

SOLACE

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INSIDE A BRAIN

WE'RE MOVING AT HIGH SPEED:

Through space. Darkness. Flashes of light. As we begin to pick out shapes, we realize we're actually inside...

A human brain. Magnified tens of thousands of times. Spider-like neurons, passing electrical signals down tendril-like axons, towards millions of other neurons -- all intricately connected to one another in a web of light and electricity.

We reach a vast, seahorse-shaped region -- the hippocampus. The engine room of the medial temporal lobe. Where images are created and banked. Where the future and the past become one.

What some people might call the soul.

Here we see thoughts created by this particular owner. Images unique to this particular brain. Memories pertaining to this brain's owner. And in this case, that owner is...

VOICE (V.O.)

Clancy? John Clancy?

INT. STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY - SAME TIME - 1982

Piercing blue eyes flash open. A striking, intelligent face. JOHN CLANCY looks up, sitting in a waiting room at...

SUPERIMPOSE: STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, 1982

A middle-aged SECRETARY stands in a doorway and calls out his name again.

SECRETARY

Mr. Clancy?

CLANCY puts down a medical magazine. Gets to his feet.

CLANCY

It's Doctor Clancy.

INT. STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY - DUSK (1982)

We're in the country's foremost research and development LABORATORY for medical technology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY disappears into a brand new, neurological MRI scanning machine...

INT. STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY - DUSK (1982)

Various images of Clancy's brain... simpler, hazier, vaguer, monochrome versions of what we saw in the opening titles.

INT. STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY - AFTERWARDS - 1982

A consultant neurologist (WALLIS) analyzes the tests with a group of STUDENTS, then turns to CLANCY...

WALLIS

Normally folks are relieved to hear me say this...

(a beat)

I'm sorry, John. I couldn't find a thing. Looks perfectly normal.

CLANCY

And I'd hoped with the new technology...

WALLIS

We can see more. Better. But even with a machine as advanced as this, looking for a microscopic anomaly among a hundred billion neurons... I don't need to tell you... it's needles and haystacks. BIG haystacks.

Wallis offers his friend a consoling smile...

CLANCY

Thanks, Tom...

A warm smile between old friends. Clancy turns to go, when Wallis remembers...

WALLIS

And congratulations. I hear you and Barbara had a child.

CLANCY

A girl. Julie. Almost two now.

WALLIS

That's great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY
(warm smile, the love
of his life)
Yes, it is.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CLANCY walks down the corridor, when a VOICE calls out...

VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Clancy? Sir?

Clancy turns. It's one of the WALLIS' students, with
distinctive red hair (CARTER).

CARTER
I hope you don't mind, Professor
Wallis told me a little bit about
your history. I'm here on
secondment from Stanford Research
Institute... we're working on
anomalous brain structure and
irregular neurological pathways,
and a case like yours would
obviously be of great interest to
us...

CLANCY
That's kind, Dr...

CARTER
Carter...

CLANCY
But I'm a medical man myself, and
have been looking into this for
some time...

CARTER
It wouldn't require much -- just
an hour or two to find out a bit
more, run some further tests...

But she trails off. CLANCY has gone.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF EYES

staring straight AT us. Perfectly blue. Perfectly
still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

The eyes don't budge. Pupils don't dilate.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A BLUE-EYED MAN reclined in a La-Z-Boy chair. His feet up, one leg in plaster from an accident, his body wrapped in a silk robe, a snifter of brandy at his side. DEAD.

AN FBI PHOTOGRAPHER chronicles the room -- FLASH -- as a HANDFUL OF AGENTS in FBI JACKETS scour about.

SUPERIMPOSE: THIRTY YEARS LATER

Enter JOE MERRIWETHER. Late-forties, black. Assistant Special Agent in Charge (ASAC) of the Regional Bureau. Flanked by his deputy, AGENT KATHERINE COWLES -- smart, pretty if spare, capable.

Merriwether's eyes wander over the room, cataloguing everything. They come to rest on an ASHTRAY. Its occupant: a half-smoked cigar. He plucks it up with a handkerchief, draws it under his nose, longingly...

MERRIWETHER

Cuban.

KATHERINE

What's the word, Sawyer?

ONE AGENT (SAWYER) shifts the corpse's head to indicate a PUNCTURE WOUND in the rear of its neck.

SAWYER

It's a match.

Katherine faces Merriwether, extends three fingers. He nods to them, sighs.

MERRIWETHER

Ain't we got fun.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE AT NIGHT

Merriwether and Katherine exit the victim's apartment, his tie tugged loose, her hair a nightmare. The investigation winds down inside. They head for the stairwell, exhausted.

Merriwether extracts his cell phone, dials...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

(into phone)

It's Joe. Yeah, another one.
Three. I know. I understand.
Yes, I'm doing everything I can.
Alright.

Merriwether hangs up, pockets the phone, instinctively
pats his breast pocket: empty -- old habits die hard.

MERRIWETHER

We need to get him in.

As they descend the stairs...

KATHERINE

(quietly)

I think it's a mistake.

MERRIWETHER

You're entitled to your opinion.

KATHERINE

A big mistake.

(off his non-
reaction)

Aside from taking time and
resources, it's bringing an
unknown into an already murky
situation.

MERRIWETHER

Not unknown at all. I have worked
with him before, and consider him
a friend.

KATHERINE

You said he was unstable.

MERRIWETHER

No, I said he was 'troubled.'

KATHERINE

Joe, all due respect, it's too
early for a Hail Mary.

MERRIWETHER

In this work, you'll learn, it's
never too early for one of those.

Merriwether exits the building, Katherine follows, headed
for their Bureau Sedan...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER
(on second thought)
I'm going to walk. Clear my head.
I'll see you in the morning.

We watch Merriwether move down the street.

OUR POV

-- hovering behind. An invisible presence that's been here throughout; eavesdropping, watching...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

As a contemplative Joe Merriwether moves through the dark, empty streets of the city.

INT. MERRIWETHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - BREAK OF DAWN

Merriwether's youngest SON (Kevin) sleeps soundly. In a chair opposite, still in his suit, sits Joe Merriwether, admiring his youngest.

As dawn breaks into the room, Kevin cracks an eye...

MERRIWETHER
Good morning, son.

KEVIN
You're up early, Daddy.

And, for reasons not yet known to us, this simple exchange almost brings Joe Merriwether to tears.

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

CAMERA DESCENDS FROM the sky, FOLLOWING a lone SEDAN down the highway....

INT. FBI SEDAN - DAY

Merriwether drives (poorly), taking in the passing scenery.

Next to him, Katherine buries her face in a manila folder, labelled "John Clancy."

MERRIWETHER
Jesus, take your nose outta that
file and look at this view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

But then I'd lose the pleasure of
your description.

Katherine reads on...

KATHERINE

How long has he lived out here?

MERRIWETHER

Ever since his daughter died.
Leukemia. In his arms.

KATHERINE

Wow.

MERRIWETHER

Gave up his medical practice.
Everything.

KATHERINE

What happened to the wife?

A picture of an attractive woman, (BARBARA CLANCY)...

MERRIWETHER

That's the thing about tragedies.
They bring some people closer
together...

(shrugs)

Drive others apart.

DRIVING INTO THE FISHING TOWN

The tinted-windowed FBI Sedan sticks out in this place
like, well, a tinted-windowed FBI Sedan...

KATHERINE

Can I ask you something? Why
didn't you let me take the door at
the Ward scene?

MERRIWETHER

Because you're a woman, and as we
all know, women are the weaker
sex, more prone to crying and/or
knitting when faced with a
dangerous situation --

KATHERINE

(pissed, but can't
help smiling)

I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

Nobody's first through a door on my team till they've been with me for a year. Satisfied?

KATHERINE

No.

MERRIWETHER

(seeing Wilson's)

There it is.

The car pulls to a stop. As Katherine moves to get out...

MERRIWETHER

Do you mind? I'd like to talk to him alone.

Katherine sinks back, pissed.

KATHERINE

You could have left me in the city.

MERRIWETHER

I could. But then you would've missed out on the view.

Merriwether steps out of the vehicle, moving toward a weather-beaten two-story building, a small CONVENIENCE STORE downstairs, an APARTMENT above...

INT. DARK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We LOOK DOWN a dark hallway, as Merriwether ascends INTO FRAME. A stair creaks.

Reaching the door, Merriwether is about to knock, when...

VOICE (O.S.)

Please go downstairs and see Mr. Wilson. He can answer anything you might want to know. Please don't say anything, don't leave anything, just go.

Merriwether pauses a moment...

MERRIWETHER

Dr. Clancy? It's Joe. Joe Merriwether.

A long silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

What brings you out here, Joe?
Didn't have you down as a
fisherman.

MERRIWETHER

Came to see you, Dr. Clancy.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm afraid you've wasted your
time. I'm not working anymore.

MERRIWETHER

Just two minutes? Please?

VOICE (O.S.)

There's nothing I can do for you.
Now go back to your car, go home.

MERRIWETHER

Okay...

Merriwether turns, then..

MERRIWETHER

We never got a chance to speak.
About Julie. I'm sorry, John.

A beat, then...

MERRIWETHER

I sent you a note. It said...

"Click," the lock retracts. The door opens.

There stands JOHN CLANCY. A pale, haunted, white-haired man, almost unrecognizable from the man of 30 years ago. Even the blue eyes -- with their fierce intelligence -- seem lifeless.

CLANCY

'No parent should outlive their
child.' No. They shouldn't.

Clancy walks back inside leaving the door open.
Merriwether follows.

INT. CLANCY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Merriwether enters the apartment. It's small, spartan. Tidy. Bookshelves packed with texts. All the curtains are closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

So this is where you've been...

Merriwether moves to a window, fingers the curtain open.
Clancy flinches at the light...

MERRIWETHER

Y'know, there's a beautiful view
out here...

CLANCY

I've heard.

MERRIWETHER

Don't get out much?

CLANCY

I go for walks each day. Well,
night.

MERRIWETHER

Still sleeping well, then?

CLANCY

(smiles slightly)
Like a rock.

EXT. SEDAN - SAME TIME

Katherine leans against the vehicle and continues through
the file...

VARIOUS NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS -- From the *Times*: "M.D.
CURES COLDS, BREAKS CASES." Again, months later: "FBI'S
SECRET PSYCHIC TALISMAN." *The Post*, "FBI PSYCHIC CRACKS
UP".....

Now, official FBI documents on Clancy -- personality
profile, Myers-Briggs, IQ, EQ, etc.

She closes the file, looking up to the windows above.

Inside the car, a cell phone RINGS...

INT. CLANCY APARTMENT

Clancy gestures to the fridge...

CLANCY

You want a beer or something?

MERRIWETHER

No, I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Sorry I don't have any smokes...

MERRIWETHER

Gave 'em up six months ago.
Started chewing this stuff: hell
for blowing bubbles.

CLANCY

Rose and the kids are good?

MERRIWETHER

Great. Barbara?

Merriwether notices that as well as pictures of Clancy's daughter... there are several framed photographs of an attractive woman in the apartment. Clancy's WIFE...

MERRIWETHER

Heard from her yet?

CLANCY

No.

MERRIWETHER

You will. One day. I know a good marriage when I see one.

An awkward, quiet moment...

MERRIWETHER

We got a situation. I could really use your help.

CLANCY

I'm sorry.

MERRIWETHER

I could tell you about the victims.

CLANCY

I'd appreciate it if you didn't.
Who's the girl?

Merriwether turns to see Katherine standing in the doorway, cell phone in hand, case files under her arm.

MERRIWETHER

This is my loyal lieutenant, Agent Cowles. Who was supposed to stay in the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE
It's S.A.C. I thought you might
want the call.

MERRIWETHER
(nods, to Clancy)
Forgive me.

Merriwether takes the call...

KATHERINE
Hi.

CLANCY
Hi.

KATHERINE
I brought the case files.

CLANCY
That wasn't necessary.

KATHERINE
The Agency has changed the
guidelines for the way we break
down the cases. Actually makes
them much more readable.

CLANCY
Oh. Well that changes everything.

Silence. Katherine quickly processes the room...

KATHERINE
You decorate this place yourself?

CLANCY
Why, you looking to hire someone?

Merriwether hangs up...

MERRIWETHER
We should get going.

Clancy rises, ushering them to the door.

KATHERINE
Three murders. Identical M.O.
It's an interesting case.

MERRIWETHER
Agent Cowles...

KATHERINE
I'll leave the case files here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Exiting, she extends a hand...

Which Clancy doesn't take. Left hanging, she covers by lightly touching Clancy's shoulder. He blanches slightly as, almost too fast to process, the screen shivers with the briefest image: Katherine's face covered in blood.

Katherine exits. Merriwether moves past with a...

MERRIWETHER

You know where to find me. Take care of yourself, John.

EXT. WILSON'S CONVENIENCE, BAIT AND TACKLE - DAY

Merriwether and Katherine exit, headed for their vehicle.

KATHERINE

You should've warned me he was such a charmer.

(beat)

I take it he's not going to help us.

MERRIWETHER

No.

KATHERINE

(needling him)

There are other witch doctors.

Merriwether glances back to the apartment as they pile in...

MERRIWETHER

Not like him.

INT. CLANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clancy in his apartment, alone. Eating dinner. A radio plays classical music (opera) in the b.g...

He looks up and sees: the case files where Katherine left them.

He stares at them for a beat... still chewing.

INT. CLANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

After dinner:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy flicking through the case files. Pictures, images reflected in his eyes...

The classical (opera) music continues to play. Clancy, something of a buff, hums along to the tenor's solo...

Clancy soon becomes distracted, loses interest.

He is about to close the file, and throw it away, when he stops...

Takes a closer look.

Clancy's expression changes. Something in the file has caught his attention...

He stops humming. The blood runs from his lips.

The opera music continues in the b.g...

Clancy's face: a moment of great significance to him personally.

EXT. SEASIDE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Three in the morning. The town sleeps. In the distance, a silhouette emerges from the mist...

It's Clancy, on one of his night-time walks. Wearing a long, black coat.

He reaches A FISHING PIER. Standing on its edge, he takes in the sea beyond.

We notice something has changed. His eyes. Now they are alert. Alive. Burning again with his fierce intelligence.

He is engaged...

SLAM CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

MAIN TITLES.

-- an arresting, unsettling array of images.

MAN AND WOMAN DANCE CHEEK TO CHEEK, THE WOMAN'S FEET NOT TOUCHING THE FLOOR.

BLOOD STREAMS DOWN KATHERINE'S FACE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN I.V. DRIPS.

A TRAIN HURTLES THROUGH A STATION.

A LARGE BLACK CROSS -- LIKE A CRUCIFIX.

A BODY IS LIFTED OUT OF WATER AND EMBRACED.

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF NEEDLE PIERCING SKIN.

A GOSPEL CHOIR SINGS.

A MAN AND WOMAN FUCK.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN IS KISSED ON THE FOREHEAD.

A BULLET COMING AT US IN EXTREME CLOSEUP.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

A COP KICKS OPEN the front door, clearing the path for THREE MORE OFFICERS to rush in and what they behold may be the most gruesome sight of their lives.

COP
Oh, mother of Jesus...

One of them VOMITS. Nearly every inch of the apartment is splattered and smeared with BLOOD, INTESTINES AND BILE. Some demon's idea of fingerpainting.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Amidst a bevy of investigative activity, Katherine speaks into a Dictaphone, rendering a psych profile of the creature who did this.

KATHERINE
Unsub is male, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Mental illness likely, almost certainly involved in drugs. Look for a man with little personal hygiene, someone conspicuously short on social skills, a mercurial or --
(another glance about)
-- an artistic temperament.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes fall on the torn bottom half of a floral-patterned dress; it is pinned to a wall, incorporated in a grotesque, suggestive mural drawn in blood.

KATHERINE

And for God's sakes look for the top half of that dress.

She clicks off. Turns to Merriwether standing nearby.

KATHERINE

This is not our guy. Sexually motivated, excessively brutal. This isn't even close to our guy.

EXT. TENEMENT - DAY

They shuffle down a flight of stairs and into view of the street and Merriwether stops in his tracks...

DOWN THE STREET, leaning against Merriwether's car stands Clancy, in his long, black overcoat and gloves, bag at his side.

