO
You lost my hat!

NICK
That's really low on my list of
concerns right now.

BO
My goddam HAT!

Nick watches the train, now about 50 yards away. Nawicki, a dark shadow, clings to the top.

Then Nick turns to see Bo driving with one hand, POINTING HIS GUN RIGHT AT HIM.

Nick throws himself back as Bo FIRES PAST HIM at the train.

NICK
People on that train, Bo!

BO
It's cool. Our bullets don't hurt
live ones.

NICK
What about me?

Bo keeps blasting away.

BO
Sure, you coulda bought it.

49 EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - NIGHT

49

Nawicki holds on to the train, just above the lighted windows, out of sight of the commuters. The soul killers FIZZ and disappear as they strike metal and glass.

50 INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT

50

They reach the end of their bridge at the same time the train does. Just before the train enters a tunnel to go back underground, Nawicki JUMPS OFF.

NICK
Got him. He's off the train.

BO
You know what a J-turn is?

NICK
Please no.

NICK
Relaxed body.

And Nick THROWS BO into the street, where he is PANCAKED by the bus.

As the bus slams on its brakes, NAWICKI SHOOTS FORWARD OFF the roof, off the bridge, and onto a moored BARGE.

53

EXT. BARGE DECK - MARINA - NIGHT

53

Nick jumps down onto the barge, gun levelled...

... and he is BODY SLAMMED by Nawicki. Nick's gun goes off twice and skitters away.

Nawicki POUNDS him furiously, a hail of devastatingly massive blows. Nick's head cracks the deck.

Nawicki ROARS in Nick's face-- it's a disgusting wind of decay.

NICK
Uhhhh... just... brutal...

Nick manages to flip Stan and get a pair of SLEEK RIPD HANDCUFFS off his belt.

Nick GETS A CUFF ONTO STAN'S WRIST, slapping the other end ONTO HIS OWN WRIST.

NICK
Got you.

Until Stan RIPS HIS OWN ARM OFF and smashes Nick in the face with it.

NICK
Jesus Christ!

Stan scrambles away across boats toward the gangway-- but Bo has arrived, limping badly, to block the way.

Bo levels his gun.

BO
Give me a reason, Stan. Doesn't have to be a good one. Actually, it doesn't even have to make sense.
(to Nick)
I might do you too, for throwing me under the bus. I really might.

Nawicki, seething with rage, turns toward Bo, possibly to surrender...

With a cry, Nick strides up to Stan and beats him to the deck with the severed arm. He is finally, decisively flipping out. He punctuates each word with a swing.

NICK
This. Is. Not. Happening.

BO
Okay, that's emotionally understandable...

Nick continues to pummel the Deado, smashing it in the stomach-- it barfs a bunch of objects onto the deck.

BO
... but now I suggest you release the appendage and take a deep breath.

Nick, complies, breathing hard, staring at the creature.

Then his eyes fall on what the creature ejected-- what it guzzled from the milk cartons--

And he is stunned by what he sees:

DOZENS OF GOLD PIECES, curved in shape. They have the same markings as the one he buried in his yard. Like they are pieces from the same set.

Nick stares at them. Seeing Nick take a step toward the gold, Nawicki flips out. HE LUNGES AT NICK, LIGHTNING FAST, AS IF PROTECTING THE GOLD...

NAWICKI
No! That's...

... AND EXPLODES... SHOT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.

Bo stands, gun smoking. The results of a soul-killer hitting a deado are ugly. A SIZZLING, QUIVERING, GROSS MASS in the middle of the floor.

Nick seems grim, barely holding onto any concept of sanity, as he goes over to the mess in the corner and reaches for one of the gold pieces.

BO
You're really gonna rummage in there now?

Nick takes the gold piece and stares at in shock.

BO

Nick, brief after-action report:
I'm gonna leave aside the bus
thing, chalk it up to nerves. The
hat...

(pause)

... I can't talk about right now.
But I will take my satisfaction
against you at some point in the
future. Excepting that, and the
questionable move of attaching
yourself directly to the beastie,
you were solid. C+.

Finally, Nick snaps, the madness of what he has just
experienced erupting.

NICK

STOP TALKING! STOP TALKING! STOP.
TALKING!

BO

Rook...

NICK

You ran your mouth while you pushed
me out of a building. You ran it
when you discharged your weapon in
my face. You ran it while you
ejected me from a car.

Bo notices something on Nick's face, makes a wiping motion.

BO

Little gob of flesh there.

Nick grabs Bo.

BO

Rook...

NICK

SHUT UP! SHUT UP AND LET ME DEAL!

Finally, Bo shuts up. Nick stares, wheels turning.

Nick follows Bo across HQ toward evidence, both carrying the
gold The bullpen is hopping with activity-- several teams of
cops are racing out on calls.

BO
What's up, fellas?

COP
Never seen it this busy...

COP #2
Seems like every deado moved to
Boston last week...

Procter, moving into the bullpen, physically grabs an officer and turns him around toward the door.

PROCTER
Murphy, back out there.
(calling out)
No breaks for anyone until we get
this surge under control!

She sees Bo, points accusingly.

PROCTER
If I didn't need you back on the
streets, I'd have your ass.

BO
You're the one who put me with
training wheels here. But make
a show. Be the boss.

PROCTER
Still have a hard time with the
"boss" part, don't you?

BO
Played the game, got what you
wanted.
(to Nick)
I don't play the game, Nick.

Nick doesn't even respond, preoccupied-- his hands in his pockets with the gold, his mind racing. Bo calls back to her.

BO
And my ass is mine and mine alone.

PROCTER
Eagerly noted.

They approach a set of double doors. A sign reads - "Evidence Room. All items must be logged."

INT. RIPD EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evidence is a cavernous WAREHOUSE, right out of "Raiders of the Lost Ark"-- a repository for magical and supposedly magical items.

They reach a long counter, where a CLERK waits. Behind him are two massive columns that stretch up almost infinitely. Thousands and thousands of evidence containers hang off the sides-- like a dry cleaner's conveyor system.

Bo starts unloading his pockets, snaps his finger back at Nick, who starts doing the same.

NICK

Bo. Nawicki was trying awfully hard to protect this gold. Don't you think we should try to figure out what it is?

BO

Who cares? 99 percent of these things are just fundraising items for various religions... just crap.

Bo shoves the gold toward the clerk, who presses a button, summoning an empty container that whizzes down from the highest reaches.

BO

Tag it, bag it, and bury it deep.
(to Nick)
Is that all of it?

NICK

That's it.

BO

Great, let's get back up to the computer. Poppy wants the primo leads. Surge is a great chance to pump up our numbers.

NICK

Bo, listen. You said they never run...

BO

(nodding)
They never run.

NICK

You said they never risk being exposed.

BO
Never.

Nick looks at him, waiting for him to make the connection as the clerk starts tagging the gold.

BO
What's your point?

NICK
Don't you think he might've run because of the gold? He wanted to hide it from us. Why?

BO
So now you're all gung ho?

NICK
You're telling me what happened today was out of the ordinary. I'm telling you we should follow up.

BO
Let me guess. Genius has a plan.

NICK
Every cop's got an informant. Show me what you got. Teach me how you do this. Who do you have on the street?

Though Nick is obviously buttering him up, Bo cannot resist.

BO
Oh, I got the *best* informant.

56 EXT. FENWAY PARK - CONCOURSE - DAY

56

Bo and Nick are at a HOTDOG STAND inside the storied old ballpark. Bo dresses a couple dogs as he speaks, handing one to Nick.

BO
If anybody knows what this gold is about, it's Elliot Blatz. Crunchy old deado. Big time fence. All he wants to do is watch the Sox, so I let him stick around in exchange for information.

Bo works his way through two hotdogs as they walk into the tunnel toward the loge seats.

Nick takes a bite of his , looks confused.

NICK
I can't taste a thing.

BO
Of course not, you're dead. RIPD
don't eat. And we don't sleep, as
you may have noticed. We're here to
kick deado tail, and that's about
it.

NICK
Then why'd you give this to me?

BO
I enjoy the mouth-feel.
(pause)
Besides, you're in mourning. You
got that big hole to fill. Fill it
with tube steak.

Nick tosses it as they emerge into the sunlight...

57

EXT. FENWAY PARK - LOGE SEATS - DAY

57

... and work their way down the aisle, finding-- ELLIOT, an
incredibly wizened old guy decked out in Red Sox memorabilia.

BO
How's it going, Elliot?

ELLIOT
Well, we aren't mathematically
eliminated. Yet.
(indicating Nick)
Who's this putz?

NICK
Nick Walker.

Elliot gives him a scornful look, scoffs. Nick pulls out a
gold piece from his pocket and shows it to Elliot. Clearly,
he kept one.

NICK
Tell us what this is, Elliot.

Nick watches as something flickers across Elliot's face--
recognition-- but he tries to play it off.

ELLIOT

Looks like a curved piece of gold with some jewels in it. Like maybe it was part of a set. Where's the rest?

NICK

Evidence.

BO

Where it BELONGS.

Bo pulls Nick aside, speaks in a harsh whisper that barely covers his outrage.

BO

You can't have that!

NICK

I thought you were some kind of rebel, Bo.

BO

Dirty word where I come from. I bleed union blue.

NICK

I'm gonna continue my investigation now.

He turns back to Elliot, holding up the gold.

NICK

One of your buddies was willing to get erased for it.

ELLIOT

Poor stupid him.

NICK

(blocking his view.)
Not going to cut it. Try again.

