

THE SECRET IN THEIR EYES

(from the film "El Secreto De Sus Ojos"
written by Eduardo Sacheri and Juan Jose Campanella)

Billy Ray

FADE IN:

...on a flickering, dreamy memory. Beautiful and elusive:

EXT. UNNAMED PARK - NIGHT - (2000)

A clearing. It's nighttime. There are FLAMES in the distance - lovely, might be a small BONFIRE - seen through a fluttering shutter. Heightened and ancient.

(NOTE: all scenes from the past will be italicized.)

We catch hints, shadows, but not faces: a MAN hands something to a WOMAN - she's wearing an engagement ring - then he walks away. She freezes, framed by that beautiful bonfire.

He gets in a car. She starts toward him - but his back is turned. She moves faster, more urgently, but too late. He's gone. She stops. Flames dance behind her. We CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S APT. - NIGHT (PRESENT)

RAY KASTEN sits at a kitchen table in a dark apartment, weary but resolved, staring at a computer screen. He's 45 - but loss and grief have added some gray to his hair.

On his monitor: MUG-SHOTS of PRISON INMATES - white males, 20 per page. He scans the faces, looking for someone... but doesn't see him. A MOUSE-CLICK, and 20 more faces pop up, as:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL G-3 - DAY (2000)

IMAGES assault us, from a very bad day twelve years ago:

A garage, three stories underground. A beautiful woman - call her CAROLYN - thrown against a van, hard, then pushed down to the ground. She's pleading, begging.

Flourescent lights overhead, popping in and out of her view as an ASSAILANT mounts her. The unzipping of pants - the hiking up of her skirt, her blouse torn. She pleads again.

He slugs her in the jaw; she whimpers, shuts her eyes tight. Even with this beast violating her, she is a beauty. But he's inside her now. Carolyn gasps, crying, Please God--

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray shudders for a moment, as if reliving it. Then he scans another page of convicts, searching for The One...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CAROLYN'S APT. - MORNING (2000)

Carolyn on a happier morning, in a bathrobe, laughing.

She's at a breakfast table with someone she loves. Joy in her face. This is who she was supposed to be, forever. A beauty.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray, staying on point. Eyeing another 20 faces...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL G-3 - RESUMING (2000)

Carolyn, her mouth bloodied, scratching at her attacker. His hands go around her throat...

INTERCUT WITH/INSERTS - A COMPUTER SCREEN (2000)

TIGHT INSERTS of an e-mail, on a screen. Words pop up at us: "SSSSHHH!" and "Surprise party???" and "meet me."

INT. RAY'S APT. - NIGHT - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray stares at 20 more faces on the next screen. He does this every single night. A self-imposed penance.

INT. CAROLYN'S APT. - MORNING - RESUMING (2000)

Carolyn in love. A kiss. A held hand. God she's lovely...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL G-3 - RESUMING (2000)

Her attacker climbs off of her, pushes her body aside. It is dead weight now. Her legs, her arms, nothing moving.

More IMAGES - in a blur: the lid of a DUMPSTER thrown open. A FUNNEL and two huge jugs of BLEACH, pulled from a van...

INT. RAY'S APT. - NIGHT - RESUMING (PRESENT)

CLICK - next page of faces. Ray studying them, doggedly.

Then, suddenly, his eyes go wide. Good God... He's sitting here, alone, for the millionth time. In the dead of night.

...but his search just ended. We CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - CITY HALL - DAY (PRESENT)

San Francisco - everybody's favorite city - on a cloudless day, its CITY HALL rising like a granite fortress of justice. Ray climbs marble steps, past a statue of Lincoln...

INT. CITY HALL - LOBBY - (PRESENT)

A magnificent atrium of limestone and marble. Ray used to work here, a lifetime ago; not all the memories are good ones. He passes through a metal detector, when:

NAN (O.S.)

Is that you, Angel?!

Meet NAN (50, African-American, 250 lbs., with painted eyebrows and gold hair, has been a secretary here forever).

RAY

It's me.

NAN

What wind blew you back this way?

RAY

Just couldn't get over you, Baby.

NAN

(laughs fondly)

See? You left your heart in San Francisco! Like everybody!

Ray smiles, ducks into an elevator.

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY (PRESENT)

Ray drifts down a memory-laden hallway. CARDBOARD BOXES line the floor - like they used to - (too much casework and nowhere to put it.) He smiles nostalgically.

On the walls are framed NEWSPAPER HEADLINES and EVIDENCE BOARDS from this office's most famous (and successful) trials. All the big wins, celebrated:

He lingers on one - the conviction of the "Sotell-20. Biggest gang prosecution in city history." Then he turns a corner.

On this wall, annual staff photos - from '97, '98, '99. Ray walks past the old photos without looking at them.

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - D.A.'S OUTER-OFFICE - CONTINUING

A separate suite, with its own lobby and security: the "Office of the District Attorney - San Francisco County."

Ray approaches a receptionist, JILL.

RAY

Ray Kasten. She's expecting me.

JILL

Go right ahead.

He drifts past. Sitting outside an open door are two D.A.I's (District Attorney's Investigators.) Ray knows them well:

JOE MUELLER, 50, a grinder. And RUSSELL SIEFERT, 44, stocky, tightly-wound, acidic. Siefert has hated Ray forever:

SIEFERT

Don't tell me. The scoreboard's missing and the trail led all the way to Polk Street!

Mueller laughs. Ray doesn't.

RAY

Wow. Twelve years, two promotions,
and still a gigantic asshole.

SIEFERT

Three promotions. Don't they have
newspapers in San Diego?

RAY

Yeah. For news.

Siefert just shrugs, "go ahead." (NOTE: D.A.I.'s comprise the
investigative arm of the D.A.'s Office. They also provide a
SECURITY DETAIL for the D.A.) Ray brushes past Siefert, to:

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUING

The D.A.'s office. A place of distinction and power. There's
a grand desk. Awards on the bookshelves. Testimonials.

And a beautiful WOMAN at the window - her back turned to us.

Ray pauses, as a flood of memories hit - joy, sorrow, loss -
and all of it here, in this one woman. He regroups, then:

RAY

Well there you have it. A dollar
waitin' on a dime.

Then CLAIRE SLOAN turns, and breathes out a tight smile.

She's strong, whip-smart, effortlessly pretty, a success;
(this office is hers.) But she suddenly feels shaky, because
this moment is as loaded for her as it is for him. Electric.

CLAIRE

It's good to see you.

That was measured. Ray looks to the door.

RAY

(kidding, re: Siefert)
There wasn't anyone else available?

CLAIRE

With *his* charm?

They share a knowing grin. Ray looks around - more CARDBOARD
BOXES everywhere. Just too much work...

RAY

Filing system hasn't changed much.

CLAIRE

The wheels of justice turn slowly,
but they do turn.

RAY

And look at you. Up on the fifth
Floor.

A shared past, alive in this room. We CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - "BULLPEN" - DAY (2000)

Same building, different floor, twelve years ago.

The "Bullpen" is a sprawl of CUBICLES occupied by twenty D.A.I.'s, (all of them former cops, all of them armed.) Lots of loose files, too many cases to work. But it all gets done.

Ringling the bullpen are window-offices, populated by the lawyers these D.A.I.'s serve - the S. F. County PROSECUTORS.

A phone rings. It's grabbed by a 50 year-old D.A.I. named BUMPY WILLIS. Bumpy hates answering phones:

BUMPY (INTO PHONE)

Erectile Dysfunction Hotline. How may
I direct your call?

(a beat)

Not at all. Have a nice day.

He hangs up, we drift to the next cubicle...

...where we find the Ray of twelve years ago. No gray in his hair, plenty of light in his eyes, laughing.

RAY

Attaboy, Bumpy. Give 'em hell.

Bumpy shrugs - back to work - but:

SIEFERT

You really are a moron, ya know that?
What if that was Brady calling?

That's Siefert, also twelve years younger. Just as caustic.

COBB

Siefert, you keep throwing that word
around, but I'm not sure you really
know what it means.

Meet MITCHELL COBB, Ray's partner. 30, a guy's guy, with no patience for assholes. (Ray loves that about him.)

COBB (CONT'D)

It's a medical term - did ya know
that?

SIEFERT

That right?

COBB

Yep. From the invention of the IQ scale. Moron was the name they came up with for someone with an IQ between 50 and 69. Imbecile is someone with an IQ between 49 and 20. Idiot, which I think is the word you were looking for, is someone who scores below a nineteen.

SIEFERT

Whaddaya call somebody who's lower than that?

COBB

Desk Sergeant.

The guys laugh. Cobb's popular in here. Siefert isn't. Then:

BRADY (O.S.)

Listen up, Boys. We have landed a star!

That's GARSON BRADY, everyone's boss, the D.A. (circa 2000.) Bombastic, a show-horse, but entertaining. The D.A.I.'s turn.

...as Brady leads Claire into the bullpen.

This is who she was twelve years ago - her first moment in this office, first time Ray ever laid eyes on her.

And he's struck, that fast. Something about her...

BRADY (CONT'D)

Fellas, meet Claire Sloan, recently stolen from the Minneapolis D.A.'s Office, by way of Harvard Law. Our new Second Chair of Major Crimes.

That raises some eyebrows. Claire must be a big deal.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Claire, say hello to the finest team of prosecutorial investigators in the country. My D.A.I.'s.

CLAIRE

Hello.

Even on her first day you can see it: a certain steeliness, a driven quality. Ray stares, until - oops - he just spotted the ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger. Pretty sizzly.

BRADY

You now have forty two investigators at your disposal - but if you wanna make your cases, find one of these guys. They're my best.

CLAIRE

Good to know.

BRADY

Okay. Get yourself settled in. You need anything just head for that elevator and press five. I am here to help.

CLAIRE

Thanks, Garson.

BRADY

Take care of this one, Fellas. She'll make us all famous one day.

He goes. On Ray's face, we RETURN TO:

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray and Claire, today. Both of them remembering.

He notes a PHOTO deep on a shelf, taken at an office function twelve years ago. *There's Claire, Cobb, Bumpy...*

RAY

Madame D.A. My goodness.

CLAIRE

It's lawyering, like I always did. Just more of it, that's all. Sit?

He leaves the photo, sits. Claire moves behind her desk.

RAY

And from here, where? A.G.? Governor?

CLAIRE

No, no more campaigns for a while. I'm here. I'm happy.

RAY

Oh shit, you're thinking White House already - aren't you?

CLAIRE

I *wanted* to be Head of Security for the San Diego Padres, but the position was already filled.

Ray shrugs, grins. He always liked sparring with her.

RAY

I didn't see your husband in any of the coverage. Is that...?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Quite a while ago.

RAY
I'm sorry. Any kids?

CLAIRE
No. There never was the right time.
How about you?

RAY
Same. Mind if I close the door?

