

THE GLIMMER MAN

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

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EXT. DUNLEAVY BACKYARD - NIGHT

The stars are out.

A dark figure moves wraithlike towards a suburban house.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cold moonlight streams in on a beautiful WOMAN in a brass bed. She turns in her sleep, reaches for someone who isn't there.

OUTSIDE - DARK FIGURE

works the back door. Surgical gloves and steel tools. A SOFT CLICK.

IN BEDROOM

The Woman, JESSICA, stirs and her eyes open. Looks at the empty spot in the bed. Sighs.

IN HOUSE - DARK FIGURE

ascends the stairs. Stops outside the master bedroom. The laser sight of a Browning .22 with an 8-inch silencer flickers to life. He twists the door handle.

IN BEDROOM

Jessica drifts back off to sleep.

IN HOUSE - DARK FIGURE

plays a beam over the bedroom and onto the bed.

If we expected this to be Jessica's room we were wrong.

We see a bearded man and a PRETTY WOMAN. The crimson beam arcs onto the woman's eye.

WOMAN

(stirring)

Becky? Is that you, honey?

The POV STREAKS towards her like an express train.

INT. CALHOUN'S GARAGE - MORNING

A man taps out the bodywork on a battered '58 Corvette Stingray in a shrine to classic sportscars; steering wheels, old bucket seats, wire rimmed tires and the like lie around.

ALAN CALHOUN is on the wrong side of 40, grittily handsome, frayed around the edges. The eyes are dark, intelligent and, at the moment, weary.

He stands back and looks at what he's accomplished. Not a lot.

CALHOUN

You're still an ugly piece of shit, aren't you? Well, I'm going to make you beautiful again.

The door between house and garage opens. Jessica enters. His wife. Classy. Smart. Worried.

JESSICA

You spend all night here?

CALHOUN

Good morning to you, too.

JESSICA

What's going on here, Alan? You don't sleep anymore. You need to see somebody...

CALHOUN

I'm fine, Jess. I just felt like working on the car. Better than counting sheep.

(beat)

Anything on the news?

For some reason the question bothers her.

JESSICA

No, nothing. Breakfast?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Calhoun sips strong black coffee as he does the crossword.

Two kids at the breakfast table. BECKY is 7 and adorable. JERRY is 9 and a smartass. His hands are under the table. BLEEPs and CRASHES are heard.

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CALHOUN

You wouldn't be playing computer games at breakfast now, would you, Jerry?

Jerry guiltily lifts up his Gameboy. Decides to try a different tack. Hands it to Calhoun.

JERRY

I'm an addict. If you played you'd see I can't help myself.

CALHOUN

No, thanks.

JERRY

Oh, so you're chicken!

Calhoun takes the game. Kid wants him to play, he'll play.

CALHOUN

Whatever happened to kids reading books for amusement?

WEIRD SOUNDS as Calhoun battles evil.

JERRY

Watch out, it's a false trail... His mirror reflection's coming at you from the front but he's really behind you... Turn and kill him... Oh, no...

(as Calhoun
is killed)

You're toast.

CALHOUN

(hands back
Gameboy)

Oops, I lost. Guess that means I'll have to sit down, have a nice cup of coffee and do the crossword. Poor me.

JERRY

Ah, Dad, you can't fight at all.

Becky looks over at her father with a puzzled look.

BECKY

Dad, what's a cycle path?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

What?

BECKY

Jerry said if I wasn't quiet the cycle path would take me away.

Calhoun shoots Jerry a look.

JERRY

(shrugs)

She doesn't believe in the Bogey Man anymore.

CALHOUN

(to Becky, soft)

A psychopath is a very sick person, Becky. But nobody's coming to take you anywhere. I wouldn't let them.

(to Jerry, not so soft)

Don't let me catch you scaring your sister again.

JERRY

Ah, come on. She's a big baby. Mom never gives me shit about this.

CALHOUN

You're not at your mother's house now, you're in mine.

(beat)

And don't use language like that here either.

JERRY

Sorry, I'm just at that rebellious age, I guess.

CALHOUN

Rebellious age, huh? You kids have been watching daytime talk shows again, haven't you?

Calhoun's BEEPER GOES OFF. He checks it and sighs.

CALHOUN

I gotta go. I'll see you guys later, okay. Be good for Jess.

They nod. Then Becky chirps in brightly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKY
What's a thespian nun?

CALHOUN
(nods at Jessica)
That's yours, honey.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY HARBOR - DAY

A 40-foot yacht moored amongst much more expensive boats.

INT. YACHT - DAY

JIM LEARY, a tough cop with seen-it-all eyes, kisses the photograph of a beautiful woman. He lives on his boat now that his wife has died. And talks to her every day.

LEARY
Morning, hon.
(stubs his toe)
Shit on a stick!
(guilty to wife's
picture)
Sorry, hon.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Leary pours sugarpuffs into a bowl as he opens the refrigerator and reaches past Chinese leftovers and Ding Dongs for the milk. The carton's empty. He pulls out some bread. It's bluemolded into plant life.

He thinks about it for a moment, then hesitantly opens the leftover Chinese. Sniffs it. Not too bad.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Leary sits down to a scary combination of sweet and sour shrimp, Ding Dongs and dry Sugarpuffs. He scoops up a spoonful and puts it in his mouth. A big smile, like when a kid eats dirt for the first time. He chews.

Then the smile twists into a grimace as the flavors mix. Leary does a Dizzy Gillespie as he tries to get whatever's in his mouth out with his lips closed.

LEARY
(mouth full)
Jesus...

EXT. CALIOPE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

All hell is breaking loose. Flashing emergency lights. Cops. Ambulances. A TV van with a bimbo talking to camera.

A uniformed sergeant, TOM FARREL, hurries up to Calhoun.

CALHOUN

Tell me a story.

FARREL

Kid's gone postal on us. An assault rifle and 30 hostages. Nobody stiff... yet.

CALHOUN

We got anything on him?

FARREL

A kid dumped by some cheerleader -- Jonathan Deverell.

CALHOUN

Jacket?

FARREL

Possession -- coke and speed. His mother had just offered herself so the court went lenient. Made him see a shrink... Lotta good that did.

A black uniformed SWAT leader, COMMANDER ROSS, comes over.

ROSS

We're ready when you give the word. A team can drop from the roof, enter the windows and doors simultaneously, then pop him twice in vital organs.

CALHOUN

Forget it, Ross. We're talking a love-struck kid here.

He checks his .45. Notes Ross's disappointed, sulky look.

CALHOUN

Cheer up. If he kills me you can blow the place up.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Calhoun moves down the school hallway. The .45 in a clutch grip. Kids scurry by. Look at him nervously.

CALHOUN

(deadpan)

No running in the corridors.

IN 5TH FLOOR CLASSROOM

Thirty 16-year-olds sit riveted to their desks. Up front, MILLIE, a blonde heartbreaker. Her eyes flick to --

JOHNNY DEVERELL

17, wired, stares out a window into an empty classroom 20 feet away.

MILLIE

J... Johnny?

He swings his Steyr Aug assault rifle towards her.

JOHNNY

Just shut the fuck up, Millie.

Suddenly the school PA CRACKLES to life with Calhoun's voice.

CALHOUN (V.O.)

(PA)

Johnny Deverell, this is
Lieutenant Alan Calhoun of the
L.A.P.D.

IN PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

A uniform holds a cell phone up to the school's PA mike.

OUTSIDE HOSTAGE CLASSROOM

Calhoun stands by the door, cell phone in hand.

CALHOUN

(into phone)

We need to talk this over. Just
look out the window. I'm standing
here unarmed ready to help.

IN CLASSROOM

Johnny moves cautiously to the window.

OUTSIDE CLASSROOM

In Calhoun's earpiece:

FARREL (V.O.)

(filtered)

We've got movement at the window.

Calhoun is through the door like a coiled spring.

IN CLASSROOM

Johnny spins. Calhoun's gun is on him. Steady as a rock.

CALHOUN

Hi, Johnny. Drop the gun.

(as he doesn't)

C'mon, I don't want to shoot you
and you don't want to be dead.

JOHNNY

(eerie smile)

Says who?

CALHOUN

Okay, you want to shoot someone,
shoot me.

(beat)

Come on then, tough guy.

JOHNNY

What?

CALHOUN

Shoot me!

Flustered, Johnny swings the rifle towards Calhoun.

Before you can blink, Calhoun SHOOTs.

The rifle clatters to the floor. Johnny stares at his right wrist and the gaping hole Calhoun's slug made in it.

JOHNNY

You fucking shot me!

CALHOUN

School's out. Let's go.

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CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

You know what ambidextrous means,
cop? 'Cause I'm it.

His left hand pulls a Beretta .9mm from his belt.

CALHOUN

(taking aim)

Don't.

JOHNNY

Why not?

The kid swings the gun to his own head. Closes his eyes.
Squeezes the trigger.

And Calhoun moves. Streaks across the room. Hits Johnny
like a linebacker. And they both fly through the window.

EXT. SCHOOL - THAT MOMENT

Leary walks through the mob, badge out. Nods to Farrel.

LEARY

Hey, Farrel, where's Calhoun at?

As if in answer --

Crash! A fifth floor WINDOW EXPLODES. Calhoun and
Johnny fly through the air, glass glittering around them.

INT. SCHOOL

CRASH! They smash through the WINDOW of the opposite
building.

Slam to the floor. At the first window, Millie screams:

MILLIE

Johnny, I love you!

CALHOUN

(closes his eyes)

I hate this job.

And thus begins his morning.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Calhoun walks out, hands Johnny over to Farrel.

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CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Next banana.

Leary shakes his head.

LEARY

One tiny little question. What do you think we have SWAT for?

CALHOUN

They look good in black?

LEARY

You looking for a guest shot on 'Cops'? He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, the hotshot detective on the flying trapeze.

A limo has been sitting at the curb. Two men emerge.

LEARY

Hello, could this be who I think it is?

FRANK DEVERELL

Silver-haired, corporate and sleek, the man emanates power.

ABRAHAM

Dressed like a GQ model. Eyes ticking back and forth.

Deverell approaches Calhoun. Shakes his head sadly.

DEVERELL

I'm Frank Deverell, Lieutenant. It's a shame we have to meet under such unfortunate circumstances but I was wondering if we could have a word about... all this?

CALHOUN

Come down to the station. We can talk there.

DEVERELL

I'm sorry to insist but it would be more convenient if we could do this now.

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CALHOUN
I'm afraid that's not possible.

DEVERELL
(affronted)
I don't think you know who I am...

CALHOUN
I know. Come down to the station.

Calhoun and Leary head through the chaos. Leary glances back to see Deverell staring daggers after Calhoun.

LEARY
I have a feeling he's going to remember you.
(beat)
We'll take my car. ---

CALHOUN
What's going on?

LEARY
Our boy did it again. They just found them.

Calhoun shakes his head with anger and sadness.

CALHOUN
I knew it. I could feel him out there last night.

INT. LEARY'S CAR - LATER

Calhoun pulls on surgeon's gloves. Leary drives.

LEARY
You know what my longest unsolved was? Five months on the Balboa hit. Now this guy has been laughing his ass off at me for eight months.
(beat)
I blame you. Since we became partners, you've thrown my timing all to hell.

CALHOUN
Yeah? I heard nobody else would work with you because of that body odor thing...

His face changes as they turn down a street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

... what are we doing here?

EXT. DUNLEAVY HOUSE - DAY

Leary pulls up to the home we saw at the beginning. Now it's a crime circus. Cops, media, gawkers.

Calhoun gets out of the car. Something's wrong with him. He looks shaken.

Walks up the driveway in a daze. Leary comes after him.

LEARY

Yo, Al, what's your hurry?

Calhoun walks into the house.

INT. HOUSE

Calhoun stops at something painted on the wall in red.

A house with a picket fence. Two stick figures outside. Halos above their smiley faces. A nightmare drawn in blood.

He walks into the master bedroom. Covers his eyes as a flash goes off beside him. It's messy in here.

We see two bodies. Barely recognizable as the couple we saw earlier. They've been crucified.

CORONER'S GUY

Two victims, each laid out in crucifixion pose and nailed to the floor through the wrists and ankles. It's our boy again.

Leary comes in glancing at his notes like a gameshow host.

LEARY

Our lucky contestants today are Andrew Dunleavy, a psychiatrist and his lovely wife, Ellen. They've got two kids, not here. Must be them on the wall...

He points to the family pictures. One shows Jerry and Becky with Calhoun.

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LEARY
... Jesus, that's you.

CALHOUN
They're at my house.

LEARY
(after a beat)
What?

Calhoun stares at the woman's body.

CALHOUN
The children are at my house.
She's my ex-wife.

LEARY
Oh, shit. Come on, you shouldn't
be here.

Calhoun stares at the horror scene. Leary guides him
out.

LEARY
(soft, insistent)
Let's go.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Leary keeps looking at Calhoun.

LEARY
I'll take you home.

CALHOUN
(with force)
He'll call. Take me to the
station.

LEARY
(awkward)
I'm really sorry, man.
(beat)
Is that why you moved here last
year -- to be near your kids?

CALHOUN
Yeah:

LEARY
You think he knew who she was?

CALHOUN
(a long beat)
He knew.

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE OFFICE - DAY

Charts. Maps. Six pictures of happy families. More of their butchered bodies in blood shadows. All in crucifixion poses.

Calhoun sits at his desk. Hits his VOICEMAIL.

FAMILY MAN (V.O.)

(distorted)

Hello, Alan. Back at work already? Shouldn't you be in mourning?

(beat)

I wonder how you're taking this? She was an ex-wife. Maybe you won't miss her. But your poor children! How it must tear you up to see them lose a mother. My heart bleeds for you.

A dry CLICK as he hangs up. Calhoun says nothing.