Head down, he reacts uneasily to the sounds of the city, the multitude passing by...

Sensing, Clancy looks up, locking eyes with Joe.

INT. MERRIWETHER'S COMPANY CAR - MOVING - DAY

Merriwether drives. Clancy up front, Katherine demoted to the back.

CLANCY

I make no promises, Joe. Maybe I stay a day, maybe a week...

MERRIWETHER

No promises. You can get off this roller-coaster at any time.

(beat)

You remember Agent Cowles.

Clancy affirms with a slight nod...

MERRIWETHER

Or should I say Dr. Cowles, with a doctorate in...?

KATHERINE

Psychopathology from Columbia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

Was on her way to being a professor at NYU before the bureau snagged her.

CLANCY

Gave up academia for all this?

KATHERINE

They let me carry a gun.

MERRIWETHER

You two'll make a helluva team. You know what someone's about to do, John, and Katherine knows why they're about to do it.

KATHERINE

Dr. Clancy, if I may say with all due respect: I don't hold an ounce of confidence in the paranormal. As a field, as a whole, I think it's a sham. I hope that's not a problem.

CLANCY

Not at all. Feel exactly the same way about shrinks. Bunch of frauds after one thing only. Your money. How does the saying go..? 'Give them your little finger -- they'll soon have your whole hand.'

KATHERINE

Whoever said that had obviously never met a good one.

CLANCY

It was Sigmund Freud.

Silence.

MERRIWETHER

As I said: a helluva team.

INT. FBI BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Merriwether pulls an ID from his overcoat, hands it to Clancy.

MERRIWETHER

You better take this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy reads the ID: "FBI Temporary ID -- Special Agent John Clancy." He glares at Merriwether, reproachfully.

MERRIWETHER

I like being prepared.

The doors open and Katherine steps out first.

CLANCY

First one through the door.

Katherine, startled, turns back to him. Clancy averts his eyes...

KATHERINE

What?

CLANCY

Nothing.

Katherine looks to Merriwether, who shrugs: "I didn't tell him."

KATHERINE

(to Clancy)

Leave me out of the parlor tricks,
okay?

INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

Merriwether and Clancy show their IDs at a security check.

MERRIWETHER

First victim was reported two weeks ago. Mrs. Ethel Jackson, age sixty-nine.

CLANCY

Where the killer left a note?

MERRIWETHER

Correct. The second came three days later in Mount Pleasant: Robert Ellis, age twelve. Then last week we found the third: Victor Ward, forty-two, north of the Loop. One leg in plaster. He fell jogging. Autopsy showed the guy had the first signs of Lou Gehrig's. Motor neuron disease.

They pass AGENT SLOMAN, bulldoggish, exiting a restroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOMAN

Holy Jesus: Clancy, you've come back.

CLANCY

How ya doin', Slo.

SLOMAN

(to Merriwether)

What, Miss Cleo wasn't available?

MERRIWETHER

(ignoring Sloman)

No connection between the three, no commonalities. Different social classes, different races, different parts of town, men and women.

CLANCY

But it's definitely the same guy.

MERRIWETHER

Two big consistencies.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM

A long conference table -- littered with PAPERS, CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, pen-marked MAPS and MUGS of coffee. Sitting around the table -- Merriwether, Clancy, Katherine, Sloman, and Sawyer. Clancy studies photos of the three victims.

KATHERINE

Consistency number one: method. Each victim was killed by a puncture wound to the base of the skull, inflicted by a standard five-inch surgical blade. Blade went straight into the medulla oblongata. Immediate and, according to the coroner, painless execution.

CLANCY

These pictures are all post-mortem?

MERRIWETHER

I know. They don't look dead, do they.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Consistency number two: no mistakes. Crime scenes so far have yielded no evidence of anyone's presence. No prints, no hair fibers, no fabric fibers, no shoe-prints, no DNA.

Clancy is disquieted by the procedural barrage.

Disengaging, he looks about the table, and we begin to PERCEIVE as he does: the SCRATCH OF A PENCIL, the SECOND-HAND OF A WRISTWATCH, A PASSING SIREN...

SLOMAN

No witnesses, either. Ward lived in a secured building, and still no signs of forced entry.

KATHERINE

On the psych front, it's unheard of. There's no geographical, chronological, or astrological pattern to the murders. No robbery. Or indication of deviant or sexual behavior with the victims.

MERRIWETHER

Other than that, though, I think we've got a pretty good handle on the case.

SLOMAN

C'mon. Clancy's here now. We get him two bottles of sangria and a live chicken, he'll crack this in no time.

Clancy doesn't react, staring at the floor. The table exchanges skeptical looks...

MERRIWETHER

John?

Forcing himself back in, Clancy turns his attention to pictures of the CRIME SCENES: the Hyde Park home, Ward's uptown apartment, and a PLAYGROUND SWINGSET...

MERRIWETHER

The twelve-year-old boy in Mount Pleasant.

Clancy studies the photo -- the melted ice cream cone in the sand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

He was eating ice cream?

Clancy studies a photo of the note -- lost in thought...

MERRIWETHER

Where do you want to start?

Clancy glances over all the material before him.

CLANCY

The beginning.

CUT TO:

EXT. ETHEL JACKSON'S HOME - NIGHT

A COP standing by a door -- police tape everywhere -- still an active crime scene. The COP steps aside for Merriwether and Clancy, opens the door...

INT. ETHEL JACKSON'S HOME - SAME TIME

Inside: an elderly woman's home -- warm, comfortable, poor. Home-sewn blankets cover the couch; pictures of family stand everywhere. The TV next door ECHOES through the walls.

Merriwether flicks on dim lights.

MERRIWETHER

Residence of Mrs. Ethel Jackson, age sixty-nine. Lived alone with three cats. Went to church regularly. Son lives in Oregon, visits twice annually. She was murdered two weeks ago Saturday. Landlady grew suspicious when she hadn't seen her in two days. Found her in that rocking chair beside the note...

A typed note on a side-table...

"WHO AM I? I WILL TELL YOU IN TWO WORDS WHO I AM, WHAT I DO, AND HOW I LIVE. MAY I?"

Clancy inspects the note -- then sees a bloodstain on the head rest.

MERRIWETHER

She'd been drinking old-fashioned, at least two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the next burst of TV from next door...

CLANCY

She didn't cry for help. She
would have been heard.

Merriwether's cell phone goes off. He checks the number.

MERRIWETHER

My wife. This'll just take a
second.

Merriwether goes to the kitchen to take his call as
Clancy peruses the rest of the apartment: seeing where
the NOTE was left, candles, vases with now-dead flowers,
assorted knickknacks. A pair of picture frames:

HER SON'S WEDDING PHOTO -- Ethel Jackson, buoyant, wears
a loose floral dress and a grand chabrier hat.

ETHEL AND NEWBORN GRANDCHILD -- Ethel holds the child,
her hair is a youthful black.

Merriwether reappears, having finished his call...

CLANCY

What do you make of the note?

KATHERINE

The shrink's perspective?

(shrugs)

It's a classic riddle. **'I will
tell you in two words who I am,
what I do and how I live. May I?'**
Taunting questions designed to
mock and mislead -- asking our
permission to reveal himself --
yet never for a moment intending
to -- Sure -- it's playful, but
only one person is playing here.
This is Solitaire. The
solipsistic asking of questions to
which he doesn't want or need an
answer... actually there's a good
paper by a colleague at Columbia,
'The Hollow Narcissim of the
Riddler' which, if you were
interested I could get for you...
ending on a final challenge, **'Who
am I?'** A challenge? Yes. Or is
it something more? A cry for
help?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

An indication of split personality disorder -- where the riddler is genuinely asking themselves (and us) WHO THEY ACTUALLY ARE...

Clancy moves into the bedroom. Katherine follows...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Like the rest of the apartment: comfortable, frugal.

KATHERINE

... but no -- that's not consistent with the crime -- this is too controlled -- too sharp -- the immaculate typing, the perfect crime -- there is something else going on here....?

Clancy opens a closet. Moving in, he throws aside a line of dresses...

KATHERINE

Like he's looking for someone.
Challenging someone to join him...

A GHOSTLY WHITE FACE appears behind him through the darkness! It slowly falls toward him. On instinct, Clancy turns, catches it...

It's a STYROFOAM HEAD. The sort hats and wigs hang on. This one is bare. Clancy holds the head and considers it. Hesitantly, he closes his eyes, concentrating...

Katherine stares, until Clancy opens his eyes again.

KATHERINE

Anything?

Clancy holds up the styrofoam head.

CLANCY

She liked hats.

Merriwether appears in the doorway...

MERRIWETHER

How you guys getting on?

EXT. ETHEL JACKSON'S HOME - NIGHT

Merriwether locks Mrs. Jackson's door behind him -- four bolts in all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

You can hide yourself, try to lock
out the world -- life sneaks in.

CLANCY

Tell me about it.

Clancy remains stoic, notices the bevy of activity
outside: teens in jerseys on hoods of cars, neighbors
chatting on a nearby porch...

CLANCY

And no one saw a thing?

MERRIWETHER

I know. Our guy either got
incredibly lucky or...

CLANCY

Or...

Katherine shrugs, meaningful...

KATHERINE

He's perfect.

Clancy's face: lost in thought...

MERRIWETHER

Katherine's started work on a
psych profile. Based on the note.

KATHERINE

Which she's going to go home now,
and finish. See you in the
morning...

Merriwether smiles as she goes...

MERRIWETHER

C'mon, let me buy you dinner.

INT. SOUL FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A sea of ebony. Black patrons, black waiters, black
celebrity pictures on the walls. And one pale face,
Clancy's, seated in the exact center of the room.

Clancy, not accustomed to the surrounding humanity, sits
uncomfortably, pulling his black coat tight...

CLANCY

Maybe we can get one of those
booths...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

One opens up, we'll grab it.

Merriwether takes a slug from his Dixie Beer. Looks at Clancy -- his obvious discomfort...

MERRIWETHER

John, I want you to do me a favor.

CLANCY

Sure.

MERRIWETHER

I want you to tell me a black joke.

CLANCY

Black as in..?

MERRIWETHER

Black as in me. My skin color.

Clancy glances about: the wrong place to tell a black joke.

CLANCY

Here?

MERRIWETHER

I know you've been in that apartment for the last two years but don't even try to tell me you've never heard one.

CLANCY

Why are you asking me to do this?

MERRIWETHER

That call from Rose? My nine-year-old heard a black joke at school today, came home real upset. I was gonna talk to him about it, but I realized: I don't know any.

CLANCY

Come on.

MERRIWETHER

I'm serious.

(his best, pleading
look)

So I come to you, John, in friendship. Please, tell me one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Okay. Um, let's see...

Clancy leans forward, close to Merriwether, away from the ears of other tables.

CLANCY

There's a white third grader, a black third grader, and an Asian third grader. Which one has the biggest penis?

Merriwether prepares himself for the punch line.

CLANCY

The black third grader.

(a long beat)

Well, he is seventeen years old.

Merriwether's eyes hold on Clancy, stone-faced. Then, ever so slowly, the corners of his mouth curl in reaction.

MERRIWETHER

That's not very funny. In fact, it's not humorous at all.

Merriwether erupts with LAUGHTER. Clancy tentatively joins him. A WOMAN at an adjoining table goes. Shaking her head.

Clancy pulls Merriwether over to the booth which has now opened up in the corner....

CLANCY

Now it's your turn. This isn't a one-way street.

They take their seats...

MERRIWETHER

(still chuckling)

What's that?

CLANCY

You've got to tell me a white joke.

Merriwether stops laughing.

MERRIWETHER

Come on, John, what are you talking about? It's me. I don't do things like that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy looks at Merriwether: Merriwether's smile fades.

MERRIWETHER

Okay. Why do white people like to
do it doggy-style?

CLANCY

I don't know.

MERRIWETHER

So they can both watch Nascar.

Clancy stares at Merriwether. Merriwether looks back,
trying like hell to hold it in.

And when Clancy cracks a smile, Merriwether erupts again.
The two friends laugh together...

MERRIWETHER

I remember Barbara saying that's
how she fell for you. Your smile.

MERRIWETHER claps CLANCY on the arm affectionately.

CLANCY looks down at where MERRIWETHER touched him.
MERRIWETHER doesn't notice -- but CLANCY's smile fades..

Of course, the mention of BARBARA has upset him. Just
the word. Just her name. Always a wound.

But there's something else.

EXT/INT. CAR - NIGHT

Merriwether driving. Clancy still lost in thought.

MERRIWETHER

Tonight, as we were leaving Ethel
Jackson's, you were onto
something.

Clancy stares out of the window. Merriwether looks
over...

MERRIWETHER

What do you know? C'mon, help me
out. I want this to be over as
soon as you. What are you seeing?

Clancy stares...

CLANCY

I don't know yet.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Merriwether watches as Clancy goes into his hotel,
disappearing through the revolving door..

The city's LIGHTS are reflected in the car's
windshield...

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

We FALL FROM the sky, DRAWN TO the lights of a gleaming
condominium complex.

INT. CONDO PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME

A late-model BMW parks. An attractive woman in her early-
30s exits....

INT. CONDO - SAME TIME

The woman (VICTORIA) enters, and instantly she senses
something unusual -- the SCENT OF FLOWERS in the air, the
GLOW OF CANDLES from her living room, Rodgers and
Hammerstein's *Sound of Music* on the CD player.

VICTORIA

David?

She enters her living room. Vases of ROSES swarm it. An
open bottle of Merlot and a crystal glass pin down a
NOTE. Victoria, tears in her eyes, reads it.

VICTORIA

Oh, David...

The note reads:

"I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH"

We notice the note is typed in the exact same font and on
the same paper as the note at Ethel Jackson's...

IN HER BATHROOM

Victoria flicks on the lights.

VICTORIA

David?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's not here, either. But a bath's been drawn, still steaming, the surface covered with fresh-cut lilies. And a silk robe has been laid out for her. She melts.

VICTORIA

Whatever did I do to deserve you?

INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katherine sits in front of her computer, wearing a faded Kings of Leon T-shirt, surrounded by files...

ON THE DESK -- the Clancy file and accompanying photos of a much happier, healthier Clancy with a serene, beautiful WOMAN (his wife), and his smiling daughter (JULIE)..

A happy family. Not a care in the world...

ON THE SCREEN -- a web page about Precognition, psi phenomena, the human brain, and what its capabilities are. Several links: one for Premonition, one for Psychometry. She clicks another link. A page opens up:

"THE HUMAN BRAIN -- DOCTORS SAY WE'RE ONLY USING 5%!" A host of choices below: intuition, telekinesis, memory, divination, PK Energy, etc.

Katherine sits forward. Clicks on "PSYCHOMETRY -- READING OBJECTS BY TOUCH." Begins reading...

EXT. STREETS - SAME TIME

Clancy walks the streets of the city at night. Eyes alert, intense, his mind turning...

The color back in his cheeks. Younger and more energetic in appearance. Fully engaged.

CUT TO:

BLACK

BREATHING. The sound of a man SLEEPING. And then another sound, this one more metallic...

Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk...

The breathing grows faster. Agitated. And we begin to see IMAGES -- fast enough to jar, but slow enough to process:

THE WORD "CICERO" -- IN ELECTRIC NEON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE COLOR BLUE. PAINTED ON A WALL.

AGAIN THE BLACK CROSS -- LIKE A CRUCIFIX -- TOPPLING
BACKWARDS.

A BABY'S BOTTLE TUMBLES DOWN STEPS, ITS MILK SPILLING,
WASHING AWAY A RIVER OF ANTS FEASTING ON MEAT.

AN OPERATION TAKING PLACE -- SURGERY TO THE BRAIN.

THE COLOR BLUE AGAIN. THE PAINT, PEELING.

The sequence begins to repeat, faster now, the rhythmic
metallic crunching sound increases in volume...

Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk...

THE TREE. THE COLOR BLUE. THE BABY BOTTLE. THE COLOR
BLUE.

CHU-CHUNK... CHU-CHUNK... CHU-CHUNK...

FASTER -- Tree. Blue. Bottle. Blue. Tree. Blue.
Bottle --

THE BLACK CROSS chaotically flashes before blowing
backwards OUT OF FRAME...