She does. But he rises, heads for the door - just as:

...Mitch Cobb enters. Suit and tie.

COBB
Oh. Ray. Jesus.

Cobb's twelve years older too, but he looks *thirty* years older. Thinning hair, sallow skin, milky eyes. Ray's taken aback, but he reins it in.

RAY
Mitch. How are you?

COBB
I'm good, I'm good. You?

RAY
Fine. You made Bureau Chief.

COBB
Mmm-hmm.

RAY
I'm sitting with royalty here.

COBB
Hardly.

RAY
Still living in Marin?

COBB
Yeah. It's quiet out there. I like the quiet.

An awkward stillness hangs. Cobb can't take it.

COBB (CONT'D)
Well, I'll let you two get--

RAY
No. Stay. This is about you.

Uh-oh. Cobb and Claire eye one another, wary... Here's why:

RAY (CONT'D)
I found him, Mitch.

That was a BOMB. Cobb reacts, breathless. Claire too.

RAY (CONT'D)
I found Morenz.

Morenz. The name itself is toxic. We PUSH IN on Cobb, as:

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY (2000)

Ray, in his cubicle, types a report. Cobb behind him. A TV can be heard/seen over their shoulders - LOCAL NEWS:

"...The bodies of two young black males were found this morning in Bayview, providing more grim evidence of the raging GANG WARS plaguing the city's southside..."

Mueller changes the channel, and suddenly we're watching SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS: "Barry Bonds' dream season continued yesterday, as he hit two more home runs in a 6-2 win..."

Mueller smiles. The phone rings. We hear Bumpy answer it:

BUMPY (INTO PHONE)
Sperm Bank. Donations or withdrawals?
(a beat)
Not at all. Have a nice day.

He hangs up. Ray chuckles. All is well. Then:

SIEFERT (O.S.)
It's official. I'm a legend.

Siefert enters, tromping toward his desk...

SIEFERT (CONT'D)
Adios, Sotell-Twenty! CONVICTED, all of them, ten minutes ago - courtesy of testimony from my snitch. Thing of beauty.

COBB
Nice work.

SIEFERT
(imitating Brady)
You fellas need anything from now on just head for that elevator and press five. I'm here to help.

Cobb laughs that off - then notices something:

Ray, gazing into Claire's office, (it's right outside his cubicle), watching her talk on the phone. He's not even aware he's doing it. Cobb smiles.

COBB
Psst.

Ray snaps out of it, chagrinned. Gets back to work.

COBB (CONT'D)

Ya know, you could just ask her to dinner.

RAY

Uh-huh. Valley College, meet Harvard Law.

(Cobb chuckles)

Gotta punch your weight, Mitch. She also happens to be engaged.

But at just that moment, Claire looks up from her desk... and her eyes catch Ray's... And she smiles - warm and genuine.

Uh-oh. Ray just became a ninth grader again. Frozen. Cobb starts to chuckle, his affection for Ray obvious:

COBB

Christ. An unrequited office-romance. The cliché of it doesn't bother you?

RAY

Shut up.

COBB

The brainy beauty and the cop from the wrong side of town. So sad.

RAY

Don't be a dick.

Cobb laughs. Ray gets back to work, flushed... until:

NAN (O.S.)

Somebody answer a phone up in here claiming to be a sperm bank or something?

Nan, twelve years ago. She looks exactly the same.

Bumpy looks away. None of the D.A.I.'s comment.

NAN (CONT'D)

Well y'all got a call from P.D. They caught a body and they want somebody down there.

RAY

Already? What's the hurry?

NAN

Some evidence collection issues. The body has bleach on it or something.

SIEFERT

You in a nutshell, Slick.

RAY

I'm full up, Siefert. You take it.

SIEFERT

First off, I'm not a DNA guy like you are. Second off, I just worked the biggest gang case we ever made, so blow me.

Ray sighs, looks to Cobb.

RAY

Let's go.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL G-3 - DAY (2000)

Ray and Cobb report to a garage that we've seen already. Three levels down. Fluorescent lighting. Carolyn died here. But right now, it's just another crime scene.

A DUMPSTER down here is being photographed and yellow-taped. Beside it is a cop named FIERRO, who spots Ray and Cobb:

FIERRO

*Whoa. D.A.I.'s at a crime scene?
What's wrong, guys - things a little slow today? No subpoenas to serve?*

RAY

Ya know, you really are an idiot, Fierro. Medically.

A few cops laugh. An Officer named DIETZ pipes up:

DIETZ

No purse, no i.d., no clothing. Body appears to've been bleached - inside and out. We're running plates on every car in the lot.

Ray snaps on some latex gloves as he approaches the dumpster.

DIETZ (CONT'D)

You look happy.

RAY

Like a dog with two tails. I love getting to crime scenes too late to keep them pristine. Step aside.

Cobb hangs back, grabs a COP's clipboard, starts reading.

COBB

Take some notes, Fellas. This is Evidence collection - so one day our office might get to prosecute a case without having to apologize to a jury for your sloppy asses.

Ray reaches the dumpster. The smell is trash and bleach.

DIETZ

Janitor reports seeing a young Latino
leaving the scene 'bout ten-thirty.
Guy was carrying his belongings,
looked to be homeless.

RAY

Leaving the scene running? Or leaving
the scene walking?

DIETZ

Didn't say.

RAY

Okay. Let's take a look.

Dietz steps aside. Ray peers into the dumpster...

And all the blood drains from his face. Utter shock. Dread.

Carolyn's naked body lies at an odd angle - her skin raw and red from BLEACH, which pools beneath her - her face turned up at us. Angelic, even now.

Ray's seen dead bodies before, but he's suddenly breathless - sick, his head swimming. We're not sure why. Neither is Dietz. Ray backs away, speechless.

Ten feet from here, Cobb is joking with the cops. Ray still hasn't blinked, or breathed - stumbling over, as:

COBB

Let's go over this again - so I know
you got it: Mangling evidence makes a
prosecution easier? Or harder?

The cops laugh. They like him. Ray touches his sleeve.

RAY

Mitch.

COBB

--I can put it in the form of a true
or false question if that'd help...

More laughter - but:

RAY

Mitch.

Cobb turns... and finally notices the devastation in his partner's expression. Then Ray speaks, barely audible:

RAY (CONT'D)

It's...

(can't say it)

It's Carolyn.

Cobb pauses. Maybe he heard that wrong. He must've.

But Ray nods, mouths it again - Carolyn - and Cobb just freezes, his wires short-circuiting. Wait. What?...

He runs toward the dumpster. Ray tries to grab him - Cobb shakes his arm free. Cobb gets to the dumpster, looks down.

...and nearly collapses from what he sees.

...because that thing at the bottom of the dumpster, the naked body, doused in bleach... she's his wife. We SMASH TO:

INT. CAROLYN'S APT. - MORNING (2000)

Carolyn, on that happier morning, sharing breakfast with someone she loves - laughing.

Across the table from her is her husband. Cobb. Desperately in love with her. Luckiest guy in the world... until:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL G-3 - RESUMING (2000)

Cobb just stares, utter disbelief. She's dead. Murdered.

A guttural, animal roar comes up out of him. Ray and the cops pull him away from the dumpster - as we CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - STAIRWELL - DAY (2000)

Cobb sits on a step - the crime scene visible fifty feet from here. Ray and Bumpy with him.

This is not grief. It's agony. And Cobb is lost, a thousand-mile stare. Bumpy jots down the few words Cobb can utter.

COBB

I... She didn't tell me where she was going this morning. She always told me about her morning at lunch.

BUMPY

Did this building have any significance to her? She have any business here?

COBB

I don't know. Where are we?

RAY

There's a DCS Office on ten. Could she've been going there?

(at Bumpy)

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

She did a lot of work with abandoned kids. Mitch, she say anything about that? Maybe a meeting here?

Cobb is just too wrecked to answer.

RAY (CONT'D)

She would've driven here, right? Her car's not in the building.

(at Bumpy)

White Miata. I'll get you the tags.

COBB

It's so weird, Ray. I know all these questions. I've asked 'em a hundred times. But every one of 'em feels like a surprise. Why is that?

Ray can't reply. His best friend, shattered. We RETURN TO:

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Today. Cobb's face is tight, rageful:

COBB

Where is he?

RAY

On parole - just did a dime at Dominguez for Armed Robbery, under the name Clay Beckwith.

Then Ray places a photo before them:

A convict, in an orange jumpsuit. His name, "CLAY BECKWITH": 32, his face surprisingly handsome, chiseled.

Cobb has to brace himself before he can even look at it - the wound is so deep. Then he does. And he shudders. Claire too.

...as Ray places ANOTHER PHOTO beside the one of "Beckwith".

This is a shot of a guy named CALVIN "PAC-MAN" MORENZ, taken 12 years ago - when Morenz was 20.

They're the same guy. Maybe. Some features are different. The nose, the jawline. But some features look identical. And Claire is rocked. Cobb can barely breathe...

CLAIRE

How did you... find him?

RAY

Inmate photos. On line.

(a beat)

696,000 caucasian males in the U.S. prison system. You can cycle through that entire population in a year if

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
 you look at nineteen-hundred and six
 faces every night. So I did that.

COBB
 For a year?

RAY
 For twelve years. Started the day I
 left here.

Claire and Cobb react - then Claire eyes the photos again.
 Those faces... they have to be the same guy... don't they?

CLAIRE
 The nose is different. And the chin.

RAY
 Musta had some surgery - makes sense
 given what he did. But the ages synch
 up. The guy's thirty-two; Morenz was
 twenty when we lost him.

Claire takes that in. She's almost afraid to ask:

CLAIRE
 What do you... What do you want?

RAY
 Re-open it.

Cobb tightens. Claire eyes him. So does Ray...

RAY (CONT'D)
 I'm private sector now. I can't
 contact the guy's P.O. But we should
 be on him.

CLAIRE
 Mitch?

Cobb pauses. It's an effort just to stay upright.

COBB
 I always figured if I ever found him
 it'd just be me and him in alley
 somewhere. This is...
 (ashamed)
 I think I'm a little afraid of having
 to watch him walk away again.

RAY
 That was Brady; it's *Claire's* shop
 now. We find this guy and we work it
 and it's over. Nobody's gonna torch
 it this time.

CLAIRE

Right. Easy. Except we never had an actual case against him.

RAY

Maybe he confesses.

CLAIRE

Would you?

Claire turns to Cobb. It's his tragedy, his call...

COBB

Might be a way to... do this less *officially*. Maybe I call the P.O. and-

CLAIRE

No. No. If we did this you couldn't be involved at *all*. You know that.

That was harsh, and she regrets it. Cobb nods, chastened.

...as a SECRETARY, ANN, leans in, points at her watch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know. Thank you.

Ann backs out. Cobb heads for the door.

COBB

Should I tell 'em you'll be late?

CLAIRE

Few minutes. I'll be there.