LEARY

You okay?

CALHOUN

No, I'm not fucking okay. But I can handle it.

Leary lets the outburst go. Something is bugging him.

LEARY

How did he find her? She had a different name. I mean, I work with you and I didn't know who she was. So how did he get to her?

CALHOUN

I don't know.

LEARY

You should go home, Al. I'll let you know if we get anything. Go on, get some rest.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - EVENING

In the back yard, Jerry and Becky play catch.

Calhoun walks in. Jessica notes his remote expression.

JESSICA

What's wrong?

(beat)

He did it again, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PHONE RINGS. Jessica tenses.

CALHOUN

(quickly)

I've got it.

(lifts it)

Calhoun... Any more calls...? Let me know.

He hangs up. Jessica looks at him for a long beat.

JESSICA

We can't go on like this.

CALHOUN

(sighs)

Like what?

JESSICA

Every time the phone rings you turn into someone I don't know. Christ, Alan, you spend more time with him than you do with your family.

CALHOUN

That's not true.

JESSICA

You're making yourself sick, Alan. You don't sleep. We don't make love anymore. You spend every moment obsessing over him...

(near tears)

We're falling apart...

CALHOUN

Jess... He killed Ellen and her husband.

Jessica's face falls.

JESSICA

Oh, God, no. Alan, I'm so sorry...

She looks out at the kids playing. A question in her eyes.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Calhoun kneels at the children's eye level. Searches for words.

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CALHOUN

... I know this is going to make you hurt inside so don't be afraid to cry.

BECKY

What's wrong, Dad? Are you okay?

JERRY

What's up?

CALHOUN

You're both strong so I'm going to tell you the same way I'd like to be told.

(after a beat)

Your mother and your stepfather are dead.

They just look at him. Then:

BECKY

They can't be...

JERRY

How'd it happen?

CALHOUN

(a long beat)

Somebody killed them.

Becky starts to cry. She falls into her father's arms. Jerry stares at him angrily.

JERRY

But you're a detective. You're supposed to protect people. And you couldn't even protect mom.

CALHOUN

I wish I could have, son. I wish that more than anything.

Jerry starts hitting Calhoun with his fists.

JERRY

Why didn't you save her? Why? You hated her didn't you?

He slumps forward into his father's arms. Calhoun kneels there, both his children in his arms.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - FOLLOWING DAY

Calhoun enters as Leary speaks to a group of Task Force cops.

LEARY

... house to house interviews extended by four blocks. See if anyone eyed suspicious callers in the last month or so. Roden, keep looking for links. Cross reference anything new on the computer.

(beat)

And let's not forget the other families. Find out if any of their homes are for sale -- relatives don't like to keep murder houses. Check real estate agents for single men asking to view victims' houses.

He looks down at Calhoun.

LEARY

This guy has reached into the life of one of our own now. He's not going to get away with it.

(beat)

Go to work.

As the cops file out, he comes down to Calhoun.

CALHOUN

You taking over the investigation, Jim?

LEARY

Hey, I thought with you being so close to the victim and all...

CALHOUN

What? You thought you could get this case. That's what you want, isn't it? To be lead dick on this.

Leary looks ready to pop him.

LEARY

If you think I'd use this to score points, to hell with you.

CALHOUN

Okay, maybe I'm out of line.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

But this is my case. He killed my ex-wife to get to me. He's made it personal.

LEARY

I know. And you're pissed at him which is what he wants. So let's just work our case and catch the sonofabitch. What do you want to do?

Calhoun hits the rack of photos.

CALHOUN

We're missing something. At the scene, something reached out to me but I can't figure it.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - SOMEONE'S POV - DAY

Leary and Calhoun take off in Leary's car.

VOICE (V.O.)

That's him.

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)

Someone's with him.

VOICE (V.O.)

So take both of them out.

INT. CALHOUN'S CAR - MORNING

Calhoun and Leary drive through an industrial area. Hang a right. So does a dark Cadillac behind them.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a LINCOLN CRASHES into them. The Caddy pulls in behind. Hardcases rush from each car -- Ivan, Vlad, Rudy and MISHA.

Calhoun pulls his gun just as an Uzi is put to his head. -Misha smiles like a child who likes to torture pets.

MISHA

(Slavic accent)

Throw it out. Between two fingers, please!

Calhoun tosses the gun. Misha nods to Leary.

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MISHA
Same drill. Then get out.

Leary does so. Misha gestures them out of the car.

LEARY
Hey, are you guys Russian? You
know I never supported that cold
war shit...

In a flash, Leary spins, grabs Vlad's bat and smashes him
in the face. Headbutts Ivan. Two down. He's good.

But Rudy's tire iron takes out his knee. Then smashes
his head. He collapses, blood streaming down his face.

LEARY
(in a fog)
Russian bastards.

Misha puts the gun on Calhoun.

MISHA
I hope you're not as stupid as
your friend.

CALHOUN
He's a little bit country, I'm a
little bit rock and roll.

MISHA
What the fuck does that mean?

CALHOUN
It's just an expression.
(beat)
So who's behind this?

MISHA
Questions, questions! Sorry, the
buyer is anonymous.

CALHOUN
Listen, maybe I can outbid him. I
just got paid.

Calhoun carefully takes out his wallet. His hands shake.

MISHA
(laughs)
A cop's salary isn't likely to
make for a competitive bid.

Calhoun takes out his American Express card cautiously.

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CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Do you take plastic?

And then his hand is suddenly steady as it flashes and cuts Misha's throat with the American Express card. Its sharpened edge slices through carotid artery like a scalpel. Misha fountains blood as Calhoun explodes into the others.

He roundhouse kicks Rudy. Sledgehammer hard. Guy's head lolls drunkenly to the side. Happens with a broken neck.

Vlad swings the bat. It whistles towards Calhoun whose foot flashes and splits it in two. He slices the killer's eyes, blinding him with blood --

As Calhoun dances away from Ivan's serrated blade. Then jumps in to swirl his arm around his attacker's. Straightens it. Ivan's shoulder plops out of its socket. Calhoun pulls the knife from useless fingers and slams it into the guy's heart.

Vlad wipes the blood from his eyes as he grabs Misha's fallen Uzi. He swings and turns it on Calhoun --

Who scoops up and flings the splintered baseball bat in one move. The jagged wood impales itself in Vlad's throat. Guy's dead before he reaches the ground.

Every move was graceful and lethal.

Calhoun's icefire eyes scan the bodies. All dead.

CALHOUN

(as if by
explanation)

Like I said, rock and roll.

Leary stares at him through blood-smeared eyes.

LEARY

Need any help there?

SAME SCENE - LATER

Bodybags are piled in coroner's vans. A medic tends to Leary.

LEARY

Get the hell away from me. Think
I can't handle a beating?

The medic shrugs and moves off. Leary turns to Calhoun.

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CONTINUED:

LEARY

So what happened here?

CALHOUN

I don't know. Why the hell were those Russians after us?

LEARY

Beats me. But that's not what I meant.

(beat)

You faked them out a hell of a lot slicker than any cop I know. Where'd you learn to fight like that?

CALHOUN

(after a beat)

The army. And I took some classes.

LEARY

And the thing with the American Express card?

CALHOUN

An advanced class.

LEARY

Never leave home without it, huh?

(beat)

You never told me you knew that shit.

CALHOUN

You never asked.

Leary shrugs. Good point.

INT. DUNLEAVY HOUSE - LATER

Leary watches Calhoun move through the house. We notice that he moves in exactly the same way as the dark figure.

LEARY

What are you after?

CALHOUN

I don't know.

LEARY

Great. Let me know when you find it.

Calhoun goes up the stairs and into the...

MASTER BEDROOM

His hand comes up like a gun aiming at the bed where his ex-wife was killed. He checks the angle. Moves to the bed. Then to the bloodstains where the couple was crucified.

Something crosses his face. Realization?

LEARY

What is it?

CALHOUN

Nothing.

But he's not telling the truth. And Leary knows.

LEARY

Sure looked like you'd thought of something.

CALHOUN

(checks his watch)

We better be going. Funeral's in an hour.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A bright, crisp day in a perfectly manicured graveyard. Calhoun, Jessica, Jerry and Becky stand before two coffins as a PRIEST says words.

PRIEST (O.S.)

And who can know why the innocent are called while the guilty remain on this earth...

Leary watches from the doorway of the church as the coffins are lowered into the earth.

A single tear traces its way down Calhoun's cheek. He puts his hands on his children's shoulders to give them strength.

Jessica looks at him. Tears in her eyes for his pain.

INT. CHURCH

Leary stares at the Stations of the Cross showing Christ being crucified. A horrific echo of the murders. He zeroes in on Christ's hands. On the nails through the palms.

Calhoun enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

(not sure what to say)

Hi.

CALHOUN

Hi.

LEARY

Funny thing, looking at the crucifixions. All the pictures show the nails through the palms. The Family Man puts them through the wrists.

CALHOUN

That's... interesting.

(beat)

I'm going to take Jess and the kids home.

LEARY

Go. I'll let you know if anything turns up.

EXT. CALHOUN'S GARDEN - EVENING

Calhoun sits with Jessica and the kids in the garden.

CALHOUN

So you guys will be living here all the time from now on. How do you feel about that?

JERRY

I suppose it'll be okay.

JESSICA

Look, I know I'm not your mother, but you can come to me anytime, talk to me about anything. And that includes how sad you're feeling right now.

BECKY

I need a hug.

Jessica gives her a big hug.

JERRY

Will he know we've moved?

CALHOUN

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

The killer. Will he know we're
living here now?

The question tears Calhoun up. His heart is in his
mouth.

CALHOUN

No. You're safe here.

JERRY

Okay, then.

Calhoun heads for the house.

CALHOUN

Back in a minute.

INT. HIS STUDY

Calhoun lifts his phone, hesitates, then dials.

CALHOUN

(into phone)

Tell Mr. Smith Reckar wants to
speak to him.

He hangs up. Turns to see Jessica there.

JESSICA

Who were you calling?

CALHOUN

Nobody important.

JESSICA

(after a beat)

I envied her, you know. Ellen.

CALHOUN

Why?

JESSICA

Because she knew you before I did.
She knew all the things you don't
talk about.

CALHOUN

(after a beat)

We said...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

I know. We agreed not to bring it up. Let's go back out to the kids.

CALHOUN

I've got to do some work. I'll be out later.

Jessica leaves. He opens a drawer and takes out a folder. Spreads the bloody crime scene photos over his desk.

MATCH CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN

Van Eyck's The Crucifixion -- three crosses and a jeering mob. It is replaced by Titian's sadistic Christ on the Cross. Then Dali's dark, angular Christ Crucified.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT

Leary pages through a book of religious art.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Leary hands photographs of the blood painting and prints of Titian's Christ on the Cross.

LEARY

Send copies of these to all California prisons and psychiatric hospitals.

RODEN

Why?

LEARY

I'm having one of those hunch things us cops get.

(explains)

An art instructor might see a link between our blood paintings and an ex-inmate's work.

LEE YAMAGUCHI, the Forensic Investigator appears with a report.

LEARY

Don't tell me. No physical evidence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAMAGUCHI

This time I thought we'd struck it lucky. Found prints on the bodies. Nearly came in my pants.

LEARY

What stopped you?

YAMAGUCHI

Turns out it was Calhoun's prints. He must have got sloppy.

CLOSE ON LEARY

FLASH

Calhoun pulling on gloves as they arrive at the Dunleavys.

BACK TO SCENE

LEARY

Yeah, well maybe he was distracted.

Yamaguchi nods as he leaves. Leary sits back in his chair and thinks.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The stars are out.

A back door slips open. A dark figure enters.

INT. CALHOUN'S BEDROOM

Jessica lies awake. Her troubles etched in her face.

INT. HOUSE - DARK FIGURE

ascends the stairs. The flashlight leads him to the master bedroom. He raises the .22.

MASTER BEDROOM - DARK FIGURE

as the door glides open. He steps in, gun leading. Flashes the beam onto the couple in the bed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We haven't seen them before. The man wakes, reaches for the sidetable, pulls out his home protection .38.

PHUT! PHUT! His head and chest blossom red.

Another SILENT BULLET and the woman dies too.

INT. CALHOUN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Calhoun watches Jessica sleep. He starts to undress.

INT. POWER OFFICE (DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES) - MORNING

A man who looks like a kind uncle surveys the city. He is MR. SMITH. Beneath the friendly features a steel trap mind and ruthless ambition.

JEFFREY enters. Deathly white with a plucked scar running down his face.

JEFFREY

We've got a problem.

MR. SMITH

Go on.

JEFFREY

Alan Reckar. He's asking to see you.

The name has a visible effect on Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

You jest.

JEFFREY

I believe it regards the Family Man.

MR. SMITH

Hmm, apparently our former associate has something on his mind. I wonder what?

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE OFFICE - MORNING

Calhoun arrives to find Abraham waiting for him.

ABRAHAM

Good morning, Lieutenant. I've been waiting to have a word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Come on in. Sorry I'm late.

ABRAHAM

I understand. Both Mr. Deverell and I wish to extend our sympathies on your loss.

CALHOUN

(nods)

What can I do for you?

ABRAHAM

I'd like to discuss the incident at the school the other day.

(beat)

Mr. Deverell wants me to make you aware that Jonathan has had a very difficult time since his mother's death. If you take that into consideration...

CALHOUN

I'm sorry for Mr. Deverell, I really am. But I have to testify as to what I saw.

ABRAHAM

Johnny needs guidance. Which he can get if you as the arresting officer recommend trial as a juvenile and psychiatric help.

(beat)

Frank Deverell is one of the biggest defense contractors in the country. He's a patriotic man of influence, the kind of man who can help or hurt a career.

Calhoun regards him coldly for a long beat.