BANG-BANG-BANG! -- Clancy's eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A BANGING AT THE DOOR. Clancy, face creased with sleep,
flips on a light.

CLANCY

Yeah?

INT. FBI VAN (OUTSIDE CLANCY'S HOTEL) - NIGHT

Clancy climbs in the backseat, joining Merriwether and
Katherine. Fibbie, behind the wheel, FLOORS IT.

MERRIWETHER

Anonymous call from a payphone an
hour ago -- offered specific
information about the Victor Ward
murder, then listed a midtown
address. PD's secured the
perimeter, they're waiting on us
to go in.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

The van pulls up to the curb. Sloman and several patrol cars are already on the scene when Merriwether et al arrive.

SLOMAN

We locked down the building, front and back entrances and the fire escape. No sign of activity inside.

KATHERINE

Who lives here?

CLANCY

David and Victoria Raymond.

Katherine and Merriwether turn, shoot one another a look. SLOMAN raises his eyebrows, trembles his fingers faux-spooky...

SLOMAN

Ooooh. He's goooood.

But Clancy, deadpan, points to the mailbox, clearly inscribed: "DAVID AND VICTORIA RAYMOND."

INT. CONDOMINIUM - HALLWAY

Merriwether, Clancy, Katherine, and Sloman enter. OFFICERS guard outside the front door. Moving through, Katherine dismisses them. Knocks.

KATHERINE

Mr. Raymond? Mrs. Raymond? FBI, open up.

No reply. She knocks again. Still nothing.

MERRIWETHER

Sloman?

Sloman kicks down the door, then enters, weapon drawn. Katherine follows suit. Merriwether holds Clancy back in the hallway, out of danger.

Julie Andrews' voice ECHOES from within.

KATHERINE

(from inside)

Joe, you wanna take a look at this? Looks like he left another note.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - SAME TIME

Katherine and Sloman stand before a typed note pinned to a wall. Merriwether and Clancy enter. It reads:

4:16

The same font as the note at ETHEL JACKSON'S and the "I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH" note. They look at one another.

MERRIWETHER

What do you think?

KATHERINE

Four-sixteen. Bible verse?

Clancy knows better.

CLANCY

The time.

Katherine glances at her watch -- 4:20.

KATHERINE

Four minutes ago.

CLANCY

You're fast.

He shows them his watch. 4:16 to the second.

SLOMAN

Jesus. He's here.

CLANCY

(to himself)

I doubt it.

CLICK-CLICK. Katherine and Sloman rack their Glocks and fall into a textbook sweep of the apartment, moving from door to door, covering each other...

"... when the dog bites, when the bee stings..."

... Katherine takes position at the bedroom door...

"... when I'm feeling sad..."

... Sloman pushes past her, gun drawing a bead on just about everything...

"... I simply remember my favorite things..."

... they burst into the bathroom to find...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA RAYMOND FLOATING LIFELESS in a red, soapy bath.

SLOMAN

Yahtzee.

"... and then I don't feel so bad."

In the living room, Clancy approaches the vase of roses, smells them. Katherine returns from the bedroom.

KATHERINE

One white female DOA in the bathroom. Back of her neck looks familiar.

MERRIWETHER

Alright, you and Sloman hang back. John...

(to Sloman)

Kill Mary Poppins, will ya.

Sloman turns off the stereo. As Clancy and Merriwether move in to investigate...

SLOMAN

She's been dead awhile. Five, six hours. Perp must have hung around to leave that note.

CLANCY

(to Merriwether)

He left hours ago.

IN THE BEDROOM

Merriwether and Clancy spot the half-drunk glass of Merlot and the typed "I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH" note.

MERRIWETHER

Same type font as 4:16. And the note at Ethel Jackson's...

They move into the bathroom. Clancy flinches at the sight of the CORPSE. Merriwether falls into a COUGHING FIT.

CLANCY

You alright?

MERRIWETHER

Fine. You wanna take a look?

Clancy nods, hesitantly. He glances around the room, rubs his hands together, balling up his courage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merriwether's stare is unwavering. He won't let Clancy off the hook.

CLANCY

Okay.

Clancy exhales, lowers his head. Focusing. Concentrating. Merriwether watches intently. CHATTER from the next room.

MERRIWETHER

(shouting, angry)
Shut the hell up in there!

CLANCY

Okay if I touch her?

Merriwether nods. Clancy lays his fingers on her collarbone, above water.

Silence, but for the drip-drip-drip of the tub's faucet. Clancy's brow furrows, tightens, and...

A FLURRY OF VISIONS OVERWHELM HIM -- DIZZYING, EXPRESSIONISTIC IMAGES OF REALITY -- TOO FAST TO COMPREHEND.

Clancy's head spins. He shakes it off, tries again.

ANOTHER FLURRY OF VISIONS -- THEY ARE SOMETIMES SUBJECTIVE --

THE DRAKE DESK CLERK WELCOMES CLANCY -- SOMETIMES ABSTRACT -- AN ELECTRONIC READOUT SAYS "NOW BOARDING" --

SOMETIMES HALLUCINATORY -- THE GHOSTLY WHITE FACE IN ETHEL JACKSON'S CLOSET OPENS ITS EYES -- THEN:

VICTORIA RAYMOND RETURNS HOME.

SHE SOBS OVER A LETTER.

SHE READS THE NOTE/SIPS MERLOT/SMILES.

IN A WHEATFIELD, SHE SAYS "I DO."

VICTORIA GULPS A BOTTLE FULL OF PILLS..

CLANCY'S brow furrows deeper. Sweating.

A FAIR-HAIRED MAN FUCKS HER.

THE BRAIN SURGERY CONTINUES -- WE DO NOT SEE THE PATIENT.

SHE READS THE NOTE/SMILES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHE SITS SOBBING/LIFTS HER HEAD.

IT'S KATHERINE WEeping.

CLANCY flinches.

POLICEMEN SCOUR A FIELD OF LILIES.

A STRANGER: HANDSOME, ACQUILINE FEATURES. BESPECTACLED.
STARES AT US, SMILING...

A PARADE'S ONLOOKERS STARE AT US STRANGELY.

A YOUNG WOMAN WRITHES IN PAIN ON A HOSPITAL BED.

THE BLACK CROSS IS BLOWN BACKWARDS OUT OF FRAME.

VICTORIA LOWERS HERSELF INTO THE BATH. EYES CLOSED. A
friendly RAP-A-TAP-TAP on the door. She smiles.

VICTORIA

There you are.
(sing-song)
Come in...

The door opens. Through the steam a SILHOUETTED FIGURE
appears. Tall, lithe. Not menacing, not kind. An angel
of death. Victoria, eyes closed, smiles.

VICTORIA

Wash my back?

The back of Victoria's neck bares itself as a HAND
intrudes INTO FRAME, gently stroking the back of
Victoria's hair, the glint of a silver BLADE coming from
the fingertips...

MERRIWETHER SPEAKS TO US, MUTE.

MERRIWETHER (O.S.)

John. You okay?

Clancy bolts awake. Gasps for air, fauceting sweat. He
props himself up against a wall and cools his head on the
bathroom tile. Emerging from a nightmare.

MERRIWETHER

What'd you see?

CLANCY

I don't know yet.

Clancy breathes deeply, collates his visions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances at the bloody bath. Something occurs to him...

CLANCY

Careful with the bathwater.

MERRIWETHER

Why?

CLANCY

I don't know. I just know.

MERRIWETHER

Okay. Coroners handle with care.
That's all.

Clancy nods, half-truthfully. Sloman races in.

SLOMAN

Joe, holy shit, we got a witness.

Merriwether nods: be there in a minute. Back to Clancy.

MERRIWETHER

See. You've been here twelve
hours, already my luck's starting
to change.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - ENTRANCE WAY

Katherine interviews an ELDERLY NEIGHBOR.

NEIGHBOR

Around eight o'clock. I saw him
go out. White as a sheet.

Clancy and Merriwether enter.

MERRIWETHER

Who?

KATHERINE

David Raymond. The husband.

FROM WHITE LIGHT -- A FAIR-HAIRED MAN (DAVID RAYMOND),
eyes red and raw, staggers down a hallway, hands cuffed,
escorted by two UNIFORMED COPS...

INT. FBI BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

David Raymond looks exhausted: a vodka stupor fading,
eyes squinting under the room's stark lights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks nervous, understandably. He sits alone at an interrogation table.

IN AN ADJOINING VIEWING ROOM

Merriwether, Clancy, Katherine, and Sloman study him through a two-way mirror. Sawyer enters with a box full of David's possessions: wallet, keys, fountain pen, etc.

SAWYER

He says he was at a bar all night.
His bartender, and his breath,
corroborate the story.

Merriwether sits stoic...

MERRIWETHER

One of the toughest things you
have to do in this job. Telling
someone the worst news they're
ever gonna hear: their wife's
dead, son got killed in a car-
jacking. All the while, watching
them, seeing if they could've
known, could've had something to
do with it.

Merriwether rises, turns to Katherine.

MERRIWETHER

You ready?

Katherine nods, leads Merriwether out.

SLOMAN

We had a case about six years ago.
Guy in Calumet killed five senior
citizens just so he could cover up
offing his own dad, collecting his
life insurance.

Clancy doesn't buy it. He registers the box of David Raymond's possessions, then turns inside...

... as Katherine and Merriwether enter the interrogation room. Merriwether sets a cup of coffee before a haggard David Raymond.

MERRIWETHER

Looks like we all stayed up late.

DAVID

(re: his coffee)
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merriwether and Katherine take their seats across from David.

KATHERINE

Mr. Raymond, I regret to inform
you your wife Victoria was found
dead last night.

David bows his head, nods slightly.

DAVID

Jesus. Jesus Christ.

Not unsurprised, but not completely stunned either.
Katherine and Merriwether note it. So does Clancy.

Then, slowly, unable to restrain himself, David begins to
weep...

DAVID

Oh, God. Oh, God, I'm such a
bastard...

As he continues weeping:

KATHERINE

Mr. Raymond, you were seen leaving
your apartment building last night
in an agitated state. Can you
tell us why?

(as he is
inconsolable)

David?

DAVID

(wiping tears away)
Did she leave a note?

Katherine and Merriwether exchange a look.

KATHERINE

David, your wife was murdered last
night.

DAVID

I, I...
(realizing, shocked)
What?

KATHERINE

Your wife was murdered. She
didn't leave a note.

Now he's surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

She was...? No...

KATHERINE

What did you think happened to her?

DAVID

(hyperventilating)
Oh, God, are you sure? I can't believe...

KATHERINE

What did you think happened, David?

David bolts out of his chair, gasping for air, overwhelmed. Merriwether counters him.

DAVID

Oh, Jesus...

MERRIWETHER

Mr. Raymond...

David is boxed in a corner. Bawling.

DAVID

She didn't commit suicide?

Merriwether and Katherine share a brief glance.

KATHERINE

David. Why do you think she committed suicide?
(as he cries; no response)
David.

In the viewing room, Clancy eyes the fountain pen amongst David's belongings. He grabs it, rolling it between his fingers.

Meanwhile, David's crying quells.

DAVID

The letter. I wrote a letter.

Merriwether produces the "I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH" note.

MERRIWETHER

This?

David focuses on it, doesn't recognize it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
No, I... What is that?

KATHERINE
You didn't write this?

David shakes his head: "no."

DAVID
I left a letter...

KATHERINE
What did it say?

David hesitates, doesn't want to answer.

KATHERINE
What did your letter say, David?

In the next room, Clancy accidentally DROPS the fountain pen...

The fountain pen falls in SLOW MOTION. Time stands still.

BOOOOM, the pen lands on the table. The amplified sound triggers something within Clancy. He stares, concentrating.

A FLURRY OF IMAGES, AGAIN EXPRESSIONISTIC AND JUMBLED:

DAVID RIDES THE SUBWAY.

HE FUCKS VICTORIA.

HE WRITES A LETTER.

VICTORIA ALONE -- IN TEARS -- CUTTING HER ARMS, SELF-HARMING.

THE BABY BOTTLE TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.

THE YOUNG WOMAN SUFFERING IN HOSPITAL.

THE STRANGER AGAIN: STARES AT US, SCAR ON HIS HEAD...

DAVID RIDES THE SUBWAY.

HE WRITES A LETTER, CRYING.

KATHERINE WEEPS.

CLANCY
He... left her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

David...

DAVID

That I was leaving her.

MERRIWETHER

Why?

DAVID RIDES THE SUBWAY/MAKES EYE CONTACT.

HE FUCKS SOMEONE, NOT VICTORIA.

CLANCY

For someone else.

DAVID

I was leaving her for someone
else.

DAVID RIDES THE SUBWAY/MAKES EYE CONTACT.

A TOW TRUCK SHOOTS PAST.

THE YOUNG WOMAN WRITHING IN AGONY.

DAVID FUCKS SOMEONE, NOT HIS WIFE.

THE BLACK CROSS -- LIKE A CRUCIFIX -- BLOWN OUT OF FRAME.

DAVID, CRYING, WRITES HIS LETTER.

MERRIWETHER

Another woman...

David takes a moment, then nods: "yes."

Clancy squints, studying David Raymond -- the dilation of
his pupils, the tremors in his hands, then...

CLANCY

He's lying.

Clancy rises, exits the viewing room...

DAVID

(weeping again)
Victoria. Oh, God.

... and makes an abrupt entrance into the interrogation.

CLANCY

Could I have a moment with him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE
(wanting him out)
Dr. Clancy, I'm afraid this
isn't...

CLANCY
Joe...?

Clancy stares at Merriwether, hard. Merriwether studies him, nods...

MERRIWETHER
Alright.

Merriwether rises and steps away. Katherine, pissed, exits with him. Meanwhile, Clancy's eyes fix on David Raymond.

The man, intimidated, won't meet his eyes...

CLANCY
You are telling the truth, or at
least some of it. You didn't kill
your wife, did you, Mr. Raymond?

DAVID
No.

CLANCY
But... you believe the note you
left could've driven her to take
her own life.

David covers his face with his hand, gives a barely perceptible nod.

CLANCY
Your wife has a history of
emotional instability, and suicide
attempts.

David nods, loathing himself...

CLANCY
And your note was telling her that
you were leaving her. For someone
else.

DAVID
Yes...

CLANCY
Your note failed to mention it was
a man. And that you've contracted
HIV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone stands frozen -- like a grenade pin dropped somewhere in the room.

David meets Clancy's eyes for the first time, horrified: Who is this guy? His reaction confirms Clancy's story...

Clancy has his answer, exits the room. Merriwether exits behind him.

CLANCY

Her blood's contaminated. That's why 'careful with the bathwater.'

(a beat)

I need to see the case files.

MERRIWETHER

Okay.

(checks his watch)

Nine AM. My kids are awake.

Let's do this over breakfast.

INT. MERRIWETHER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

The two men sit before piles of hotcakes in Merriwether's comfortable but humble home. Files and photos litter the table before them.

Joe's wife, ROSE MERRIWETHER, refills Clancy's glass of orange juice.

CLANCY

Thank you, Rose.

Rose lovingly caresses her husband's head as she retreats...

ROSE MERRIWETHER

You need to eat.

MERRIWETHER

I'm fine. Thank you.

Rose moves into the KITCHEN, tending to her second seating: Merriwether's two sons, Kevin (nine) and ANDRE (fifteen).

CLANCY

Family looks great, Joe.

MERRIWETHER

Thanks. Trying to spend a little more time with 'em these days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER (CONT'D)

Andre takes his first driving lesson next week, if you believe that.

CLANCY

Hope he drives better than you.

MERRIWETHER

Me, too...

ROSE MERRIWETHER

We've seen Barbara.

CLANCY

Oh...?

Merriwether looks up at Rose...

ROSE MERRIWETHER

We sometimes still go for dinner, the three of us. Not quite the same, though.

Awkward silence.

A flicker of pain behind Clancy's eyes. A raw nerve. Merriwether hastily changes the subject...

MERRIWETHER

(indicates files)

So. What do you think?

CLANCY

They were all sick. That's the consistency.

MERRIWETHER

We explored that. It doesn't hold up.

CLANCY

Ethel Jackson. The hats, the wigs. She'd undergone chemotherapy.