COBB

Okay. I'll see ya, Ray.

RAY

'Bye, Mitch.

Cobb goes, starts to close the door behind him.

CLAIRE

Leave it open.

The door stays open - but Ray and Claire are alone now.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This is how you walk back in? No balloons? No flowers?

RAY

I know. But just look.

He nudges the photos toward her again. Almost identical...

CLAIRE

We've had about *twenty* Morenz sightings since you left here. All of them false alarms. Mitch dies a little bit each time.

RAY

Claire. Look.

Again, he gestures to the photos. They are compelling.

RAY (CONT'D)

I know it's not what you want to be doing your first month on the job. And I know what you gave up to get here--

CLAIRE

That has nothing to do with--

RAY

I have two weeks, then I have to fly back...

(this is difficult...)

My life didn't turn out like I thought it would. And everything, absolutely everything, leads back to this. To her, this case. I'm asking you, Claire. Please let me do this.

That lands on Claire - and it is brutal. She's torn.

CLAIRE

I have to go. Can I call you later?

He nods, moves to the door - takes a last look around - then:

RAY

You always did belong here.

CLAIRE

You too.

He breathes out a smile, then he's gone...

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S OUTER-OFFICE - SAME (PRESENT)

Ray drifts out. Siefert pounces, instantly:

SIEFERT

Kasten, call your office! It's urgent! Somebody stole second base!

Other guys laugh. Ray lets it go, walks away.

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Claire, troubled, looks onto Polk Street below - Ray emerging from the building into a grand, tree-lined square.

EXT. CITY HALL - STEPS/POLK STREET - SAME

An instinct tells Ray to turn, and look up to her window.

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - RESUMING

Claire turns away. Through her window, we catch a glimpse of Alcatraz in the distance, rising up from the Bay...

INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Cobb sits, silent, in an empty room. An agony just got revisited. He shuts his eyes...

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT)

Claire walks down a corridor, with her SECURITY DETAIL in tow. Everyone notes her, the newly-elected boss. She enters:

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUING

COPS at a desk monitor 16 COMPUTER SCREENS - live feeds from CHP, FBI, local P.D.'s...

DESK COP

Madame District Attorney...

Claire smiles, passes through, then steps into:

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - VAULT - CONTINUING

The "Vault" is a file archive. Aisles of cardboard boxes.

Claire knows this room; it's where cases go to die. She finds the right aisle, the right shelf, pushes some dusty boxes aside, digging, then finds it. A BOX MARKED "COBB, CAROLYN."

She pulls it out, sighs. A sad chapter re-opening...

INT. CAROLYN'S HOME - RICHMOND - DAY (2000)

Cobb, still stunned, one week after his wife's death. He's packing up this house - surrounded by BOXES, rolls of tape.

Ray sits opposite him - looking through Carolyn's DATE BOOK. (He also has her phone book at hand, and her lap-top.)

RAY

Where'll you go?

COBB
 Somewhere quiet, outside the city.
 (Ray nods)
 Just not here. She's in the walls.

Cobb spots an open box. Inside, PICTURES of her. He can't stop himself from pulling a few out. Ray keeps working...

Cobb sighs, tosses the first picture on to the coffee table. It slides into Ray's view... And there she is. Carolyn. We:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CITY HALL - LARGE CONF. ROOM - DAY (2000)

A STAFF MEETING - 100 people - run by Brady. 20 D.A.I.'s are here, (Ray, Bumpy, Siefert - but not Cobb.) Claire is among the dozens of prosecutors present.

BRADY
 And Carolyn Cobb. Where are we?

RAY
 We're nowhere at this point.

BRADY
 Co-operation from PD?

RAY
 Everybody's talking to everybody. We just don't have anything yet.

BRADY
 And who's talking to Mitch?

RAY
 I am.

BRADY
 Are we sure that's a smart thing to do, procedurally?

RAY
 Whaddaya mean?

BRADY
 I mean doesn't it complicate things?

RAY
 In what way?

Some discomfort in here - as if everyone else seems to know something Ray doesn't. He looks around. Claire does too.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Gar?

Before Brady can answer, we RETURN TO:

INT. CAROLYN'S HOME - RICHMOND - RESUMING (2000)

Ray stares at her image. God, she was beautiful. And kind.

RAY
You married up.

COBB
I know. Thing was, she didn't know.

Cobb looks through a few more pictures, spots another one.

COBB (CONT'D)
My God - that's the day I met her.

A photo of Cobb, in an SFPD UNIFORM, standing with a CLASS OF THIRD GRADERS. Carolyn's their teacher.

COBB (CONT'D)
My L-T asks me to do a show-and-tell for his niece's third grade class. So I show up, and there's this teacher, tying a kid's shoe. Smiling. For a second I forgot where I was. I forgot everything. She was like that.
(Ray nods, smiles...)
In a thousand years, this girl never woulda picked me. But she did.

RAY
Yes she did.

Ray keeps poring through Carolyn's datebook. Cobb eyes him...

COBB
You don't have anything yet. Do you.

RAY
We will.

COBB
Ray. Looking through datebooks and phone books - that's the kind of thing you do when you don't know what to do. How cold is it?

RAY
We'll find the guy, Mitch. I promise.

COBB
I want you to find her car.

RAY
We're trying. Why?

COBB
'Cause it's hers.

Ray doesn't know what to say. His best friend, lost...

COBB (CONT'D)

It all just feels... impossible.
Doesn't it? That she isn't here?

INT. CITY HALL - LARGE CONF. ROOM - RESUMING (2000)

BACK TO that staff meeting. An uneasiness hanging...

BRADY

Listen, Ray - I'm not looking to make things worse. But the fact is, until we know what happened in that garage, Mitch himself is also a person of interest in this.

That landed with a thud. Ray can barely believe it.

BRADY (CONT'D)

He doesn't have a clean timeline for that morning. That is, an unimpeachable one.

RAY

No. But he's got us.

The room goes SILENT - Claire watching Ray - they all are.

RAY (CONT'D)

We deal with what's possible in here. Mitch hurting his wife - that's not possible. Every one of us knows it.

No one argues. We STAY WITH CLAIRE - watching...

RAY (CONT'D)

And you oughtta be ashamed of yourself for suggesting otherwise. Carolyn was his life.

BRADY

It's incumbent on us to consider every possible--

RAY

Look in his eyes, Gar - then tell me if it's possible or not. And while you're at it, go fuck yourself.

With that, Ray rises and goes. Nobody else even breathes.

We stay with Claire; she knows who he is now. And she just began to fall in love with him, despite herself. RETURN TO:

INT. CAROLYN'S HOME - RICHMOND - RESUMING (2000)

Ray, determined now, boots up Carolyn's LAP-TOP.

...as Cobb discards more photos, each one sliding across that coffee table, most of them upside down or sideways. Carolyn - magnificent, alive. Ray opens a file on her lap-top.

...until he stops. Just saw something - one of the photos Cobb has discarded, sliding into the corner of Ray's POV:

It's a group-shot, from an OFFICE-PICNIC, staffers from the D.A.'s Office at a park. Maybe fifteen people in this shot, Carolyn and Cobb among them. But someone else, too.

RAY

Is this from this year?

COBB

(looks at the photo)

Yeah. Last month.

Ray now eyes a second group-shot from the same event, taken just seconds later. Same people. Carolyn, Cobb, Ray as well. He compares the photos... until we notice it too:

In each of the photos, everyone's looking at the camera... except for ONE GUY - who is looking at Carolyn.

(The guy, familiar to us now, is Calvin "Pac-Man" Morenz. But at this point, Ray's never seen him before.)

RAY

Who is this?

COBB

I don't know.

RAY

Ever see him before that day?

COBB

I don't remember seeing him on that day.

RAY

She never mentioned him to you?

COBB

No.

Ray looks the photos over again - Morenz, staring at Carolyn, as if oblivious to the camera. It's unsettling...

RAY

What was he doing there? He's not with the Office, is he?

(Cobb shrugs, lost)

Can I take this?

Cobb nods. We END INTERCUT... and CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - COBB'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Cobb, now, in his 5th-floor office, sits opposite Ray - each nursing a Scotch. No one else around.

COBB

I lost her voice, couple months after she was gone. That was the worst day, when I realized I couldn't hear her in my head anymore. It was like forgetting her.

RAY

You didn't. She's right there.

Cobb, a picture of Carolyn on the credenza behind him, moves to a SAFE. He enters the combination - pulls out a file.

COBB

This is everything, twelve years of dead-ends. I interviewed all the Sotell guys, in and out of prison; they wanted him as bad as I did. But he was just... gone.

(shakes his head)

I guess we were all looking in the wrong places.

He studies the mug-shots of *Morenz and Beckwith*.

RAY

Mitch, it isn't gonna be like last time. We find this guy, he goes down.

COBB

Shouldn't promise that; it makes you sound crazy.

RAY

Then I'm crazy.

There's a FOOTBALL on the shelf. Ray tosses it to Cobb:

RAY (CONT'D)

Catch.

Cobb catches it. An odd moment. They eye one another...

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY (2000)

We're TIGHT on that group photo from the OFFICE PICNIC. Morenz, looking at Carolyn -- the photo carried by Ray as he passes through the bullpen. He shows it to Bumpy.

RAY

Ever seen this guy?

BUMPY

No. Why?

RAY

Carolyn. He's a person of interest.

Bumpy shrugs. Ray shows the picture to Mueller.

RAY (CONT'D)

You?

MUELLER

No.

RAY

Siefert.

...Siefert, drifting by. Ray shows him the picture.

RAY (CONT'D)

This guy look familiar?

SIEFERT

Nope.

RAY

Guy shows up at an office picnic,
'cept nobody in the office has ever
seen him before.

Siefert shrugs, moves on...

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY (2000)

At this point, this grand office belongs to Garson Brady.
Everything about it seems overstuffed.

On a TV, local news covers the DOT-COM BUBBLE. Brady studies
the picnic photo, looks up at Ray. Tense formality.

BRADY

Don't know him. Who is he?

RAY

I'm trying to find that out, Sir.

We move outside the door of this office to:

INT. 5TH FLOOR - D.A.'S OUTER OFFICE - SAME (2000)

Something swings, rapidly, right in front of us.

It's a KEYCHAIN on the end of a short LANYARD - on the end of
Claire's finger. It's her nervous tic, swinging it absently.

She's waiting out here, obviously has an appointment with
Brady. That lanyard/keychain spins a bit faster.

Mounted on the wall before her is a GLASS CASE with pictures inside, another fancy DISPLAY. Its CAPTION reads: "Our Investigators Come From ALL Branches of Law Enforcement".

Under the caption are pictures of D.A.I.'s in their former careers - when they were local cops, (a picture of Cobb), or Sheriffs, or FBI... or Secret Service.