ELLIOT

I'm watching the game.

On the field, the Sox third baseman boots a grounder. Elliot stands up and shouts.

ELLIOT

YOU'RE KILLING ME!

He starts, almost, to TURN. A glimpse of the beast within. Bo gets in his face.

BO
Elliot...

ELLIOT
It's outrageous! It's a simple game. Catch the ball, throw the...

BO
Have some perspective. Because of me, you're sitting here in a cozy loge seat. Not lying in a pine box. Not walking the desert, trying to get your femur back from a coyote.

Nick glances at Bo-- really? Elliot scoffs.

ELLIOT
You cops are all the same. Always obsessing about how you bit it.
(to Nick)
How was your funeral, newbie? Did you cry when your wife got that nice folded-up flag and...

Nick PUNCHES Elliot in the face.

ELLIOT
OWWW! Bo!

Bo shrugs, turning toward the game. Nick leans into Elliot.

NICK
This is a shame. How long did you wait for that 2004 title? 70 years?

ELLIOT
76.

NICK
How many more are right there for the picking? Yeah, they're off to a rough start this year. But that kid Vasquez down in Pawtucket hits a ton. You got an all-star middle infield and these two left-handers are peaking. You're one veteran bat away from another World Series.

ELLIOT
You really think so?

NICK

I really do. After all those decades of heartbreak, you might be settling into a honest-to-god dynasty... but you had to cross the line and bring my wife into this. So a simple question turns into I'm gonna bust you and you're going to miss it all.

This scenario seems to cut Elliot to the bone. He sighs, looking at the gold.

ELLIOT

I apologize for my poor attitude. Could I take a closer look?

Nick hands him the gold, noticing Elliot's hands shaking almost imperceptibly as he inspects it.

ELLIOT

Yeah, sorry to disappoint, but this is crap. Look, deados are sentimental. A lot of 'em believe in this talismanic junk. It's a high end good luck charm. If it was something else, there'd be some chatter out there. I would know.

Nick nods, holding out his hand. Elliot hands it back, Nick noticing that he holds on to it for a split second too long.

NICK

Well, thanks for the effort.

Nick walks away. After a few steps, he stops, looks back.

NICK

You know what? I don't like sentimental crap, so you keep it.

He tosses the gold to Elliot, like its a piece of garbage.

NICK

(leaning in)

Did you ever consider how many more titles they would have won without your *rotting soul* sitting up here?

On the field, the Orioles get another hit. On Elliot's horrified look, CUT TO:

58

EXT. FENWAY PARK - YAWKEY WAY - DAY

58

Nick and Bo stand outside the park, where they have a clear view of the exit.

NICK

You see him squirm? We got him.

BO

What do you mean, "we got him"?
What did we "get"? Tell you what he
got... the gold, which you gave
him.

(looking away)

Stand out here cooking in the sun
like a couple idiots.

NICK

What's the matter with you?
Seriously.

BO

Pissed about my hat, is what.

Finally, an agitated Elliot exits the ballpark and hustles down the street. Bo mutters quietly.

BO

It was a gift from Hoyt.

Nick starts to tail Elliot. Bo reluctantly follows.

BO

Why am I entertaining this? He said
it was garbage.

NICK

Recognizing a line of bullshit is a
pretty basic skill.

BO

This guy's given me nothing but
good information for 50 years.

NICK

A little modern law enforcement 101
for you. We call this "giving the
dog a bone."

BO

I can't wait to hear about it.

NICK
Get him a little agitated, give him
the bone, see where he buries it.
We run a good tail, we follow this
to the top.

BO
Top of what? Deados don't work like
that, Nick. They're loners.

At the corner, Elliot hails a cab.

NICK
Just follow the gold.

59 INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

59

Nick drives as they follow Elliot's cab.

BO
Waste. Of. Time.

NICK
It's okay you don't understand this
part. Probably tough to run a good
tail from on top of a horse.

They drive in silence.

BO
Hoyt Stenson could.

60 EXT. CORNER BAKERY / MARKET - DAY

60

Elliot's cab pulls up to a corner bakery. As it slows,
someone exits the store carrying a bag of groceries--

BO (O.S.)
Okay, wow.

... it's HAWES.

BO (O.S.)
That's weird...

61 INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

61

Nick and Bo watch from the car. Nick looks surprised, angry.

BO
 ...'cause that guy looks *exactly*
 like your ex-partner...

Nick is trying to put together the pieces-- the gold, the deados-- but Bo is more interested in twisting the knife.

BO
 The one who shot you. Dead.

NICK
 Just follow him.

They see: after a quick conversation through the window, Elliot hands Hawes the gold and drives off. Looking around, Hawes pockets the gold, and heads to his car.

BO
 Now I'm interested. Color me
 interested.

62 INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

62

Nick is silent as they tail Hawes. His face is a tight with anger and purpose. Bo is savoring this.

BO
 This has to be eating at you, huh?
 First, this guy kills you, scot
 free. Just smokes you like a
 knockwurst. And now he's got guys
 just handing him gold?

NICK
 Let me think. Just let me think.

BO
 What's there to think about? The
 man is just schooling you left and
 right. Your own partner, and you
 just up and trusted him. Never
 asked the questions. Look where it
 got you.

63 EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - DAY

63

We watch from across the street as Hawes' car pulls into Nick and Julia's driveway.

BO (O.S.)
 And... the trifecta. Sleeping with
 your wife.

Nick and Bo's car pull INTO FRAME, stopping in front of us. As Hawes walks toward the front door, letting himself in.

Nick is out of the car, mind racing, computing the angles. Bo follows.

BO
Total humiliation. Just a pants-down spanking in the supermarket.

NICK
He's not sleeping with Julia.

BO
Wanna bet?

NICK
Let's. Winner shoots the loser in face. As many times as he wants.

BO
I'm not 100 percent confident with my read.

NICK
Then shut your mouth.

Nick hustles to the side of the house, toward the back yard.

64 INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 64

Hawes puts the groceries he has bought into the fridge.

HAWES
Just some basics.

JULIA
I appreciate it.

Hawes closes the fridge, takes a breath, looking troubled. He walks over to her, takes her hands.

HAWES
Julia, there's something I need to ask you about. About Nick.

65 EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE SIDE / BACK OF HOUSE - DAY 65

Nick moves along the side of the house toward the back yard.

BO

If he's not sleeping with her, it's kinda funny he's back here, isn't it? Unless you guys have a pact where he scrubs the porn off your laptop for you... I get that... classy, actually.

As they near the back, there's the sound of the back door opening, of footsteps.

NICK

He's after something else.

Bo gets in front of him, stopping him.

BO

Like what? What are you so riled about? What's he doing here, Nick?

Nick pushes past him, gets to the corner of the house where he sees-- Julia leading Hawes toward the lemon tree.

HAWES

This is it?

JULIA

It's the only thing I can think of. It was kind of strange.

Hawes pulls up the newly planted lemon tree and pulls something from the hole beneath it... a small object wrapped in a oilcloth.

As Nick watches, devastated, Hawes unwraps it in front of Julia, revealing the PIECE OF GOLD Nick buried earlier.

HAWES

I was hoping I was wrong.

JULIA

You're telling me he stole this?

66

EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

66

Nick looks gut-punched. He starts to move, but Bo shoves his revolver under Nick's chin, cocking it.

BO

You crooked son of a bitch. When were you gonna tell me about this?

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)
I'm just curious?" "Let's see where
it leads?" It leads right back to
you.

NICK
Put the gun down.

BO
Shut up. I knew I couldn't trust
you. Knew it. Now I want to hear
just how dirty you are.

67 EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

67

Julia looks devastated.

HAWES
I tried to tell him it was a bad
idea, but you know how stubborn he
was.

She shakes her head.

JULIA
Yeah...
(pause)
God, I feel sick.

Julia is near tears. Hawes hugs her.

HAWES
No one has to know...

JULIA
Well, I do.

68 EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

68

Bo forces Nick to watch Hawes comfort her, whispering in his
ear-- turning the knife.

BO
Oh, he's good. It's like watching
silk be spun.

69 EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

69

Julia pulls back, looks at the gold, steeling herself.

JULIA
Get rid of it. Get it out of here.

HAWES

This is over. No one has to
remember him like this.

He looks at her for a long moment, really playing the role.

HAWES

He was my best friend.

70

EXT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

70

Nick stares in agony at her face, in it the devastation and
disappointment he has caused.

As Hawes and Julia go inside, Nick struggles against Bo,
trying to get to Julia.

NICK

Get off me, or I'll break your
neck.

BO

I know a little tiger-style, so
that's debateable.

(shoving the gun at him)

Explanation. Now.

NICK

Hawes got word of a shipment of
stolen goods. We intercepted it and
took the gold for ourselves.

(shaking his head)

I was so stupid.

BO

Why would the deados want it?

NICK

You think I knew about this shit?
It was just money to me. I wanted
to make our life better.

BO

Good job.

NICK

I have to talk to her. I have to
explain.

BO

Gonna try the Chinaman thing again?
That worked well.

Nick punches him in the face. Bo is unfazed. The front door can be heard, opening and closing-- Hawes walks across the street toward his car.

BO
Gold's getting away.

Nick punches him again.

BO
Better now?

And again.

NICK
A little.

Nick heads to the car.

71 EXT. CAFE / URBAN PARK - DAY

71

Nick and Bo stake out Hawes from across a busy outdoor park. Hawes, the picture of innocence, is ruffling the fur of someone's seeing-eye dog as he eats his lunch.