Rose returns. Sits down next to Joe, rubbing his neck...

MERRIWETHER

Right. Two years ago. For cervical cancer. A complete remission. She was in the clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

No one's ever in the clear.
Eighty percent of cancers return,
and when they do, they're much
more difficult to kill.

Merriwether hesitates, preoccupied, for a moment, then:

MERRIWETHER

So?

CLANCY

So, Victor Ward, it turns out, had
the first signs of Lou Gehrig's
Disease. A vile, slow, merciless
death. Victoria Raymond suffered
from suicidal thoughts, chronic
depressions and a history of self-
harming, God knows what horrors
she would have inflicted on
herself had she read that letter
from her husband...

Merriwether's son, Kevin, darts through the room, headed
for the door...

ROSE MERRIWETHER

Did you finish your breakfast,
Kevin?

MERRIWETHER

And where's your jacket?

Kevin runs back into the kitchen...

MERRIWETHER

(shakes his head)

So let's say I give you Ethel
Jackson. And Victor Ward. Here's
two words which destroy your
theory -- 'Robert Ellis.' The boy
in Mount Pleasant.

CLANCY

Check his file.

Kevin bolts back through...

MERRIWETHER

(to Kevin)

Hey. C'mere.

Merriwether hugs his son, holding him an extra beat.
Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

Un-unh. Not only was he healthy,
his parents are Christian
Scientists. They don't believe in
medicine. He didn't even have a
medical record.

CLANCY

Can I talk to them?

Clancy throws on his coat, plucks up the Ellis file and
heads for the door...

MERRIWETHER

Knock yourself out. I got a 10:30
call with the Director, which I'm
immensely looking forward to.
Katherine'll take you.

Clancy nods -- fair enough.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - MORNING

Katherine's Lincoln traverses morning traffic.

INT. LINCOLN MERCURY - MORNING

In the passenger seat, Clancy peruses the Robert Ellis
file, stopping at a photo of the beautiful little boy...

KATHERINE

Can I ask you a question? How do
you refer to it?

CLANCY

Hmmm...?

KATHERINE

What you have? Your ability.
'Prescience'? 'Clairvoyance'?
'Precognition'?

CLANCY

A pain in the ass, mostly.

KATHERINE

I'm serious. What is it you see
exactly? People's futures?

CLANCY

Sometimes. Other times their
pasts. Sometimes other things
altogether.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

By touching them? Or something
they've touched?

CLANCY

I also have dreams. See words.
Hear sounds.

KATHERINE

Is it mystical? Or religious in
some way?

CLANCY

No, I'm a scientist. A
materialist. I believe in
physics, biochemistry. The
infinite, untapped capacity of the
brain. The answer's in here.

(taps head)

Just wish I knew where.

They drive on.

KATHERINE

So when did it start?

CLANCY

When I got this?

Clancy considers the story. Looks out his window.

CLANCY

You ever hear of the Tiresias
project?

(as she shakes her
head)

Late 1960s. A top secret military
program. Department of Defense.
Genetic programming. My parents
were poor, they needed the
money...

(can't keep a
straight face any
longer)

I'm sorry. I've always had it. I
don't know why. I can only assume
that there's an anomaly in my
brain structure somewhere, or I
just happened to get the deluxe
edition of what people call gut or
intuition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

I read most prescients believe
it's a muscle we all have, but
99.9% of us never use it...

Katherine looks at him for a beat...

KATHERINE

Can you see anything now?

Clancy averts his eyes, looking away...

KATHERINE

It's okay. I can handle it. I
want to know.

Clancy looks at her. And lies perfectly, diplomatically,
generously when he replies...

CLANCY

No.

EXT. MOUNT PLEASANT - DAY

Working-class grim. Katherine navigates past pizza
parlors and liquor stores, past the playground where
Robert Ellis was murdered. She stops in front of a
WORKING-CLASS HOME.

KATHERINE

How much of the talking you want
to do?

CLANCY

None of it.

He gets out. Katherine follows.

INT. ELLIS LIVING ROOM

Not a possession of Robert's has been touched since his
death. Toys lie about like land mines. A small shrine
has been erected: A SCHOOL PHOTO framed by candles.
Clancy and Katherine sit with MR. ELLIS (an accountant,
frail, damaged) at a table, drinking coffee...

MR. ELLIS

How is your investigation going?

KATHERINE

It's improving. We feel we may
know why your son was killed. Why
he was chosen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Ellis looks at Katherine...

KATHERINE

Mr. Ellis, I need to ask you a few questions about Robert. But I don't want to upset you.

MR. ELLIS

It's all right. Ask. If I can, I'd like to help. It's just that... go ahead, ask.

It's clear Katherine has gained his trust...

KATHERINE

Do you remember if, in the weeks or months before he died, Robert felt his best? Was he healthy?

MR. ELLIS

(guardedly)
Perfectly.

KATHERINE

He never complained about any pains? Never felt tired in the middle of the day?

MR. ELLIS

My wife is here more than I am but... No.

KATHERINE

Never had any trouble keeping up with other boys in sports? Never short of breath?

MR. ELLIS

No.

Katherine's out of ideas. She glances about, notices several clay sculptures -- school projects. One is broken.

KATHERINE

Robert was a sculptor.

MR. ELLIS

He enjoyed it. He has... had very good hands.

KATHERINE

They're beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. ELLIS
(totally charmed now)
Thanks...

KATHERINE
(re: the broken one)
What happened to that one?

MR. ELLIS
Robert knocked it over by
accident. Maybe a day or two
before...
(quivers a bit)
We were gonna throw it out.

KATHERINE
How'd he knock it over?

MR. ELLIS
I can't remember. You know, kids
are clumsy.

KATHERINE
Robert especially?

MR. ELLIS
Sometimes. He'd upset his glass
at dinner --

The front door opens suddenly, and MRS. ELLIS enters.
Tall and tightly-wound. She studies the two strangers
warily, recognizes Katherine.

MRS. ELLIS
(to her husband)
You been talking to them?

MR. ELLIS
They just arrived, I --

MRS. ELLIS
(interrupting, to
Katherine)
You catch him?

KATHERINE
No.

MRS. ELLIS
Why're you here then?

Katherine glances at Clancy: this is going to be a
problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Mrs. Ellis, there was another murder last night. By the same man who killed your son. Every other victim so far has suffered from some kind of illness. Or condition...

MR. ELLIS

Robert was twelve years old. He wasn't sick.

KATHERINE

We'd like to verify that.

MRS. ELLIS

And just how are you planning on doing that?

KATHERINE

We'd like to conduct an autopsy.

Mr. Ellis flinches. Mrs. Ellis' eyes penetrate Katherine.

MRS. ELLIS

You want to dig my son's body out of the ground? Pry him open and search around inside?

CLANCY

Yes.

The mother turns on Clancy, livid.

MRS. ELLIS

Who are you?

CLANCY

A doctor.

Mrs. Ellis squints hatefully: that profession wins no admiration in this house.

MRS. ELLIS

He wasn't sick. And even if he was, he didn't need a man like you. God has a plan for all of us, sir.

(looks to her husband, scolding)

It is not our place to intervene. It's just that most people don't have the faith or the courage to accept the wisdom of the Lord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

I don't disagree with you, Mrs. Ellis. And I know the limitations of medicine firsthand. When I was practicing, I diagnosed hundreds of patients. Saw death growing inside a lot of them. Inside my own daughter. Leukemia. For a full two years, all I could do was go to the hospital every single day, sit there and watch her suffer. Every procedure, every test, every surgery... useless. Finally, one day, I watched her die as I held her in my arms. And by that time, it was a blessing. So I know something about fate, Mrs. Ellis.

Katherine, affected, sneaks a glance at Clancy. Then back to Mr. Ellis and the tears forming in his eyes...

CLANCY

I don't want to use medicine to alter God's plan. I want to know why your son was killed. And medicine can help me discover that. Then it can help me catch the man who killed your son.

Mrs. Ellis' eyes lock with Clancy's -- neither blinking...

INT. LINCOLN MERCURY

Katherine and Clancy sit in the car outside the Ellis home. Clancy stares down at the unsigned consent form in his lap...

KATHERINE

That's it. That's why.

Clancy looks up...

KATHERINE

(softly)
Your daughter. How old was she when she died?

CLANCY

Twenty-eight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Did she get in your face like I do
sometimes?

CLANCY

Yes...

OUTSIDE THE CAR -- bundling himself in a jacket, Mr.
Ellis exits the house, headed down the sidewalk.

KATHERINE

That's why you can't look at me
sometimes...

Clancy's face: staring out of the car window...

CLANCY

On that consent form, we just need
one legal guardian, right?

Katherine looks at Clancy...

CLANCY

It wasn't me he was batting his
eyes at in there.

KATHERINE

Meet me at the office in two
hours.

Katherine exits the car, jogging down the sidewalk to
catch up with Mr. Ellis. Clancy watches her go...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI PATHOLOGIST'S SURGERY

... an INCISION drawn across Robert Ellis' hairline.

A PATHOLOGIST peels back the skin to reveal white skull,
stitches it there. Clancy -- in a surgeon's apron,
surgical gloves on his hands -- watches as a CONSULTANT
NEUROSURGEON supervises the pathologist's work...

CONSULTANT NEUROSURGEON

Let's look at the cerebellum
first. If he had coordination
trouble, it could've come from
there.

The Pathologist turns on an electrical SURGICAL SAW --
BZZZZZZZZZ -- and begins to cut. Katherine and
Merriwether turn away. Clancy does not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine and Merriwether stand further back -- watching...

The Consultant Neurosurgeon looks over at Clancy...

CONSULTANT NEUROSURGEON
It's Dr. Clancy, isn't it?

CLANCY
Yes.

CONSULTANT NEUROSURGEON
You don't remember me?

She briefly removes her surgical mask...

CONSULTANT NEUROSURGEON
We met with Dr. Wallis. Years ago. I cheekily asked you for an interview...

It's the same RED-HAIRED STUDENT (CARTER) that saw Clancy in the opening scene. Clancy's face: clearly doesn't remember...

CLANCY
How are you doing? Stupid question. Consultant Neurosurgeon. Very well.

CARTER
Actually, this is my bread and butter work... my main area of interest is still looking at Psi phenomenon and brain function from a cold neurological perspective. I run a research program at the University of Illinois. We're finding some real answers.
(a beat)
Did you ever find the answers you were looking for, Doctor?

CLANCY
No. Not really.

In an adjoining office, a PHONE RINGS. Unanswered.

CLANCY
You wanna get that?

KATHERINE
Fax machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

Perhaps when you have a second,
you could come see us?

But they are distracted by...

PATHOLOGIST

Okay, he's ready...

Carter puts her mask on, walks over to investigate Robert Ellis' brain. Clancy follows. Merriwether sees more than he wants to, retreats. Fibbie enters.

FIBBIE

Dr. Clancy. Fax for you. Marked
urgent.

Fibbie hands him a single page fax. Clancy eyes him curiously, then it. Reads it.

PATHOLOGIST

And he's all clear.

CLANCY

Check the cerebellar lobe.

The Pathologist looks to the Consultant Neurosurgeon who nods, "Do it." The Pathologist carries on sawing. Then pauses: he's found something. He proceeds carefully, snipping around until...

PATHOLOGIST

There's your answer....

MERRIWETHER

What?

The NEUROSURGEON looks. Bingo.

CARTER

Tumor. Size of a peach pit.
Hidden in the cerebellar lobe.
Good call, Dr. Clancy. We never
normally go that deep.

Merriwether turns to Clancy: he was right. But there's no pride in Clancy's eyes... just anguish. Clancy removes his surgeon's gown, places it on a table, and abruptly exits.

MERRIWETHER

John...?

INT. FBI CORRIDOR

Clancy makes a beeline for the elevators, hits the DOWN button. Merriwether follows.

MERRIWETHER

John, what is it?

CLANCY

I'm out.

Done waiting for the elevator, Clancy exits through a door marked "STAIRS."

MERRIWETHER

John...

(to Fibbie, passing
by)

What the hell did it say? The fax?

FIBBIE

I don't know. It was marked urgent and confidential.

MERRIWETHER

Someone trained you too well, kid.

Merriwether chases after Clancy.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

Rain falls. Clancy exits the gray stone building and hails a cab. Merriwether exits moments later.

MERRIWETHER

John! Please! Let someone else in on this!

Clancy turns on Merriwether.

CLANCY

It's a trap, Joe. The whole thing. And we're sleepwalking into it.

MERRIWETHER

What? What are you talking about?

CLANCY

He's ahead of us. All of us. And right now we're doing everything he wants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy gets in the cab. Leaving Merriwether alone in the rain.

INT. CLANCY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Clancy sits on his bed, packing.

A KNOCK at the door. Clancy moves to open it. Katherine. She stands stone-faced. Clancy returns to his packing.

Katherine moves to his mini-bar, grabs a beer...

KATHERINE

You mind?

CLANCY

Go ahead, you're paying for it.

She pops the beer.

KATHERINE

So. Thanks to you we find a tumor no one could have known about, and we've established connections between victims I freely admit I could never have seen. We're on the verge of a significant breakthrough on a major investigation, and instead of stepping up and leading from the front, you run out of an autopsy-in-progress, which you asked for incidentally, with no explanation, and now you're packing your bags to go home.

(takes a pull of
beer)

Forgive me, but, what the hell?

A long beat.

CLANCY

'WHO AM I? I WILL TELL YOU IN TWO WORDS WHO I AM, WHAT I DO, AND HOW I LIVE. MAY I?'

KATHERINE

The riddle left by the killer. What about it?

CLANCY

It's not a riddle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

What is it?

CLANCY

'Le diro con due parole, chi son,
e che faccio, come vivo.' It's
Puccini. From *La Boheme*.

KATHERINE

The killer's an opera nut. That's
good. Thanks. Helps with the
profile.

Katherine pulls out her phone, is about to make a call...

CLANCY

No, I'm the opera nut. I was
listening to it at the very moment
I was looking into the case files
which you left for me. Those very
lines.

(a beat)

The note was a message for me.

KATHERINE

What?

CLANCY

He knew I would be listening to
that music. That you would ask me
to help, the fact we were going to
arrive at that apartment at
exactly four-sixteen AM. He knows
everything. Even knows my name.

Katherine, standing stock still.

KATHERINE

What are you talking about?

Clancy hands over the fax. Katherine reads it. In the
same font as the "4:16" and "I love you very much" notes:

"Dr. Clancy, check the cerebellar lobe."

On Katherine's face. Floored.

KATHERINE

Jesus.

CLANCY

He's like me. He can see things.
Only he's a whole lot better at
it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine stares...

KATHERINE

So that's why you're quitting?
Because you've met your match?

CLANCY

MORE than my match. I can't stop him. Which begs a more important question. Is he really WORTH stopping? These people are dying anyway. He's not killing them out of compulsion or anger or deviance. The cigar, the ice cream, the cocktails, the bath -- he's killing them with kindness. It's mercy.

KATHERINE

That's bullshit. It's still murder.

CLANCY

Murder that may just be sparing a whole lot of suffering.

KATHERINE

If it was your daughter, would you say that?

A nerve is hit. Clancy looks up, eyes flash, wounded...

CLANCY

Get out. Now.

She searches his trembling features, realizing she has hit a nerve...

KATHERINE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

CLANCY

I said OUT!

KATHERINE

What did I say, John?

KATHERINE reaches out and touches him. It's like a jolt. Clancy is immediately flooded with images...

KATHERINE

I know your daughter died. But guess what: we all die some day. So what is it that's so awful you can't talk to me about it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

What is it that really made you
lock yourself away from the world.

(beat)

What aren't you telling me, John?

Clancy stares at her. HIS MIND IS NOW RACING WITH
IMAGES...

CLANCY

Here's what I'm not telling you.
You lost your virginity to a
drunk, blond-haired boy in the
back of a Ford pickup when you
were thirteen and you didn't like
it very much. You're worried
about that extra glass of wine you
drink every night. You had a
serious boyfriend, five years ago,
thought it might go the distance.
A year into the relationship, you
learned you were carrying his
child. He didn't want it. You
did. You accepted his wishes. He
left you a month later, you
haven't had a relationship since,
and now you say 'I love you'
exactly twice a year on each of
your parents' birthdays. Tonight,
because we've had this
conversation, you'll walk into
your apartment at nine thirty-two,
drink the bottle of Ninety-Nine
Chalone Cabernet you'd been saving
for a special occasion, and you'll
cry. You think that's fun? You
want me to go on?