...which is where we see a picture of Ray, some years back. Turns out, he was Secret Service before coming here. Hmmm...

Just then the door behind Claire opens, and Ray emerges.

CLAIRE

You were Secret Service?

RAY

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Why'd you leave?

RAY

It's not much of a life, waiting around for something terrible to happen.

She takes that in. He turns to go, as:

RAY (CONT'D)

By the way, feel free to punch him in the mouth. No one'll mind.

CLAIRE

Huh?

RAY

Brady. He gives the pretty ones a week or two to settle in, then he asks them to lunch on the Wharf. For you he might go as far as a personal tour of Alcatraz. But he'll back off if you say no.

CLAIRE

(right past that)
How's Mitch?

RAY

He's in Hell.

CLAIRE

You got anything yet?

RAY

I have a phantom at a picnic.

SIEFERT (O.S.)
No. You've got your doer.

Here's Siefert, just arrived, full of bluster - thrusting a FILE at Ray:

SIEFERT (CONT'D)
Narciso Gomez, been over the border about two months, living in a stairwell in the garage where Carolyn Cobb was discovered. Just confessed.

That is HUGE news - and Ray is already gone...

RAY
Where is he?

SIEFERT
County.

Ray races for the elevator. Claire watches him go. Siefert grins, proud of himself.

Then Brady emerges from behind that door. Big smile.

BRADY
C'mon in, Claire.
(she heads in...)
Say, have you ever had a chance to see Alcatraz up close?

Bang. Claire turns, re-evaluating Ray in a hurry. We CUT TO:

INT. S. F. COUNTY JAIL - HOLDING CELLS - (2000)

Ray moves through a security door, down a row of overpopulated cells. Behind him is a DUTY SERGEANT.

DUTY SERGEANT
Hey, you see what Bonds did last night? Home run and two doubles. They can't get that guy out!

RAY
He's a beast. I'll take it from here.

They come to a door. Duty Sergeant keys it open...

INT. S. F. COUNTY JAIL - CELL - RESUMING (2000)

The cell door shuts behind Ray. Silence.

There's a PRISONER in here... hiding under a stainless steel bench, his back to us.

RAY
Gomez? Narciso Gomez?

No response. Ray drifts toward the prisoner, kneels down.

...and reaches for him, turning the guy toward us.

...revealing a face that has been beaten to a pulp. Eye socket broken, teeth missing, nose smashed. This is NARCISO GOMEZ, 19, Mexican, too dazed to speak.

And Ray is livid. On his reaction, we CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - GYM - DAY (2000)

Subterranean. No windows. Siefert bench-presses a 200 POUND bar-bell... one last rep, then cradling the bar - until:

Somebody kicks the legs of the WEIGHT-STAND away and that huge bar-bell slams back onto Siefert's chest. He gasps.

Ray stands above him, irate:

RAY

You dumb son of a bitch.

Siefert can barely breathe - all that weight on his chest - Ray leans on it. There's no one else around.

RAY (CONT'D)

What'd you think - you'd just beat a confession out of an illegal and nobody would notice?

Siefert's face reddens - his breaths in spasms...

RAY (CONT'D)

That's the playbook, I know. Ya want a case put away, just find the nearest wetback and ring him up. 'Cept not on this one, asshole. Not when the body is one of our own.

SIEFERT

I got a witness saw him fleeing the scene.

RAY

Yeah? In a garage with shitty lighting and the suspect moving AWAY from him? And why're you butting into this case anyway? It's not even your handle.

No answer. Ray leans in, pressing harder on that bench-press bar... Still no answer... until Ray starts to get it:

RAY (CONT'D)

You're protecting someone. And for you to do something this stupid, it must be someone important. Who is it?

Siefert just flinched. That tells Ray everything.

RAY (CONT'D)
*You wanna make it out of this gym,
 Siefert? WHO'RE YOU PROTECTING?*

SIEFERT
Let me up, awright!?

Ray pulls the weight off Siefert's chest. Siefert struggles to sit up - beet red, winded, lightheaded. Ray waits...

SIEFERT (CONT'D)
My snitch.

RAY
What snitch?

SIEFERT
*My guy in the Sotell-20 trial. His
 testimony got us all our convictions.*

RAY
*What's he got to do with Carolyn
 Cobb?*

Siefert doesn't answer. He can't, too embarrassed.

...until Ray figures it out - can barely say it:

RAY (CONT'D)
*Oh, no. No, please tell me he's not
 the guy from the picnic.*

SIEFERT
*I don't think he's your doer, Kasten.
 If I did I woulda told you. Just... I
 couldn't have him questioned right
 now.*

RAY
Jesus, Siefert.

SIEFERT
*Star witness in the biggest gang
 conviction we ever had? Ya can't
 spook a guy like that.*

RAY
*Then what the hell'd you bring him to
 the picnic for?*

SIEFERT
*He's a wanna-be, awright? Got this
 fantasy of being a cop someday. Talks
 about it all the time. So I brought
 him to the picnic, let him feel like
 (MORE)*

SIEFERT (CONT'D)
a big-shot. It was the week he was
testifying. I had to keep him happy.

RAY
Ya did. He found his true love there.

SIEFERT
You don't know that.

RAY
I know you beat a murder confession
out of a guy who didn't do it.

SIEFERT
Hey, my guy recants, everybody loses.
And you don't have shit on him anyway
- some stupid picture from a picnic,
that's not evidence. So yeah, I
pointed you away from him. Sorry.

RAY
This scumbag have a name?

SIEFERT
Calvin Morenz. Street-name's Pac-Man.

RAY
Where is he now?

SIEFERT
I don't know.

RAY
WHERE IS HE?

SIEFERT
I don't know! He used to work at a
car-wash. The guy isn't exactly a
pillar of the community.

RAY
When's the last time you saw him?

SIEFERT
Couple weeks.

RAY
"Couple." Two? Three? Last Friday?

SIEFERT
I dunno. Ten days.

RAY
Uh-huh. She was killed ten days ago.
Coincidence, right?

Siefert doesn't answer. Ray fuming.

So Ray slugs the guy, a vicious right cross to the jaw that snaps Siefert's head back. He folds up like a card table.

As Siefert slumps to the ground, Ray storms away...

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY (PRESENT)

Ray, today, approaches this BULLPEN for the first time in twelve years. He's got Cobb at his side now.

Huge deja vu for Ray. There's his old cubicle...

COBB

Bumpy. We need your help.

Bumpy Willis, now 62, looks up. Bumpy's not the same guy he used to be; he now carries a CANE. But he grins at Ray:

BUMPY

Always knew you'd be back.

RAY

Good to see you, Bump.

COBB

You up for a little field work? Ray here needs a badge with him to open a few doors.

BUMPY

Which ones?

RAY

Old ones.

Ray puts down the photo of "Beckwith" - and Bumpy's eyes widen... He looks to Cobb, "Really?" Cobb nods.

BUMPY

I guess I always kinda knew he'd come back too.

(Ray nods)

Not sure how much use I'll be, Ray. I been an indoor pet for a while now.

RAY

I'll take my chances.

COBB

I put anyone else on it, red flags go up.

BUMPY

That's flattering.

(Cobb shrugs)

Okay. But this time it sticks, right?

COBB
Thanks, Bump.

Bumpy rises, supported almost entirely by his cane. (At some point in the last twelve years his right leg became useless.)

RAY
That never got better?

BUMPY
What?

RAY
Your limp.

BUMPY
What limp?

Bumpy likes to fuck with people. Ray appreciates that.

EXT. CAR-WASH - SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (2000)

12 years ago. Ray shows a picture of Morenz to an IRRITATED CAR-WASH MANAGER while Bumpy waits. We catch the tail end:

RAY
Recientemente?

IRRITATED CAR-WASH MANAGER
Si.

RAY
Gracias.

Ray walks away.

BUMPY
Lemme guess. He hasn't been around.

RAY
If you'd just snitched on the Sotell-Twenty, would you show up for work?

BUMPY
No. I'd probably hole up with somebody friendly. Preferably somebody friendly with tits.

Ray holds up an ADDRESS, newly-written on his notepad:

RAY
He's got a girlfriend in Bayview.

INT. RAY'S CAR/EXT. INGALLS STREET - BAYVIEW - DAY (2000)

Ray and Bumpy stake out a run-down ROWHOUSE.

These are the Projects - rows of FEDERAL LOW-INCOME HOUSING. Poor, crime-riddled, but on a hill overlooking the Pacific.

BUMPY

One of my favorite quirks about this city: even the gang-infested slums have charm and a great view.

(Ray shrugs)

She's not coming out.

RAY

She'll come out.

BUMPY

Uh-huh. And then he drives up in a white Miata with Carolyn's DNA under his nails and everybody wins.

RAY

The car you can forget about. We're never gonna find it.

BUMPY

I gotta piss.

RAY

Any tree ya like.

BUMPY

Great.

RAY

Or there's a Waldorf around the corner. You can try there.

Bumpy gets out of the car. We stay with Ray, examining that picnic photo again: Morenz, eyeing Carolyn...

Then a sound - a FRONT DOOR, closing - and a girl of 22 emerges from the house: KIT. Body of a stripper, headphones in, her YORKIE in a doggie-stroller. Ray watches her.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. INGALLS STREET - CONTINUING (2000)

Kit sets off on a run, pushing her Yorkie in the stroller - right past a weed-covered ABANDONED POLICE STATION...

...where Bumpy is peeing against a wall. Ray cringes.

...but Kit doesn't notice Bumpy. Off she goes. Once she's clear of the lot, Bumpy emerges. His eyes meet Ray's.

EXT. KIT'S ROWHOUSE - BACK PATIO - MOMENTS LATER (2000)

A tiny patio. Ray pops over a six-foot-tall cinderblock wall. Bumpy follows, landing hard with a grunt.

RAY
Nice stealth.

BUMPY
If you had some actual evidence on
this asshole we could warrant him,
like professionals.

They head for a patio door. It's ajar.

INT. KIT'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING (2000)

They enter. No one's here. The place is cleaner than we
expected, but the decor ain't much.

BUMPY
How much time ya figure we got?

RAY
At least twenty. Check the trash and
keep an eye on the door.

INT. KIT'S ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUING (2000)

Beer posters on the walls - and an Oakland Raiders poster.
The bed's made. Ray leans in...

On the dresser, pictures of Morenz and Kit. Ray opens a
dresser drawer, nothing interesting. Then a desk drawer.

...and something odd stares back at him:

A home-made COMIC BOOK. "The Justifier - by Pac-Man Morenz."
20 pages of lined school paper, stapled together. On the
front page is a drawing of a MONSTER. Amazing in its detail.

There's talent here. The guy can draw. Ray sits on the bed,
his back to the door... and opens to page one.

It's split into four "frames" - just like a published comic
book would be - a red MONSTER and human characters, woven
into a story. A professional-level of artistry.