CALHOUN

What are you, anyway? A lawyer?

ABRAHAM

I'm in charge of Mr. Deverell's security.

CALHOUN

Well, go keep him secure and don't come around here talking about my career again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

Very well. I'll convey your feelings.

He watches Abraham leave. Farrell looks in on him.

FARRELL

So how was the crime scene?

CALHOUN

What crime scene?

FARRELL

(confused)

I thought you'd just got back. They found another couple. Leary went out three hours ago.

Calhoun looks confused too. And a little pissed.

EXT. DE LITTO HOUSE

Calhoun arrives at a crime scene that's winding down.

INT. HOUSE

Calhoun enters the main bedroom. Leary looks up.

CORONER'S GUY

So when can we move the bodies?

LEARY

When I tell you you can. In the meantime get out. Me and my partner here need to discuss the case.

The crime scene people leave. Only the two of them remain.

CALHOUN

Any particular reason you didn't call me out on my own investigation?

He walks towards Leary. Suddenly there is a gun in Leary's hand. Calhoun stares at him. Shocked. Confused.

LEARY

Whoa. You just hold it right there, partner. And tell me what the fuck's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

I want to know why my partner's holding a gun on me?

LEARY

And I want to know why my partner's fingerprints are on his ex-wife's and her husband's bodies when he was wearing gloves during the investigation?

CALHOUN

I can't believe this shit. Hey, I picked my kids up there. We shook hands.

LEARY

And they didn't shower since?

CALHOUN

We both know fingerprints on bodies can get smudged all over the place.

LEARY

Okay, I'll give you that. So do you know these guys, John and Angela De Litto, a structural engineer and a technical translator?

CALHOUN

No.

LEARY

So what the hell are your prints doing here?

(indicates the bodies)

We lifted them off the bed, the nightstand and both bodies.

Bombshell. Calhoun is reeling.

CALHOUN

He must have planted them.

LEARY

Who?

CALHOUN

The Family Man, who else? We both know how easy it is to lift prints and make them look like latents. It's part of his game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Where did he get your prints?

CALHOUN

How the hell should I know?

LEARY

(watching him
closely)Tell me about Jonathan Anthony
Herrito -- the Bronx Butcher? You
shot him to death when you were a
badge in New York.

CALHOUN

Yeah, so?

LEARY

You took down a serial killer all
by your lonesome. In fact the
evidence linking him to those
girls he killed was found in his
apartment after you killed him.

CALHOUN

What are you getting at?

LEARY

You ever read about the Zodiac
Killer up in San Francisco?
Everyone reckons he's a cop
because he's got away with it for
so long.

(beat)

Say you were a serial killer cop
-- it would be easy to set up
some poor prick and blow him to
kingdom come. Case gets solved,
you move to a new town and another
serial killer starts up.

(beat)

You arrived here a year ago, the
killings started four months
later. No wonder you wanted to
take this case.

Like a charge leaping between synapses, Calhoun strikes. He pinches a nerve in Leary's hand. The gun drops. Calhoun swoops it out of the air. Points it at its owner.

Then pops the clip and hands it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN
Don't point that at me again.

LEARY
Doesn't change what I'm thinking.

CALHOUN
Then fuck you.

INT. POLICE STATION - GLASS-ENCLOSED CUBICLE - DAY

Calhoun sits on a chair with wires taped to his forehead, his heart, his palms. A blood pressure cuff is on his arm.

Leary sits staring at him. Watches the female POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN asks him questions from a list.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN
... A police officer for seven years?

CALHOUN
Yes.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN
Do you know how your fingerprints came to be at the crime scenes?

CALHOUN
No.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN
Did you commit these murders?

CALHOUN
No.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN
Do you have any knowledge as to who committed these murders?

CALHOUN
No.

Leary leans in. Angry, hostile eyes examining Calhoun.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN
Have you ever killed anyone?

CALHOUN
(after a beat)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Have you ever killed anyone
outside of the line of police
duty?

CALHOUN

(looks at him)

That question's not relevant to
this investigation.

LEARY

Hey, what's the problem? It's a
yes or no answer.

Calhoun starts pulling off the polygraph paraphernalia.

CALHOUN

You have what you need.

He walks out. Leary turns to the Polygraph Technician.

LEARY

Is he telling the truth?

She's looking through the roll, very confused.

POLYGRAPH TECHNICIAN

I don't know.

CAPTAIN HARRIS'S OFFICE - LATER

HARRIS, crewcut and efficient, stares at Leary.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

You've got to be shitting me here,
Jim. Is it because I made him
lead over you?

LEARY

Come on, Captain, that's not my
style. Look at the evidence. If
he wasn't a cop, he'd be in jail
already.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Listen, we know our psycho's got a
hard-on for Calhoun -- maybe he is
planting prints. You said
yourself he passed the poly.

LEARY

That's not what I said.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY (CONT'D)

The Technician makes the subjects lie about shit at the start to check variance levels. Calhoun said he was a 65-year-old black woman and the machine believed him.

(beat)

She says the machine detects fear by autonomic nervous reactions. If he has no ~~fear~~, he doesn't light up the machine.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Harris talks to Calhoun now. He doesn't like this.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

You've left us in a pretty unusual situation, Al. The prints thing alone is bad enough but jerking the poly off leaves us with our dicks in the air for all your fans out there.

CALHOUN

What fans?

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Frank Deverell is talking to people about you. People like Chief Wilson and District Attorney Pancetti.

CALHOUN

That's nice of him.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

Not really. It seems his lawyers plan to show the Department acted improperly in the shooting and arrest of his son. This gives him plenty of ammunition.

CALHOUN

It's bullshit.

CAPTAIN HARRIS

It may well be but it doesn't change things. You're off this case. And you're on suspension pending a hearing.

IN TASK FORCE OFFICE

Calhoun throws his Family Man file into a cardboard box.

Hands his badge and gun over to Farrell.

Across the room, Leary watches him.

Their eyes meet. Dig into each other.

Calhoun turns and walks out. Doesn't say a word.

EXT. L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM - DAY

Calhoun walks past the Japanese pavilion into the museum.

INT. L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM - DEVERELL WING

A new wing in the final phases before opening. Paintings being hung, sculptures being set on pedestals.

Calhoun looks at a painting with Deverell and Abraham.

DEVERELL

It's a Pollock. Aesthetically controlled chaos.

CALHOUN

Looks like someone drank paint and got sick.

DEVERELL

Let's be clear here, Lieutenant. Exactly what are you asking?

CALHOUN

Your games have got me thrown off the force. I want you to call off the hounds.

DEVERELL

I tend to look at things as they are in nature, Lieutenant. A lion always protects his cubs, even a shark looks out for its young. I'm just a father trying to protect his son.

CALHOUN

And I'm trying to stop a multiple killer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

You're not being very successful are you? The incompetence you displayed in dealing with Johnny appears to be a character trait.

CALHOUN

(to Deverell)

Does he talk all by himself or do you have to stick your hand up his ass and wiggle?

ABRAHAM

(steps forward)

Go fuck yourself.

Deverell waves his hand. Abraham steps back.

DEVERELL

I asked for your help in dealing with my son's problems and you refused. So don't come here looking for help. Now I'm late for lunch with the District Attorney. Good day.

Calhoun wants to pop Deverell. But he calms himself.

CALHOUN

(as he leaves)

Fuck you very much.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECORDS - DAY

Roden watches Leary read through Calhoun's file.

LEARY

Ding, ding! Ding, ding! My alarm bell's going off. Something's wrong here. It doesn't mention the army.

RODEN

What?

LEARY

He said he'd been in the army.

RODEN

Maybe he was blowing smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

(after a beat)

I don't think so. Get me contact numbers for everyone mentioned here. I want to check this out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are out. A dark figure moves towards the house.

INT. CALHOUN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica is asleep. As ever, Calhoun is wide awake, troubled, staring into darkness.

Suddenly, he hears something. Just a FAINT SCRAPE.

A beat. He slides out of bed. Takes his gun from the dresser.

IN HALLWAY

Puddles of moonlight fall from the windows. Calhoun moves in shadow, scans the hallway, gun leading. Hears another SOUND.

He moves to a bedroom door. Listens. Slowly twists the handle. In one sudden move, he enters the room.

Moonlight shows the bed beneath a Raiders' poster. It's empty.

Movement from the corner. Calhoun spins to the side, gun aiming into the dark. A small figure moves into a sliver of light.

Jerry is holding his baseball bat for protection.

JERRY

Somebody woke me, Dad.

CALHOUN

That's okay. Come with me.

He leads Jerry out of the room. There's movement in the shadows. A figure comes towards him. He pushes Jerry behind and brings up the gun. The figure keeps coming. Into the light...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessica almost screams when she sees Calhoun's gun on her. Calhoun moves to her, puts his hand to her mouth. Sshh!

CALHOUN
Don't do that to me.

JESSICA
(terrified)
Is it him?

CALHOUN
I don't know. Take Jerry to our room.

He goes to another --

BEDROOM

Enters it cautiously.

A dozen sets of eyes stare eerily at him from the darkness. He walk by her dolls and lifts a sleeping Becky out of bed.

IN CALHOUN'S BEDROOM

Calhoun puts Becky in the bed. Unlocks a drawer. Takes out a Smith & Wesson .38 and some bullets. Hands it to Jessica.

CALHOUN
You remember how?

Jessica's answer is to flick the loader out. Insert the slugs. Flick it back. She knows how to use it all right.

CALHOUN
Shoot anything that's not me.

They share a look. He disappears out the door.

IN HALLWAY

The open plan stairs ripple in moonlight. Exposed and vulnerable to shadowed corners below.

Calhoun weaves through darkness. Swings over the railed landing. Aims the .45 into darkness as he balances on an inch of board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then leaps into the void below.

He lands like a cat, comes up gun circling. Nothing.

He quickly and carefully sweeps the house.

The living room is clear. His study is empty. There's nothing in the kitchen. He checks the back door. Locked.

Some of the tension leaves him. He walks back towards the stairs. Freezes.

HIS POV - GARAGE ENTRANCE TO HOUSE

The door is open.

Hyped up again, he flicks the door open. Nobody.

He hits the light switch.

A SUDDEN SHRIEK --

Calhoun's gun arcs across the room. Another SHRIEK as CAT runs out through the petflap. Leaving him feeling relieved and foolish. Until...

A LONG, SLOW CREAK. He turns.

The garage door swings gently open. Unlocked.

IN CALHOUN'S BEDROOM

Jessica is hanging up the phone when the bedroom door starts to open. She brings the gun up.

CALHOUN (O.S.)

It's me.

He comes in. She looks at him.

CALHOUN

He was here. Came in through the garage. Not a mark on the door.

JESSICA

He's after us now, isn't he?

CALHOUN

I'll get a protection detail over here for you and the kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA
(worried)
But if there's no sign he was
here...?

CALHOUN
There'll be a sign.

IN GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Calhoun uses a knife on the door lock. Leaves jagged
scratches.

IN HOUSE

He walks to the base of the stairs where Jessica sits.
Turns. BANG! BANG! BANG! He PUMPS THREE SLUGS into
the door.

LEARY (O.S.)
Faking up an intruder!

Calhoun turns to see Leary at the front door.

CALHOUN
What are you doing here?

LEARY
Jessica called me. I see it was
just more of your bullshit.

Calhoun turns to his wife.

CALHOUN
Why did you call him?

JESSICA
He's your partner. Who else was I
going to call when someone was in
the house?

LEARY
So someone was here?

JESSICA
Of course there was. What's going
on?

Leary shoots Calhoun a surprised look.

LEARY
You didn't tell her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Tell me what?

CALHOUN

(sardonic, hard)

My partner here thinks I'm the
Family Man.

JESSICA

What? Is this a joke?

Their faces convince her otherwise.

JESSICA

Christ, Jim, that's ridiculous.
Alan was here with me when those
killings happened.

(as Leary reacts)

I can't believe you'd doubt your
own partner.

LEARY

(after a beat)

Yeah, well maybe we should talk
alone for a minute, Al.

JESSICA

Fine by me.

She leaves. Leary looks at Calhoun for a long beat.

LEARY

Who the hell are you?

CALHOUN

What do you mean? I used to be
your partner.

LEARY

Don't give me that. Your file is
all smoke. Looks fine until you
do some digging into it then it
falls apart. Doesn't mention the
army. I called your university
for a photograph of you. They
faxed a photo of a black kid who
died in Vietnam. What's going
on?!

CALHOUN

I can't talk about it now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Well, that's too bad. We'd better talk about it soon or you're going to be under arrest.

CALHOUN

Tomorrow.

INT. CALHOUN'S BEDROOM - LATER

They both lie awake. The kids sleep in their room.

CALHOUN

Why did you tell Leary you were with me on the nights of the deaths?

JESSICA

Because I know you didn't kill anyone. It's not in you.

ANGLE ON CALHOUN'S FACE

Unreadable.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - DAY

White spray flies up from shimmering blue ocean as Leary powers his yacht out to sea. Calhoun looks out to sea.

LEARY

So tell me what's going on here? Why all the secrecy about your past?

CALHOUN

(shakes his head)

I can't get into that.

Leary indicates the ocean.

LEARY

Then swim home. We have nothing to talk about.

CALHOUN

You have to trust me on this, Jim. You won't catch the Family Man without me.

LEARY

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Because you're looking for a psychopath and he isn't one.

LEARY

Now just why do you think that?

CALHOUN

Because he's too careful, too cold to be psychotic. The entry, the accuracy, the lack of physical traces. He even uses a .22, a pro's weapon. How many killers do you know this good?

LEARY

That's what serial killers are. They's why they're hard to catch.

CALHOUN

The difference between a pro and an amateur is passion. There was no passion although he wanted it to look like there was.