Defiant tears well in Katherine's eyes as she takes a
step forward...

KATHERINE

Go ahead. What else? What else
do you see for me? I can take it.

Clancy stares at her, fighting his vision, but still:

KATHERINE WEEPS.

KATHERINE'S BLEEDING BADLY, FROM THE HEAD.

Clancy's face: his expression changes...

Protective of her, in pain, powerless. He suddenly looks
away...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Just go home.

With tears in her eyes, Katherine casts a last look at Clancy and exits.

Clancy leans back against the door. Then moves to his window, watching the street below...

As Katherine emerges, moving down the sidewalk, Clancy watches her... early 30s. The same long hair. The same intelligence. The same beauty.

It could so easily be her.

INT. AMTRAK STATION - MORNING

The storm is long over. Clancy walks down a long concourse as a train pulls in.

INT. TRAIN

Passengers crowd the aisles, cramming coats and duffel bags into overhead compartments. Clancy navigates his way past them; he comes to AN OLDER MAN seeking a seat.

CLANCY

Last one on the left's empty.

The older man looks: it is empty. Clancy moves on to --

THE NEXT CAR

Clancy finds a window seat far from the other passengers.

The train pulls from the station, gaining momentum...

He settles in for the trip, rests his head back, lets his eyelids close. It's over.

Then: THE MOST NIGHTMARISH VISION YET (NOTE: AT THIS POINT IN THE FILM, THE VISIONS SHOULD BE CLEARLY LONGER, MORE FULLY-FORMED/REALIZED AS CLANCY'S ABILITIES ARE STRENGTHENING) --

A GUN BATTLE, FBI AGENTS UNLEASHING FURY.

KATHERINE BLEEDS FROM THE HEAD.

THE BABY BOTTLE, CRACKING.

SHE WEEPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIX COP CARS BLAZE TOWARD US, HEADED BY A VAN.

SHE BLEEDS.

THE STRANGER: HANDSOME, ACQUILINE FEATURES.
BESPECTACLED. STARES AT US, SMILING...

STRANGER

Scene of the crime, regrets?

THE TOW TRUCK SHOOTS PAST.

THE BLACK CROSS -- THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE.

MERRIWETHER'S FACE -- LAUGHING? IN ANGUISH?

A CERAMIC COFFEE CUP COVERED WITH PAINTED FROGS.

CICERO.

A FIELD OF LILIES.

FOREARMS SCARRED BY LIVID NEEDLE MARKS -- JUNKIE TRACKS.

MERRIWETHER'S FACE.

THE FIELD OF LILIES.

MERRIWETHER (O.S.)

Maybe you're right.

Clancy's eyes open. Merriwether sits next to him.

MERRIWETHER

Maybe we can't catch this guy.
Maybe it's futile to even try.
But don't you think if he's even a
bit like you -- you owe it to
yourself to at least give it a
shot?

CLANCY

Why?

MERRIWETHER

If I didn't know what my problem
was... and spent a lifetime
suffering with it... and then I
heard someone else was around who
was the same -- I'm not sure the
first thing I'd do is run for the
door.

(a beat)

Just saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Thanks, Joe. Appreciate it. But we're never going to catch this guy... unless he wants us to.

MERRIWETHER

Well, maybe he does... because we found a clue. A good one. I'd like you to take a look. Call it a personal favor, an early birthday present.

Clancy glances out his window.

CLANCY

Something bad's gonna happen, Joe.

Silence.

MERRIWETHER

One more day.

INT. FBI VAN - MOVING - DAY

Fibbie drives hurly-burly through midtown traffic.
Clancy and Merriwether do their best to stay upright.

MERRIWETHER

Your mystery fax was sent from a Kinko's, dead end there. But we ran a chemical analysis of Victoria Raymond's bathwater -- HIV positive, which we already knew from the autopsy. But we also picked up traces of an anti-invertebrate toxin.

CLANCY

Snail poison. On the lilies.

MERRIWETHER

Only one place in the city where the flowers are treated with that particular poison -- Jefferson Park.

EXT. JEFFERSON PARK - DAY

On the banks of the lake. The van SCREECHES to a halt next to several other police vehicles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merriwether whips open the van's sliding side door and gets out, followed by Clancy, who comes face-to-face with Katherine.

An awkward moment between them, then...

CLANCY
I owe you an apology. I can
explain...

But before he has time to...

MERRIWETHER (O.S.)
John...?

Katherine nods, "Go." Clancy follows Merriwether around the van and into view of...

THE FIELD OF LILIES

Police Officers, under Sloman's direction, prowl through the flowers. Clancy pauses, unsettled -- it's the exact image he's foreseen.

MERRIWETHER
John?

CLANCY
(sotto)
We shouldn't do this.

In the distance, a Uniformed Officer raises his arm...

COP
Over here!

MERRIWETHER
Too late now.

Clancy and Merriwether wade into the field, carving a path toward him.

The officer stands before a bare spot: all the lilies have been beheaded.

KATHERINE
(re: the lilies)
They look clipped. Not torn off.

SLOMAN
(pointing)
Footprint. I'll call forensics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merriwether steps next to him and looks. A footprint in the mud.

MERRIWETHER

John, you up for...

Clancy's ahead of him -- crouching over the lilies, touching them, concentrating. As he touches them...

The sand beneath the plants rises and begins to form the silhouette of a person, a victim -- made by millions of sand particles. The victim points in a direction...

Clancy follows the direction. Sees a TRASH DUMPSTER.

CLANCY

There.

Clancy points. Merriwether and Katherine look to see -- A TRASH DUMPSTER stands a distance away.

INSIDE THE TRASH DUMPSTER

Merriwether pries open the lid and peers inside: A pair of HAND SHEARS. More important is what they're lying on...

THE TOP HALF OF A BLOOD-SPLATTERED, FLORAL-PATTERNED DRESS. The matching half to what was pinned to the blood-painted mural at the tenement -- the supposedly unrelated crime scene.

KATHERINE

(recognizing it)

Shit...

MERRIWETHER

Get Odis. Now.

EXT. JEFFERSON PARK - NEAR THE DUMPSTER - LATER

Merriwether communicates via walkie-talkie. Clancy and Katherine stand by. Sloman ushers in a team of FORENSICS.

KATHERINE

(chastened)

The day you arrived, we found the dress' bottom half pasted to a wall in a tenement. Along with most of the victim's blood supply. I was sure it wasn't our guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Still doesn't feel like it.

Merriwether hangs up.

MERRIWETHER

Odis is on his way from the 14th.
Should be here any minute.

Before Clancy can inquire further, a SIREN announces the approach of a POLICE VAN.

CLANCY

Who's Odis?

A COP emerges from the van -- fat, bald, moustached.
Draws near...

MERRIWETHER

The best there is.

LILIES start to RUSTLE. Clancy looks down, the lilies part, to reveal...

A droopy-eyed, long-eared BLOODHOUND. Merriwether turns to Clancy, smiles: that's Odis. The fat, bald, moustached DOG COP steps forward.

DOG COP

You clear this area for irritants?
Ammonia, pepper, chlorine?

Katherine nods.

DOG COP

Where's the item?

Sloman removes the torn and bloody dress from the dumpster with a police baton, passes it to the Dog Cop, who drapes it across the ground in front of Odis. The bloodhound, seated and unleashed, doesn't budge. The Dog Cop holds his right hand over the dress then SNAPS three times quickly.

DOG COP

All clear, big guy.

Odis goes to work. Ears scraping the ground, he approaches the dress circumspectly, sniffing about its periphery before he buries his wet snout into the dress' bosom.

All about observe the hound reverentially.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At last, Odis lifts his head: he has his scent. He releases a curt BARK -- let's go -- and begins to walk.

DOG COP

Let's go...

Clancy looks at Katherine.

CLANCY

Maybe me and Odis aren't that different.

They follow Odis and his entourage, leaving Sloman to prepare the massive undertaking ahead on his walkie-talkie.

MOVING WITH ODIS

His nose never more than two inches from the ground, carving a trail through the park as an EIGHT-MAN FORMATION surrounds him. Officers up front hold back pedestrians, like secret service agents. Merriwether and Clancy tag along behind.

As Odis nears Riverside Drive, an onslaught of police vehicles bring midday traffic to a SCREECHING HALT. Katherine oversees that the street is secure for the bloodhound's entrance.

Like a crown prince, Odis exits the park and waddles onto the boulevard where all life has frozen for his benefit. He pauses, sniffs, then turns south.

KATHERINE

(into walkie-talkie)

We're southbound. I want a mobile three block perimeter. Shut down Riverside Drive.

MOTORCYCLE UNITS blow by Odis, their lights blazing, to block the upcoming intersections. FOUR SQUAD CARS flank Odis as he continues at a breezy 3 mph. High above, heads peer out of apartment windows to watch this curious parade. A POLICE CHOPPER hovers meters above the rooftops.

Merriwether and Clancy ride comfortably, sitting on the hood of a squad car, Odis' tail wagging before them.

As this bizarre motorcade crawls down RIVERSIDE DRIVE...

CLANCY

How far do we follow him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

Far as he goes. About two years ago we had a kidnapping in Woodlawn: a seventeen-year-old girl'd been swiped on her way home from school. We found her clothes in a local park. So gave Odis the clothes. Three miles, all the way to Bedford. Finally, Odis gets to this house, squares up with the front door, starts barking. Found the girl, alive, locked in a shed. Amazing.

MOVING DOWN RIVERSIDE

The police escort confronts a serious obstacle -- an actual PARADE in progress. Undaunted, the Odis entourage stops the parade, plows through it. The bloodhound weaves through, unfazed by the crowds surrounding him.

Clancy views the onlookers. They peer back at him strangely, somberly just as they did in his visions.

CLANCY

I don't trust it, Joe. He wouldn't screw up. If we found the dress, that means he knew we were going to find it. Either this is useless or... or he's leading us somewhere.

MERRIWETHER

What do you want me to do, John, not follow the lead?

The old friends share a bitter look. They ride on in silence.

EXT. FACTORY DISTRICT - DAY

The bloodhound caravan pushes on. Odis zeroes in on a large MEAT-PACKING-PLANT-TURNED-ART-STUDIO. An enormous SHIPPING DOOR blocking further progress.

Merriwether pops off the hood to coordinate a siege of the building.

CLANCY

Joe...
(as Merriwether
turns)
You wearing a vest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER
We all will. Sloman, vests.

SLOMAN
In the car.

Merriwether, Sloman, and Katherine pull KEVLAR VESTS from the back seat. Strapping them on. Clancy joins them. Donning one also, he gives Joe a look -- I'm coming too.

MERRIWETHER
Two men on each exit, six going in. Sawyer, you run the perimeter.

Sawyer nods and disperses the cops. The others prep their weapons and move to the cannery's door. When all are ready... the INVASION BEGINS.

INT. ART STUDIO

A barren, gutted place. Hanging light bulbs throw stark light across an empty first floor corridor. Odis leads the platoon up the darkened stairwell, THEIR FOOTSTEPS REVERBERATING NOISILY, to...

THE SECOND FLOOR -- And there, nose twitching, Odis comes to the end of his olfactory trail at...

A STUDIO DOOR -- Marked "2." Odis starts to BARK furiously.

MERRIWETHER
(to Dog Cop)
Okay.

The Dog Cop whisks Odis away as cops form a semi-circle around the designated door. Clancy hangs back against the opposite wall with Merriwether, who nods to Sloman.

SLOMAN
FBI! Open the door!

No answer. Merriwether nods again: break it down. The cops move into position. Battering ram the door. Exploding into the room with Sloman and Katherine, trailing behind.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
No one home!

Suddenly THE DOOR DIRECTLY BEHIND Merriwether and Clancy whips open...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER
(pulling him back)
John...

... and a NEIGHBOR (young, Bohemian) steps out, coffee mug in hand. He becomes an instant pin-cushion of infrared laser sights. A HALF-DOZEN POLICE ASSAULT RIFLES target his torso.

NEIGHBOR
Oh... my...

MERRIWETHER
Sir, do you live here?

NEIGHBOR
Um... um... what?

MERRIWETHER
Do-you-live-here?

NEIGHBOR
This, um, this is my studio.

MERRIWETHER
What's your name?

NEIGHBOR
L-Linus. Linus Harp.

MERRIWETHER
(indicating door "2")
Mr. Harp, do you know who occupies that studio?

HARP (NEIGHBOR)
No... no one does.

Clancy sniffs something: it's coming from Harp's shirt.

CLANCY
Turpentine?

HARP
I'm a painter.

Merriwether waves off the cops' guns.

MERRIWETHER
Why don't you step outside with me?

HARP
Can I lock up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER
(re: cops all
around)

Trust me, your studio'll be safe.

Clancy, staring at the man.

Something strange. Something familiar.

He looks to the coffee cup and sees painted ceramic...

CLANCY	KATHERINE
Frogs.	Painter.

Merriwether turns to look at Clancy as...

... Harp drops his coffee mug and withdraws a revolver
and FIRES TWICE POINT-BLANK INTO MERRIWETHER'S ARM!

Merriwether, BLOWN SIDEWAYS to the floor by the shots
as...

... Katherine moves instantly, spinning, FIRING...

... as Harp DASHES BACK into his studio, the surrounding
cops join Katherine, letting loose round after round of
automatic FIRE.

The GUN BATTLE Clancy foresaw.

HARP'S STUDIO -- SHREDDED by GUNFIRE as he leaps through
an outer rear window... And INTO A CHUTE. He tumbles ass-
over-head down its spiraling slide...

Katherine pursues Harp into his studio where...

DOZENS OF CANVASSES -- hang on walls and easels, each an
abstract work in actual blood red, a shocking melange of
human hair, innards -- exact replicas of the murder scene
fingerprinting...

CLANCY
Ambulance! Get an ambulance!

KATHERINE	SLOMAN
(into walkie)	(into walkie)
Man down! Man down!	Armed motherfucker went
Ambulance, stat! Jesus	down a fish chute! Watch
Christ!	the south exits!

Katherine races to the chute, looks down. Harp's out of
sight. Sloman props himself on the chute's edge...

SLOMAN
Here I come, asshole!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and LAUNCHES HIMSELF headlong down the chute.

IN THE HALL -- Clancy at Merriwether's side -- He lies paralyzed, the wounds in his arm, SPOUTING BLOOD. Clancy checks... To find they went THROUGH JOE'S ARM into his coat.

CLANCY

It's okay, you got a vest...

He begins pulling off Joe's coat...

... as Katherine BOLTS past him, down the stairs, full-speed.

Clancy gets the jacket half off and STOPS. SEEING -- One bullet, stopped by the Kevlar. The other has entered Joe's body in the fleshy expanse below the armpit not covered by the vest. Joe's tortured features exactly what Clancy had foreseen.

MERRIWETHER

(through the pain)

How's it look, John?

CLANCY

Not bad, not great.

MERRIWETHER

Horseshit. Tell me really.

Clancy can't. But his eyes speak volumes: Merriwether's in bad, bad shape...

CLANCY

Get him up, we're driving him to County!

He and several Patrolmen HOIST Joe into their arms...

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

Katherine BURSTS into the street, weapon drawn.

KATHERINE

(into walkie)

Sloman, you got anything?

SLOMAN (V.O.)

(through walkie)

No sign!

THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

As Clancy and the cops struggle to carry the screaming Merriwether down the hall, Sloman's report echoes over a cop's walkie-talkie.

With great effort, Merriwether grabs Clancy with a bloody hand, then unbuckles the clasp on his holster, withdrawing his weapon...

MERRIWETHER

Don't stay with me. Get him.

Clancy takes the SERVICE REVOLVER. Looks at Joe and nods, heads off...

OUTSIDE THE CANNERY/STUDIO - DAY

Sloman, met by Katherine and a DOZEN COPS.

SLOMAN

Nothing?

She shakes her head.

SLOMAN

Shit!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Clancy emerges. Covered in blood.