Ray studies the pages, looking for insight. Absorbed.

...which is why he doesn't hear the footsteps behind him -
until a hand suddenly touches his shoulder:

BUMPY
Find anything?

And Ray leaps up, completely startled.

RAY
Shit!

...which startles Bumpy:

BUMPY

Shit! Scared the hell out of me!

RAY

I scared you!? What're you sneaking up on me like that for?

BUMPY

Sorry! Did I wake you?

(Ray just glares)

There's nothing in the trash. Anything here?

RAY

Yeah. I think so. Maybe.

BUMPY

We should--

He's cut off - by the sound of the FRONT DOOR, opening. And the immediate BARKING of that Yorkie. Their eyes go wide.

INT. KIT'S ROWHOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUING (2000)

The Yorkie - scrambling madly, yapping - and COMING OUR WAY.

KIT (O.S.)

What're you crying about? I gave you a cookie.

INT. KIT'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME (2000)

Bumpy and Ray hurry out the patio door, vanishing from our frame. The Yorkie, barking incessantly, follows. We hear a BITE, and a WINCE of pain.

...then a YELP from the Yorkie as she flies back into our frame - obviously at the end of someone's shoe.

We push around a corner - just in time to catch a glimpse of Ray and Bumpy, making it over that cinderblock wall...

INT. RAY'S CAR - DRIVING - INNES RD. - DAY (2000)

Ray drives. Bumpy beside him.

BUMPY

Where'd he get you? On the ankle?

(no reply)

He looked rabid to me. You're probably gonna die.

RAY

We're all gonna die. Why should I be any different.

(irritated)

Gotta get back in there.

BUMPY

Why, you wanna see how the comic book turns out?

RAY

Yeah. I do.

BUMPY

Happy Birthday.

He pulls the comic-book from his coat. Ray shakes his head.

RAY

You dipshit.

BUMPY

Think she'll miss it?

RAY

She tells him someone was in there he'll never go back!

BUMPY

What was your bright idea? Leaving it on the bed with the desk drawer open? 'Least this way we got it.

RAY

Do me a favor, awright? Let me run point on this. I'll put an extra dollar in your paycheck.

BUMPY

Hey, just being there was illegal. What's the difference if we take something?

Ray sighs.

RAY

Awright. Read it to me.

They drive past a BILLBOARD that reads: "Experience. Integrity. Honor. Re-Elect Garson Brady, District Attorney" - with a huge picture of Brady, smiling soberly. We CUT TO:

INT. PAROLE ADMIN. SATELLITE OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

A government office: overwhelmed caseworkers, low energy.

Ray and Bumpy (cane in hand), sit opposite a Parole Officer named SKINNER (50, black, still cares). Skinner eyes the photos: Morenz (then) and "CLAY BECKWITH" (now).

Same face. Basically. Skinner's pretty sure.

SKINNER

I know him as Beckwith. Never heard him called anything else.

RAY

How long since he checked in?

SKINNER

Ten weeks ago. Then he was just gone. Bench Warrant was issued on... nine-seventeen. Tell me that name again?

RAY

Morenz. Calvin Pac-Man Morenz. Big-time witness in the Sotell-Twenty trial. Then he vanished.

SKINNER

I'll bet.

Skinner eyes the photos again. So damn similar...

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Could be him. If he got cut-on a bit.

BUMPY

D'you have any records on Beckwith before he went into prison?

SKINNER

Nothing. No parents, no history.

RAY

He have any hobbies?

SKINNER

I dunno. Is theft a hobby?

RAY

Ever seen him draw anything? Comic books. Pictures. Anything like that?

SKINNER

No.

RAY

He ever talk about football?

SKINNER

He talked about horses. Racing. Likes the ponies - in an unhealthy kinda way, if y'ask me.

BUMPY

Goes to the track a lot?

SKINNER

Mmm-hmm. It's his thing.

BUMPY

Used to be football.

SKINNER

Guys like that are always trading one fixation for another. Next week it might be Sudoku. Mostly he's just a thief. If I were you, I'd start canvassing chop-shops, working that angle. My guess is he's back in business again.

RAY

Any known accomplices?

SKINNER

(hands over a file)

Every one of 'em's been in the system forever - some guys just can't seem to stay arrested, ya know? 'Specially around here.

Skinner eyes those two photos again. "Beckwith." Morenz.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Yeah. Same guy.

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - BULLPEN - DAY (2000)

Ray studies Morenz's hand-made COMIC BOOK. Poring through it.

In the next cubicle sits Siefert - his nose now bandaged, eye now swollen, lip now fat - reading the Sports Page, more breathless coverage of Barry Bonds' incredible season. Then:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

(barked)

Kasten!

Ray turns. Claire's in her doorway, pissed. He rises.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - (2000)

That keychain/lanyard of hers is getting another workout, whipping in circles on her finger... as Ray enters.

CLAIRE

What happened to Siefert's face?

RAY

Got hurt at the gym - that's what I heard anyway. Why?

CLAIRE

I was hoping for a more complete answer.

RAY

Sorry. I try not to spend too much time thinking about Siefert's face.

CLAIRE

How about Breaking and Entering? Spend much time doing that?

Ray is silent. Claire keeps spinning that damn keychain.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

A stripper in Bayview. Somebody broke into her house and kicked her dog. The perpetrators got into a silver Nissan sedan. Care to guess who the license plates belong to?

RAY

Do you do that in court? Spin that keychain like that?

CLAIRE

I do it when I'm anxious. You're making me anxious.

RAY

Why?

CLAIRE

'Cause I caught the case.

Silence. Ray tightens, instantly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Carolyn Cobb. Brady asked me to take it on, said I could assign any investigators I want to it... as long as they weren't you.

RAY

Of course he did.

CLAIRE

He thinks you're too close to it. He also thinks you've got some anger-management issues.

RAY

Yes. I have trouble managing my anger when people use expressions like "anger-management." It's not why he dinged me.

CLAIRE

No?

RAY

No. He dinged me 'cause he doesn't actually want you to find the guy.

CLAIRE

You're gonna have to explain that...

RAY

The Sotell-Twenty. Biggest gang case this office ever won. The lady in Bayview has a boyfriend named Morenz who was the star witness in the trial. He's also a person of interest on Carolyn Cobb. And judging by how fast they're moving to blow this thing up, he's more than likely the doer - hence Siefert beating a phony confession out of the guy in County.

(Claire's silent)

Ya see? Morenz just got them twenty big-time convictions. Now he's gonna turn up as a rapist murderer? Of a cop's wife? He can't be the guy. It'd cost them too much. So adios me, hello Newest Lawyer in the Office, who just got here and won't know her way around yet. And the golden snitch stays untouched.

CLAIRE

Ya know, a less secure attorney might find that...

RAY

Nothing personal. It's just how inconvenient cases get buried around here. Isn't that how it works in Minneapolis?

A lot for her to take in. She's weighing it all...

RAY (CONT'D)

Dirty little secret about this city is that it lives and dies on staying quaint. Can't have gangbangers running loose when we're still selling cable cars and Tony Bennett. So those twenty guys in the hole have to stay in the hole. Tough luck for Carolyn Cobb - but who cares, right?

CLAIRE

Brady assured me this case has highest priority.

RAY

Uh-huh. And Barry Bonds isn't on steroids. His head grew four helmet-

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
 sizes from drinking lots of milk.
 (Claire is silent...)
 We don't have much to go on. We don't
 have her car. The autopsy didn't give
 us anything. All we've got is Morenz,
 who maybe if we push him says or does
 something dumb and makes it go black.
 Point is, you can't put another
 investigator on it.

CLAIRE
 Why not?

RAY
 'Cause you're gonna need me.

She's about to reply when she STOPS. Just saw something:

...Cobb, walking through the bullpen - his first time back since Carolyn's murder. Claire swallows hard.

So does Ray. This'll have to be tabled.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Excuse me.

Claire nods. Ray backs out, hurrying toward:

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - BULLPEN - CONTINUING (2000)

Utter SILENCE in here: ten D.A.I.'s, watching Cobb...

No one's too sure he should be back here. Ray hurries awkwardly to get to his desk before Cobb can because--

...Morenz's homemade COMIC BOOK is there...

RAY
 Hey, Mitch.

COBB
 Ray.

They get to the desk at the same time... And Cobb spots it, the comic book. A red monster on the cover.

COBB (CONT'D)
 Whatcha reading there?

RAY
 This... isn't for you.

COBB
 That's not what I hear.

Now Ray knows: Bumpy has told Cobb about their road trip. Ray looks to Bumpy, who shrugs without remorse.

The floor has come to a standstill - everyone watching.

COBB (CONT'D)

Is he the guy?

RAY

He's a guy. That's all we know.

COBB

Anything in there indicate a predilection for violence?

RAY

It's a comic book. They're all violent.

COBB

Can I see it?

RAY

You shouldn't be here, Pal. Anything you touch is inadmissible.

COBB

Can I see it?

RAY

Mitch.

COBB

Give me the Goddamn book!

That bounced off the walls. Cobb looks like he's barely holding it together. Claire in her doorway watches it all.

Ray picks up the comic book, hands it over. Cobb nods, sits at his desk, a picture of Carolyn over his shoulder... And everyone returns to work, slowly.

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - (2000)

Hours later. The office is still. It's been a long day.

Claire throws her things into her briefcase, ready to get out of here... until:

RAY (O.S.)

*They had lunch together every day.
Did you know that?*

Ray, in her doorway. The rest of the bullpen is empty...

CLAIRE

No.

RAY

He'd leave the office and meet her at home, every day, just so they

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
 wouldn't have to go eight hours
 without seeing each other. Sometimes
 they watched cartoons; I'm not
 kidding. Sometimes they just talked.
 Can you imagine being partners with a
 guy like that? Every time I ever got
 to a third date with somebody, I'd
 compare it with what Mitch felt for
 Carolyn... and that'd be that. I'd
 just have to start dating somebody
 else.

Claire nods; she gets it. She sets her things down...

RAY (CONT'D)
 She was pregnant, by the way. Four
 weeks in; came back in the autopsy. I
 don't even know if Mitch knows.

It keeps getting worse. Claire nods sadly...

RAY (CONT'D)
 The politics of this place don't
 interest me. Morenz killed her. I
 know it. So we have to get him.
 Before Mitch does. Okay?

CLAIRE
 Okay.

RAY
 Thanks.

She grabs her briefcase, crosses to the door.

RAY (CONT'D)
 I'll walk you down.

CLAIRE
 You don't have to.

RAY
 I'd rather, unless you'd mind.
 Something about garages lately.

INT. CITY HALL - GARAGE - NIGHT (2000)

Ray and Claire cross this nearly-empty garage.

They're silent - for some reason neither can think of a thing
 to say. So it feels oddly like a date... awkward but charged,
 the sounds of their heels echoing loudly... until:

RAY
 So when's the big day?