Nick looks down at the table, lost in thought. Bo notices this, snaps his fingers at him.

BO
Come on. Tighten up.

NICK
She's *right there*. Right there in front of me and I can't reach her.

Bo appraises him coldly.

BO
These are *cosmic* rules, Nick. Not up for debate.

NICK
My wife sees me as a dirty cop.

BO
Actually, she sees you as an old Chinese guy. And by the way... Grandpa Chen is a pretty solid look. Helps with the stakeouts.

Bo points across to Hawes.

BO
 Nobody notices poor old Grandpa
 Chen.

NICK
 Can't say the same about you.

Some businessmen pass, un-subtly checking out Bo.

BO
 You have no idea.

NICK
 I can't believe this is happening.

BO
 Classic denial-stage bullshit. Man,
 I miss the days when there was ONE
 stage of grief. It was called "suck
 it up or eat a bullet."

Nick pauses, sizing up Bo. Speaking honestly.

NICK
 Bo, she's the only person... the
 only person I ever *needed* to
 understand what I did and who I
 was. What she thinks of me... is
 who I am.

Bo is silent for once.

NICK
 To know that I blew that, I
 destroyed that, and know that I
 lost my chance to make her
 understand... that...
 (pause)
 That I can't accept.

Bo nods, sympathetic. Then--

BO
 Boo hoo.

NICK
 Excuse me?

BO
 You heard me. Boo de hoo.

NICK
 You may be one of the worst people
 I've ever met.

BO

Sadly, you don't get to tell her how you "did it all for her." And where exactly do you think your tragedy ranks on the scales of cosmic injustice? Pakistan earthquake level? Killing Fields level?

NICK

For me, it was a pretty big one.

BO

You think you're the only one who got cut down in his prime? You think I didn't feel unresolved as my face was being devoured by a buzzard?

NICK

Christ...

Bo gestures toward Hawes.

BO

He gets to enjoy Sbarro and sleep at night and talk to whatever girl he shines to. You don't. Oh well. Ain't nothing gonna fix it. So you are going to learn to sit on your regret and pain until it becomes nothing but a dull persistent ache. The way I do it. The way a man does it.

Nick looks like he's about to boil over. Two guys walk by the table, looking Bo up and down. One slips him his card.

GUY

I do music videos.

BO

Excuse me?

The guy turns.

BO

I am not a piece of meat, put on this earth for your gratification. I'm a woman, in every way your equal. Respect me, or I will castrate you like a 3-year-old steer.

As the guys retreat, Bo looks back to Hawes' table, where the dog Hawes was petting starts barking.

BO
Look sharp. We got something.

A frighteningly large man, PULASKI, arrives. As he does, behind him, a woman's heel snaps and she drops her tray.

BO
Oh, yeah. That's a deado.

Hawes says something into Pulaski's ear, hands off the case. The two part, heading in separate directions.

BO
We stay on the gold.

Nick springs to his feet.

NICK
I got this.

BO
Hold up. Daddy's on point.

NICK
I saw how you handled Nawicki. I'm guessing I can be more discreet. Watch and learn.

Nick and Bo follow Pulaski as he leaves the park. As Pulaski nears the top of an alley...

NICK
(calling out)
Excuse me, sir?

Pulaski turns. Nick smiles as he shoves his gun into Pulaski's side--

NICK
A quick word?

-- and without breaking stride, guides him into the alley, through a set of doors, into--

72 INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN - DAY

72

Nick leads him toward the large walk-in fridge. As they pass the spice rack, he snags a little bottle of cumin from the rack.

Nick nods toward the large walk-in fridge.

NICK
Bo. The door?

73 INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR - DAY 73

They enter, Bo closing the door behind them. Pulaski doesn't seem intimidated. In fact, he wears a shit-eating grin.

PULASKI
Let me guess. RIPD. Great looks.
Panda Express over here...

BO
Hey. Easy with the racial.

PULASKI
And you with your...

He searches for an appropriate putdown. Comes up empty.

PULASKI
... magnificent breasts.

NICK
Tell us about the gold, and then
tell us who's pulling the strings.
Because I'm pretty sure you're too
dumb to be in charge of this
operation.

Pulaski blinks heavily.

PULASKI
You calling me dumb?

With a sigh, Nick pours a little pile of cumin on his palm.

NICK
Look, we're all friends here. You
don't want to be popped, I don't
want to pop you. So talk... and you
can keep on roaming around looking
semi normal.

Pulaski mulls this over. Slowly.

PULASKI
Well, if you're not gonna pop me...

He lunges forward, SNORTING the cumin, which POPS HIM. He wails, body SWELLING and turning into a 9-foot-tall bulbous and muscular monstrosity. It is completely inhuman-- bigger, wilder, nastier than anything we've seen before.

BO
And... he popped himself.

Pulaski grabs the case and BLASTS THROUGH THE STEEL WALL of the walk-in.

BO
Contain...

74 INT./ EXT. LOADING DOCK / ALLEY - DAY

74

Pulaski crashes into a loading dock, just as a truck rumbles in, steel gate lowering behind it.

We follow Pulaski as he crabs across the ceiling and BLASTS THROUGH the steel gate into an alley. He runs ahead, toward a sidewalk...

... where there are a lot of people.

BO
...contain...

Bo and Nick run after him as...

75 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

75

... Pulaski emerges onto the sidewalk, into a crowd of businesspeople.

A moment of silent shock as the people track him in rapt silence, trying to comprehend.

Just as Nick and Bo arrive, the crowd's shock turns into TOTAL TERRIFIED PANDEMONIUM.

BO
...fail.

PULASKI LEAPS AT A PASSING TRUCK, using it to BACKFLIP onto the side of a building. As Pulaski RACES UP THE FACADE of the building, Bo pulls an odd-looking gun from his coat, with a grappling hook attached to the end.

BO
Nick, just breathe. Pappy's got some ropin' to do.

He fires. The bolt, trailing a thin cable, lodges in the fleshy side of Pulaski.

BO
Bingo.

76 **EXT. INTERSECTION/ INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY** 76

The truck driver watches, shocked, as the harpoon hits the monster, forgetting that he is driving a motor vehicle...

77 **EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY** 77

... which drifts into the intersection causing a huge pileup.

On the sidewalk, Bo braces himself, pulling on the cable to reel Pulaski in ... but instead is YANKED out of frame.

Bo ROCKETES SKYWARD, towed by Pulaski up the building and around the corner.

BO
(calling out)
Little help, rook!

Nick races around the corner, tracking them.

78 **EXT. GLASS HIGH RISE - FACADE - DAY** 78

Faces-full of glass rain down on Bo as Pulaski runs up the side of the building. Barely able to hang on to the grappling gun, Bo wraps his end of the cable a few times around his forearm as he is smashed into outcroppings and corners.

79 **INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - FIFTH FLOOR OFFICE - DAY** 79

A BUSINESSMAN stares out the window as he argues on the phone with his wife.

BUSINESSMAN
...well if your father doesn't like
the vodka we have, he can go out
himself and...

Outside, the hideous Pulaski roars past him.

BUSINESSMAN
Uhhhh...

BAM! The hot Russian model (Bo) slams into the glass just opposite his face. The two share a confused glance, before the woman is pulled upwards.

80 **EXT. GLASS HIGH RISE - STREET - DAY**

80

It's pandemonium. Nick is awash in fleeing pedestrians. He leaps up onto the roof of a car, draws his gun.

He's got a great shot at Pulaski-- except for the fact that Bo is swinging back and forth beneath him. Nick hesitates, trying to time it properly, but finally...

NICK

Fuck it.

... he just gives up and fires away.

81 **EXT. GLASS HIGH RISE - FACADE - DAY**

81

The soul-killers whiz by Bo's head.

BO

Hey! Hey!

Pulaski leaps sideways, landing on one of the building's sharp outcroppings.

Far below, Nick continues to fire as he walks across the stopped cars, tracking Pulaski all the way.

BO

I said hey!

Pulaski dodges again and again, leaping back and forth across the building, using its ledges and angles as stepping stones.

Nick fires again, WINGING HIM-- Pulaski roars, now really pissed, and starts to JUMP UP AND DOWN on the facade, cracking the glass with each bounce.

Bo swings wildly beneath him, slamming hard into the building with every move. He tries to draw his gun with his other hand, but it's no use.

Finally, Pulaski SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS and plunges through the side of the building...

82 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - 20TH FLOOR OFFICE - DAY 82

... belly-flopping onto a conference table surrounded by EXECS, obliterating it. The execs scatter. With a BEASTLY WAIL, Pulaski struggles to his feet. We see a speakerphone embedded in his body.

SPEAKERPHONE (V.O.)
Say that again, Jill?

Pulaski barrels into the main office. Still being towed, Bo crests the lip of the window, upside down.

BO
Keep running! I'm still here!

83 EXT. GLASS HIGH RISE - STREET - DAY 83

Nick jumps down into the teeming, panicked crowd. He fights his way toward the building's entrance, reloading on the fly.

84 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - 20TH FLOOR OFFICE - DAY 84

Like a fleshy, top-heavy bull, Pulaski thunders through the main corridor. It's an explosion of Aeron chairs as he plows through a bank of cubicles. Headset-wearing assistants fly in all directions.

Bo, still attached, SKIDS through the carnage, like a downed waterskier, PINGING OFF DESKS AND WALLS. He's trying desperately to right himself, to draw his gun.

Pulaski charges forward, his bulbous head cutting through the ceiling tiles as he moves, whipping around a curve.