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY

Harp scrambles away from his pursuers, scaling tin roofs, leaping over between them, quietly as he can. Harp leaps, runs, but, oddly, his FOOTSTEPS start to ECHO.

He stops in his tracks... and the FOOTSTEPS continue. Harp spins. Two buildings back...

Sloman. In pursuit. Harp leaps over an alley, but Sloman matches him, stride for stride.

A DISTANCE AWAY

Katherine and Clancy spot the ROOFTOP CHASE.

MOVING WITH SLOMAN -- As he scrambles up another tin incline. He reaches the top...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARP'S GONE. A sudden SCREECH OF TIRES. Clancy and Katherine reach a street to find...

A TRAIL OF TIRE RUBBER and a MAN unconscious. Clancy kneels, checks the Man's condition as Katherine whips up in an FBI sedan.

KATHERINE

He need an ambulance?

Clancy shakes his head, jumps in the van. Katherine hits the gas.

KATHERINE

What kind of car am I looking for?

CLANCY

I have no idea!

BLASTING THROUGH TRAFFIC -- Katherine blows through red lights, leaps over traffic barriers and curbs as she receives Clancy's prognostic directions.

CLANCY

A right.

KATHERINE

(into radio)

We're in pursuit, Baltimore south of 80th!

SLOMAN (V.O.)

(through radio)

Describe the vehicle!

Katherine looks to Clancy. Into radio:

KATHERINE

We will when we can.

Clancy furrows his brow, concentrating.

CLANCY

A yellow cab. He stole a cab.

Taking another right, a SEA OF YELLOW CABS greets them.

KATHERINE

How 'bout a goddamn number?!

CLANCY

5M... 4... 3.

KATHERINE

There!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine has it in sight. She swerves through traffic to identify Harp within it. Harp spots his tail, GUNS IT...

CLANCY

He's going to 95th Street!

Approaching a red light, Harp shoots through, but...

... A TOW TRUCK hauling a Lexus shoots past, sending Harp SWERVING INTO A POLE...

... and Katherine the other way INTO A BARRIER! Glass SHATTERS, the grill compacts with the dash, and both Katherine and Clancy are THROWN against the WINDSHIELD.

He comes to first, Merriwether's gun lost...

CLANCY

Katherine?! Katherine?!

KATHERINE

I'm -- I'm okay. Where is he?

Clancy looks -- Harp is stumbling out of his wreck.

Harp, climbing into the tow truck...

Katherine, lining the shot, FIRING...

But Harp's thrown the tow truck into gear. The bullets TEAR THROUGH the Lexus hitched to the truck's rear.

KATHERINE

Goddammit!

She's out of the wreck, running into traffic before Clancy can stop her. Pointing her Glock at an oncoming Mercedes which SCREECHES to a halt inches from her legs.

KATHERINE

Out.

The Mercedes family doesn't argue. Clancy, barely in the passenger seat before Katherine PUNCHES THE ACCELERATOR...

BUT AHEAD -- Harp is nowhere to be found. Katherine scans the traffic. They've LOST HIM.

CLANCY

Take a left --

KATHERINE

But he went straight --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

Left!

Unhappy, Katherine does. Roaring down an empty
sidestreet. Coming up on an intersection...

CLANCY

Stop.

KATHERINE

What are you --

Clancy reaches over and SLAMS on the emergency brake.
They come to a halt.

KATHERINE

What the hell is wrong with you?!

She jams the car into gear but Clancy grabs her wrist...

CLANCY

Wait goddammit!

They do. Silence. Katherine, the end of her rope.

KATHERINE

You want to let him go!?

Clancy holds up his hand, concentrating -- Not now.

Precious seconds tick by. More silence. The waiting,
becoming unendurable. Katherine about to explode when...

Harp's tow truck crosses the intersection RIGHT IN FRONT
OF THEM.

Katherine GUNS IT. ROARING around the corner, catching
up, she JUKES LEFT into the lane behind.

HARP -- SPOTTING THEM in his rearview. He twists the
wheel, swinging his truck from side to side, using the
Lexus to try and BASH THEM off the road. Veering across
two lanes of traffic, he sends the Lexus into the
Mercedes, which SCRAPES ALONG the RETAINING WALL.

Katherine, SPINNING the wheel, trying to get out from
behind Harp as he SCOOPS UP HIS GUN, angling it back
and...

CLANCY

Get down!

Ducking as Harp UNLOADS, blasting out his back window,
Katherine swerving to avoid the shots as they both are
DOING SEVENTY, Harp not seeing the FLASHING ROAD SIGN:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"SLOW AHEAD: slippery when wet"

... Harp's truck shooting onto a stretch of black pavement. FISHTAILING madly, it burrows a new off-ramp into a bank and PLOWS to a stop. Katherine SLAMS on the brakes to avoid hitting it but at this speed it's impossible and...

WHAM! The Mercedes plows HEADLONG into the tow truck's rear, GLANCING OFF IT and THROUGH THE GUARDRAIL. Clancy and Katherine, sent on the ride of their lives as --

THE MERCEDES -- Cannonballs down the embankment that leads from the road to the RIVER.

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! Airbags go off all around them.

THE MERCEDES comes to a CRUNCHING HALT on its roof not ten feet from the water's edge.

Silence. Rain falls on the wreckage. Eventually Clancy climbs from it. Bloody. Dazed. Then he turns LEFT, and walks out in front of the car. A voice calls out...

HARP

Cop!

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

Clancy is shot repeatedly in the forehead, and falls to the floor... dead.

Except he isn't.

Clancy is still in the Mercedes. He just had a premonition. This time he climbs from car. Bloody. Dazed. And turns RIGHT, and walks out the BACK of the car...

Harp, hearing footsteps, but seeing no one, moves closer. Leaning forward. Breaking cover.

He sees CLANCY. Raises his gun...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

Harp FALLS. Riddled by bullets. His body slides down the embankment, leaving a crimson trail. Clancy smiles...

Exactly as he foresaw.

Katherine, behind him. Out of the car. Looking like hell. Exhausted. She lowers the smoking Glock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy nods to her: thanks for saving my life. He trudges up the embankment to Harp. Kicks his gun away. Studies him. Blood drools from Harp's mouth.

Clancy knows -- this isn't their killer. A SIREN grows in the distance.

Clancy just sits down next to the expiring killer, his head shaking ever so slightly from side to side, uttering ever so quietly...

CLANCY

You're not him. You're not him.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU HALLWAY - EVENING

Fibbie stands guard outside Merriwether's room. Clancy and Katherine approach, Katherine pauses at the door.

KATHERINE

You want a minute alone with him?

CLANCY

Thanks.

Clancy moves into...

INT. MERRIWETHER'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Joe lies in a hospital bed, entangled in a bureaucracy of tubes and monitors. When Clancy enters, Joe cracks an eye.

MERRIWETHER

Doctor says it's just a scratch,
I'll be up and around by morning.

Clancy tries to smile with Merriwether, but neither man has any illusions -- this is Joe's deathbed.

MERRIWETHER

You get the guy?

CLANCY

Katherine did.

MERRIWETHER

It wasn't him, was it?

Clancy shakes his head. Merriwether winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRIWETHER

You were right. He was leading us down a path. Handing us that guy. And now he's got one more terminal case to show for it. You'd picked up on it, hadn't you?

Clancy nods.

CLANCY

When were you diagnosed?

MERRIWETHER

A few months ago. Too advanced to do anything about.

Joe COUGHS slightly. Winces.

MERRIWETHER

Could go for a cigarette right now, though. Not much harm it'd do me.

CLANCY

I'm fresh out.

Merriwether smiles.

MERRIWETHER

You'll check on Rose and my boys every now and again?

Clancy nods...

MERRIWETHER

Ah hell, John, I don't feel like dying yet. I'd been planning on it, but not for a few months. Made a list of things to do -- move Rose out of the city, teach the boys to drive...

Clancy smiles, his eyes moist...

CLANCY

You're a shitty driver.

MERRIWETHER

I know... wanted them to take after their dad.

(sighs, eyes tearing)

You wish for so much in life, and then you actually get it, and there's no damn time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Merriwether chokes up. Clancy takes his hand.

CLANCY

You did a lot with your time, Joe.

Joe smiles, grateful, frightened.

MERRIWETHER

Make it up with Barbara. Promise me?

Clancy nods, "I will."

MERRIWETHER

She was here. Came to visit.
Left an hour ago.

And for the last time these two friends share a moment.
A smile. Saying goodbye.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine sits, head bowed, next to Fibbie. Clancy exits Merriwether's room, closes the door softly behind him.

CLANCY

(to Katherine)

He wants to see you.

Katherine lifts her head -- she's been crying. Just as Clancy foresaw. Sloman escorts in ROSE MERRIWETHER, Joe's wife. Trembling and terrified. She sees Clancy...

ROSE MERRIWETHER

John... How is he?

She scrutinizes Clancy's face. Searching for some assurance -- that everything will be alright, that Joe will survive.

ROSE MERRIWETHER

You know, don't you?

Clancy can't answer. And he can't muster a false expression of hope. His hesitation breaks Rose's heart.

CLANCY

I'm sorry, Rose.

She resists the urge to cry, though. Puts on a brave face for her husband's sake. Enters Joe's hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A solitary ceiling light burns. Illuminating Clancy and Katherine, sitting alone at a table, packages of pudding in front of them.

Clancy takes a cautious bite. Makes a face.

CLANCY

You okay?

KATHERINE

Not really. You?

CLANCY

I'm sorry for what I said to you.

KATHERINE

(nods her acceptance)

It was a damn good bottle of wine.

If they could smile, they would.

KATHERINE

When we went to get you, Joe told me you were special. Unlike anybody else. He wanted you here. You need to know that.

Clancy looks at her, acknowledging.

KATHERINE

You were about to explain something to me... in Jefferson Park...

CLANCY

16th December, 1984. The third worst day of my life. I looked at my daughter Julie, everyone singing happy birthday -- it was her sixth -- and saw it. Felt it. Of course I hoped I was wrong. Hoped this was one of those occasions.

(manages a smile)

So I didn't tell anyone, not even Barbara. And I carried on loving Julie as much as I could every day after that -- hoping I was wrong -- until twenty years later, the second worst day of my life -- she felt a lump.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY (CONT'D)

And then came the diagnosis, then the treatment, then, two terrible, merciless, agonizing years later, came the worst day of my life. When she went. In my arms. My little girl.

KATHERINE

And your marriage? That ended, too?

CLANCY

90% of relationships end when an only child passes. We didn't stand a chance.

Something in Clancy's eyes. Something he's not telling us.

INT. CORNER BAR - LATER

The joint jumps with revelers. Several OFF-DUTY COPS carouse at the bar.

PAN TO the back of the room...

Clancy. Sitting in a corner booth, apart from everyone else, draining a Scotch. Unrecognized. A waitress stops by the table to check in. Clancy merely taps his glass. Another.

A DRUNKEN STRANGER stumbles by the booth. Stops. Giving Clancy a second look. Recognition in his eyes...

STRANGER

Hey, I -- I know you from somewhere.

CLANCY

Don't think so.

STRANGER

Yeah, I read about you...

(realizes)

You're that doctor used to work with the cops. You're a, what-do-you-call-it, a psychic?

Clancy looks up: and freezes. It's the STRANGER from his visions...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRANGER

(leaning on the
table)

Tell me: how do you do it? You have to touch someone? Or handle something they've touched. Like a fountain pen. Or a broken coffee mug.

Clancy stares at the man. Mid-thirties. Handsome, aquiline features. Bespectacled. A distinctive scar deep on his forehead, testimony to an earlier operation.

He drops into the seat across from Clancy in the booth. Drops the drunken accent, too.

STRANGER

What's 'Cicero,' John? You figured that one out yet?

Clancy, about to reach across the table...

STRANGER

Think. Before you act, John. I know you surrendered Joe's gun over an hour ago. Concentrate and you should be able to see I've got a .38 in my coat.

Clancy hesitates. His eyes dart to the cops at the bar. Only ten yards away, well within earshot.

STRANGER

And please, please don't call to them. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't seen all the possible outcomes of this meeting...

AN EXPLOSION OF VIOLENCE IN THE BAR AS WE SEE WHAT THE STRANGER HAS ALREADY SEEN: CLANCY ALERTS THE COPS, THEY COME OVER -- ONLY FOR THE STRANGER TO PULL OUT HIS GUN AND SHOOT.

STRANGER

... and I walk safely away from each. But not everyone else does. One version's particularly gruesome for our waitress, which would be so unfortunate as her shift's over in a mere... ten minutes.

A FIREFIGHT -- THE WAITRESS GETS CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE, A GUNSHOT RIPPING A HOLE IN THE NECK...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Interrupted as the (unharmed) waitress returns with Clancy's drink.

STRANGER

Hey, sweetie, let me get one too?
(smiling at Clancy)
Am I lying?

ON CLANCY

HE SEES THE WAITRESS LYING IN THE MORGUE, ETIOLATED,
COLD, DEAD. A GAPING WOUND IN HER NECK...

It's no lie.

BACK TO SCENE

The waitress leaves to fill the new order. The Stranger takes Clancy's Scotch, absently stirring it as he speaks. We notice needle marks on his forearms.

STRANGER

You should have seen this coming,
John. Me, sitting here, with you.
You should have seen it days ago.
But, as we both know, you've let
things go a bit, content to keep
fumbling around in the dark.
(taking a sip)
You didn't see it coming with Joe?
Until it was too late.

ON CLANCY'S REACTION

Like being punched in the gut. He didn't feel it. He reels.

BACK TO SCENE

STRANGER

It's like a muscle, what we have.
Needs to be used, or else it
atrophies.
(studying Clancy;
slowly grinning)
Y'know, I can't believe we're
finally face-to-face. I've wanted
to meet you for the longest time.
Every other conversation I have I
know the beginning, middle and end
of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRANGER (CONT'D)

But with you, it's more
interesting than that. Must be
this gift we share...

CLANCY

Go to hell.

STRANGER

Now, what did I do to make you so
angry? Let's see -- I just saved
your friend seventy-three days of
intense pain.

CLANCY

-- you arranged his murder --

STRANGER

-- as a result of which his widow
now collects a handsome federal
line-of-duty pension? That
money's going to put her sons
through college. Yale, actually.

CLANCY

I'm sure they feel comforted by
that tonight.

STRANGER

Joe was going to suffer bad. You
saw that?

CLANCY

Yes.

STRANGER

I had him die peacefully. In his
sleep. There's so much tragedy in
the world, so much pain and misery
-- we see it, you and I, and we
both want to stop it.

The Waitress, delivering the second scotch with the bill.

WAITRESS

(re: the check)

Hope you two don't mind settling
up now. I'm done for the night.

STRANGER

No problem. If you don't mind me
asking, what's your name?

WAITRESS

Kim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRANGER

Kim, you really should get to the
doctor soon about that sore throat
of yours. It's not a cold.

Weirded out, the Waitress leaves.

Clancy, eyeing an ASHTRAY sitting on the table. The
Stranger sips his new drink, moving on...

STRANGER

The others -- Ethel Jackson,
Victor Ward, they died pain free.
Without suffering. Without fear.
The way we all deserve to. With
dignity.

(beat)

The way your daughter did.

As Clancy reels, the Stranger locks eyes with him,
reaches out and takes his wrist in his hand, holds it
tight as...

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN AGONY.

WE NOW REALIZE IT'S HIS DAUGHTER, JULIE.

CLANCY WATCHES HER, TORMENTED.

A NEEDLE PUNCTURES FLESH.

HE INJECTS HER WITH A LETHAL DOSE OF MORPHINE.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, TRUSTING.

HIS HAND STROKING HER HAIR. HIS BELOVED. HIS BABY.

SHE DIES IN HIS ARMS.

The Stranger stares at Clancy hard.

STRANGER

You see, John. I know your little
secret.

(leans in,
whispering)

You've done it, too.

Clancy, verging on emotional collapse...

STRANGER

You and I are so very much alike.
More so than you know. We're both
in the analgesic business.
Sparing people pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy snaps. The ashtray, suddenly in his hand, he LUNGES for the Stranger, swinging...

The Stranger evades, the ASHTRAY grazing his forehead, cutting him slightly...

The Stranger pulls back, producing his .38, he touches his forehead with the back of his hand...