(beat)

It's a wet job. We're after a professional assassin.

Leary is stunned, wary and intrigued at the same time.

LEARY

I'll try insane murder theories for a thousand, Alex.

(frowns)

How do you know so much about it?

CALHOUN

I've seen it before.

Realization hits Leary like a punch in the stomach.

LEARY

Jesus Christ. You were one too, weren't you? That's why your file belongs to some kid who died 23 years ago.

CALHOUN

All that's important right now is that I'm a cop and I want to catch the bad guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

(incredulous)

I don't believe this. My partner here is Secret Agent Man.

(shakes his head)

Why would a pro buttonman cap these people? There are no links between them.

CALHOUN

He's burying the target.

LEARY

In English?

CALHOUN

We've got this mass of victims that we're looking for links between and getting nowhere with. But let's say the killer was just after one family or even one person...

Leary gets there ahead of him.

LEARY

His real target would be hidden by the other victims.

(beat)

And we'd be looking for a phantom serial killer, instead of investigating each individual killing for motive.

CALHOUN

Collect a gold star and some candy at the end of class.

Leary looks out at the ocean. Shakes his head.

LEARY

This is way too 'Twilight Zone.'

CALHOUN

To catch this guy, we approach from two directions. One is to look for whoever hired the killer. That means looking for someone with a motive he wants kept secret.

LEARY

And the other?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

To find the assassin himself.
There are only a few people
capable of this type of work.
I've arranged a meeting with
someone who knows the marketplace.

LEARY

Who's that?

CALHOUN

(sardonic)

I could tell you but then I'd have
to kill you.

Leary stares at him. He used to think he knew this guy.

LEARY

You know there's a third option we
shouldn't overlook here.

CALHOUN

What's that?

LEARY

You're the killer and you're
making up a line of crap for some
reason of your own. I'll look at
the families again, but we're not
partners.

CALHOUN

Fair enough.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - LATER

Calhoun pulls down a sliding stair and climbs up into
his...

ATTIC

He moves through it, comes to a reinforced door that
looks out of place here.

He keys in a code then enters.

We're in Calhoun's...

WEAPONS ROOM

An NRA-fanatic's wet dream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Every killing device known to man is here -- from the hi-tech Iver Johnson 300 sniper's rifle to samurai swords.

Calhoun picks up a Browning .22 (the Family Man's weapon of choice) then disregards it as unsuitable for this job.

He picks out a .45 instead.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE - DAY

Leary hands pictures of the dead families to detective teams.

LEARY

Okay, listen up. I want you to start over. Investigate every victims' death as if it were a one off. Anything that might make them even mildly dislikeable to someone, I want to know about it.

He indicates the Dunleavys to Farrell.

LEARY

Pay close attention to them. Especially anything relating to our friend Lieutenant Calhoun.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - EVENING

Jocks lift weights. Skaters dodge pedestrians. An old man throws bread to the seagulls.

Calhoun sits down beside him. It's Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

'Bring hither the fatted calf for the prodigal son doth return to the fold.'

CALHOUN

Hello, Smith.

MR. SMITH

It's been a long time, Reckar. Or should I call you by your new name?

(beat)

Tell you the truth, I'm a little insulted you left it so long before calling. What can I do you for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

I need some names. Consultants' names.

MR. SMITH

Shit, now that's a toughie. You oughta know better than to ask.

CALHOUN

It's important. It concerns the Family Man.

MR. SMITH

Those godawful serial killings? Now they are truly wicked. Our whole world is just going right down the crapper.

CALHOUN

Never mind the lecture or the fake cowboy shit to cover your Harvard education. You know many individuals capable of this work and I'd like some names.

A seagull swoops down and takes bread from Smith's hand.

MR. SMITH

To be perfectly honest with you, son, you and Dayton were the only ones I know capable of it.

(with meaning)

And Dayton's dead.

CALHOUN

I know. I had to kill him.

MR. SMITH

So you're the only one left...

Calhoun grabs his adam's apple. Squeezes. Smith chokes.

CALHOUN

I don't find that funny.

Some people we assumed were passersby move towards them. One of them is Jeffrey.

CALHOUN

You know I'm quicker than any of them. You'd be dead in a heartbeat.

Smith raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeffrey and his friends move away. Smith actually smiles.

MR. SMITH

We can't fight our natures. Your skills are still there despite your long retirement.

(beat)

What kind of consultant are you looking for?

CALHOUN

A freelancer capable of burying the target in a serial killing scenario. He uses a .22 for headshots, he kills the targets before inflicting costume wounds and he's got excellent cleanup skills.

MR. SMITH

The other day we received a police request for your service record. Looks like they think you're the killer you're supposed to be investigating.

(off Calhoun's
silence)

Are you looking for a fall guy for your colleagues? As I recall, that was one of your specialties. Always leave a sacrifice.

CALHOUN

Just help find this person for me.

MR. SMITH

(beat, fake smile)

I'm kinda busy testifying before Congress right now -- something silly about where we got our covert-op funds -- but I'll see what I can do... for old time's sake.

Smith shuffles over to a limo. Jeffrey follows. Gives Calhoun an elaborate bump designed to show who's boss.

Calhoun grabs both his wrists. Holds them with what looks like affection. Jeffrey struggles to break his grip but can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY
(through gritted
teeth)

Fuck you.

CALHOUN
Do you kiss your mother with that
mouth?

He releases him. A seething Jeffrey joins Smith in the limo.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE - DAY

A police TECHNICIAN comes into Leary's office.

TECHNICIAN
Might have something here. I think the voice modulator voltage slipped below 50 megahertz on the Family Man's last message. Probably due to a power surge in the grid which lowered the capacitance and disrupted the modulation.

LEARY
Tell me what that means or I'm going to beat you to death with a telephone book.

TECHNICIAN
I think I can get the Family Man's voice out of the tape.

LEARY
Why didn't you say so? Get to it.

As the Technician leaves, Calhoun enters. He's getting stares.

LEARY
What are you doing here? Miss the coffee?

CALHOUN
Wondered how those one-off checks were coming?

LEARY
Funny you should ask.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY (CONT'D)

(picks up report)

The Meney husband had the gambling bug but a bookie doesn't get money back by killing clients. The Rodriguez wife had a coke habit but she could afford it. The De Littos did nothing but travel. She was a technical translator. France, Italy, Russia...

CALHOUN

The mercs who attacked us were from Russia.

LEARY

Probably coincidence. But now we come to the interesting part. The hard drive on Dunleavy's computer was completely wiped. Any idea what was on it?

CALHOUN

How should I know?

LEARY

We're looking for the intended target. So far, your ex and her husband look like the most interesting contenders.

Leary's eyes bore into Calhoun's.

The DESK SERGEANT shouts over:

DESK SERGEANT

Lieutenant Leary. Got someone to see you.

LEARY

I'm busy here. Have her talk to someone else.

DESK SERGEANT

She asked for you. Says it's about some pictures you sent out.

Leary looks like an electric bolt has gone through him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A hippyish woman, MELANIE SARDES, sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Now, Miss Sardes, what can I do for you?

MELANIE

(nervous, bird-like)

Well, I teach down at Fullerton Pen and I... well, I got these in the mail yesterday.

She takes pictures from her bag. The blood painting shots.

LEARY

You're an art instructor?

MR. SMITH

Yeah. I knew they were familiar, especially the halos, y'know. And then when I saw the Titian crucifixion, it just clicked.

Leary fights for calm.

LEARY

What's his name?

INT. RECORDS ROOM

Roden punches the computer as the task force watches.

RODEN

Christopher Maynard, one count burglary, two misdemeanor voyeurism. He was caught entering a family home in '91.

LEARY

Released?

RODEN

Ten months ago.

CALHOUN

Just before the Family Man started. And he's a peeper. Does he show up on any of our lists?

RODEN

(tapping)

Yes! He's in the real estate check. A single man who asked to look at a victim's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leary and Calhoun exchange glances.

LEARY

If he was released ten months ago,
he's still reporting in. Find his
parole officer and get an address.

EXT. STREETS - PHALANX OF POLICE CARS - DAY

Calhoun and Leary hurtle through the streets.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A traditional Catholic church with a high steeple and
stained-glass windows. There's movement around it --
armed, black clad figures creeping swiftly and silently
through shrubbery.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Calhoun and Leary watch through the van's one-way glass
as SWAT take position. Remember Ross, their gung-ho
captain? He's listening to his RADIO SQUAWK.

SWAT VOICES (V.O.)

(overlapping)

Alpha Team in position... Beta
Team -- area secured...

And so on. Ross looks at his watch, then:

ROSS

Okay, all teams... go!

SWAT rush into the church from different entrances.

ROSS

So, what's this freak doing in a
church, anyway.

LEARY

Volunteer work. His parole
officer can't believe he's our
boy.

(to Calhoun)

Looks like you were wrong about
this guy.

CALHOUN

And looks like you were wrong
about me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leary considers then nods.

SWAT come out of the church. Hurry up to the van. A team leader looks at Calhoun.

SWAT LEADER

He wants to speak to you.

(embarrassed)

He must have made us from inside.

He's got a hostage.

Calhoun looks stunned. Leary shakes his head.

CALHOUN

You're sure this is the guy,
aren't you?

LEARY

Looks like it.

CALHOUN

Which means I'm a cop again. You
want him to pop a hostage or me?

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Calhoun buttons his shirt over Kevlar.

ROSS

This is a psycho who has killed
eight people, Lieutenant. Send us
in.

CALHOUN

Negative. I need this guy alive.
I've got a few questions for him.

LEARY

Uh, watch your ass in there.

CALHOUN

(smiles)

I didn't know you cared.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The doors swing open and Calhoun enters. The dust in the
air catches the colors from the stained glass.

Calhoun walks up the aisle to the altar. Beneath the
gold cross, a white-haired priest stands stock still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's because CHRISTOPHER MAYNARD is holding a Browning .22 to his head. He's the most average guy imaginable. Bland in everything except his eyes. They are dark, stone chips.

MAYNARD

(a smile, then)

Alan. I feel like saying something melodramatic like, 'We meet at last.'

CALHOUN

Hello, Christopher.

MAYNARD

(smiling)

Always use the first name to build trust. Very good, Alan.

CALHOUN

This should be between us. Let the hostage go.

MAYNARD

And leave myself open to the snipers in the trees outside? That would be, if you'll pardon the expression, crazy.

CALHOUN

Oh, I don't think you're crazy.

MAYNARD

(smiles, then)

I'm curious, Alan. What would you do? Send me to an institute for the criminally insane? To the chair for a quick dimming of the lights?

CALHOUN

I'd need to know a few things first.

(beat)

Like why you killed those people?

MAYNARD

Society. Messages from space. My dog told me to do it. Or my God. It was one or the other of my personalities -- don't know which one though. Or maybe I'm just evil, the devil incarnate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Drop the act. I want to know who hired you to kill those people.

Maynard looks genuinely confused.

MAYNARD

What on earth are you talking about, Alan?

CALHOUN

Who gave you my prints? Who set up the frame?

Maynard is blank. Now Calhoun is confused.

CALHOUN

Why do you go after my ex-wife?

MAYNARD

(after a beat,
smiles)

I think I'll let you work that out for yourself, Alan. It'll be a final little mystery for you to play with.

(shouts)

This isn't over yet.

The cavernous church ECHOES his words.

MAYNARD

My echo will live on after me. Remember that.

A long beat. Their eyes are digging into each other. Maynard breaks the gaze and looks up at the gold cross.

MAYNARD

I want Him to know I'm capable of mercy.

In a blur, he throws the priest aside. He raises both arms as if crucified and looks at Calhoun.

A long beat that hums in the air.

And then he's torn apart by the snipers' BULLETS. The stained GLASS TINKLES surreally under a HAIL of FIRE.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Leary and Calhoun walk from the church.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

(awkward)

I guess I owe you an apology or something. He set up a perfect frame and I went for it.

CALHOUN

(uncertain)

Something's not right. All the signs of a professional were there. And he was no pro.

LEARY

Listen, we got the guy. It's over. We found a voice modulator at his apartment, photos of the families. There was no conspiracy, no elaborate scheme, just a crazy guy who liked killing people.

CALHOUN

I suppose you're right.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOME - NIGHT

He comes through the door. The house is quiet. This puzzles him. He walks into the living room.

Jessica wears an elegant black evening dress. She hands him a glass of red wine.

JESSICA

Congratulations.

He smiles, takes a sip.

CALHOUN

Where's the protection detail?

JESSICA

I sent them away. We don't need them anymore.

CALHOUN

And the children?

JESSICA

Staying with the Fields. We've got the night off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

(smiles)

And what will we do with our night
off?

She moves to him. Kisses him gently.

JESSICA

Celebrate.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

They're spooned together on the couch. It's the first
time we've seen him sleep. The PHONE is RINGING.

She wakes. Slips off the couch, careful not to wake him.
She runs over and grabs the phone before another ring.

JESSICA

(whispering)

Hello?

She listens. Shock crosses her face.

JESSICA

Yes, I'll tell him.

She hangs up. Looks at his peaceful face. A tear. She
gets back in and cradles him to her. Her eyes are far
away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sun blares onto the couch. He shifts in his sleep then
wakes. She's looking at him. It's a nice way to wake
up.

CALHOUN

(smiling)

Good morning.

JESSICA

Good morning.

CALHOUN

How did I sleep?

JESSICA

Like an expert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Well they say it's just like riding a bicycle.

She smiles. It disappears quickly.

JESSICA

I have to tell you something. Leary called last night.

(after a beat)

They discovered a plane ticket in Maynard's things. He was in New York with a church group for two weeks. Just got back yesterday. They've checked it out and confirmed.

A nitrogen cold chill runs down Calhoun's spine.