Bo's momentum launches him forward. He swings around Pulaski, lining up his shot, getting ready to fire when-- CRASH. He smashes through the glass wall into a BREAK ROOM.

Around him, shocked employees stare as he takes a bead on Pulaski, who is near the elevator...

Pulaski SMASHES THROUGH the closed doors into the ELEVATOR SHAFT.

85 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY 85

Pulaski plunges downward, until-- he crashes to a stop. Part of the triple-wide shaft is blocked by another elevator car. Pulaski is stuck.

86 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

86

Bo runs to the shaft...

BO
This ends here, hombre.

... and DIVES AFTER HIM.

87 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

87

Bo plummets down the shaft and lands on Pulaski with a thud. He struggles to get up, but is ENVELOPED IN ROLLS OF PULASKI'S MONSTROUS MUSCLE AND FAT.

BO
(muffled)
Nick!

88 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - LOBBY / ELEVATOR - DAY

88

Nick races across the lobby, sees people fleeing from the elevators. Nick runs toward them.

As he reaches the open doors of one of the elevator cars, a large shard of falling metal SLICES THROUGH ITS ROOF.

Nick looks up through the ragged hole to see--

PULASKI STUCK IN THE SHAFT.

Nick draws a pistol from his waistband-- a *live-world* pistol. He fires through the hole in the roof at the counter-weighted elevator cable. A metallic SNAP-- the elevator lurches and ROCKETS UPWARD.

A BLUR OF MOTION as the elevator speeds upward, past floor after floor. 5...10... 15...

Nick braces himself as Pulaski looms larger.

89 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

89

The elevator screams toward Pulaski. Close enough for Pulaski to see Nick DRAWING HIS SOUL-KILLER GUN.

Pulaski tries desperately to free himself, but there's no avoiding it--

The elevator PLOWS INTO him, taking him along for the ride.

90 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

90

The impact floors Nick. We hear a muffled scream from Bo.

The elevator continues higher and higher, the collision not slowing it a bit.

Nick climbs to his feet. A fleshy lump of Pulaski sags through the roof, like a grotesque balloon...with hair.

Nick grimaces, reluctantly raising his gun--

NICK

All right...

--and unloads his weapon. Sickly clumps of yellow fat rain down in a torrent. Nick struggles to shield himself.

NICK

Worse than I thought! Worse than I thought!

Pulaski's screams can be heard, but he's still there. Clearly, a headshot is necessary.

91 INT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

91

Like a man in quicksand, Bo works in vain to free himself from Pulaski atop the elevator car.

The sound of the speeding elevator is a deafening whoosh.

92 EXT. GLASS HIGH RISE - ROOF - DAY

92

A silent, breezy moment on the roof of the skyscraper.

A faint grinding sound. Then--

BOOM. A shower of debris as the ELEVATOR CRASHES UP THROUGH THE ROOF, lodging itself half-exposed in the deck. Pulaski and Bo are sent flying, fountaining away with the debris.

Nick SLAMS INTO THE ROOF of the elevator and back down again.

As he staggers out of the debris toward the edge of the roof, Nick can see Pulaski BOUNDING OFF down the street with the case.

BO (O.S.)

Rook.

Nick looks down to see Bo clinging to the edge of the roof. He heaves him up onto the roof, then sinks down next to him.

The two of them look pretty shaken.

NICK
What was that?

BO
(shakes his head)
Much worse than any deado I've seen
before. Way worse. More powerful.

Above, a number of helicopters circle. We hear the wail of emergency vehicles.

A VOICE over Bo's walkie.

PROCTER (V.O.)
Bo!

BO
That would be our ass-reaming on
the line.

CUT TO:

93

INT. RIPD - BULLPEN - LATER

93

CLOSE ON PROCTER'S FACE as she searches for words to express her enormous disdain.

PROCTER
Congratulations, guys, on your
unprecedented-- and utterly
devastating-- cock-up.

Nick and Bo follow Procter as she stalks through the HQ.

She points at the various screens around the room that are playing news and YouTube footage of the panicked reaction to the monster on the streets.

PROCTER
How are we going to cover this up?
You let an exposed deado loose on
the streets, in the middle of the
day! You were supposed to contain!
That is the most basic job, it is
the most basic concept, and you
failed. Spectacularly. To contain.

NICK

There was no containing that thing.
Ask lasso over here.

BO

He's right. It was different.
Besides we obtained some vital
clues to...

PROCTER

You don't look for "clues!" You
don't get creative. You do as
you're told. When you don't, this
happens. Now they think they can
run on us!

Procter pushes open the doors into...

94

INT. RIPD HEARING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

94

They enter a steel-walled hearing room. Bo takes a breath.

BO

Can I suggest that there is
potentially, just potentially, a
little scapegoating going on here?
My methods are rock solid.

PROCTER

Really? In our history, soul-
killing weapons have been used in
the line of duty 51 times. 33 by
you.

Images appear, swirling around the floor of the room-- a
"greatest hits" of Bo's indiscriminate shootings through the
years:

*Bo quick-draws, firing at a deado above him. Bo bursts
through a door, six guns blazing. Bo shoots through a door
without looking. Bo sprays the street with soul-killers from
a carbine. Bo shoots into the dark, the only light the muzzle
flashes of his gun.*

It's a festival of bad lethal force decisions playing out
before them.

Bo shrugs.

BO

A fish has to swim.

A final shot: Bo doing a bunch of overly theatrical lasso tricks.

BO
Now you're just trying to embarrass me.

PROCTER
You're a disgrace.

BO
You're wrong, I'm right, but go ahead and suspend us.

PROCTER
We're past that. It's out of my hands now.

She points up. And for the first time, Nick and Bo notice...

The massive figures of the ETERNALS, sitting at giant desks, the sides of which are the walls of the room.

Huge, human in form but distinctly weird-- they look displeased, and incredibly intimidating.

BO
Oh no.

NICK
What...?

BO
Eternal Affairs. Bad.

ETERNAL
You two have proven yourselves devious, irresponsible...

SECOND ETERNAL
...and easily corruptible.

BO
(staring at Nick)
Just gives me a knot in my belly.

ETERNAL
Erasure would be an appropriate consequence.

NICK
Go ahead. Erase us. Something big is happening. I know I'm right about that.

ETERNAL
We are not going to erase you...
because, sadly...

SECOND ETERNAL
You are right.

This hangs there. No one is more shocked than Procter.

PROCTER
They are?

BO
No need to act surprised, honeypot.

ETERNAL
The gold that you found is of
profound importance.

SECOND ETERNAL
Until you brought it in, we were
convinced that the pieces no longer
existed. Wishful thinking, perhaps.

THIRD ETERNAL
When all of the pieces are
assembled, the gold forms an
incredibly powerful artifact known
as St. Peter's Key.

ETERNAL
St. Peter's Key permanently shuts
the tunnel to the afterlife.

A pause as those words land.

PROCTER
With no tunnel, everyone who died
would stay here on Earth.

NICK
We'd be overrun by deados.

SECOND ETERNAL
The world as you knew it would end.

Silence. Then--

BO
Why would someone *make* something
like that? Come on!

PROCTOR
Bo. Calm down.

BO

No! No! Here I am, willing the streets into order, making headway year after dominant year, and now *everything* I've done is threatened by an ancient totem forged for kicks by some asshole 5000 years ago. Why even try?

The Eternal tilts his head and looks deep into Bo with his terrifying, inscrutable stare. A stare that has seen the wonders and the horrors of the universe.

BO

Table that. Table the shit out of it.

The Eternals focus on Nick.

ETERNAL

The universe has made itself clear to us now. There are no coincidences... this is why you're here, Nick Walker.

As they speak, the images change to Nick's defining moment-- he and Hawes with flashlights, pulling open a black bag... Hawes reaching in for the gold.

NICK

We both did this. We both hold it.

Hawes looks at Nick. Hands him the gold.

ETERNAL

Your connection to the gold puts you in a unique position to recover it.

NICK

(points to Bo)
So why is he on this?

Bo issues a bitterly disappointed sigh.

SECOND ETERNAL

Because the nature of your connection worries us.

BO

Let's just call it what it is. Moral putrefaction. And it worries me too.

ETERNAL

And, despite his numerous, glaring faults... Pulsipher is the best we've ever had.

Bo turns to Nick. The grin on his face can only be described as shit-eating.

BO

Pay heed, rook.

PROCTER

We don't have much time. We need to find the rest of the gold. Until we do, no one is safe, not a single soul.

CLOSE ON NICK. These last words ring in his ears.

95 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TRACK - DAY

95

We're close on Julia. Procter's last words echo...

PROCTOR (V.O.)

This could be the end of everything and everyone.

... as we watch her run around the track surrounding a high school football field. She looks focused, using this time to block out the world.

96 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY

96

Nick stands behind a small wooden shed adjacent to the track. He watches as Julia jogs past. She's graceful, beautiful.

He starts to move, stops himself. He knows it won't work.

97 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TRACK - DAY

97

Julia continues around the track, picking up her pace.

98 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EQUIPMENT SHED -DAY

98

Nick watches her as she runs, past some graffiti on the far wall... and an idea hits him. Written words.

Nick whips out his detective's notebook, feverishly starts to write: "Julia- I know you can't see it, but this is me..."

She backs away...

JULIA

No! Get away from me. Just get away!

... then turns and runs.

Nick doesn't follow. He knows it's futile. We stay on him as he watches her go, out of the stadium and gone.