STRANGER

(bemused)

That wasn't supposed to hit me.

... before throwing his .38 on the table in front of Clancy...

STRANGER

Gun! He's got a gun!

(sotto, to Clancy)

See you soon.

Before Clancy can react, the off-duty cops have TACKLED him to the floor. He struggles against them, screaming:

CLANCY

No! It's him! It's him!!

Pinned to the floor, unable to move, as the Stranger waltzes free and clear out of the bar.

A gospel choir DIALS UP...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH

A classic, beautiful structure.

The CHOIR'S hymn begins against the final intonations of a MINISTER and his CONGREGATION...

MINISTER/CONGREGATION (V.O.)

In accordance with the Scriptures;
he ascended into heaven and is
seated at the right hand of the
Father.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH

Merriwether's funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINISTER/CONGREGATION

He will come again in glory to
judge the living and the dead, and
his kingdom will have no end.
Amen.

Surrounded by the mourning congregation, phalanxes of OFFICERS stand at attention as the stars-and-stripes are removed from Joe's coffin, folded, and presented to Rose, flanked by her two sons.

At the rear of the church, Clancy can't tear his eyes from Rose and the boys as they exit, heading down the center aisle.

As the choir soars, Rose and her sons approach. Clancy kneels to comfort Joe's sons, who wrap him in an embrace.

Unaccustomed to human touch, wracked by emotion, Clancy hugs them back. Closing his reddened eyes, tears fall down his cheeks.

As the choir crescendoes...

ANDRE MERRIWETHER, 19, WALKS THE CAMPUS OF YALE.

THE STRANGER CIRCLES CLANCY, GUN DRAWN.

ANDRE MERRIWETHER AND HIS SON, LAUGHING.

THE BLACK CROSS.

THE MERRIWETHER BOYS, NOW GROWN, THEIR MOTHER ROSE AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN LAY FLOWERS AT THE GRAVE OF JOE MERRIWETHER.

ON CLANCY -- as he releases the boys from his embrace...

Following the Merriwethers, Clancy exits the church, walking away alone...

Moments later, Katherine emerges, sees Clancy. Catches up.

They walk side-by-side...

CLANCY

There are things I can't tell you.
Things I've seen. Things I know.
(beat)
I want you to quit this case.

KATHERINE

You know I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

There are enough of us here now --
who can see this through.

Clancy looks at Katherine --

CLANCY

I have no choice but to live in a
world where I didn't save Joe
Merriwether.

(beat)

I can't live in one where I didn't
save you.

Clancy goes. Katherine stares -- shaken, not
understanding. Fibbie comes up to Katherine...

FIBBIE

One of our juniors got a call this
morning. There was an altercation
at the Thirty-Fiver bar two nights
ago. A John Clancy was detained
for brandishing a firearm. He
produced FBI credentials, claimed
the gun wasn't his. They ran the
weapon, it was bought at a gun
show in Longneck three months ago.
We're running it now...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Clancy walks the streets -- determined, eyes wide open...

Moving with him down the street -- he experiences -- A
VISION -- Clancy flinches. ANOTHER VISION -- AND
ANOTHER. People passing him. But he won't let it deter
him...

He's focusing on one PERSON in particular.

THE STRANGER -- WALKING THE STREETS OF THE CITY. THE
BACKGROUND CHANGING AT AN INSANE PACE.

THE STRANGER STOPS IN FRONT OF A KOREAN DELI.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Clancy stands stock-still as humanity swirls around
him...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KOREAN DELI - DAY

A KOREAN PROPRIETOR works the cash register.

PROPRIETOR

Heloooo. Milk, egg, bread.
Twelve-fifty. Tax. Thirteen-
eighty-seven. Thank-you-bye.

(to the next
customer)

Helloooo. Coors. Seven-fifty.
Tax. Eight-thirteen. Thank-you-
bye.

(to the next)

Helloooo. Ooh, Champagne. Very
nice. Sixty-five-fifty. Tax --

STRANGER (O.S.)

Sixty-eight thirty-nine.

PROPRIETOR

Good head for numbers. Thank-you-
bye.

The Stranger takes his champagne, exits.

EXT. FLORIST'S SHOP - DAY

The Stranger exits with a vase of flowers. We note the
affixed card: "J. Oldfield."

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

AN OLD CLIENT and his YOUNG LAWYER review a legal
document.

YOUNG LAWYER

Section Five, Clause B: 'In the
circumstance I die unsurvived by
the aforementioned, specified
funds will revert to any and all
survivors of the above mentioned
parties in equal sums,' etcetera,
etcetera. The rest is fairly
standard legalese.

The Old Client initials that clause, then two more, then
signs on the final page.

YOUNG LAWYER

And that's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Old Client smiles emptily, tosses his pen down.
Finalizing one's will is rarely reason to celebrate.

OLD CLIENT
Surgery on a Monday. Helluva way
to kick off the week.

YOUNG LAWYER
I'm sure you'll come through fine.

INT. LAW OFFICES - LOBBY

The Young Lawyer sees his Old Client onto an elevator.

YOUNG LAWYER
Best of luck on Monday, John.

OLD CLIENT
Thanks, Mr. Oldfield.

YOUNG LAWYER
Please, it's Jerry.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

As Jerry Oldfield, briefcase in hand, makes his way home.
We FOLLOW him from a vaunted POV...

REVERSE ANGLE

to reveal: it's the STRANGER.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

The STRANGER'S face... as an ARTIST'S pencil hatches the
contours of his face, and eyes.....

An FBI SKETCH is in progress of the STRANGER. The
waitress from the bar instructs the sketch artist...

ARTIST
Reading glasses or bifocals?

WAITRESS
(doesn't know)
Rims with glass in them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOMAN

(re: the sketch)

This is the man Clancy was with.
Waitress said he was a real freak
show. Smack addict. Needle
tracks up and down his arms.

(to Katherine)

Clancy mention any of this to you?

She shakes her head.

WAITRESS

... and a scar. He had a scar
across his forehead. And he was
drinking beer, but non-alcoholic.
But acting drunk all the same,
like he was pretending....

A KNOCK at the door -- Sawyer. He holds up a thin manila
folder.

SAWYER

(to Katherine)

The search you asked for. All
unsolved murders over the last ten
years in which the victim suffered
from a terminal illness.

KATHERINE

How many?

SAWYER

Seven. No blades to the medulla
oblongata but theoretically all
painless. Poisons, carbon
monoxide...

KATHERINE

Could be our guy.

Sawyer shakes his head. Katherine nods, a mix of
emotions. Flipping through the file, she stops...

KATHERINE

Wait a minute: these are all
local?

SAWYER

You want the national data, too?

AT SAWYER'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Sawyer inputs his request into his computer, and on his monitor, A MASSIVE LIST OF UNSOLVED MURDERS unrolls. Katherine, Sloman and Sawyer consider it.

SAWYER

Sixty-two in the last ten years.
Ranging from Juneau to Miami
Beach.

KATHERINE

Jesus.

(then)

Do one more search: remove the terminal constraint, look for other unsolveds in the same regions and time periods. Our killer may have known people were sick when no one else did.

(snapping her fingers
to the Artist:
sketch, please)

And run anything you find against this description: a man in his 40s with a front-left cranial scar -- almost certainly post-surgical, so hospital records -- neurosurgical units, and he was drinking non-alcoholic beer, so check the names against drug treatment centers, rehabs, also check our timeline against the DMV records in those cities for men requiring eyeglasses. Bring me anything and everything that comes up.

Sawyer gets to work...

INT. HIGH-RISE - APARTMENT - DAY

The champagne and the flowers stand on an entry table. The Stranger props the gift card against the vase. Moving to the LIVING ROOM, he prepares the scene -- fluffs couch pillows, tidies the magazines on a coffee table, then searches for and finds (under the couch) the stereo remote.

INT. HIGH-RISE - LOBBY - DAY

The DOORMAN at his post, opening the door for a tenant -- JERRY OLDFIELD, the Young Lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOORMAN

Good afternoon, Mr. Oldfield...

OLDFIELD (YOUNG LAWYER)

Hi, Henry. Your kids good?

DOORMAN

Wonderful, Mr. Oldfield. Thank you.

INT. APARTMENT

Jerry Oldfield enters. He sees what's waiting for him, picks up the card, reads it, then lets out a WHOOP...

TIME CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

POP! The champagne overflows onto Jerry Oldfield's hand. He drinks and paces excitedly as he speaks on his cell...

OLDFIELD

Of course that's what it means.
'Congratulations, partner.' I'm
getting upped. Youngest partner
in the firm's history, too.

(beat)

How 'bout Narcisse in an hour?
Just the two of us? Done.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Oldfield hangs up, throws the phone on a chair, and takes a long drag from the bottle. He feels some pain in his back.

OLDFIELD

Aspirin.

He pads off to the kitchen...

IN THE CLOSET

The Stranger, listening for Oldfield's reentry.
FOOTSTEPS, then SOMEONE SITTING, and the Stranger knows:
it's time. He opens the closet door --

IN THE LIVING ROOM

-- and creeps out to find --

CLANCY. Sitting astride Oldfield's couch, staring out his window. The Stranger takes him in.

CLANCY

You were right. I was very
conflicted about you.

(beat)

But not anymore.

But the Stranger is SMILING...

CLANCY

You had no right to take one hour,
one minute from Joe Merriwether,
any of those people. That time
was theirs. That pain was theirs.
If you'd ever known someone who
was dying -- I mean known them --
and seen them fight -- to cling on
-- then you'd appreciate how
precious time is at the end, how
the smallest moments can have the
greatest meaning, how precious
even pain can be.

STRANGER

Is that how your daughter felt?
That her pain was precious? I
mean, lovely speech, John, truly a
moving sentiment, but is that
really going to help you sleep at
night...?

Clancy opens his jacket and withdraws the .44.

CLANCY

You're not going to be around to
find out.

Oldfield returns, champagne flute and aspirin in hand.
He stops short at the sight of two strangers in his
apartment.

OLDFIELD

Who the hell are you?!

The Stranger smiles at Clancy -- then -- in a snap -- a
.38 appears from his coat pocket and he levels it at
Oldfield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDFIELD

Sweet Jesus!

Clancy's gun on the Stranger. A stand-off results between the two "seers," with Oldfield cast as pawn between them.

STRANGER

I don't see you pulling that trigger, John.

CLANCY

I don't see you pulling yours. This is not what you do. This is not mercy.

STRANGER

Shot in the head's a helluva lot better than what he has coming.

Clancy doesn't respond.

STRANGER

See, Jerry here has a bout with neurofibromatosis ahead of him, which is going to turn him into a writhing, crooked beast. Shall I go on?

(beat)

Because, better yet, after a few cocktails, Jerry gets his girlfriend pregnant tonight. Best of all, the real charmer about NFB is it's hereditary, so of course the kid gets it, too.

CLANCY

I know. I saw.

OLDFIELD

(terrified)

What -- what's NFB?

STRANGER

But still, you want to save him that time? Save him that pain? So he can destroy two more lives? You're a real savior, John.

Clancy, gripping the weapon so hard it's shaking...

CLANCY

We can't play God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRANGER

Oh, we can and we should. He can't do it all himself. He needs help. That's what I realized when I came round after the operation. He saved me for a reason. Gave me this gift for a reason. He needs help. You really want to save this man, John? Then pull the trigger.

(beat, then
disdainful)

You don't even know which one of us to shoot.

A long beat. Clancy doesn't act. The Stranger smiles...

STRANGER

But you'll figure it out soon enough.

(to Oldfield)

Hope you enjoyed the champagne.

The Stranger lowers his weapon and vanishes through the front door.

Clancy is about to give chase when he sees the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE, and thinks better.

Grabs Oldfield's cell phone, dials 911.

Oldfield pisses himself in fear. Clancy reaches out, TOUCHING the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE...

THE STRANGER BUYS THE CHAMPAGNE.

THE STRANGER POPS THE CORK.

THE STRANGER PURGES A SYRINGE INTO THE BOTTLE.

THE STRANGER LEAVES HIS APARTMENT THAT MORNING.

Clancy's call is answered.

CLANCY

I need an ambulance. Two-forty-two Grayson. Apartment 10A. Second poisoning.

As Clancy exits...

CLANCY

(to Oldfield)

Vomit if you can. And start drinking milk. Lots of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A panicked Oldfield runs for the bathroom...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Clancy boards an elevator...

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Katherine and Sloman pore through printouts as Sawyer rushes in...

SAWYER

Think we got him. Gun records came back. Gun was purchased by a Charles Allen, legal alias of a Charles Ambrose. Address is 825 Marley Lane.

Katherine grabs her gun, headed for the door, Sloman right behind...

INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL

AMBROSE (the Stranger) hurries downstairs.

INT. HIGH-RISE ELEVATOR - DESCENDING

Clancy punches the lobby button, stops to concentrate...

INT. HIGH-RISE STAIRWELL

Ambrose stops to concentrate, too. He glances up at the sound of Clancy's elevator descending, then continues, not downstairs, but through a fire door marked "Fifth Floor"...

INT. HIGH-RISE ELEVATOR - DESCENDING

Clancy "sees" the change and hits the "5" button...

EXT. HIGH-RISE - SAME TIME

Ambrose emerges onto a catwalk between buildings, strides five stories above the street, and disappears into the neighboring building...

Ten seconds pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Clancy emerges, in Ambrose's wake, matching his move for move...

So the chase begins. At a walk.

Because Clancy can see where Ambrose is and where he is headed, and Ambrose sees the same of Clancy...

Shadowy visions of the other emerge (running, pulling a weapon, taking a hostage -- permutations of a possible future) and vanish, until one dominant future figure is more bold, with more clarity...

It is, in short, more like a chess game than a foot race. All moves are known. Tactics outrank speed.

INT. AMBROSE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A bare white room. No pictures, no books. Just a lone white couch facing a wall-encompassing, 100-inch plasma screen.

Currently, the plasma is on -- static.

CRIMSON INFRARED LASER DOTS begin to frenetically bounce around the room's walls as...

Sloman, Katherine, Sawyer and three armored SWAT MEMBERS invade the room. They disperse, checking closets, securing the house...

SWAT MEMBERS

Clear. Clear. Clear.

Katherine moves through the living room, framed by the massive television...

And the image of AMBROSE, which is suddenly upon it. Katherine twirls, targeting the screen with her Glock.

ON THE SCREEN -- Ambrose looks directly at Katherine, as he begins...

AMBROSE (STRANGER) (V.O.)

(on the monitor)

In the end, I know what they'll say about me. 'Who gave him the right to play God?' Simple answer. God did.

Sawyer enters the room, moving to the television's components. He notes the DVD player that's exactly two hours, fourteen minutes and thirty-six seconds into playing this particular DVD...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN THE CHASE AND AMBROSE'S HOUSE.

EXT. NEIGHBORING BUILDING - DAY

Clancy emerges onto street level. No sign of Ambrose.

SEEING -- THE STREETS, NOW EMPTY. A LONE FIGURE FIVE BLOCKS AHEAD. AMBROSE. WALKING, NOT RUNNING.

Clancy's got a lock. Moving through the crowds of people.

INT. AMBROSE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

ON THE MONITOR -- Ambrose continues...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
God chose me to do his work.
That's why he spared me.

Katherine lowers her weapon, moves to the right...

And Ambrose's televised eyes follow her.

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
That's why he gave me this gift.

Katherine steps back to the left, Ambrose's eyes follow again, as his image smiles ever so slightly...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
So I could act. With compassion.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

AMBROSE -- knowing Clancy's coming. Cuts down a side street...

CLANCY -- sensing the move. Moving across the street into traffic. HORNS BLARE and TIRES SCREECH, but Clancy never breaks stride -- knowing he's not going to be hit...

AMBROSE -- still blocks ahead. Walking leisurely.

AMBROSE
Watch the taxi...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY -- stagger-steps as a TAXI almost plows into him. Reaching the other sidewalk, cutting down a parallel side street...

To see where Ambrose has led him.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

CLANCY TENDS TO HIS DYING DAUGHTER.

HE FATALLY INJECTS HER.

AMBROSE STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL, THE WORDS OUT OF SYNC AS HE SAYS...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(vision)
Scene of the crime. Regrets?