CALHOUN

(in a whisper)

So he couldn't have done the last two killings... 'My echo will live on after me...' The bastard knew there was a copycat.

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

Leary's yacht in the morning sun.

INT. YACHT

Leary wakes up. Gets out of bed. Kisses his wife's photograph. Walks into his living room. Stops as he sees two figures sitting there.

He goes for his gun. One of the figures already has a gun on him. He takes Leary's and motions him to sit down.

The intruders are Mr. Smith and Jeffrey.

MR. SMITH

Lieutenant Leary, forgive the intrusion but I felt we should chew the fat awhile.

LEARY

Who the fuck are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

Nobody special. I used to be your partner's boss. You can call me Mr. Smith.

LEARY

Smith, huh? That's original.

MR. SMITH

I'm here to talk about Alan Reckar.

(beat)

Or Alan Calhoun as you know him.

This stops Leary. He sits down.

LEARY

So talk.

MR. SMITH

Alan was a brilliant West Point graduate who went to Vietnam in 1969. While there, he was co-opted into a Special Projects Unit known as the Program. After that he came to work for me. I suppose you'd call him a troubleshooter of sorts.

LEARY

Why don't you just say assassin?

MR. SMITH

(a smile)

Fair enough, he was an assassin. And, to give him his due, an extremely good one. Until May, 1984. Then, after two hospitalizations for psych evals, he was booted out of my group.

LEARY

Why?

MR. SMITH

He went loco... calling targets to tell them he was coming, leaving clues to see if the enemy could track him down. He was treating his operations like games.

Leary reacts to this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

And I'm afraid he's doing the same thing here. Especially since the discovery of this copycat thing.

LEARY

How do you know about that, we only just...?

MR. SMITH

We have ways.
(beat)
Have a looksee at this.

He produces a photograph. We only see a portion of it. A jumble of limbs beside limbless torsos.

MR. SMITH

Alan did this eight years ago copycatting a Colombian killer. I thought you might find the similarities striking.

Leary is shaken.

MR. SMITH

Apart from Calhoun is there any other suspect or possible motive in these killings?

LEARY

Not to my knowledge.

MR. SMITH

I see.

A terrible thought hits Leary.

LEARY

Wait a minute, you're not thinking of...?

MR. SMITH

Terminating him? Goodness no. I don't have men to spare by sending them to their certain deaths. No, I'm leaving this to the proper person... you.

(beat)

If you look hard enough I'm sure you'll find the reason Calhoun killed his ex-wife.

We don't know what Leary thinks of all this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smith rises to go. Turns back.

MR. SMITH

Just one other thing: I'd appreciate it if you didn't let Alan know about our little chat.

LEARY

Why not? You scared of him?

MR. SMITH

(deadly serious)

I have come across many talented individuals in this line of work. None of them are as dangerous or as smart as Alan.

(beat)

In the war, those he hunted called him the Glimmer Man. There would be nothing but jungle then suddenly a glimmer and you were dead. Be very careful around him.

EXT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - LATER

Calhoun gets into his car and drives off.

Somebody gets out of a car and walks up to his door.

Jessica answers the knock. It's Leary.

LEARY

Can we talk?

INT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

She stares at him, angry and shocked.

LEARY

What do you really know about him? He's as big a mystery to you as he is to me, isn't he?

JESSICA

No, he's not. He's a good man, a good father.

LEARY

That's what I mean. He's a good father. He loves those kids. He'll do anything to have them to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

You called him a serial killer,
now you're calling him a copycat?
What do you have against him, Jim?

LEARY

Tell me the truth. Was he with
you on the nights of the last two
killings? Please, I have to know.

JESSICA

(considers, then)

He was obsessed with catching the
Family Man. He's been suffering
from insomnia. When it's bad, he
goes down and works on the cars.

LEARY

So you can't be sure he was with
you for all of those nights?

JESSICA

No. But he's not a killer, Jim.
I know him.

LEARY

Maybe you think you do. I did.

INT. POWER OFFICE

Smith is on the phone to an unknown someone.

MR. SMITH

(into phone)

Trust me on this -- the cops know
nothing. I spoke to Leary myself.
They have no other suspects.
Calhoun is out of the picture.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE - LATER

Calhoun is waiting for Leary when he gets in.

CALHOUN

Where the hell have you been?
We've got to get going on this
thing.

Leary observes Calhoun closely.

LEARY

So who do you think we're after?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Whoever did this was perfect. He got the painting right, the pattern of cuts, the positioning of the bodies.

(beat)

There're just too many small things to slip up on... unless he had access to the case file.

LEARY

Or if he was the cop investigating the crime.

(beat)

How about a guy wants greater access to his kids but the ex-wife's going to contest it in court and she knows shit about him that would have all his custody rights stripped away.

(beat)

So this guy is a cop investigating a serial killer. Knows everything about him. So he does the wife and her husband, gets his kids all to himself and everybody blames the serial killer. How does that grab you?

CALHOUN

Fuck you, that's crazy.

LEARY

That's the way you wanted it to look.

(beat)

Farrell checked with the Dunleavys' attorney. She was refusing you increased access to your kids. I know how you feel about those kids. So you did her.

CALHOUN

Did someone get to you, Jim?

Leary looks at him in amazement.

LEARY

Jesus, you walk around in a paranoid haze of conspiracy theories, don't you?

CALHOUN

To hell with you.

INT. CALHOUN'S GARAGE - LATER

He's pounding the shit out of the Stingray. Punishing it for everything that's happening to him.

Jessica comes in.

JESSICA

What's going on, Alan?

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Calhoun has finished telling Jessica what happened.

JESSICA

Is it true?

CALHOUN

What do you mean, is it true?
There's no way I could have done that to anyone. Don't you know me by now?

JESSICA

I'm not sure. You lied to me too, remember. About this other life you had.

CALHOUN

I didn't want to. But you were the only good thing that ever happened to me and I didn't want to blow it.

(beat)

And after we got married, it just didn't seem important any more. I had you, I was seeing my kids and the past didn't matter anymore.

JESSICA

(getting angry)

What did you do in that past?
Did you kill people?

CALHOUN

I was a very different man then.

(beat)

I don't want to be that man again.

JESSICA

You didn't answer my question.
Did you kill people?

CALHOUN

(after a beat)

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

(more sad than angry)

You're lying to me. You can't answer a simple question honestly, can you?

Something about this stops Calhoun.

CALHOUN

(thinking it through)

That's true. Whoever's setting me up knew I'd be asked questions about my past I couldn't answer. I'd be the perfect patsy.

(beat)

So either someone's setting me up as part of a game and they killed Ellen as part of it. Or...

He walks around, mind ticking.

JESSICA

Or what?

CALHOUN

(it tumbles into place)

Or someone killed her for an unknown reason then framed me because they knew I'd recognize a pro's work. They knew I'd look for another motive unless I was off the case because I was a suspect.

(beat)

This was nothing to do with me. It was all about them.

Calhoun grabs his jacket.

CALHOUN

I'm sorry, Jess. I have to check something out.

EXT. DUNLEAVY HOUSE - DAY

Calhoun goes 'round the back of the house.

Steps underneath the yellow crime scene tape.

Works the lock with the high tensile steel picks. Just like the Family Man. CLICK.

Steps inside. Freezes.

INSIDE HOUSE

The place has been systematically torn apart. Couch slit, drawers scattered. Place looks like a bomb hit it.

He moves through the house.

And then --

A blur comes out of a corner at him.

Calhoun dances away as a black clad figure wearing a dark mask unleashes a maelstrom of blows at him.

The fight is silent and graceful. Almost balletic.

And incredibly fast.

They move through the obstacle course of the searched house in a flurry of moves.

Calhoun is good, remember. But this guy is a whirlwind. As good. Maybe better.

Calhoun's hand catches in a chain 'round his attacker's neck. Rips it off as --

The Figure unleashes a vicious combination of blows. Knocks Calhoun back.

Then turns and leaps through the window.

Comes up on the lawn in a roll and tuck..

SHOOT out Calhoun's tires.

Jumps into a car and tears away.

Calhoun is left staring after him.

He looks at what ripped off the intruder's neck.

A chain with a strange plastic card on it.

IN HOUSE - LATER

Calhoun picks up a broken picture of Ellen and her husband.

CALHOUN

It's all my fault.

LEARY (O.S.)

What is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns. Leary is in the doorway. He surveys the wreckage.

LEARY

What were you looking for?

CALHOUN

It wasn't me. The guy who did this almost killed me.

LEARY

What guy?

CALHOUN

The one this belongs to.

He hands the plastic tag to Leary.

LEARY

What is it?

CALHOUN

It's a radiation detector. Changes color when levels get dangerous.

LEARY

(after a beat)

What the hell are you involved in here?

CALHOUN

I really wish I knew.

Leary looks at him for a beat. Makes a call.

LEARY

You asked me if anyone had gotten to me before. Nobody did.

(beat)

But I did have a visitor. A guy you used to work for. Name of Smith. He tried to convince me you're our guy.

Calhoun nods. It makes sense now.

CALHOUN

It's a set-up. He's handing me to you.

(explains)

I asked for his help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Implicit in the request was the fact that I have knowledge that could hurt him. He obviously didn't take it very well.

LEARY

Why would he go to all this trouble?

CALHOUN

You don't understand these people. It's in their nature to play games when they're punishing someone.

LEARY

You were one of them. You know how to play those games too.

Calhoun's mask slips. He explodes.

CALHOUN

I was never one of them! I was a servant who did their bidding. I was young and idealistic when I met them. They turned me inside out and back again.

(beat)

They took my soul. And now they want the rest of me.

The mask is back. Leary isn't sure what to believe.

CALHOUN

Don't you see? They've assigned us colors and they're waiting to see if we'll play.

LEARY

Are they? Or is this just something you didn't plan for?

CALHOUN

You've already made up your mind -- why are we even having this conversation?

LEARY

Because after you left, I got to wondering why a big important guy like that wants to talk to a flatfoot like me?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY (CONT'D)

He also seemed to want to know whether we had any other suspects or motives. Almost seemed like he was checking out what I was thinking.

Calhoun stops. Thinks this through.

CALHOUN

If Smith was behind this, he'd just try to kill me.

LEARY

You mean like sending mercs after you? Or some guy breaking into your house?

CALHOUN

It's a possibility.

LEARY

Maybe this guy didn't find what he was after. Let's see if we can scare up some real live clues!

UPSTAIRS

Leary is in Jerry's old room, searching. He moves onto the landing. Looks at Calhoun in one of the bathrooms.

LEARY

Anything?

Calhoun shakes his head. Leary turns back to his search. Calhoun slips quickly into the --

MASTER BEDROOM

Goes straight for a bookcase. The books litter the floor. He sifts through them, searching for something.

He stops at one. Opens it. Something flutters onto the floor. A photograph... but we can't see of what. Calhoun looks quickly around. Then slips it into his jacket.

He turns around. Leary is on the landing, looking over at him. Did he see him sneak the photograph away?

LEARY

Any luck?

CALHOUN

No. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Guess we'd better call it a day.

He turns and walks down the stairs. Calhoun follows.

STAIRS

Halfway down, Leary stops and turns to Calhoun.

LEARY

How about you share with the class?

CALHOUN

What?

Suddenly, Leary's gun is in his hand and aimed at Calhoun.

LEARY

See, I think our friend missed what he was after. But you didn't.

CALHOUN

What are you talking about?

LEARY

I want what you took from upstairs and placed in your inside pocket. By the way, this time if you try to take the gun away, I'll shoot you.

Calhoun looks at him. A long beat.

CALHOUN

It's nothing to do with this.

LEARY

Indulge me.

Calhoun takes out the photograph. Hands it to Leary.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH

It's a picture of Calhoun and his ex-wife with their very young children. Smiling. Happy.

Calhoun's last connection to his ex-wife. Leary hands the photograph back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

I'm sorry.

CALHOUN

(shakes his head)

I thought maybe you were beginning to trust me. I thought we were partners again.

If Calhoun is putting this on, he's very good at it. Leary doesn't quite know what to say.

LEARY

Listen, I'm just a regular cop. And I'm a pretty damn good one. But all this is over my head. Spy stuff. Black bag agencies. Professional killers.

CALHOUN

The price we pay for freedom?

LEARY

(sarcastic)

Yeah, right.

CALHOUN

I thought so once though. When I finally caught on, my wife and kids were gone and the only skills I had were creative ways to remove my masters' problems.

LEARY

What did you do then?

CALHOUN

(a long beat)

When I was with the Company I wanted to save the world. When I ended up doing things I didn't like doing, I decided to save some lives instead.

(beat)

That's when I became a cop.

A long beat between these two. Maybe at last, a connection.

Then a PHONE RINGS in the study. The machine picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DUNLEAVY (V.O.)

(on machine)

This is Dr. Andrew Dunleavy.
Please leave a message after the
tone.

The caller hangs up. Leary notes the scattered files.

LEARY

Dunleavy was a psychiatrist. Now
that we know there's a copycat, we
should check his patients out.

(beat)

Maybe somebody saw something too
revealing in some ink blots and
didn't want him around to talk
about it.

CALHOUN

Sounds like a longshot. A patient
wouldn't have access to enough
information to copycat the Family
Man.

LEARY

You're right but hell, I have to
do something.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Smith sits at a table with several agents including
Jeffrey.

MR. SMITH

Our associate's unfortunate
discovery means our opponents are
now aware there was something in
the house we didn't want seen.

(beat)

Calhoun is a formidable opponent
who cannot be underestimated. If
he and the cop get any closer they
could bring this whole thing
tumbling down around our ears.

JEFFREY

We're taking necessary action on
the cop.

MR. SMITH

And Calhoun?

JEFFREY

We've already burned him down. He
just doesn't know it yet.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Leary works the psychiatric files. He picks one up. Looks at the patient information. Name. Address. Phone number.