From OFFSCREEN, we hear someone CLAPPING.

BO (O.S.)

That was great.

Nick turns to see Bo sitting in the grandstands.

BO

Universe: seven. Nick: zero.

Bo stands, walking over toward him.

BO

You're freaking her out, if you haven't noticed.

NICK

I have to fix it with her.

BO

Okay, I'm not from a time of sensitivities and emotionalism, and yes, in the day I bought my love by the hour, but I do know that what you're doing isn't helping. It is called *haunting*, hoss. You saw what it did to her. You're causing her pain.

NICK

She's the only thing I care about. The rest of this...

BO

(interrupting)

Should be very important to you. You know why we need to stop the deados from using the key? So that Julia has a world to live in. And yes, that means without you.

(pause)

Why do you think the universe stops you from doing this?

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

She needs to survive you. Meet someone new. Maybe have a family.

NICK

That's supposed to be our life.

BO

Well it ain't going to be with you. You are not coming back. Ever.

Nick absorbs this. Wordlessly, he walks out, Bo catching up.

102

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EXIT - DAY

102

They walk in silence, through the wide open exit, toward the parking lot. Finally, of course, Bo can't help himself.

BO

Resolve your crap. Do like me.

NICK

Like you.

BO

Emulate my peace.

NICK

Your Zen-like calm.

BO

Yeah. It's taken a long time for me to get this state.

Despite his words, Bo's tone starts to rise in anger.

BO

You may think the old west was all shits and giggles and sasparilla and two cent whores but it wasn't all good... it was smelly and violent, ridden with dysentery and no-account Injuns...

NICK

That isn't... a term we use...

BO

I've had a lot of anger to get past, okay? You're bringing some shit out, Nick. Things I've been suppressing for a very long time.

(pause)

One of those coyotes...

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)
 he made love to my skull.
 (pause)
 Do you know what that practice is
 commonly called?

NICK
 Yes, I do.

Bo stares at him. Takes a moment, as if traumatically
 reliving the experience in his mind.

NICK
 You need a second?

Now it is Bo who waves him off and walks on.

103 **EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - PARKING LOT - DAY**

103

Bo arrives at the car and opens the door, but hesitates to
 get in. He waits for Nick to arrive. Points at him.

BO
 This is what we can do with our
 pain and regret and... earned sense
 of violation. We make the world a
 better place for the living. You
 can make this place worth living in
 for her. That means saving it from
 being overrun by deados. Because if
 that happens, Julia won't exist.

Nick looks at him for a long moment, all of this sinking in.
 Bo gets in the car.

104 **INT. DINER - DAWN**

104

Nick and Bo sit silently in an empty diner. It seems they
 have been here quite a while.

Finally, Bo reaches for the car keys.

NICK
 Where are we going?

BO
 I think you know where. We need to
 talk about the elephant in the
 room. Your partner. Been stewing on
 this. You really think he's just a
 bag man? Caught up in this by
 accident?

(pause)

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

I have to ask you a question. Did he like Indian food?

NICK

He was not a fan. But you think that didn't run through my mind?

BO

I frankly don't credit you with a lot of insight, Nick.

NICK

I rode with him for five years. I never noticed any of this soul-stank crap. Nothing like it.

(pause)

Though his car did smell.

BO

When he pet that dog, it did throw me off. But Procter told me once there were a few artifacts out there that could mask it. Like a spiritual deodorant. It would be something he carried all the time.

This clicks into place. Nick shakes his head, looks out the window.

NICK

Like a St. Christopher medal.

BO

Sure.

ON NICK: it's clear now.

NICK

Let's go pop him.

105 INT. HAWES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 105

A phone is RINGING-- Hawes, in his living room, picks it up.

106 INT. NICK AND JULIA'S HOUSE - DAY 106

Julia paces in the kitchen. She looks disturbed, agitated.

JULIA

Simon, it's me.

INTERCUT with:

107 INT. HAWES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

107

Hawes smiles.

HAWES

Julia. Is everything okay?

JULIA

The weirdest thing happened to me. I've been up all night thinking about it. It's crazy, but I just have to say it... I think I saw Nick.

HAWES

What?

JULIA

I was at the track, and that guy from the funeral, the one who was yelling...

HAWES

Slow down.

JULIA

I know. I know. It's so weird.

HAWES

I gotta be honest, Julia. You sound a little crazy. You know that's impossible, right?

JULIA

Yeah... I know. But with everything that's been happening, lately... this guy just got to me. I just... felt it so strongly.

HAWES

It's okay. I miss him too.

JULIA

I going out of my head a little bit, Hawes.

(pause)

I just need someone to talk to.

Hawes smiles to himself.

HAWES

Look. I'm still at work for a few more hours, but let's meet up tonight.

As their conversation ends, THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW, Hawes sees Nick and Bo's car pulling up to the house. He smiles.

He reaches into the desk and pulls out a small, innocuous-looking HALF-SPHERE. Ancient looking, it is carved with stylized ocean waves-- an artifact.

Hawes puts it in his pocket.

108

EXT. HAWES'S HOUSE - DAY

108

Bo and Nick get out of the car, look over at Hawes' house, an unimpressive aluminum-sided affair. Nick nods toward the car in the driveway.

NICK

He's home.

Bo is more focused on the house.

BO

What did they pay you guys? I mean, even Ned Purchase lived better than this.

NICK

I guess you're gonna tell me who that is.

BO

The old hermit who lived outside of Crescent City and walked like a crab. Ned "Scuttle" Purchase.

The move across the street toward the house.

NICK

You take the front. I'll go round back to the kitchen.

BO

That's good thinking. Best officer we've ever had should go in the front.

NICK

Yeah, that's exactly what I was thinking.

Nick disappears around the side of the house. Bo climbs the front steps, KNOCKS on the door. After a moment, Hawes answers.

BO
Simon Hawes?

HAWES
Yeah.

BO
I need to ask you a few questions
involving a tandoori clay oven.

HAWES'S POV - an unbelievably attractive woman flashes her
I.D. at him.

HAWES
(smiling)
Honey, you can ask me anything you
want. Come on in.

109 **INT. HAWES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

109

Hawes leads Bo into the living room.

HAWES
Why don't we do this over a drink?

BO
Sure. I'll wet my beak.

HAWES
Have a seat.

Bo takes a seat on the couch. Hawes exits into the--

110 **INT. HAWES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

110

Swiftly, Hawes goes to the sink, opening the cabinet beneath
it. He feels for something-- something that isn't there.

NICK (O.S.)
Looking for this?

PULL BACK to reveal Nick standing behind him, holding a
pistol-grip shotgun... unmistakably RIPD issue. He cocks it.
Hawes turns, hands up.

HAWES
Indeed I was...
(nods)
Nice move.

NICK
Where'd you get this?

HAWES
There's a black market for
everything... Nick.

Hawes smiles. Bo enters from the living room, gun raised.

BO
It's late on Ash Wednesday...

NICK
We can skip that part, Bo.

Hawes looks back and forth between them.

NICK
Take off the St. Christopher
medallion.

Hawes milks it, peering at Nick, who he still sees as the Chinese man.

HAWES
You're taking all of the fun out of
this. I was really hoping to make
it more of a surprise...

He snaps the bracelet off his wrist, spinning the St. Christopher Medal in his fingers.

HAWES
Oh well...

Hawes tosses the St. Christopher medal away. And as it rattles into the corner...

All the lights in the room BLOW OUT. Behind him in the window, trees shed their leaves. The entire house seems to shudder and slump as a faultline snakes its way through the hallway.

Apparently, the soul-stank the medal was covering is extremely powerful.

Hawes looks Nick up and down, seeing the old Chinese man.

HAWES
Tough look.

NICK
I'm getting used to it.

Hawes looks at Bo.

HAWES

Damn. I mean...

(to Nick)

That just doesn't seem fair, does it?

NICK

Lot of things don't seem fair.

Nick takes a step toward him, gun raised, anger flashing across his face. Hawes shrugs.

HAWES

It was just business, you know.

NICK

Make a move. Please.

BO

Nick, easy. Where's the gold, dead man?

HAWES

Gold? I have no idea what you're talking about.

NICK

Loose floorboard to the left of the staircase.

Bo moves toward the staircase. Hawes glares at Nick, who gives a little smile.

NICK

Same place you hid the Rolexes you stole from that bust.

HAWES

You could've had one. But now...

BO (O.S.)

Got it.

111 INT. HAWES'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

111

Bo has lifted up the floorboard by the stairs. From the revealed hole, Bo pulls up a duffel bag. He zips it open to find a huge X-SHAPED PIECE OF GOLD, the biggest and most elaborately marked one we've seen yet.

BO

Bingo.

112 EXT. HAWES'S HOUSE - DAY

112

Bo and Nick walk the cuffed Hawes toward the car.

In the distance, sirens start blaring, the sound of cars crashing and disorder filters down the street.

Nick and Bo look at each other. Hawes smiles.

NICK

What do you have to smile about?

As they put him in the car, the faultline CRACKS THE FACADE of the house in two. Bo and Nick get in and hit the gas.

CUT TO:

113 INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

113

THE VIEW THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A deado CRASHES through a plate glass window and runs off down the street. He is dragged down by two RIPD OFFICERS.

BO (O.S.)

Yeah, Murphy! Ring 'em up!

PAN OFF THE SCENE to see Nick and Bo watching this as they drive with Hawes.

Hawes sits cuffed in the back seat, as the radio blares chatter about exposed deados. There's a weird unhinged energy around them-- a world creeping closer to the edge.