CLAIRE
 Hmmm?

He indicates her engagement ring.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh. May.

RAY

Congratulations. What does he do?

CLAIRE

VC - venture capital - he manages a hedge fund in Minneapolis. His name's Wallace.

RAY

He gonna move here?

CLAIRE

That's the plan.

RAY

Is that hard to do - manage a hedge fund in Minneapolis when you're living in San Francisco?

CLAIRE

I dunno. Probably. But this is where the Tech-Bubble is, and he's pretty clever.

RAY

I'll bet. Wallace is a pretty clever name.

CLAIRE

Well. This is me.

She beeps open a Jeep Cherokee. Now what? Do they shake hands? Hug? There's just stiffness. She gets in the car.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

RAY

Yeah.

She shuts the door, starts the car.

...but Ray doesn't walk away. Just stays here.

...and she doesn't seem to be backing away. Then:

CLAIRE

He's lucky to have you, Ray. You're a good friend.

She doesn't know it, but that hit a nerve. He sags a bit.

RAY (CONT'D)
 He coulda done better, I think.
 (Claire doesn't get it)
 G'night...

He walks away. Claire watches him go, then peers down... at her engagement ring. She eyes it absently. We CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM - DAY (PRESENT)

This is where the Oakland Raiders play football. Capacity 80,000. But today there's only one person sitting here:

Cobb. Twenty rows up, looking around the field. We do too: a 360 around these 80,000 empty seats...

Suddenly, they're FILLED. 80,000 cheering RAIDER FANS. Odd...

BACK TO Cobb again, confused - *how did they get here?* Then:

It gets worse: we do another 360 around these seats; they're EMPTY again. No one here except for ONE PERSON... sitting on the other side of the field from us, a tiny speck:

Carolyn. Thirty rows up. Yes, Carolyn. Looking at us.

BACK TO Cobb, staring. His love. Then another 360, spinning us around an empty stadium again - until we STOP. Again there's one person sitting in that lone seat opposite us.

But this time it's Morenz. Where Carolyn had been sitting.

BACK TO Cobb, aching. He shuts his eyes. Opens them.

Morenz is gone. Cobb is right back where he was, alone among 80,000 empty seats. He lowers his head, shaken...

...until someone emerges from a nearby tunnel. Ray, who expected to find him here.

RAY
 You and football stadiums.

COBB
 He skipped parole, didn't he. This Beckwith guy.

RAY
 Wasn't much of a surprise. Why?

COBB
 What's your next move?

RAY
 Bumpy and I go to work, like I figured we would.

COBB

Lemme guess - the P.O. has no recollection of Beckwith's ever showing any talent for or interest in drawing - right?

RAY

His name is Morenz. Not Beckwith. Is this why you called me out here?

COBB

Just trying to gauge the value of your leads.

RAY

Thanks, but they're my leads.

COBB

And she was my wife.

That bounced off the seats, stiffening Ray's neck...

COBB (CONT'D)

I got people coming up to me asking, "Who is this guy?" "Why's he poking around in all this again?" "What's his obsession with your wife all about?" And I come on real sage and say, "He's a badge; he's a friend" - which is when they come back with, "So where's he been the last twelve years?"

RAY

I was supposed to see her that morning.

Bang. That came out of nowhere - hovering now...

RAY (CONT'D)

She wanted to throw you a surprise party - your birthday was coming up. We were gonna get a coffee and figure it all out.

(can barely say it...)

Last minute, I begged off - too much work to do. Two hours later we found her in that dumpster.

There it is - the bomb he's been carrying around ever since. A mixture of self-loathing and relief on his face...

Cobb stares at his shoetops, digesting the news.

RAY (CONT'D)

That's where I've been the last twelve years.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
 (Cobb's silent)
 I'm sorry, Mitch.

No reply. Cobb just walks away, leaving Ray alone out here.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - BERKELEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

GATES open. QUARTERHORSES explode out at us. A CROWD cheers.

This is night racing at Golden Gate Fields, the pounding of hooves before a GRANDSTAND of a few thousand SPECTATORS.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - BETTING WINDOWS - SAME (PRESENT)

Ray and Bumpy drift through the crowd, scanning faces - dozens at a time, looking for one in particular. "Beckwith." Bumpy has that INMATE PHOTO in one hand, cane in the other.

BUMPY
 Five straight nights of this shit. At least let me put down a bet.

RAY
 Left or right?

BUMPY
 Left.

Bumpy scans all the faces on the left. Ray looks right. The limp makes it tough to keep up, but Bumpy's a gamer.

On the TRACK behind us, the horses hit the home-stretch. The crowd cheers again. Every pair of eyes, riveted on the race. Bumpy and Ray keep their backs turned to the action...

The race ends. Some cheer. Most sag. Ray and Bumpy check every face. No Beckwith.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - GRANDSTANDS - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

An in-between-races lull. Ray and Bumpy make their way up the grandstand steps, checking faces.

BUMPY
 This is some lead, Kasten. I mean it. "He likes ponies." So does my granddaughter.

RAY
 "Passions," right?

BUMPY
 Right. Passions.

Crossing over to another row, up more steps, Bumpy struggling to keep up - scanning face after face, while:

RAY

Explain something to me. How's Mitch put up with Siefert?

(up another row)

Knowing what he knows, how's he come to work every day for twelve years and face that guy?

BUMPY

You woulda done what - killed him?

RAY

I dunno. Maybe. But I sure as hell wouldn't be able to clock in with him every day. Nobody's that forgiving.

BUMPY

What makes you think forgiveness had anything to do with it?

Hmmm... Ray throws him a look as they keep scanning...

BUMPY (CONT'D)

Why was Siefert always such a grandstanding asshole? What was the thing he was always bucking for?

RAY

He wanted to be Bureau Chief.

BUMPY

Right. And who became Chief?

RAY

Mitch.

BUMPY

Then he puts Siefert on the most boring detail in the Bureau, guarding a door. Sometimes he has Siefert drive him places, just so he can enjoy the sound of the guy fuming. See? His own personal life sentence.

(that lands)

You had enough for tonight?

RAY

No.

BUMPY

Ray, it's some pretty thin shit. And you only got a week left, right?

RAY

I wanna see the stables.

BUMPY

What the hell for?

RAY

It's where the horses are.

Ray's already moving. Bumpy limps after him...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - STABLES - NIGHT (PRESENT)

We're behind the track, a long way from the crowds. Ten extremely unglamorous PADDOCKS sprawl before us. Lots of straw and muck, with spotty lighting overhead.

Ray drifts through. BARNED HORSES whinny - eating, being washed. The HANDS out here are mostly Latinos, young and old.

But there are STRAGGLERS here as well, enthusiasts who come back here just to be closer to the animals. Odd...

Ray scans the paddocks on both sides of him. The smells rise up from the wet ground at his feet.

...then he spots a MAN, thirty yards away. At STALL #6. The man's back is turned to us, but he looks familiar. Maybe.

RAY

Bump.

Bumpy catches up. Ray nods. Bumpy follows his eyes...

Thirty yards away, in shadows... the man - same frame as Morenz/Beckwith, even in profile. Bumpy thinks so too.

BUMPY

Well I'll be damned.

They start toward Stall #6... We FOLLOW:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - STABLES - STALL #6 - CONTINUING

...approaching the guy, studying him.

He stands at a stall, his hand to the face of a horse. Not stroking it - just touching it. The feeling is intense, odd, sexual. And he's the right height, the right build...

...so Ray and Bumpy move a bit quicker.

The man lightly grabs a fistful of the horse's mane, fixated. This has to be our guy... right? Let's call him "BECKWITH."

There's a STABLE-BOY a few feet away. A kid of 12, name's REFUGIO - watching the way "Beckwith" is touching the horse. It makes Refugio uneasy. Ray nears Stall #6...

Bumpy puts a hand on his Glock 9. Ray drifts in, and:

RAY

Hey, Pac-Man.

"Beckwith" flinches - sort of - then turns, slowly. Our first full look at him...

If he isn't Morenz, they were separated at birth. So it's a HUGE moment for Ray. Bumpy too. "Beckwith" just stares.

RAY (CONT'D)

Nice work on the face. I like it.

BECKWITH

Who the hell're you?

RAY

You don't remember?

"Beckwith" tightens - we're unsure how to read that. Then he catches sight of Bumpy's badge... and Bumpy's gun.

And, that fast, "Beckwith" is gone. Sprinting away. Damn it.

BUMPY

You're on your own this time.

RAY

(takes off)

Call it in!

EXT. STABLES - MOVING - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

"Beckwith" is wiry, lean, and ten years younger than Ray. He's also desperate, blowing down a row of paddocks, past spooked horses who stomp inside their stalls.

Ray is running harder than he's run in years: a deja vu we'll soon come to understand. It's dark in here, shadowy.

Dodging things, jumping things. In the BG we hear the roars of that grandstand - another race on the track itself.

Up ahead, "Beckwith" ducks around a corner. We lose sight of him. Ray races for it - slips - almost falls - gets his feet under him again, still sprinting - around that corner...

WHAM! A SHOVEL, swung in the darkness, caves in Ray's ribcage with a sickening THUD. He drops, gasping. "Beckwith" throws down the shovel and takes off.

The pain is intense. Ray should stay on the ground - but he rises, wincing, forcing his body to follow.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

"Beckwith" races out of the paddocks and into a PARKING LOT. Maybe a thousand cars out here, dozens of them moving.

He slices in and out of lanes, in between vehicles. We lose him for brief flashes behind the tall ones - Range Rovers, Excursions, Suburbans.

But Ray keeps going, every step hurting - trying to keep one eye on "Beckwith," another on the cars darting around him.

...all the while knowing that he's losing ground. He can't keep up with this punk.

One chance, the only chance: Ray cuts between two SUV's, then into a lane where...

SCREECH... a Ford, its DRIVER jumping on the brakes... too late. He clips Ray, sending Ray spiraling into the hood of a Chevy then down to the ground, hard.

The Ford Driver jumps out of the car, angry and startled.

FORD DRIVER

What the hell were you-- I didn't even see you! Jeez, are you okay?

Ray blinks the cobwebs away, rises unsteadily to his feet - looking over the tops of a sea of cars.

"Beckwith" is nowhere to be seen. Gone. Fuck. We CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - TECH LAB - NIGHT (2000)

This is where TECH SURVEILLANCE GEAR gets assembled. Cameras, wires, hidden mic's. There's a STORM outside, rain and wind.

Ray is at a WORK-BENCH, building a camera with a tiny screwdriver; the camera's going to fit inside a fake HIGH-VOLTAGE JUNCTION BOX (like you'd see on a power pole).

Claire watches from a doorway, spinning that keychain again.

CLAIRE

So the camera goes in the box, the box goes on a pole.

RAY

Morenz comes back to his stripper girlfriend - and we're there.