LEARY

Hello!

He realizes something. Lifts the phone.

LEARY

(into phone)

It's Leary. I need phone records from the Dunleavy file.

Roden is waiting for him when he gets off.

RODEN

Just got the coroner's report on the De Littos.

LEARY

(sarcastic)

Let me guess. They were murdered.

RODEN

Yeah, but the weird thing is the woman would have been dead in a month anyway.

INT. STATION/CALHOUN'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

INTERCUT between Leary and Calhoun on the phone.

LEARY

She had radiation sickness. And not the kind you get from standing too close to the microwave. She'd been exposed to some major levels.

(beat)

Made me wonder about that gizmo you said you ripped off your attacker.

Calhoun tries to get this new info to click into place.

CALHOUN

She was a translator. How the hell did he get zapped by radiation?

(beat)

Unless she was a mule.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

You mean a courier, like a drug smuggler?

CALHOUN

(putting it together)

She'd spent time in Russia, remember. What if she was smuggling plutonium?

LEARY

(thinking about it)

The biggest sellers are the Russian Mafia. That might explain the mercs who came after us.

CALHOUN

But it doesn't explain anything else.

Leary fingers the psych files.

LEARY

Maybe I've got something. I think our guy today got what he was after.

(beat)

I checked all calls to Dunleavy's office against his patient files. One didn't match.

CALHOUN

Remember, you said Dunleavy's computer had been wiped, right? Maybe the killer had to go back after a real file.

LEARY

I should have a name on our mystery patient later. We'll talk tomorrow.

CALHOUN

Sounds good... And Jim?

LEARY

Yeah?

CALHOUN

(with feeling)

Thanks for letting me know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

No problem. See you tomorrow.

They hang up. Calhoun is unreadable as he sits back.

EXT. HARBOR - LEARY'S BOAT - NIGHT

A dark figure slips onto the boat.

INSIDE LEARY'S BOAT

He lies sleeping. The sound of LAPPING WATER. Then a CREAK. The bedroom door is moving.

It glides smoothly open. The dark figure enters. Comes across the room quietly. Stands right above the bed.

Leary's eyes flick open.

HIS POV

The dark figure rushes down at him. His face is bathed in moonlight.

It's Calhoun.

His hand flashes steel. The blade enters Leary's eyes.

INT. LEARY'S YACHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Leary jerks up in the chair, wide awake and covered in sweat. Shudders at his nightmare. He's freaked out. Decides to check the boat just to be sure.

He goes around the lower deck. Nothing. Then goes up on top. Zilch. He leans against the railing. Looks into the water. Sighs.

LEARY

You're a big boy now. Too old to be having nightmares.

He sees his face reflected in the water.

And something else.

A red neon reflection which keeps changing. He can't make it out. Until it hits him that it's a row of numbers reflected backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs over the boat.

Sees something that puts a crimp in his day. A limpet mine is attached to the hull. The countdown is on two.

Leary instantly spins and dives into the water.

As the BOAT EXPLODES into a fireball. Lights up the harbor.

Debris rains down as Leary comes up from underwater.

Something splashes beside him. His wife's photograph.

LEARY
(spitting water,
shocked)

Hi, hon.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE - MORNING

Leary lies asleep at his desk. The Forensic Technician comes into the office. Leary spins 'round, gun in hand.

TECHNICIAN
Jesus, don't shoot.
(as Leary sets
the gun down)
You spend the night here?

LEARY
Police precincts don't blow up.
What do you want?

TECHNICIAN
I found something in the Family Man tape. It was there alright, just buried real deep. But I got one clean bite. Listen.

He hits play on his Nagra reel-to-reel.

FAMILY MAN (V.O.)
(on tape; distorted)
Hello, Alan. Back at work already? Shouldn't you be in mourning?

And then the voice becomes clear for one sentence.

CALHOUN (V.O.)
(on tape)
I wonder how you're taking this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leary's jaw drops. The Technician REPLAYS the line. No doubt about it, it's Calhoun's voice.

LEARY

Jesus Christ, it is him. He made the calls to himself. Set the whole thing up. And I was just starting to believe him.

TECHNICIAN

I couldn't believe it myself. I always kinda liked the guy.

Leary stares straight ahead. He did, too.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jeffrey comes to Smith.

JEFFREY

Guess what? L.A.P.D. have just put out an A.P.B. on Calhoun. Looks like they discovered our little trick.

MR. SMITH

About time. Call our friend. Then call Calhoun and tell him they're coming.

INT. SWAT TEAM VAN - LATER

Leary looks around at the armed-to-the-teeth SWAT officers led by Ross.

LEARY

I want him taken alive.

Ross gives him a dirty look. Snarls:

ROSS

Fuck that. Anyone who could do what he did gets no slack from me.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOME

Calhoun walks toward a RINGING PHONE. Picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

(on phone)

The police are coming for you.
They've got proof you carried out
the killings.

CALHOUN

Who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)

(on phone)

Watch out for snipers when they
bring you out.

He hangs up. Calhoun looks out the front window. Sees a
black SWAT van pull up.

INT. OFFICE

Smith nods his approval as Jeffrey hangs up the phone.

MR. SMITH

He won't let them take him alive.

JEFFREY

What about the cops?

MR. SMITH

(shrugs)

They entered a risky profession.

INT. CALHOUN'S CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

He puts Jessica and his kids in the cellar.

CALHOUN

No matter what you hear, don't
come out.

JESSICA

Alan, what's happening here?

CALHOUN

They're coming for me. And
somebody will make sure I don't
make it to a cell.

JESSICA

Oh, God, how did all this happen
to us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

I'm sorry. I should have told you
the truth about what I did.

She touches his face.

JESSICA

Forgiven.

Calhoun bends to the kids.

CALHOUN

Hey, guys, we're going to play a
little game here. You've got to
be real quiet and not be scared.
Just do what Jessica tells you.

JERRY/BECKY

Sure thing./ Okay, Dad.

He kisses them each on the forehead. Turns to Jessica.

JESSICA

Be careful.

CALHOUN

Aren't I always?

He closes the door and heads upstairs. To his attic.

EXT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE

The SWAT team, led by Ross, approach the house from all
sides.

Leary moves to the side of the front door. Knocks.

LEARY

Alan, this is leary. Open up.

(no answer)

Al, open the door immediately or
we'll break it down. Don't make
us do this the hard way.

Silence. Leary nods to Ross, who nods to his team of
six.

Two of them slam a SWAT ram at the door and knock it off
its hinges. The others leap through the doorway, high
and low, covering each other.

The house is silent. We notice a small case at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWAT stream in. Ross gives hand signals to indicate they search in two man teams. Two teams go upstairs, two go down.

MASTER BEDROOM

One team enters. Covering each other. As they move in...

WIDEN to show...

CALHOUN

above them. Standing on top of the doorjamb. In a blindingly fast move, he drops and chops one on the carotid artery, knocking him instantly unconscious -- then WHIPS the other into the wall.

(NOTE: Calhoun is trying to get out of the house without killing any police.)

BEDROOM

Team #2 are searching his bedroom cautiously when he comes in holding a strange-looking gun. A thick lump of plastic hits one guy in the forehead. The next guy gets off a SHOT before he's knocked unconscious.

(NOTE: for the record, what Calhoun is using here are non-lethal US Army weapons which have been used to quell riots in Somalia.)

DOWNSTAIRS

Having heard the shot, the other two SWAT teams rush the staircase.

PLOP, PLOP.

Two small CANISTERS land beside them and EXPLODE smoke and light. CONCUSSION GRENADES.

As the teams pull down their gas-masks, Calhoun appears on the stairs. FIRES a riot net at Team 33. It restricts the cops' movements as Calhoun takes them out with two blows.

Team #4, made up of Ross and Leary, can barely see through the smoke as Calhoun drops over the side of the staircase.

WITH CALHOUN

Barely visible as he scoots along the floor.

The cops aim blindly, Calhoun comes up between them like an apparition in the smoke.

He elbow-slams Leary's solar plexus, winding him. Then Calhoun steps inside Ross's gun arm, bends it back in a Chi Na grip. The gun falls. One punch puts Ross out of commission.

He grabs Leary by the neck as he gasps for air.

CALHOUN

You're coming with me.

He pulls him outside, picking up the case-as he goes.

EXT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE

He sits the still-gasping Leary in the passenger seat of his car. Keeps a gun on him as he drives off.

LEARY

You going to kill me, too?

CALHOUN

Why did you come after me?

LEARY

You know why, Al. The tape has your voice on it. You made the call yourself to copycat the Family Man.

CALHOUN

Let me guess, it was something completely ordinary except it's in the middle of an incriminating sentence.

(beat)

It's a plant. They slipped a recording of my voice into their fake Family Man message then dropped the voltage on my part.

LEARY

Jesus, you're worse than the grassy knoll. Everything's a conspiracy with you, isn't it?

CALHOUN

Come on, Jim.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

I used to do this for a living.
Do you think I'm stupid enough to
leave fingerprints at the scene,
to leave my own voice on the tape?

LEARY

(after a beat)

So if it's not you, who is it?

CALHOUN

Whoever it is used the serial
killing set-up because they had to
kill two families.

(beat)

The De Littos because she got
cooked by what she was smuggling
and someone was afraid a dying
woman would develop a conscience.
And the Dunleavys.

LEARY

Why them?

CALHOUN

I don't know yet. But let's check
out your mystery patient.

Leary thinks about this for a moment, then nods.

LEARY

Okay. His name is Howard Casey.
He called the Dunleavy house
repeatedly on the night they were
killed.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - LATER

Calhoun and Leary walk towards a Spanish bungalow.

CALHOUN

Okay, we do this together. If you
try to turn me in or take me, I'll
wound you badly. Please don't
make me do that.

LEARY

Hey, don't cut me any slack
because we're partners or
anything.

(beat)

Anyway, I want to see where you're
going with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they get to the door, Calhoun puts his hand on his gun.

CALHOUN

This could be our intruder, so be ready.

Leary nods. Calhoun knocks. They're both keyed, ready for action.

A small, bald man answers. Calhoun and Leary exchange a glance.

INT. BUNGALOW (SANTA MONICA) - DAY

HOWARD CASEY looks slightly bewildered. He looks at Leary.

CASEY

What is this regarding, Lieutenant?

LEARY

It's about some calls that were made from your phone.

He hands him a Xeroxed phone record. Casey peers at it, then:

CASEY

This number is billed to me alright, but it's my daughter's phone. Is she in any trouble?

CALHOUN

Can we speak to her?

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A pretty girl appears. We recognize her from somewhere.

GIRL

(nervous)

My dad said you wanted to talk to me?

Now we remember her. It's Millie, the girl from our opening hostage scene.

CALHOUN

Hi. Remember me? From the school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at Calhoun with some hostility.

MILLIE (GIRL)

I remember you.

CALHOUN

I was wondering how long you knew Dr. Dunleavy?

MILLIE

(after a beat,
nervous)

Who?

LEARY

Come on, you know who. You called him often enough. Spent quite a while chatting, too.

MILLIE

Not me. I didn't need a shrink.

LEARY

(with a smile)

We didn't say he was a shrink.

MILLIE

(caught)

Okay, I know who he was. But I didn't call him.

CALHOUN

So if you didn't call him, who did?

MILLIE

I don't know.

Millie sulks. Calhoun is perplexed -- what could this girl have to do with this slaughter? Then the tumblers fall.

CALHOUN

Jesus, of course.

(beat)

When Johnny Deverell got caught with coke, the court made him see a shrink... It was Dunleavy, wasn't it?

She just stares at them sullenly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

(in her face)

Millie, this is very fucking serious. It was Johnny calling Dunleavy, wasn't it?

MILLIE

(quietly)

Yes.

LEARY

So, why was he calling from here?

MILLIE

He didn't want to call from his house. He was afraid his father would kill him.

Boom! There it is. Calhoun looks like an electric charge is surging through him.

CALHOUN

His father. No wonder Deverell was pulling strings to have me pulled off the case. He's behind this whole thing.

LEARY

(to Millie)

Johnny called the Dunleavy house five times from here on the night they were killed. Why?

MILLIE

No idea. He was all weirded-out. I'd had enough of all that. I told him I wanted to break up.

(shudders)

I didn't think he'd go crazy like that. I mean I really thought he was going to kill me that morning at school.

CALHOUN

Did Johnny ever tell you what he and Dr. Dunleavy talked about?

MILLIE

No.

INT. DEVERELL'S ESTATE (HOLLYWOOD HILLS) - DAY

A den overlooking the city. Abraham puts down the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We notice a red welt on his neck.

ABRAHAM

That was Smith. Calhoun got away alive.

DEVERELL

I though you told me he was past it.

ABRAHAM

He's been lucky.

DEVERELL

Lucky! He killed your fucking Russians with a credit card. He detected you in his house. And you failed to terminate him when he discovered you recovering Johnny's file. He's got out of every trap you set for him.

ABRAHAM

He's the number-one suspect now. His own people will take care of him for us.

DEVERELL

Fuck that. At least when he was a cop we could keep an eye on him. Now he's running loose, who knows what he'll find.

(beat)

Put some extra men on Johnny.

ABRAHAM

He'll never even make the connection.

DEVERELL

(bellows)

I don't fucking care. I should never have let you go after him, anyway. You got personal on this and it's done nothing but hurt us. I don't want any more fancy stuff. Just kill him.

Abraham nods, his milky eyes brimming with anticipation.

INT. CALHOUN'S CAR - LATER

They're speeding along with winding coast road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

Where are we going?

CALHOUN

Deverell had Johnny placed in a private sanitarium for psychological evaluation.

LEARY

You should let the department handle things from here.

CALHOUN

There's nothing to handle yet. We don't have proof.