BO

We're rolling all your friends up,
Hawes. RIPD is out in force and
just crushing you.

Hawes points to Nick.

HAWES

I'm still up one on this guy.

NICK

We'll fix that in a few minutes.
Your gold goes into evidence...

HAWES

Funny that NOW you want to put
things in evidence.

NICK
... and you go away.

HAWES
We've got as much of a right to be here as anybody.

BO
Technically, you don't.

HAWES
Some dealer gets tired of paying me protection money, shoots me in the back, and I'm supposed to accept that? I get lucky, slip through the cracks... I'm gonna use the opportunity. I'm gonna find a way I don't have to go to judgement. It's natural.

NICK
Where's the rest of the gold?

HAWES
I'm just a link in the chain, man. But I know what I know. Maybe I'll tell you something about this gold if I get some clemency...

BO
We don't traffic in the gray, pal.

Hawes turns to Nick.

HAWES
Hey Nick... do you know how annoying it was talking to you back when you were alive? I mean, I've *been through death*, man. I've seen the wonder and terror, and I gotta pretend to be interested while you're like... "I hope the Pats win" and "I like beer. Do you like beer?"

(pause)
I'm dealing with totally different issues.

Bo floors it, hitting another deado who is running across the street. A THUMP as the deado tumbles over the roof.

BO
 (to Hawes)
 Sorry. Was that one of your
 friends?

114 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - LATER

114

Bo and Nick lead Hawes into headquarters. It's an unruly scene-- a lot of deados have just been brought in.

BO
 Nice haul, guys.

OFFICER
 Fish in a barrel. Streets were
 teeming with 'em. It's almost like
 they wanted to be caught.

OFFICER #2
 They aren't so bright, are they?

The officer points to a line of 5 deados, each bigger and nastier than any we've seen. Each one is guarded by at least two officers.

OFFICER
 They're like big cows.

Procter stalks in and grabs the booking sheet, looking at the names.

PROCTER
 Not those guys. You just picked up
 5 of our 6 most wanted. You make
 sure they've been searched.

OFFICER
 We already did that. Smits is
 booking it right now.

He points to an officer far across the room, entering evidence with an evidence box full of suspicious items they have taken off the deados.

PROCTER
 Search 'em again and get 'em in
 cells for god's sake.

HAWES
 Always up for a pat down, honey.

Bo grabs him and roughly searches him.

HAWES

You better book that gold before
your partner gets his hands on it.

NICK

(to Bo)

What's the policy on police
brutality here?

BO

Very liberal.

Bo comes up with the LITTLE HALF-SPHERE that Hawes put in his
pocket.

BO

What's this?

HAWES

It's personal.

BO

Well, it gets booked...

Bo makes a show of pulling the gold from his bag.

BO

... with this gold. That I brought
in.

He speaks a little too loudly.

BO

Another perp, big piece of gold, no
big deal. Just a given when you're
the best officer in the RIPD.

PROCTER

Just go log it.

BO

I'm available, by the way. For like
a workshop, tutorial type thing...
if you or the guys want to get a
few pointers. Maybe get yourselves
up near my level.

Procter shakes her head. She knows it's going to be like this
for a long time.

PROCTER

Why did I have to love you?

Nick looks back and forth between the two of them.

NICK
You're kidding.

BO PROCTER
We had a beautiful moment in Catastrophic mistake.
time...

BO
Run it down, but you felt what you
felt.

For a moment, considers engaging. Just gives up.

She leaves and Bo splits off, walking through the bullpen,
taking his time holding up the gold for all to see, as he
saunters toward evidence.

Nick smiles at Hawes as he walks him toward booking.

NICK
So, I'm gonna rush through this
paperwork and try to find some
popcorn. Maybe a bottle of scotch.
Because I really want to enjoy
watching you head down the tunnel
to judgement.

HAWES
Judgement, huh?

NICK
I'd say good luck, but I think we
both know how it's gonna go.

HAWES
You know what? I don't think I'm
going to go.

Looking across the room, he sees that Bo is nearing the
evidence room.

The five deados, one by one, fix their eyes on Hawes.

HAWES
(to Nick)
When I said I was a link in the
chain? I was being kind of modest.

Nick's eyes narrow. Something's wrong.

Across the floor, in front of the evidence room door, Bo is
scanned for entry. He holds the gold X in one hand, the
carved half-sphere artifact in the other.

The artifact rips itself from Bo's hand as the identical OTHER HALF rockets toward it like a meteor.

The halves of the artifact collide in mid-air.

A MASSIVE SHRIEKING BLAST-- an undulating, clear shock wave roars out, blasting Bo all the way to the opposite wall.

118 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - SAME

118

The undulating, shrieking shock wave blasts over everyone.

NICK'S POV

He sees everyone in the room SLOWING DOWN. He tries to lift his arm. It moves painfully slow.

Nick, and all the other RIPD cops, can barely move. It's as though they are trapped in liquid, underwater-- the effect of the artifact.

But the deados and Hawes race toward the evidence room: agile, fast, unaffected.

119 INT. RIPD EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME

119

The high-pitched SHRIEK continues as the deados and Hawes race into evidence and snatch up the gold X.

Hawes looks at the clerks' console and presses the button he had been about to hit-- a container ROCKETS DOWN from the archive-- in it is the rest of the gold. The deados snatch it all up. It's like a well-coordinated heist.

Across the room. Bo is trying to move, but the sound is like a lead blanket over him.

While the deados plunder, Bo fixes on the shrieking artifact, the cause of all of this. He tries to raise his gun, but it's like being in a wind tunnel. The piercing sound threatens to rip him apart.

120 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - SAME

120

Nick tries to move in toward evidence, as do other RIPD officers. They are sluggish and slow--

-- and the deados BURSTS OUT OF THERE, with all the gold.

The fast deados plow over the slowed RIPD officers, smashing them to the ground. They take their guns, arming themselves...

... and start blasting their way toward the exit, Hawes at the lead.

Nick tries to raise his gun. It moves up, achingly slow. As they fire at him, on the run, he fires, the bullets plowing into the ground. From Nick's gun we cut to:

121 INT. RIPD EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME 121

On Bo's gun as he struggles to aim it... to raise it... he cracks a shot off.

We focus on the bullet as it races through the stillness...

... and SHATTERS THE ARTIFACT. A perfect shot.

The disabling sound stops.

122 INT. RIPD BULLPEN MAIN - SAME 122

As soon as the sound stops, Nick is slammed back into normalcy. He unloads his clip at the deados, but too late. Hawes and the deados are on the way out.

123 INT. RIPD EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME 123

Bo gets up, gathering himself. And suddenly--

One last deado FLIES AT HIM from behind. Inches away from him, it EXPLODES.

PULL BACK to see Procter, standing in the doorway with a smoking derringer.

BO

Nice work with the lady gun.

She shakes her head. Then she throws him what was in her other hand-- a new hat. The two look at each for a charged moment.

PROCTER

Had that made. Don't know why.

BO

Suppose I coulda bought you flowers once or twice.

PROCTER
I like violets.

He touches the brim of the hat and runs into the--

124 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - SAME

124

-- where he finds Nick.

NICK
This is why he let us take him so
easily.

BO
We got straight mongoosed.

The look around at the decimated HQ. It's up to them. They go
after the fleeing deados.

Bo shrugs off his jacket as they move toward the exit.

BO
They got all the gold now. They
whip up that key and we're done.

As a third RIPD cop, MURPHY, catches up to them, they REACH
THE OPENING TO THE OUTSIDE--

125 EXT/INT. RIPD VCR REPAIR SHOP - DAY

125

They can see that the five deados are racing fast down the
street-- their concentrated soul-stank so bad it causes
streetlights to explode and trees to burst into flames.

Nick, Bo and Murphy pursue them, but down the street...

Three deados POP UP from behind cars, guns blazing, covering
the Five's retreat. As Nick and Bo return fire, Murphy is
shot-- erased.

BO
Soulkillers.

Nick and Bo duck back inside the VCR storefront, taking cover
on either side of the door.

Bo peers out. To get to a car, they will have to go straight
up the street, where the armed deados wait-- it's High Noon
on Milk Street.

BO
Just like main street, Dodge City.

He looks up the street at the gauntlet of deados, reloading.

BO

These dudes picked the wrong venue
to make a stand. I invented this
shit.

They BREAK COVER and stride up the street.

126

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RIPD VCR STORE - DAY

126

Completely in his element, Bo blasts away from the hip.

BO

Let me learn you a few things about
old west fighting. First...

Bo swivels to his right and fires-- BOOM! A deado, hiding
behind in a church bell tower, EXPLODES with a horrific
SCREAM.

BO

...only a novice hides in the
church steeple. That's the first
place I'm gonna look.

(spinning the gun)

Second place... hotel window. Every
time.

Barely looking, Bo turns and FIRES AGAIN, this time into
empty third-story window of a residential hotel.

NICK

Guess there's only one novice on
their crew.

Nick catches sight of movement on the roof. Both blast away,
nailing a deado running across it.

BO

Rooftop's number three, regardless.

ABOVE, the skies darken weirdly... a disturbance centered
above the 1930's Art Deco Commonwealth building downtown.

NICK

We gotta get to a car.

Nick fixes on a van parked halfway up the street. WE RACE
FORWARD WITH HIM TOWARD THE VAN. He slides into cover beside
it, but the van is PEPPERED WITH SHOTS from above. A deado
blasts down at him from the top of a fire escape.