AMBROSE CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET.

Clancy collects himself, moves on...

INT. AMBROSE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Katherine, framed against the screen. Weapons hanging limp, two SWAT members enter the room, unbelieving...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
But then after time...

INT. AMBROSE'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Where Sloman checks the man's medicine cabinet: stocked full with pharmaceuticals, IV bags, lines and needles (hence the needle marks).

AMBROSE (V.O.)
You realize you're not above the
battle you've committed yourself
to. And now you, the savior, need
to be saved.

SLOMAN
Jesus Christ.

EXT. STREETS - ON CLANCY

Moving through the crowd, in pursuit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBROSE (V.O.)
God's work must go on. But you
can't continue it. So what do you
do?

ON AMBROSE -- passing a COP on his beat. Never breaking
stride...

AMBROSE
Officer. My name is Charles
Ambrose. Call your supervisor.
Tell him you just met me. It will
do wonders for your career, I
promise you.

As Ambrose moves on, the befuddled Cop watches him go
before raising his walkie...

BEAT COP
Hey, call me crazy, but...

ON CLANCY -- continuing his pursuit, moving through the
multitude...

INT. AMBROSE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Ambrose's larger-than-life eyes bore into Katherine...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Clancy doesn't want you to answer
that call, Agent Cowles. He
doesn't want you there when it
happens.

Her cell phone RINGS...

AMBROSE (V.O.)
But you're going to take it,
aren't you? You can't help
yourself.

Katherine answers the call...

KATHERINE
Cowles.

Ambrose vanishes as the screen blasts back to STATIC...

Sloman enters the room. Katherine hangs up.

KATHERINE
Beat cop just reported a Charles
Ambrose at 23rd and Dorsey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sloman nods: let's roll.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CLANCY -- concentrating... FLASH -- AMBROSE, WALKING DOWN CONCRETE STEPS. AND THEN WE HEAR...

Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk... Chu-chunk...

Clancy rounds a corner and comes face-to-face with --

THE ASHLAND STATION

Across the street, laid out in front of him -- two sets of concrete steps leading DOWN in opposite directions. One sign reads "GREEN LINE'" the other...

"BLUE LINE." The BLUE PAINT PEELING. From his dream...

CLANCY

Jesus Christ...

CHU-CHUNK... CHU-CHUNK... CHU-CHUNK...

The sound is the TRAIN ITSELF coming in on the TRACKS BELOW...

EXT. ASHLAND STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Ambrose, settled into the CROWD, just another commuter watching the train come in...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clancy, BOOKING into the street. Reaching the station, disappearing down the blue stairs...

AT THE PLATFORM -- The TRAIN pulling to a HALT...

ON THE STAIRS -- Clancy comes down the stairs. Knocking into a woman with a baby, who DROPS...

A BABY BOTTLE -- clunking down the steps, SPILLING FORMULA, which washes away a RIVER OF ANTS FEASTING ON A HOT DOG...

ALL THE PIECES COMING TOGETHER...

Clancy reaches the platform. Sees Ambrose smile. The train doors OPEN...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY STARES. A BIG BRIGHT MOMENT. A FROZEN VISION.
ALL THE PIECES ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE.

THE BABY'S BOTTLE TUMBLES DOWN STEPS, ITS MILK SPILLING.

THE COLOR BLUE AGAIN. THE PAINT, PEELING.

THE FACE OF A SINISTER ANGEL OF MERCY -- AMBROSE.

EXT. ASHLAND STATION - PLATFORM

AMBROSE steps ONTO THE TRAIN.

The doors are about to close...

Clancy MAKES IT.

THE TRAIN -- pulling out of the station, into the tunnel
beyond...

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING

Clancy moves into the car, gun drawn. The other
PASSENGERS in the car, COWERING. All except for Ambrose,
who stands serenely, vaguely amused by the situation.

AMBROSE

And here you are.

CLANCY

It's over.

AMBROSE

Over. Really. That's why you're
on the same train you've been
hearing in your head day after
day, week after week, month after
month?

(smiling)

'Chu-chunk. Chu-chunk.'

The train's movement echoes Ambrose's imitation.

AMBROSE

I think it would be better if we
made this a private conversation.

And with that, Ambrose pulls the gun and FIRES A SHOT,
shattering a window. INSTANT PASSENGER STAMPEDE,
escaping to the fore and aft cars...

Clancy and Ambrose, alone now, circle each other...

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOVING

Katherine's radio crackles to life...

SAWYER (V.O.)
(over radio)
We have shots fired on the blue
line. SWAT is mobile.

Katherine cranks the wheel, floors it...

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING

Clancy and Ambrose, circling, guns drawn...

AMBROSE
So... here we are. It was always
going to end up here. The two of
us. I made sure of that. Why
else commit four murders in the
same fashion, in the same area, if
I didn't want Joe Merriwether on
the case, if I didn't want him
recruiting you -- if I didn't see
you and I, on this train, having
this conversation...

(a beat)
Besides, you've known for years.
Seen me coming in your visions.
We're linked. Always have been.
We're one and the same person.

CLANCY
The difference is I'm not a
murderer.

AMBROSE
That's not what your wife said!

Clancy goes for Ambrose...

AMBROSE
Okay, okay, *you're not a murderer.*
At least not for another...
(checks his watch)
Seven minutes.

CLANCY
What happens in seven minutes?

AMBROSE
You're going to murder someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY
Who?

AMBROSE
Me.

EXT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

A SWAT HELICOPTER rises over the train tracks, SNIPERS
harnessed to the sides....

INT. TRAIN CAR (UNDERGROUND) - MOVING

AMBROSE
That's what has to happen. You
have to murder me, in order to
take over. And continue the work.

CLANCY
Never!

AMBROSE
There's another reason you have to
shoot me, which you're forgetting.

A beat. Clancy, realizing...

AMBROSE
That's right. Agent Cowles.
You've grown fond of her, haven't
you? On occasion it's almost been
like having your daughter back
again.

KATHERINE'S HEAD POURING BLOOD, BUT WE NOW SEE: SHE LIES
ON THE FLOOR OF THE TRAIN CAR.

AMBROSE
She's always wanted to be first
through a door. Today she'll get
her chance.

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Katherine, white-knuckling the wheel, still on the phone:

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(through phone)
I'm connecting you now, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Captain, this is Agent Cowles, our
suspect is --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SWAT VAN - MOVING - DAY

Blasting from an underground garage, into the city,
sirens blaring. SWAT CAPTAIN, in the passenger seat,
phone to ear.

SWAT CAPTAIN

On the Blue Line, we know. We
have a bird in the air and we're
in radio contact with the
engineer. We're going to set up
shop at a station up ahead and
have him stop the train there.

KATHERINE

And then what?

SWAT CAPTAIN

(what do you think)
We take him out. We'd advise you
to stay clear from here on.

He HANGS UP.

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOVING

KATHERINE

(realizing he's gone)
Shit! Sloman, get him back!

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING

CLANCY

She's not dying. She doesn't fit
your profile. You can't kill her.

AMBROSE

But that's the beauty of it, John
-- I won't kill her because you're
going to stop me first -- with two
bullets --

(pointing to his
chest)

Here and here. And then there'll
be no going back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

It's like dominoes -- I'm just gonna be your first.

CLANCY

No. There's not going to be a first, or a second, or a third. This ends here. Today.

AMBROSE

Most people live a lifetime without purpose -- be happy. This is what God put you on this earth to do. Help people on their way. Like me.

CLANCY

You're wrong.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The SWAT TEAM pours into the station. And now we see, BEHIND THEM:

A MASSIVE NEON SIGN -- SUSPENDED OVER AN ESTABLISHMENT:

"CICERO"

"NEWS * COFFEE * EATS"

The SWAT Captain barks his orders:

SWAT CAPTAIN

I want three shooters, two low, one high -- there, there, and there -- train is four minutes out so hustle.

The shooters do, hoisting their rifles and booking up stairwells to their various vantage points...

DISPATCH (V.O.)

(through radio)

Captain, I've got that FBI Agent for you again --

SWAT CAPTAIN

(into radio)

Not now.

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

SLOMAN

They won't put me through!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine, not responding. Gripping the wheel. Pedal to the metal. Running out of options...

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - DAY

AMBROSE

You remember the first time, John?
I do. When I woke up, in the UC
Medical Center, after the
operation...

(indicating scar on
head)

... when the nurse took my hand to
tell me I was fine... I saw it. A
vision. Of her death two years
later. I couldn't make sense of
it. Why had God cursed me with
this? Until I realized. It
wasn't a curse, it was a gift. He
had CHOSEN me. I was meant to do
His work. In His name.

(beat)

And so for fifteen years I was his
servant, up and down the
country...

CLANCY

Murdering people...

AMBROSE

Sparing their suffering, but then
my own illness came back, this
time inoperable...

(indicates scar on
head)

... and then He led me to you in a
newspaper article, and the work
you were doing helping the police.
And then I realized, in His
infinite wisdom God had sent me a
follower..

CLANCY

No.

The train begins to ascend...

AMBROSE

Of course. Your training as a
doctor. What you did to your
daughter. Don't deny it, John.
It's your destiny. See now -- all
your visions are becoming reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Look at me, John... does this look familiar?

Taking his gun off Clancy, Ambrose outstretches his arms...

Ambrose, now silhouetted by the blinding light of day, A BLACK CROSS...

FRAMED AGAINST CICERO, THE BLACK CROSS BLOWN BACKWARDS --
THE BLACK CROSS IS AMBROSE --

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The SWAT SHOOTERS -- In place. Two on the station's roof on opposite sides of the track -- one high up in an apartment building window obscured by trees. Over the radio:

SWAT CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Train is sixty seconds out!

The shooters, flicking off their SAFETIES...

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE

The SWAT Copter dives, shooters shouldering their rifles...

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Katherine guns the engine, RACING for the station ...

KATHERINE

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

In the passenger seat, Sloman loads hollow-points into his clip...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The HIGH SHOOTER, in the window, staring through his scope.

SWAT SHOOTER

(into headset)

Cap, this is Travis, I have eyes on...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

SWAT CAPTAIN
Thirty seconds!

EXT. TRAIN STATION - STREET LEVEL - DAY

Katherine, pulling the car to a SCREECHING HALT. Leaping out to be confronted by two UNIFORMED COPS.

UNIFORM
Ma'am, you have to stay back --

KATHERINE
(flashing a badge)
FBI, get the hell out of the way!

But the Uniforms GRAB HER as she tries to run past...

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - DAY

The Cicero sign now coming INTO VIEW. Ambrose, cocking his gun...

AMBROSE
(re: the sign)
Take a look, John. She there yet?

Clancy sees the approaching sign, the swarm of SIRENS, and sure enough among the uniforms -- Katherine....

AMBROSE
You'll have to do it, John, you'll have to shoot me, or she'll die. And you couldn't live in a world where you couldn't save her?

The train emerging from the underground, the station coming INTO VIEW. Katherine breaking free of the uniforms...

AMBROSE
She's going to make it just in time...

CLANCY
No!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The SHOOTER, sighting the train. Through his headset:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWAT CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Fifteen seconds. Open the doors.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - STREET LEVEL - DAY

The doors of the decelerating train open. Passengers flee from the fore and aft cars -- Cops quickly guiding/steering away from the scene...

Katherine, breaking free of the crush, RUNNING. Sloman behind.

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Clancy notes the now-opened doors...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

SWAT SHOOTER
Sir, I will have a shot in ten seconds, do I have the green?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Katherine, RUNNING FLAT OUT onto the PLATFORM. The SWAT CAPTAIN sees her...

SWAT CAPTAIN
Hold.

Katherine rushing down the platform...

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING

Ambrose targets the doorway with his outstretched arm. Clancy cocks the hammer, targeting Ambrose's chest. Ambrose cocks his...

AMBROSE
Welcome to your destiny, John.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

Katherine -- only one car back...

Sloman racing behind her, hoisting his weapon...

Katherine leaps for the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTO THE TRAIN CAR.

Clancy targets. Ambrose squeezes...

Katherine, RUNNING INTO THE CAR, THROUGH THE DOORWAY...

CLANCY

No.

Boom! Boom! Clancy fires...

IN SLOW-MOTION NOW AS CLANCY'S BULLETS TRAVEL FOR
AMBROSE, HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, FRAMED AGAINST CICERO...

TRACKING WITH CLANCY'S FIRST BULLET -- PIERCING AMBROSE'S
CHEST --

TRACKING WITH THE SECOND BULLET -- AS IT HAMMERS INTO
AMBROSE'S CHEST -- CRUSHING HIS CHEST, BLOWING HIM
BACKWARDS (JUST AS WE HAVE SEEN).

Back to REAL-TIME...

SWAT CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(through radio)

Shots fired. You have the green.

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- Ambrose suddenly VISIBLE...

The Shooter's finger ON THE TRIGGER...

KATHERINE NOW INTO THE CAR...

CLANCY

No!

And then the world explodes.

The WINDOWS BLAST INWARD with a HAIL OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS
FIRE.

Clancy, LAUNCHING HIMSELF AT KATHERINE...

As the SNIPERS OPEN FIRE...

BOOM-boom-boom-boom-boom!

The shots echo through the station. Clancy and Katherine
HIT THE DECK.

The firing stops. Silence.

Ambrose splayed out against the seats. His chest wounds
suck and bubble. Eyes staring. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clancy and Katherine ARE MOTIONLESS. Covered in glass.
Him on top of her. Looking down at Katherine's face...

BLOOD POURING DOWN IT -- just as he foresaw.

A terrible moment -- and then we realize, as they do, the
blood is coming from Clancy. The bullet tore through his
shoulder. Katherine's eyes blink open. Very much alive.

A meaningful look between them...

KATHERINE

You okay?

Clancy rolls off with difficulty, moving to the other
side of the car to find...

AMBROSE splayed out against the seats. Riddled with
bullets. Dead.

Clancy closes the dead Ambrose's staring eyes, turns,
wraps an arm around Katherine.

An emotional moment. They limp out of the car...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

A SWARM OF COP CARS AND AMBULANCES. Amidst the chaos, a
bloodied Clancy sits on a gurney being tended by
paramedics. Katherine sits next to him.

KATHERINE

Thanks.

Clancy smiles slightly.

CLANCY

Yeah.

KATHERINE

If there's anything I can do...

KATHERINE walks away. Then CLANCY calls after her...

CLANCY

Actually, there is something.

KATHERINE turns...

KATHERINE

Name it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANCY

There are some medical records I'd like to get hold of from an operation that took place fifteen years ago here in Chicago.

KATHERINE

Sure.

(pulls out paper and pen)

What was the name of the patient?

Clancy looks over as the dead body of AMBROSE is carried out by paramedics...

CLANCY

Ambrose. Charles Ambrose.

INT. SURGERY - THEATRE - DAY

A team of surgeons is performing surgery. We notice the lead surgeon is the RED-HAIRED neurologist, CARTER.

Clancy is the patient.

INT. ROOM (HOSPITAL) - DAY (LATER)

Clancy sits up in bed, watching TV. Nurses are changing dressing. He's healing well. A neat incision to his head -- in exactly the same place as AMBROSE's scar.

Clancy looks up to see someone standing in the doorway. His expression changes. He asks the nurses to leave them.

The nurses go, passing BARBARA on the way in...

BARBARA

Hi.

CLANCY

Hi.

BARBARA

I just had fifteen minutes with the surgeon. A kid.

CLANCY

They all are nowadays. Hadn't you noticed? Pilots and Presidents, too.

BARBARA smiles...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

She said it went well. And that they'd found something. An anomaly?

CLANCY

A growth of neuroglia close to the Amygdala, creating a bridge where there shouldn't be one, parts of the brain were talking to one another which shouldn't have been. Ambrose's medical records led us there. His operation accidentally caused the same pathology.

BARBARA

So they removed it?

CLANCY

Disconnected it. Used a frame-based stereotaxis to navigate to the specific area, access the dura and make the incision..

BARBARA

Good. So what's next?

CLANCY

Couple more weeks here, then rehab, I guess...

BARBARA

I mean... what's the future. For us.

CLANCY looks down at BARBARA's hand... takes it. For the first time, nothing.

CLANCY

You tell me?

BLACKOUT.

THE END