(beat)

It's Deverell's word against ours unless we find out what the kid told the shrink.

EXT. BRAITHWAITE SANITARIUM

Massive wrought-iron gates defend manicured grounds which are overlooked by a country mansion.

Calhoun indicates two men in suits in the guard's cabin.

CALHOUN

They're waiting for us.

LEARY

You're being paranoid.

CALHOUN

Just because I'm paranoid, doesn't mean they're not out to get me.

(beat)

If Johnny confessed something he shouldn't have to his old shrink they won't want anyone else to speak to him.

HIGH STONE WALL

Calhoun attaches alligator clips to the wires running on top. Cuts them but keeps the circuit intact.

LEARY

You are aware this is breaking and entering?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

Well, duh.

He and Leary drop down into the grounds.

INSIDE SANITARIUM GROUNDS

They move down a path flanked by shuttered windows.

Calhoun takes out a small DEVICE like a remote control. Aims it at the wires along the window. It BEEPS on one. Calhoun cuts the wire. Pops the window.

INT. SANITARIUM ROOM

Unoccupied. Well appointed with antique reproductions.

INT. CORRIDORS

They blend into the traffic of visitors and staff.

LEARY

How do we find him?

CALHOUN

Look for a guarded room.

LEARY

That shouldn't take more than a couple of hours.

He looks around. Walks up to an ORDERLY.

LEARY

Excuse me, I'm Jonathan Deverell's referring doctor. Have they moved him from 214?

The Orderly looks at his patient list.

ORDERLY

They must have. I've got him in 132 now.

LEARY

Thank you.

He turns to Calhoun with a grin.

LEARY

This spy shit's easy.

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Calhoun and Leary walk to a room with a guard outside it.

CALHOUN

Excuse me.

As the guard turns, Calhoun hits him with a flattened palm on the forehead.

INT. ROOM

Calhoun drags the guard in as Leary closes the door.

Johnny Deverell lies in a four poster bed being fed by an IV. Across the bed, straps hold him down.

LEARY

Guess they don't think he should be up and about.

CALHOUN

Good, that makes it easier.

Calhoun produces a syringe. Injects it into the IV.

LEARY

What's that?

CALHOUN

Something to help him tell the truth.

He undoes the straps. Slaps Johnny across the face a few times. The kid starts to come 'round. Looks at Calhoun.

JOHNNY

I know you.

CALHOUN

Yeah, we went flying together.

Johnny rocks back and forth, eyes glazed, in the drug's grip.

CALHOUN

Johnny, we want to ask you some questions.

JOHNNY

No. They won't let you.

LEARY

Who's they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

You don't know what you're getting involved in. They kill people.

CALHOUN

Did they kill Dr. Dunleavy?

JOHNNY

(nods)

I called and called. I told him they were coming to kill him. But he thought I was strung out.

CALHOUN

Why did they kill him, Johnny? What did you tell the doctor that made them want him dead?

Johnny starts to weep.

JOHNNY

I saw him kill her... She begged but he killed her anyway.

LEARY

Who killed who?

JOHNNY

My father. He killed my mother.

It hangs there. Johnny sobs.

CALHOUN

Why did he kill her, Johnny?

JOHNNY

She was hysterical, about to tell the cops. Father's security guy, Abraham, made it look like suicide later.

LEARY

So you told Dr. Dunleavy about it in session. And Abraham decided to kill Dunleavy and anyone he might have told.

Johnny nods.

CALHOUN

Johnny, what does this have to do with smuggling plutonium?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! The DOOR BURSTS OPEN and Jeffrey and two agents rush in.

JOHNNY

It's part of something bigger...

In a heartbeat, Jeffrey aims and SHOTS Johnny.

The agents OPEN UP on Leary and Calhoun.

Calhoun dives through the air as a GUN magically appears in his hand. BAM! BAM! The two agents get bullets in the head as he lands on the floor and slides along it.

But Jeffrey gets a bead on him. It's all over.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Jeffrey's chest explodes as he's thrown into the wall.

Calhoun looks 'round to see Leary's gun still smoking. Their eyes meet. A nod of gratitude then Calhoun checks Jeffrey's neck. No welt.

CALHOUN

Thought he might have been the guy
I danced with. The search
continues.

(beat)

Your gun wasn't silenced. Let's
go.

He grabs Johnny's body. Pulls it through the window.

LEARY

Why are you taking him?

CALHOUN

Nobody knows he's dead yet. I
want to keep it like that.

EXT. SANITARIUM

Leary and Calhoun drag Johnny's body back along the wing of the building.

Calhoun uses his gizmo to pop a doctor's Mercedes. Stashes Johnny's body in the trunk. Hops in and they take off.

BOOM! He BLASTS through the GATES and keeps on going.

INT. MERCEDES

Leary tries to figure this thing out.

LEARY

I don't get this. Why did they kill Johnny?

CALHOUN

I don't think his safety was a consideration anymore. Not to the Company anyway. Basic analyst solution, take out the weak link.

LEARY

Jesus. You think just like them, don't you?

CALHOUN

I'm trying to.
(beat)
So what have we got here?

LEARY

Okay, it looks like Johnny's mother discovered Deverell was smuggling plutonium.

CALHOUN

Using his defense contacts and security clearances to get it into the country.

LEARY

So why's a guy like him involved in all this?

CALHOUN

You know how much that stuff goes for? Last year the German police intercepted four kilos of plutonium 239. The buyer was paying \$250 million.

LEARY

(whistles)
That's enough motive to kill a couple of pesky families.
(looks at Calhoun's frown)
So why aren't we happy? We've solved this, right?

CALHOUN

Not quite. I don't understand why Smith is protecting him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY
So what happens next?

CALHOUN
They'll try to remove our leverage. Take Johnny out of the equation.

LEARY
He's already out.

CALHOUN
They don't know that though. They'll try to get him back.

LEARY
How?

CALHOUN
I don't know. Trade for him...

He blanches as a terrible thought hits him.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE

Four COPS stand around as Jessica sweeps up debris from Calhoun's escape. Becky tries to help her. Jerry plays with his Gameboy.

CRASH! CRASH! Two small hockey PUCKS CRASH through the WINDOW.

COP
(lifts radio)
He's back!

The FLASH/BANG GRENADES EXPLODE. And then all hell breaks loose.

The front and back DOORS EXPLODE inwards as four men come in wearing masks. It's so fast we barely keep up with it.

-- RAT-A-TAT-TATS as the cops are BLOWN apart.

-- Jessica brutally thrown to the floor.

-- Duct tape haphazardly wrapped around her mouth, eyes, nose. Hands taped behind her back.

-- Big hands clamp down on Jerry and Becky's mouths then they're mummified in duct tape. One of the kidnapers takes Jerry's Gameboy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Sheer terror in their eyes. Jessica screams into the tape, a muffled cry.

-- They're dragged out of the house into a waiting van.

INT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - LATER

Calhoun looks at the cops' bodies. Face a mask. Then walks out.

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

Calhoun is on the car phone.

CALHOUN

... Police I.D. number AJ1543784.
I want the Lojak locator code for
a Lincoln Towncar limo
registration number BTZ 49287L.

LEARY

Who are we locating?

Calhoun's eyes blaze. We've never seen him this close to out of control. But he's trying to freeze his anger.

CALHOUN

Smith. He was in a new limo last
time I met him. The government
always spring for Lojak.
(back to cell phone)
Parked or moving? And the
location?

He hangs up. Looks at Leary.

CALHOUN

You don't have to do this, you
know.

LEARY

I joined the force to protect and
serve. I'm going to protect your
family and serve these guys' heads
up on a plate.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - LATER

Smith exits the house and is given a farewell kiss by a hooker in a cowgirl outfit. His chauffeur comes 'round to open the door for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he sees that it is Calhoun. Also sees the gun discreetly pointed at him.

CALHOUN

Get in.

INT. LIMO - MOVING

Leary is driving. The previous driver lies dead in the back.

LEARY

Hi, there, Smith. Did you blow up my boat? 'Cause I'm kinda pissy about that.

MR. SMITH

What in tarnation do you think...?

CALHOUN

You and I are going to practice the lost art of conversation.

(beat)

Why are you helping Deverell smuggle plutonium into the U.S.?

MR. SMITH

I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about.

Calhoun chambers one in his .45.

CALHOUN

Okay, let's try a different tact.

Smith swallows hard. He knows Calhoun doesn't bluff.

CALHOUN

If Deverell gets plutonium into the country you look bad. Unless you need it...

He studies Smith's face.

CALHOUN

That's it, isn't it? You need it. Why? You've got plenty available here.

(beat)

Unless this has something to do with those covert ops funds Congress is questioning you about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leary looks 'round.

LEARY

Yeah, it's funny how our little wars got funded just when North Korea and South Africa's nuclear program jumped ahead 10 years.

Both Calhoun and Smith stare at him.

LEARY

I read Time.

CALHOUN

He's got it, hasn't he? You sold plutonium to someone willing to pay black market prices and now you need to replace it.

(beat)

Your little game of musical chairs has ended and Congress is waiting to see who's left standing.

Smith looks away for a half-second. Calhoun catches it.

CALHOUN

That's not all, is it?

(beat)

Why did you use Deverell instead of your own people...? Unless he already had a system in place. You caught him and...

(getting it)

Oh, shit. You need to replace this stuff without leaving a money trail. So you're allowing Deverell to bring it in and sell to terrorists.

(beat)

Jesus wept! You're going to let them explode a nuclear device in the U.S.A. just to cover your ass?

Smith makes a quick decision in his steel trap mind. Cut your losses.

MR. SMITH

(quickly)

Of course not. My job is to protect this country. We'll simply borrow it then send it to the buyers with a few adjustments. The buyers blow themselves up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

... and Congress realizes they still need your black ops division to stop this happening again. Two birds with one stone.

(beat)

Except you're forgetting about the Americans who'll die when this thing goes bang!

MR. SMITH

It's going to be a small incident.

CALHOUN

(sarcastic)

Oh, thank God! You're a piece of work, aren't you?

(something nags him)

So why did you go ahead with a serial killing scenario when you discovered the target was my ex-wife?

MR. SMITH

It was already in place and we were under time constraints.

(beat)

We were good to go when we discovered who the Dunleavy woman was. Abraham thought up framing you at the last moment... It happened to fit in with his personal agenda.

CALHOUN

There's nothing personal between us.

MR. SMITH

But you did have something personal with his mentor Dayton. Your last operation.

Calhoun takes a mini cassette recorder from his pocket. He's got the whole thing on tape.

MR. SMITH

(sighs)

God, I taught you well. What do you want?

CALHOUN

I want you to stop it. Abort the op right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

I can't. Deverell is greedy, not political. He's running the operation himself now.

(beat)

He personally takes the material through security, along with peacekeeping supplies from Somalia. There's no way to stop him.

CALHOUN

(after a beat)

Unless he's dead.

MR. SMITH

(smiles)

Yes, he thought you'd come after him once you figured it out. That's why he took your family.

CALHOUN

Withdraw the protection you're giving him or I'll expose you. Name names. I'll burn you down.

(beat)

Just walk away. I'll take it from there.

MR. SMITH

(muses)

I wonder if you can. He has protection of his own. Abraham is very good, Alan. He reminds me of you... 15 years ago.

Calhoun hands him a card.

CALHOUN

Tell him to call me on this number if he wants his son back.

He gestures and Leary pulls over.

LEARY

Take a cab.

Smith gets out. Smiles paternally at Calhoun.

MR. SMITH

It's good to see you working again, Alan.

INT. DEVERELL'S MANSION - LATER

Deverell talks into the speaker-phone as Abraham files his nails.

DEVERELL

(into phone)

I got your message. I trust you got mine?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PUBLIC REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Calhoun is in an empty public restroom on the cell phone.

CALHOUN

I want my family back.

DEVERELL

And you shall have them. When you bring me my son. You have an hour to be at my house.

CALHOUN

No.

DEVERELL

What do you mean, no? I'll kill your family if you don't come.

CALHOUN

You'll kill all of us if I do. We do the exchange in a public place.

DEVERELL

Negative. There are too many variables. A passing policeman might get involved.

CALHOUN

That's the only way I'm doing it. How about the park?

DEVERELL

No.

(thinking)

What about somewhere we can meet in public, then carry out the exchange in private?

CALHOUN

Like where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVERELL

The L.A. County Museum. We meet before closing, then go to my new wing to make the exchange. It's not open yet, no one will intrude.

CALHOUN

No. It's your territory.

DEVERELL

We arrive at the same time, ten minutes before closing. You check it out before we do the exchange.

CALHOUN

(unsure)

Alright.

He hangs up. Takes a deep breath.

DEVERELL

turns to Abraham.

DEVERELL

I want my son back. Or at least unable to further compromise the operation. Then kill them all.

ABRAHAM

My pleasure.

EXT. LA COUNTY MUSEUM

Two U-Haul trucks enter the underground parking garage.

IN GARAGE

The rear shutters on truck #1 slide up and Abraham's team of six emerge. From truck #2, a company kill-team of twelve. Abraham speaks rapid-fire to the team leader.

ABRAHAM

Your team is under my command here. Follow my orders to the letter, understood?

The team leader nods grimly.

INT. MUSEUM - DEVERELL WING

We watch the teams get ready for Calhoun in the bi-level wing.

Ceiling panels are lifted and hitmen hidden in the roof.

Others move behind large paintings on the upper level. Make small holes and scan the room through fish-eye lenses.

Floorboards are lifted and hitmen slide beneath them.

As they hide themselves, it becomes apparent that Calhoun is entering a perfect trap.

INT. LA COUNTY MUSEUM - LATER

Leary walks up to the museum. Looks at his watch -- 5:50.

IN MAIN LOBBY

Leary looks around as patrons leave the museum.