Dodging bullets, Nick rolls under the van for cover. A second deado leaps on top of it, crushing it into the pavement.

But Nick is already out the other side. He FIRES at the second deado from flat on his back: right between the eyes.

NICK

Nex..

--but his words are cut off as a third deado leapfrogs through the mist of his imploding friend. Nick FIRES again, and the Deado implodes in a flash of blackness.

ABOVE, the fire escape deado draws a bead on Nick...

BUT ACROSS THE STREET, Bo sights along his pistol-- SHOTS THE DEADO WAY UP ON THE FIRE ESCAPE. An incredible shot.

Nick and Bo meet eyes-- there's almost a moment between them-- but it's interrupted by a piece of debris rolling down the street, tumbleweed style.

Bo and Nick curiously follow its path with their eyes as it clunks along, picking up speed.

Their jaws drop in awe and horror as they see what it is pulled up and into--

A VORTEX. A black-hole-like whirlpool of destruction, a rip in the fabric of our world, has appeared high up on a building, tearing at it and pulling things in.

This is something truly unprecedented.

BO

Whatever's starting... is starting.

Behind them, a few remaining RIPD officers stumble out of the wreckage of HQ, headed up toward them and some other cars.

NICK

Saddle up.

Nick and Bo get in the car and floor it.

127

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - DAY

127

Nick and Bo are in a phalanx of the three cars racing toward the epicenter.

Above the commonwealth building, the SKIES ARE NOW SWIRLING CRAZILY. More vortexes, a result of the key coming together, start opening up in the city and sky.

They drive against the fleeing traffic, down a narrow side street.

128

INT. RIPD CAR - DAY

128

Nick wheels around debris and panicked, fleeing citizens. Everyone is running away. Only the RIPD are bucking the tide.

BO

Big moment coming up. Career maker.

NICK

Nut-check time.

BO

One of us is probably gonna bite it.

NICK

Probably you, right?

BO

I hadn't gotten that far in my thinking.

(pause)

But when I picture in my head one of us getting plugged... it's always you.

NICK

Weird.

As they near an intersection, the lead RIPD car is JERKED INTO THE AIR, gripped by the force of a vortex around the corner.

As Nick and Bo reach the corner, we watch the other RIPD car SLAM into the third floor of a building, skipping across the facade before being SUCKED INTO the massive vortex.

Nick swerves, fighting the pull of the vortex. They are PULLED UP ON TWO WHEELS as a parked car is pulled up right over them, end over end, into the swirl.

BO

Anyway, seeing as how this is your last hurrah, there's something I need to tell you.

They rotate 360 degrees, several times, looping toward the pull of the vortex as Nick struggles with the wheel.

BO

Nick, Hoyt Stenson dry-gulched me.
He shot me in the back.

NICK

Hoyt Stenson killed you? Your
partner killed you. Shot you dead.

Bo sags, having to admit it.

BO

Yes.

Nick wrenches the wheel with all he has, trying to get the car onto a SIDE STREET where they are sheltered from the vortex. They SLAM back down onto four wheels, free of the pull. Nick looks like he's been given the best gift in the world.

NICK

Wow. The great Hoyt Stenson. I'm
just stunned right now. Dealing
with the irony.

The car plows through a few deados, like parking cones.

Right ahead, a GAPING CHASM has been cut in the street by another vortex. Nick floors it.

NICK

After all that crap about what an
idiot I was, how I should've seen
it coming...

He swerving toward a piece of concrete that is being wrenched toward the vortex, hits it, and JUMPS THE CHASM.

NICK

...how I had it coming from my
partner...

Time seems to slow down around them, the car soaring.

BO

How could he do it?! How, Nick?
After all I did. The loyalty. The
laughs. Cooked his beans. Put him
in a damn horse carcass to save him
from frostbite...

They sail through the air, deados falling away beneath them.

BO
 Gave him a hand-tooled Colt
 Peacemaker... which he USED TO
 SHOOT ME IN THE BACK!

NICK
 (looks over at him)
 Probably why you've been such an
 ass to me.

Bo has nothing to say to that.

BAM! The car lands hard on the other side, bucking like a
 bronco. Nick struggles to get it back under control. When he
 does...

NICK
 I accept your apology.

129 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

129

A coffee shop set in the corner of a bank tower. As a
 television on the wall plays NEWS FOOTAGE of the chaos, we
 move to Julia: she watches with everyone else, in disbelief.

Hawes enters and finds her.

JULIA
 I wasn't sure you were going to
 make it.

HAWES
 We probably should get out of here.

He takes her by the arm.

JULIA
 I just needed to talk to somebody.
 I felt like I was going crazy... I
 mean, Nick's still around, watching
 me? As a Chinese man?

HAWES
 Does sound a little crazy.
 Listen...

JULIA
 But with all of this happening,
 what's crazy anymore?

Outside, a vortex rips a police car END OVER END past their
 window, obliterating a bus stop. The people in the coffee
 shop scream, jump to their feet.

Julia turns, shocked--

JULIA
Oh my God!

-- as four of the five most-wanted deados from the raid bound past the window, swarming the building across the street.

Full blown panic. Screams of terror from outside. Hawes steps in front of Julia.

HAWES
We should really go, but before we do... there's one thing I should tell you. It's something that I've been hiding...

JULIA
Hawes, I think it can wait.

HAWES
(pressing on)
... and it might seem a little weird. I just think you should keep an open mind, and not judge right away.

She's about to say something, when...

Hawes POPS... revealing his true, horrific deado self.

Julia screams and recoils from the monster in front of her.

130 EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

130

Several deados are feverishly arranging gold pieces on the roof of the building, fitting them together in a circular pattern-- forming the key.

The four deados from the raid scramble up to the roof, joining them, spilling the remaining gold pieces in front of them.

As the last pieces come into place, *the jewels pulse, the gold glows, and...* in the sky above...

The tunnel of souls and all of its spectral machinery becomes fully visible in our world.

131 **EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

131

Hawes pulls Julia out into the street-- he looks up at the tunnel, quite pleased by everything.

HAWES

Tunnel to the afterlife. Exciting, right?

Julia has no answer to this.

HAWES

Okay, there's two ways we can look at this. One... scary, 'cause of the monsters and all.

(holding up a finger)

Or... kind of a relief? Because all those crazy things you thought you were imagining are true.

Julia looks shocked, almost catatonic.

HAWES

Don't pass out, please. You are a very important part of this equation.

132 **INT. RIPD CAR - DAY**

132

Nick and Bo race down the street, toward the Commonwealth Building... the center of all of this chaos.

As they barrel down the street-- BAM. A car plummets from the sky, crashing nose-first in front of them. Then another. Then another.

133 **EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY**

133

The wake from another vortex is crumbling the supports of a block-long parking garage, sending all the cars pouring off the roof, RAINING DOWN ON THE STREETS below.

134 **INT. RIPD CAR - DAY**

134

Nick weaves in and out of the rainstorm of vehicles-- avoiding some of them better than others.

Finally, he power-skids onto a side street, sheltered by the buildings, then skids back onto a parallel street-- pointing the car back toward the Commonwealth building again.

BO
 I don't want you to get cocky...
 but you handle this car pretty
 well.

Nick is about to respond when he spots something up ahead two blocks--

The monstrous Hawes has Julia-- and he is pulling her through the swirling chaos toward the Commonwealth building. Cars, chunks of pavement are pulled up into the sky around them.

NICK
 Oh my god. Julia.

135 **EXT. STREET - DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY** 135

Hawes spots Nick and Bo's car barreling toward them. Holding onto Julia, he leaps toward a garbage truck being sucked up into the sky-- grabbing a handle and hitching an impromptu ride up to the top of the Commonwealth building.

As he does, the fifth deado from the raid-- the biggest of all, a 'Roided-out vision of deado ugliness-- steps out, guarding the entrance, keeping them from Julia.

136 **INT. RIPD CAR - DAY** 136

Bo watches Hawes and Julia be swept up toward the top of the building.

BO
 I did not anticipate that.

Nick hits the gas. The deado looms large in their windshield.

NICK
 Don't tense up.

BO
 (nodding tightly)
 Relaxed body.

137 **EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - STREET - DAY** 137

--and the car hits the curb, catching air and PLOWING INTO THE DEADO and pinning it into the facade of a building. The deado roars, struggling to free itself.

Nick and Bo quickly climb out, untangling from the mess of airbags-- both blast the deado, who is erased.

BO
 For the record, I'm pretty sure
 that was my kill.

Nick looks up, sees the garbage truck still rising toward the top of the building.

138 **INT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY** 138

As Nick and Bo race into the lobby, the elevators are sucked back into a vortex. Only one way up-- the stairs.

They reload on the fly as they head toward the stairwell. When they reach it, they can see a vortex ripping it up above. It looks pretty near impossible.

NICK
 You with me?

BO
 Let's go get her, partner.

Bo snaps the cylinder back into his revolver.

BO
 Big dog's coming off the porch and
 he's fixing to hunt.

Nick leads the charge.

139 **EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY** 139

Hawes yanks Julia off the tumbling garbage truck and onto the roof.

The garbage truck flies up, lodging itself into the corner of a building above, raining debris.

The wind up here whips furiously. The gold pieces of the key are all assembled, except the X-shaped centerpiece.

HAWES
 You go tiptoeing around life,
 trying to be good because you're
 afraid of being judged when you
 die... when there's something out
 there that can make all your
 worries go away.

He lifts up the X and JAMS IT INTO THE CENTER OF THE KEY.