CLAIRE

With a picture from a picnic for evidence.

RAY

Christ, do you ever stop spinning that thing?

She stops, takes her keys off the lanyard - hands it to him.

CLAIRE

Take it. You need it more than I do.

RAY

I'm fine.

CLAIRE

Uh-huh. Way you're bouncing around,
you'd make coffee nervous.

RAY

I'm fine.

CLAIRE

Tell ya what, when you get your man
and the case is behind you, then you
give it back to me.

Sort of a bet. He eyes the lanyard, amused.

RAY

You sure you can live without it? I
know how you heady types can obsess.

CLAIRE

Yeah. Obsessing's awful - I hope it
never happens to you. Let me know
when the camera's ready.

RAY

Yep. Then maybe a personal tour of
Alcatraz?

Kind of a ballsy thing to say... but she liked it. He smiles,
pockets the lanyard. Then she goes.

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (2000)

That storm continues to blow. Ray ducks into Claire's office,
carrying a thin file. Claire's not here.

He drifts to her desk, leaves the file on it - just about to
head out... when he sees something, beneath some papers:

...a magazine: MODERN WEDDING. A very un-serious item in the
middle of this very serious desk full of work.

That fast, Ray is frozen in place; he's not sure why - just
suddenly has to look at the magazine. He makes sure there
isn't anyone around, then opens it, feeling a bit silly.

Four pages have been dog-eared. On the first one: a picture
of a model in a beautiful gown. His eyes linger...

...because it's impossible not to picture Claire in that
gown. Damn it. He eyes a second one, then a third - a feeling
of hopelessness now coursing through him, foolishness - then:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Oh. Hi.

Claire, in the door. Fuck! Ray gets to his feet, too quickly.
Drops the magazine, too quickly - caught, but at what?

RAY

Sorry.

CLAIRE

It's okay. Were you--

RAY

The camera's ready. Just needed you to sign off on the install. Form's right here.

CLAIRE

Okay.

He grabs the file and a pen, hands them to her. She's just inches away now - Ray studying her face... Claire signs the form, hands it to him... and their eyes just lock.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(kidding)

We can keep this a secret, right? People find out I look through bridal magazines it might undercut my rep as a Major Crimes Prosecutor.

RAY

Sure. It dies with me.

(she smiles)

I like the one on page ninety, by the way. You could break some hearts in that dress.

CLAIRE

Oh. Thanks. I like it a lot.

He shrugs. Good God does he want to kiss her...

But his CELL rings. He eyes the readout. It's Cobb.

RAY (INTO CELL)

Hey?

MALE VOICE (THRU CELL)

Do you know a Mitchell Cobb?

Hold it. That's not Cobb's voice. Instant alarms.

RAY (INTO CELL)

Yes. Who is this?

MALE VOICE (THRU CELL)

I'm manager of the Golden Bear Sports Bar in Oakland. Your friend just passed out in one of my booths. Maybe you can come get him before he does something stupid. He's pretty shitfaced.

RAY (INTO CELL)
I'm on my way. Don't let him leave.

EXT. GOLDEN BEAR SPORTS BAR - OAKLAND - NIGHT (2000)

Same storm blowing. Rain and wind. We're a block from Oakland Alameda County Coliseum. Ray enters.

INT. GOLDEN BEAR - SAME (2000)

The biggest FOOTBALL BAR in Oakland, three hours after a football game. The GOLDEN BEAR MANAGER leads Ray through.

GOLDEN BEAR MANAGER
Don't you guys have rules about drinking on duty?

RAY
What makes you think he's on duty?

GOLDEN BEAR MANAGER
He's here after every home game - walks through the place, looking at every face at every table, then takes a seat near the door. We leave him alone because he tips well, but we're running out of Jameson's.

RAY
He's had a rough month.

GOLDEN BEAR MANAGER
Imagine that - a cop covering for his partner.

RAY
We're with the D.A.'s Office. But I appreciate the call.

They reach a table: Cobb, face down. Great.

Ray sighs, nods to the Manager, "I got it." Manager leaves.

RAY (CONT'D)
Mitch.

Cobb's head rises, slowly. Bleary-eyed.

COBB
Oh. It's you.

RAY
What're you doing here?

COBB
You believe in the death penalty, Ray?

So he's drunk and morose...

RAY

Sure. Why?

COBB

I used to. Not anymore.

(Ray waits...)

Execution isn't being strangled to death in a dark garage. It isn't being raped. He gets a big meal then they give him a shot and he takes a nap - while I stay in hell.

RAY

Mitch, what're you doing here?

Cobb slides a copy of Morenz's COMIC-BOOK toward Ray. Shit.

COBB

Waiting for him.

RAY

Morenz? Has he been here?

COBB

I don't want Death on this one, not for this guy. Let him rot in jail, live a life full of nothing.

RAY

Has he been here? Mitch, you come within a mile of this guy and we'll never make a case on him.

COBB

He'll be here, eventually. Read this thing a couple hundred times like I have - you'll see.

Cobb eyes that comic book with some disdain...

RAY

See what?

COBB

The thing that makes him catchable, no matter how hard he tries to hide from us. He can quit his job, dump his car, lose the girlfriend, dye his hair. He can even change his NAME. But there's one thing he can't change - not him, not you, not anybody. And it's right here. He can't change his passions.

(Ray doesn't reply)

Passions are like a map, see? They tell you where someone's going. Take

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)
me, for example. Carolyn is - was - the thing that made me me. Nothing will ever change that; it's why I'm here.

RAY
You're a little drunk, Pal.

COBB
I'd rather be drunk and right than sober and clueless. Waiter!

A waiter turns. His name's BLAKE.

BLAKE
Yes Sir.

COBB
This is Blake. Pours a double when all you asked for was a single. He knows his business.

RAY
And you've had enough.

COBB
Shut up. You might learn something. Ready, Blake?

BLAKE
Yes sir.

Ray shrugs. Where is this going?

...then Cobb opens up that comic-book again, and...

COBB (CONT'D)
"The Justifier" by Pac-Man Morenz. Page one. First character. A monster-hunter named Otto Stabler. Blake?

BLAKE
Otto, as in Jim Otto, greatest Center in Oakland Raider history, played on two Super Bowl champions, named to Ten Pro-Bowls, only guy to ever wear the number double-zero. Stabler, as in Ken "the Snake" Stabler, NFL MVP in 1974, the year he threw the greatest pass in Raider history to beat the defending Super Bowl Champ Miami Dolphins in the playoffs, 28 to 26. NFL MVP in 1976, when he led the Raiders to a win in the Super Bowl.

COBB
Page Two. Otto Stabler's partner. Name's Hayes Madden. Maestro?

BLAKE

Lester Hayes, "The Judge", greatest cornerback in Raider history. Five Pro Bowls, two Super Bowl Rings, member of the 1980's All-Decade Team, holds the Raider single-season interception record with thirteen in 1981, after which the NFL banned the use of stickum. Madden, as in John Madden, named Head Coach in 1967 at the age of 32, highest win percentage of any coach in NFL history, led the team to six AFC Championship Games and a win in Super Bowl Eleven over the Vikings, 32 to 14.

COBB

And the monster they're chasing. He's red and yellow. His name is K.C...

BLAKE

K.C. The Kansas City Chiefs, our hated rival. Team colors, red and yellow.

COBB

Thank you.

BLAKE

You want some fries with that?

Cobb chuckles. Blake drifts away. A beat...

COBB

You know all this already. The way you keep trying to find him, the way you keep thinking about Claire - they're both lost causes, but you won't give up. See? Passion always wins. If it didn't, there wouldn't be any criminals out there for us to catch. So I go to the games, and I look for him. Then I come here and I wait.

RAY

Sort of a longshot.

COBB

Crazy, I know. Looking for a guy in stadium that holds eighty thousand. Almost as crazy as building a whole case off a picture from an office picnic. But ya look at enough faces, you're bound to find the one you're looking for eventually, right?

A beat. Ray eyes that comic book... Then:

RAY
When's their next game?

On Cobb's reaction, we SMASH TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT (2000)

We're thousands of feet above ground, looking down on an expanse of dark black - SAN LEANDRO BAY sprawling below us...

But there's a blazingly bright JEWEL just beyond all that darkness. OAKLAND ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM, lit for a night game. We PUSH DOWN toward it - one CONTINUOUS SHOT - to:

EXT. ABOVE OAKLAND A.C. COLISEUM - CONTINUING (2000)

The stadium comes into sharper view now: the white of the lights, the green of the turf...and a sea of SILVER AND BLACK. 80,000 Raider fans. We KEEP PUSHING DOWN:

EXT. OAKLAND A.C. COLISEUM - FIELD - CONTINUING (2000)

Shot CONTINUES, skimming over the field as...

...the Raiders run a play against Kansas City. The crowd cheers, and:

EXT. OAKLAND A.C. COLISEUM - STANDS - CONTINUING (2000)

Shot CONTINUES - the camera climbing up THIRTY ROWS of seats - to find Ray and Bumpy, middle of a grandstand, searching this sea of loyal fans. It's impossible. Ridiculous.

RAY
He'll be the guy in silver and black.

Pretty funny - because EVERYONE in the stadium is wearing silver and black. Bumpy sighs; he's blocking people's view.

ANGRY RAIDER FAN
Hey! Ya mind, Buddy?

BUMPY
Sorry. I lost my brother.

ANGRY RAIDER FAN
Bummer for you. Game's on.

Ray and Bumpy climb two rows. The crowd ROARS.

RAY
We're looking in the wrong place.

BUMPY
I said that two games ago.

RAY

No. I mean now. We're not gonna find this guy on the fifty. The seats are too expensive. Let's go the end-zone.

EXT. OAKLAND A.C. COLISEUM - ENDZONE SEATS - NIGHT (2000)

The "Black Hole": where the fans are louder, rowdier, poorer. And dressed up like the bar in Star Wars. Ray and Bumpy move row-to-row, scanning silver-and-black faces.

BUMPY

This is a waste of my talents. And my weekends.

RAY

There's no whining in football - didn't anybody ever--

He stops, mid-word. Just saw something:

A GUY ten rows up. We only see part of his face, but he sure does look like Pac-Man Morenz. Ray and Bumpy race up steps to the correct row - then down the row...

The GUY is fifteen seats in. That's 14 PISSED-OFF PEOPLE as Ray hurries past, stepping on toes.

RAY (CONT'D)

'Scuse me. Sorry. Sorry. Beg your pardon.

Lots of grumbling... but he's getting there... past two more people... Ray's coat is brushed back, revealing the GUN on his hip. That gets some attention... until:

...he gets there. A foot from the GUY.

RAY (CONT'D)

Morenz.

The GUY turns... He's not Morenz. Close, but not the guy.

Ray sags. Bumpy too.

Just then, a DEAFENING ROAR from the CROWD - as the Raiders score a touchdown. Everyone gets to their feet. Cannons ROAR.