A moment later, he sees Deverell and Abraham coming through the door. Deverell's three guards are with him. Tom, Dick and Harry.

DEVERELL

Where's Calhoun?

LEARY

Once I see that it's safe, he'll come.

Leary glances across the street. Abraham notes a flash of lens from a window.

DEVERELL

Be my guest.

He leads Leary in. Abraham lifts his wrist-mike.

ABRAHAM

He's in the building across the street. Tenth floor, fourth window across. Send a team, kill him and get the kid.

DEVERELL WING

Leary checks the place out. Looks clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No hint of the killers hidden throughout.

ABRAHAM

Now you've seen we're honorable
men. Call him.

Leary dials the cell-phone. Taps in a number.

LEARY

It's clear.
(hangs up)
He won't be long.

Deverell opens the door to his luxuriously furnished bi-level office.

DEVERELL

Then we shall wait in a modicum of
comfort.

(to guards)

Tie him up.

The guards tie Leary to an armchair.

LEARY

Uh, guys, isn't this going against
the spirit of our agreement?

INT. BUILDING ACROSS STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Four black-bag hitmen get out of the elevator and walk
along the empty corridor. They stop at a door.

Pull H&K submachine guns out of sports-bags.

Communicate in hand signals.

INSIDE ROOM

as a HITMAN kicks the door open. The others enter in
cover formation. Instantly scan every inch of it.

There's nothing there apart from the tripod and long-
lensed camera aiming at the museum.

HITMAN #1

(into mike)

He's not here.

INT. MUSEUM

Abraham is not pleased to hear this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

Where the hell is he then?
 (into mike)
 All teams report.

WITH VARIOUS HITMEN

In their hiding places they look through their scopes at Leary and towards the door.

HITMAN #1 (V.O.)

(soft, filtered)

Target Two acquired. Awaiting
 Target One.

POV

MOVES FROM Leary to Hitman #1 who has Leary in his sights.

REVERSE ANGLE

to reveal Calhoun hidden in a ceiling duct.

Target one is right behind them!

He made the call from the museum. He was there before they set their trap and saw them set up.

He's waiting for something. And here it is.

THROUGHOUT MUSEUM

the black-bag hitmen hear Smith's voice in their earpieces.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)

(filtered)

The operation is a wash. Pull
 back. Repeat. Abort and
 withdraw.

Suddenly hitmen appear from their hiding places, cautious, covering each other as they leave.

One of Abraham's guys watches this.

MAXWELL

(into mike)

Abraham, the kill-teams are
 leaving.

INT. DEVERELL'S OFFICE

Deverell puts down his phone.

DEVERELL
Smith's not answering.
(rattled)
He's pulling his people out.
Leaving us for Calhoun.

ABRAHAM
Relax, we don't need them.
Calhoun won't be a problem.

He produces a surgical knife spotted with blood. Looks at Leary.

ABRAHAM
This is the knife I used to kill the two families you suspected Calhoun of killing. When it's found in your dead body with his fingerprints on it and he's found shot dead by your gun, it'll look like you were right about him after all. Case closed.

LEARY
Hey, good plan. Except for that bit about the knife in my body.

WITH CALHOUN

as he drops from the roof. He's a moving shadow, absolutely silent.

He pulls an AN TAS-5 thermal acquisition scope over his eyes.

HIS POV

THERMAL IMAGES of hidden hitmen in the ceiling.

BACK TO SCENE

He lifts a super FA-MAS silenced assault rifle. French made, bullpup design for close quarters.

Aims at the three heat patterns in the roof. Right at the center of their heads.

THREE PHHTTS as he silently kills each of them with headSHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bullets go straight through the ceiling tiles and into their targets. Minimum leakage. A few spots of blood on the ceiling.

Calhoun makes his way to...

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

A hitman nervously lights a cigarette.

He takes a deep, satisfying drag on the Marlboro. Suddenly his eyes go wild and he makes a gargling noise. Cigarette smoke rushes from a hole in his throat. Then the steel blade of a commando knife emerges.

As he falls, Maxwell comes around the corner, gun in hand.

Calhoun is caught. He aims the blade at Maxwell as if he were bringing a knife to a gunfight.

Then he pushes a button on the knife's hilt.

With a LIQUID WHOOSH, the blade SHOOTs out from the Spetznaz ballistic knife and impales Maxwell's arm in the wall.

Calhoun is on him in a heartbeat.

In another, his .45 is stuck down the guy's throat.

CALHOUN

Are my family alive? Blink once
for yes, twice for no.

Maxwell stares at him defiantly.

Calhoun pulls the SILENCED .45 out. SHOOTs his right ear off. Puts the gun back in his mouth.

CALHOUN

One more time.

Maxwell quivers in pain, then blinks once.

CALHOUN

Take me to them.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - INSIDE U-HAUL

the kids are crying into their gags. The guard, KARL, plays Jerry's Gameboy and looks up angrily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARL

I'm going to fucking smack you.
You made me get killed.

CALHOUN (O.S.)

You got that right.

Karl turns to see Calhoun at the door, using Maxwell as a shield. Karl goes for his gun, anyway.

PHHT! He collapses in a heap.

Maxwell chooses this moment to knock Calhoun's gun away and get his hands to his throat. Calhoun spins him around and breaks his neck.

Then moves to his family. As gently as he can, he starts ripping off the duct tape.

CALHOUN

Hey, guys. This might hurt but
don't cry out, okay?

INT. CAB OF TRUCK - MOMENTS ALTER

Jessica is at the wheel. The kids are looking at their father with a mixture of awe and fear.

JESSICA

Come with us.

CALHOUN

I've got to finish this. I can
only do that if I know you're
safe.

This is the man he was before she met him. But somewhere in there is the man she loves. She kisses him.

JEFFREY

Then come back to me.

CALHOUN

I will. Drive safely.

JEFFREY

Are you kidding?

She punches the accelerator. Careens through the metal shutters and out into traffic.

CALHOUN

Rock and roll.

He almost looks like he's enjoying this.

INT. OFFICE

Leary watches Abraham and Deverell worry.

ABRAHAM

(into radio)

Karl? Maxwell? Anyone?

(impressed)

There's no response. He must have got there before us. He's been picking us off while we've been waiting for him.

DEVERELL

Jesus:

LEARY

(big grin)

Kind of like your birth certificate came with an expiration date, isn't it?

Deverell picks up the surgical knife.

DEVERELL

I'm going to gut you like a fish, you smartass fuck.

LEARY

I know you're only saying that because you care. Thanks.

Something catches Leary's eye. There's a tiny red birthmark on Tom's forehead. It moves to Dick. Then to Harry.

Suddenly Leary understands. It's Calhoun's laser sight. He's going to take out the guards with drawn weapons first.

ABRAHAM

Don't kill him yet. We can use him as a hostage.

LEARY

Mmm, I don't really think I'm hostage material. I'd rather kick your ass, to be honest.

(beat)

Do it. Now.

The men looked puzzled. They don't know who he's talking to.

But Calhoun does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom blinks. There's a red dot on his pupil. Like in a flash photograph. Then his eye starts to bleed. And he falls dead.

As she falls, PHHT, Dick gets a third eye.

Leary jerks his chair back. Slams onto the floor, breaking one of the chair legs.

Leary grabs the splintered leg. Spins and impales the jagged point in Harry's groin.

Harry makes the most horrific sound in the world. His GUN tumbles from his fingers. Leary snatches it from the air and BLASTS him to a merciful death.

As he clammers to his feet, something blurs in the corner of his eye. Deverell thunders into him. His gun goes flying.

ABRAHAM

is unbelievably fast. He drops and spins. A GUN is magically in his hand. He turns and BLASTS up the stairs. Where...

CALHOUN

tracks Abraham with the FA-MAS as he dives across the room. Lands behind guard #2's body and sidles under it. The corpse twitches as Calhoun hits it. CLICK. His clip runs dry.

Abraham spins from behind the body. Unleashes a BARRAGE of FIRE at Calhoun, who is exposed on the stairs. Bullets pock the walls behind him. With no time for thought, Calhoun leaps into the air.

Abraham's eyes follow him down. The GUN BARKS in his hand.

BAM. BAM. BAM.

Calhoun jerks backwards in mid-air. As he's hit in the chest three times.

He lands feet first on Abraham.

Knocks them both through the glass doors of the office into the museum.

Calhoun comes to his feet in a martial stance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Delicate and lethal. Shards of bloody glass in his arms. Shirt ripped to expose the Kevlar vest that took the slugs in front and most of the glass in back.

Abraham is in a similar stance. He's young and hard. Calhoun looks old beside him. Their eyes lock, deadly peers discovering an equal.

Abraham floats his balance from leg to leg. Calhoun's hooded, intense eyes never blink.

ABRAHAM

Tell you the truth, this is better. Taking you out man to man. No more games.

CALHOUN

I thought there was something familiar about you. You're one of Dayton's psychos aren't you?

ABRAHAM

He was like a father to me.

CALHOUN

Your father was a prick.

ABRAHAM

Trying to get me angry, Calhoun? Want me to make a false move?

(beat)

I remember killing your wife. She died badly, you know. Begging and weeping for someone to save her. But you weren't there.

CALHOUN

You talk the talk, do you walk the walk?

They circle. Each trying to provoke the other into a false move, provide an opening.

A piece of GLASS CRACKS underfoot as Calhoun steps on it. His eyes drop for an instant.

And Abraham's foot appears from nowhere.

The blow splits his eyebrow. Blood pumps over his face.

Calhoun falters, stumbles, leaving himself exposed. Abraham moves in for the kill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

I should have tied one hand behind
my back.

He leaps and arcs his leg to crush the base of Calhoun's
skull.

But Calhoun's been faking.

He spins like an ice-skater and sweeps Abraham's
balancing leg at the knee. Abraham flails to the ground.
Springs to his feet instantly, hurt and stunned.

CALHOUN

Still want to try it with one
hand?

Abraham doesn't answer. He's going to have to be careful
here.

INT. OFFICE

Deverell swings the surgical knife at Leary.

Leary just avoids it.

DEVERELL

You think I'd be easy, fuckhead?
I was in Special Forces.

LEARY

Wow, cool. I'm so fucking
impressed I could shit.

Deverell swings viciously. Leary steps inside it and
slams Deverell's hand off a sculpture. The knife flies.
Leary's face slams back as Deverell punches him. Leary
punches back.

And we've got a title fight going here.

WITH CALHOUN AND ABRAHAM

The battle continues. Each man is a blur.

Abraham is breathing hard. He knows he's underestimated
Calhoun. He's brought along a little something just for
occasions like this. He slips his hand up his sleeve,
rips tape off his inner arm and we glimpse steel.

Suddenly, Abraham's seven inch stiletto blade slashes
Calhoun's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A cloud of blood erupts as he dances away.

Calhoun's good hand slips to his waistband. Whips his belt off.

Abraham slices for his throat. Calhoun flicks the BELT. It CRACKS like a whip as the buckle deflects the swooping blade and sparks fly. Abraham dives and darts but Calhoun's makeshift weapon moves like it's alive.

As Abraham circles, his foot nudges a large steel piton used to hold up paintings. He kicks out, flicking it at Calhoun.

Calhoun tries to dodge but his wounded ankle gives out. The piton hits him square in the face and sends him sprawling. Before he can recover, Abraham hovers over him like a demon.

ABRAHAM

Say hi to your wife for me!

He stabs the knife down, right into Calhoun's face. Calhoun does the only thing he can.

He puts his hand in front of his face and the knife plunges right through it. About three inches of steel comes out of Calhoun's palm.

He bellows. And loops the belt around Abraham's neck. Twists around and pulls Abraham's head backwards over his shoulder.

Then Calhoun stands. There's a sick sounding CRACK as Abraham's SPINE BREAKS.

Calhoun lets go and he collapses into the curious position of those without vertebrae.

Calhoun pulls the stiletto out of his head. Abraham stares up at him with glassy eyes as his lungs fill with liquid.

ABRAHAM

(choking)

Finish me. Make it quick.

Calhoun looks at the man who killed his family, then:

CALHOUN

No.

He walks away.

INT. OFFICE

Leary slams Deverell with an uppercut that sends him flying back along the floor.

He lands beside one of his men's bodies.

Grabs a gun from it.

Leary dives to the side as Deverell opens up on him.

Pulls another body over him for cover.

Deverell walks over, ready to kill him.

Then the WINDOW ATOMIZES behind him.

Calhoun SMASHES through it. Unarmed. Broken and bleeding. Looking like he shouldn't even be able to walk erect.

Deverell swings the gun onto him instead. He's dead.

Leary grabs the surgical KNIFE he knocked out of Deverell's hand.

Flicks it through the air.

SHHT! It EMBEDS itself in Deverell's throat. The gun drops as he slides down the wall, dead.

CALHOUN

Go to hell.

He staggers over to Leary.

CALHOUN

You okay?

LEARY

Better than you.

(beat)

Thanks. I mean you came in here with nothing.

CALHOUN

(waves it off)

Fuck it. I was hoping he'd kill me so I could get some rest.

Calhoun sits on a bench in front of a modern painting. Leary sits beside him. They look like they've been to hell and back. Leary checks out the painting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEARY

This modern art is weird. That looks like it's got blood all over it.

Calhoun peers at it closely.

CALHOUN

It does have blood all over it.

LEARY

Do you suppose that changes the artist's intention?

CALHOUN

Who knows? I think it looks better with the blood though.

EXT. OCEAN - WEEKS LATER

A recovered Calhoun and Jessica slice through the Pacific as Leary powers a new yacht out to sea. Jerry and Becky laugh as seaspray showers them.

Leary looks over at Calhoun. Indicates the sea. The beauty around them. It's as if everything had never happened.

Calhoun nods. Takes it all in. Looks at his family. Smiles.

THE END