AND ABOVE, the TUNNEL CLOSES.

Like a plugged drain, it backs up immediately. The souls on
on their way to judgement logjam and start falling from the
sky. The spectral machinery that feeds it starts to break
down.

Hawes looks up-- pleased.

HAWES
Ho. Lee. Shit!

He points to the sky.

HAWES
Tunnel closed! No souls going
anywhere! I'm here forever, honey.
Kind of a high five moment.

Julia stares at him.

HAWES
The hard part is almost over! Just
gotta seal the deal!

140 INT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY 140

One of the vortexes SHEARS through the building, sucking up
the stairwell behind Nick and Bo as they run up the stairs,
two at a time. The stairs disintegrate under Bo.

Nick lunges down, catching him, and heaves him bodily ahead.
They scramble forward, trying to stay ahead of the
destruction, as ANOTHER VORTEX rips through the building
above them.

They claw their way up the stairs as everything falls apart.

141 EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - DAY 141

From outside the building, through huge ragged holes in the
facade, we can see Nick and Bo struggling up the staircase.

From this, WE PULL WAY BACK, getting a view of the skyline...
of the immense destruction being wrought upon the city.

142 EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY 142

Hawes stands next to the completed key.

HAWES
Okay, here's where it gets a little
uncomfortable.
(MORE)

HAWES (CONT'D)

There's no great way to say this, but these ancient things? They often involve an element of... I don't want to say "human sacrifice," but... human sacrifice.

JULIA

I'm not scared of you.

ALL AROUND, swirling vortexes BLAST into nearby buildings, including THIS ONE--

HAWES

I know, it's blunt. They weren't so much about finesse back in the day. You need blood to make this stuff permanent... there's just no substitute.

He pulls out his service pistol. Julia backs away.

HAWES

Come on, be cool, Julia. It's an honor! I'm trusting you with the heavy shit!

AND THEN NICK AND BO burst onto the roof, side by side.

An epic tableau: deados everywhere, Hawes and Julia.

Julia turns, seeing them at the same time Hawes does...

And before anyone can do anything, Hawes shoots her.

In desperation and rage, Nick runs for her, at Hawes. He fires wildly at Hawes, but the deados swarm in front of their leader, taking the shots for him.

Deados claw toward Nick to intercept...

... but Bo covers Nick, fanning the hammer of his pistol old-west style, blasting every deado just before it can get to his partner, carving the path for him. He unleashes a hail of soul-killing lead in all directions as shots hit him as well...

ACROSS THE ROOF, Nick throws his empty gun aside and leaps at Hawes...

HAWES

No way. Not now...

Nick crashes into him, all of his rage focused as he gets his hands around the Hawes-monster's throat.

NICK
Go to hell, Hawes.

HAWES
No longer possible.

Hawes starts smashing Nick with his powerful hands, slamming him onto the roof.

HAWES
Killing you never gets old, Nick.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOF, Bo reaches the key. He tries to wrench the center X out. It is immovable.

Desperate, he looks up and sees: the garbage truck, lodged in the building above, teetering. With the last of his strength, he whips out his lasso and makes an epic throw, snagging the garbage truck.

He yanks on the rope, pulling the garbage truck and a big chunk of the building down on top of himself and the key. The key is sheared in half.

Around him, the gold pieces cascade into the air with an epic blast.

IN THE SKY ABOVE

The tunnel, like an unplugged drain, WHOOSHES BACK OPEN, pulling in all the dead souls, the cosmic machinery working again.

143 **EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY** 143

From far away, we see the chaos being swept away, ripped back into the sky in one fell swoop over the battered city.

144 **EXT. COMMONWEALTH BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY** 144

As Hawes gapes at the disappearing tunnel above, Nick rises with a soul-killer gun.

Hawes looks at the gun.

HAWES
Well, partner...

NICK
I've got a new partner.

HAWES

I had so much left to give.

Nick sticks the gun in Hawes' monstrous maw and pulls the trigger. With a horrifying death wail, HAWES'S BODY COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF-- FOLDING INTO A SEETHING BLACK HOLE and finally EXPLODING.

Nick runs to Julia and holds her. She's in bad shape, her breathing shallow and weak.

But she's still alive. ACROSS THE ROOF, the truck teeters and falls away, revealing the crushed Bo.

But Nick is focused only on Julia as he pulls her to him.

NICK

No.

Julia's breath is short, the color quickly draining from her face.

And then Julia stops breathing.

We enter the FROZEN WORLD. As when Nick was shot, everything is FROZEN in time. As the echoes of our world fade, Julia looks unafraid and hopeful.

Hovering between life and death, Julia is finally able to see him as who he really is.

JULIA

Nick.

NICK

Julia.

He pulls her to him, savoring the moment-- what they both wanted.

JULIA

I missed you so much.

Nick looks at her, struggling to say what he needs to say, knowing there isn't much time.

NICK

I'm sorry I did this to us. I thought we needed more. But we had everything.

She looks at him, starting to speak, but he has to keep going, desperate to make amends.

NICK
 I just lost sight of it all.
 (pause)
 I love you.

JULIA
 I love you, too. Everything's going
 to be okay, Nick. We're back
 together.

He smiles, for a moment lingering in this possibility. But he stays firm. He knows what he has to do.

NICK
 I'm the one who has to pay for what
 I did. You deserve to have a life.

She smiles at him through tears as Nick pulls her close. He hugs her tight.

And he lets her go, whispers in her ear.

NICK
Wake up.

AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF JULIA'S FACE

Her face bathed in light, Julia's eyes open and she gasps.

145 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

145

Julia lies in a hospital bed, sound slowly filtering back in.
 She looks up. Alive.

JULIA
 Nick...

At the foot of her a bed, an African American DOCTOR glances through her chart.

DOCTOR
 Everything worked out.

The doctor replaces her chart and puts his hand on hers. It calms her.

DOCTOR
 You're going to be okay.

146 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

146

The doctor exits Julia's room. As he walks around the corner, he starts to remove his lab coat to meet--

-- Nick and Bo.

NICK

Procter.

We PAN BACK to see that it is Procter removing the labcoat.

PROCTER

She's going to be okay.

NICK

Thanks.

PROCTER

You owe me some years for that.
Now let's settle up with the
bosses.

147 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

147

Procter, Nick and Bo exit, heading toward the car. As they walk, PULL BACK to see the ravaged city slowly coming back to life-- shell-shocked Bostonians cleaning up the destruction, picking up the pieces, helping each other out.

148 INT. RIPD HEARING ROOM - LATER

148

Nick and Bo sit before a tribunal: Procter, flanked by the three Eternals.

BO

Should I start? I would like to be
allowed to design my own medal.

No one is amused.

ETERNAL

The two of you are guilty of
several major policy violations.
Starting with Failure to Contain.
Reckless Discharge of Weapon.
Removal of Evidence...

NICK

Wait, are you kidding me? Rules
violations? We saved... everybody.

SECOND ETERNAL

That may break in your favor.

BO

Damn right.

ETERNAL

You think this is the only crisis we ever faced? It's just been daisies and unicorns up until last week? The trouble doesn't end with St. Peter's Key.

PROCTER

These ancient civilizations practically crapped magical artifacts.

NICK

Really thought there might be a touch of honeymoon period. I mean, come on.

THIRD ETERNAL

While we recognize and laud your efforts, discipline is unavoidable.

PROCTER

Nick, as a new recruit, we'll let you off with a warning.

BO

A warning?

She can't quite suppress her glee at the next part.

PROCTER

Bo, your punishment is 53 years added to your term.

BO

This is honky-tonk bullshit! One time it's 22, one time it's 39 and a half... what is with your undead math?

NICK

(aside)

How many times have you been extended?

BO

It seems to happen frequently.

Nick looks at Procter. Something seems to dawn on him.

NICK
You don't want to let us go, do
you? You'll keep finding reasons.

ETERNAL
People tend to stay with us as long
as the universe needs them to.

NICK
So this game is rigged.

PROCTER
(shrugging)
It's in your hands.

BO
Nick, she likes to have me around.
That's just what that is.

PROCTER
Care to appeal?

She gestures to the Eternals, who stare at him forbiddingly.

PROCTER
Please. I would love nothing more.

BO
(smiling at her)
I'm good for now, thank you.

Procter shakes Nick's hand.

PROCTER
I'm looking forward to getting to
know you better, Nick.

NICK
Well, looks like we've got time.

PROCTER
That, we have.

149 INT. RIPD BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

149

Nick and Bo emerge, Steely Dan's "Any Major Dude Will Tell
You" is playing quietly as they move through the other cops,
who look at them with obvious respect.

Bo shakes his head.

BO

A warning. Well, "good for you" or whatever.

(pause)

But I can think of worse guys to spend an extra 53 years with.

NICK

Well, I'm no Hoyt Stenson...

BO

No. Hell no. Who is? He shot me, and yet, damn it, DAMN it, he was perfect in many other ways and I forgive the man.

(pause)

But you've got qualities.

He claps Nick affectionately on the back. The two turn and walk down the stairs.

BO

How you handling the Julia of it all?

A pause.

NICK

To be honest... not great.

Bo nods.

BO

The road to acceptance is long. You just gotta keep walking. Living in the moment. Let's make that a focus for like the next 15 or 20 years, see how it goes...

NICK

Sounds like a plan.

They reach the door and walk out into the blinding sunlight, two tall figures striding away toward a brilliant light at the end of the tunnel, two silhouettes that shimmer and fade as we...

FADE TO WHITE.