...which is when Ray actually SEES HIM. Morenz. Two rows up. On an aisle. No doubt about it - this is the guy from the picture at that office picnic.

(He also looks nearly identical to the "Beckwith" that Ray will be chasing twelve years from now - except Morenz's nose is wider, and his chin is pointier.)

Morenz is in the middle of celebrating - when he STOPS.

...because he knows, intuitively, that there's something dangerous nearby. He turns, spots Ray. They've never met. But he sees Ray's badge. And the gun.

...and the look in Ray's eyes. So Morenz starts to drift away from his seat, down the steps. Ray calls out to him:

RAY (CONT'D)

Morenz!

(Morenz moves faster)

Morenz! Bumpy, we got him!

No more pretense. Morenz takes off, racing down the steps.

Ray and Bumpy follow - but they've got an entire row of FANS to pass through. A logjam - bodies - feet - spilled beers - while trying to keep an eye on Morenz.

RAY (CONT'D)

Police! Make a hole!

Some back away, but it's still a bitch getting down this row.

And Morenz just vanished into a tunnel...

Ray gets to the stairs, has to fly down fifteen rows.

RAY (CONT'D)

Make a hole! Police!

People get out of the way. Others stand and watch, as if a good fight had broken out. Ray leaps down the steps. (So does Bumpy; at this point he's still uninjured.) Into:

INT. OAKLAND A.C. COLISEUM - TUNNEL - CONTINUING (2000)

Through the tunnel, running. No sign of Morenz. Then out to:

INT. COLISEUM - CONCESSION PLAZA - CONTINUING (2000)

Hot dog stands, PEOPLE. Which Goddamn way do we turn? Ray spots a STADIUM COP, flashes his badge.

RAY

You see a guy run past here? Twenty?
Brown hair?

STADIUM COP

No.

RAY

Call it in and get the exits sealed!
We need him apprehended!

Ray and Bumpy take off, blindly. Behind them, the Stadium Cop radios in the call.

INT. COLISEUM - PLAZA LEVEL - CONTINUING (2000)

Running - but where? We don't see Morenz. Bumpy gets an idea:

BUMPY
Keep going.

Ray keeps going. Bumpy ducks into:

INT. COLISEUM - MENS' ROOM - CONTINUING (2000)

Bumpy starts scanning the stalls, pushing open stall-doors. He comes to one that's locked. Kicks it open.

...to find a GARBED-OUT FAN, sitting on the john, not amused.

GARBED-OUT FAN
You kiddin' me?

Bumpy shrugs, moves on - just as:

BOOM - another stall door bursts out at him, hitting him in the face and knocking him backward.

And, that fast, Morenz is out of here like a shot. Bumpy staggers, stumbles out.

INT. COLISEUM - PLAZA LEVEL - RESUMING (2000)

Bumpy emerges in time to see Morenz exploding up a RAMP to the next seating level.

BUMPY
Ray! He's moving to the colonnade!

Ray, a hundred yards away, starts sprinting this way.

INT. COLISEUM - RAMP - CONTINUING (2000)

Bumpy races up the ramp, through fans, trying.

Ray, far behind, sprinting to get there.

And FOUR STADIUM COPS, now getting the idea, in pursuit.

INT. COLISEUM - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUING (2000)

Morenz reaches the top of that RAMP, sees Bumpy coming - and Ray. No good options left. He bounds over a wall. Blind.

We FOLLOW HIM - a fifteen foot drop - back to the Plaza Level - landing right on top of a POPCORN HOLDING FAN. A wipeout, but it helps to break Morenz's fall.

BACK TO BUMPY, who makes the same blind leap. DOWN...

But there's no one here to break Bumpy's fall. He crashes into hard cement, his leg and hip shattering (hence the limp and cane twelve years later.) He folds up, howling.

INT. COLISEUM - RAMP - RESUMING (2000)

Ray reverses field, running back DOWN the ramp again.

INT. COLISEUM - PLAZA LEVEL - CONTINUING (2000)

Ray, racing, winded - blowing past Bumpy.

RAY

You okay?

BUMPY

I'm fine! Go get him!

Ray keeps running. Morenz is maybe fifty yards away.

Then, a break. MORE STADIUM COPS appear, closing in on Morenz from the other side. Now he's trapped. His only option is a hard right, past a GUARD, through two heavy doors...

SHOCKED STADIUM GUARD

Hey!

But Morenz is already gone, into:

INT. COLISEUM - LIT TUNNEL - CONTINUING (2000)

Morenz runs down the tunnel. Behind him, Ray and MORE COPS follow. Morenz is breathless, desperate.

RAY

Morenz!

Caged and cornered, Morenz blows through more doors, and - shock of shocks:

EXT. COLISEUM - PLAYING FIELD - CONTINUING (2000)

Morenz suddenly finds himself on the playing field itself.

His Raiders, in a huddle on the 19 yardline, wondering why a FAN is on their sacred turf. A chorus of BOOS rising from the stands - Morenz instantly the hated focus of 80,000 fans.

Ray and the STADIUM COPS close in. Morenz - a deer in headlights - tries to flee, gets to about the 15 yardline.

...when he is BLINDSIDED BY TWO RAIDER LINEMEN. A textbook two-man wipeout tackle, helmets down.

He drops like a ragdoll, his breath collapsed by about 600 pounds of angry silver and black. The crowd cheers.

He's face down on the turf, dazed. Ray arrives, cuffs him, finds a HANDGUN under Morenz's belt - as we CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Ray, today, can barely move - his ribs still sore from the shovel that "Beckwith" swung at him. He stands opposite a bookcase, eyeing something:

...the framed PICTURE we noticed in this office a few days ago. *There's Claire, and Cobb, and Bumpy.*

...and Ray - back then. But there's something odd about this picture. In it, everyone's looking at the camera.

...except for Ray himself. *He's looking at Claire.* As if there were no camera here, no one else in the room.

The Ray of today stares at the Ray in that photo.

...as Claire drifts in, and stands beside him, two people looking at their shared past... remembering... then:

RAY

You were always beautiful.

(she blushes)

But so ambitious.

CLAIRE

I prefer "determined."

RAY

Voracious.

CLAIRE

Focused.

RAY

Political.

CLAIRE

Intuitive.

RAY

But oblivious.

CLAIRE

To what?

He doesn't answer - doesn't have to. Just throws another look at that photo... in which he was staring at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Young, Ray. I was young.

He shrugs, lets it go. She drifts back behind her desk.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I think you like looking back more than I do. I don't have time for it.

RAY

I'm not looking back at all. I'm right here...

(knows she'll hate this)

And I'm gonna need two more men.

CLAIRE

Kasten, help me out a little.

RAY

Are we trying to get him or aren't we?

CLAIRE

I'm a month into this job, okay? That brings some scrutiny. First thing I throw resources at can't be a case that isn't there.

RAY

It's there. I got a broken rib that says it's there.

(she's silent)

It was Morenz. Twelve years older, some surgery maybe, but it was him. He saw me and took off.

CLAIRE

Or he saw Bumpy's badge and gun.

RAY

Please - just a couple more men. If nothing else, the guy bounced parole.

CLAIRE

From someone else's county. Doesn't do much for this office.

RAY

But you're not political.

That caught her. She sighs...

RAY (CONT'D)

Did you turn into one of "them," Claire? I really hoped that wouldn't happen.

CLAIRE

Sorry. Comes with the territory. I guess I didn't have you around to show me my truer self.

He could fire back... but he doesn't.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I come here every day, and I do my job. It's not perfect justice, but it's some justice. I can live with--

RAY

Ya wanna have dinner with me tonight?

That came out of nowhere... or maybe out of the past.

CLAIRE

No. I don't... I can't do that.

RAY

Twelve years ago you woulda said yes.

CLAIRE

I guess I must be learning.

RAY

Two more guys, okay? Bumpy's on one leg, and I don't move like I used to.

CLAIRE

Kasten, you move exactly like you used to.

Not a bad point. He smiles. We CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY (2000)

Ray sits outside the D.A.'s Office like a third-grader in trouble, listening as Garson Brady YELLS inside.

Then the door opens - and Claire emerges. She's just had her head handed to her. Can't even LOOK at Ray. FOLLOW THEM:

...Claire marching, Ray keeping up.

RAY

We didn't know the guy would run. We were just there to bring him in for a couple questions.

CLAIRE

Don't do that - don't talk to me like you'd talk to Brady. I know what you were there to do.

RAY

What should we have done? Let him go?

CLAIRE

Yes! We don't have anything on him! A picture of him looking at somebody? That's hardly p.c. And Brady wants him released.

RAY

He hasn't been booked, and he's not being detained. I've advised him fully of his Beheler rights.

CLAIRE

Then why's he still here?

RAY

He's a wanna-be, remember? Siefert did such a good job convincing him he might be a cop someday, the guy's looking at this like a job interview.

CLAIRE

You haven't questioned him yet.

RAY

No. I thought you should be there for that part.

CLAIRE

Sorry. No thanks.

RAY

Why? 'Cause Brady's a little upset?

CLAIRE

Brady just ripped my head off - and he was right. You weren't supposed to be in on this, those were his orders! What was I supposed to tell him?

RAY

Listen to me, he's just trying to spin you around and get your eye off the ball. It's why he put you on this in the first place.

CLAIRE

Stop telling me what a rookie I am. I prosecuted two hundred cases--

RAY

Not here. It's different here.

She stops, studies him.

RAY (CONT'D)

You keep thinking integrity is contagious. It isn't. We make our cases despite the guy who's in charge, not because of him.

(that lands...)

Go sit with Morenz. Talk to him.

CLAIRE

Our boss just ordered me not to.

RAY

Five minutes. If you don't think he's the doer, I'll jump the case - you can give it to anyone you want.

She starts to walk away again.

RAY (CONT'D)

Claire.

He grabs her arm. She resists... and two BUTTONS snap off her blouse, tumbling to the ground. She eyes him, pissed.

RAY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(no reply)

Please. I'm begging you.

She glares. He heads for a door. Opens it. We MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - FIFTH FLOOR - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Today. A DOOR OPENS out: Ray, emerging from Claire's office.

SIEFERT

Heard you almost bought it at the track.

Siefert, standing here. No one else in earshot.

RAY

Tell me something. How do you show up here every day? Knowing all the misery you caused. How do you look in the mirror every morning and decide, "This is the right tie" or "Christ, I need a haircut." How do you do that?

He's expecting spin, or bluster. Instead he gets truth:

SIEFERT

You don't think I've had to carry this shit all these years? You don't think I know what I did?

RAY

Sure. You protected your twenty convictions.

SIEFERT

I protected everybody in this office.

RAY

Except the body in the dumpster.

SIEFERT

And stirring all this up again is gonna bring her back?

RAY

What happened to Morenz after I left here? Where'd he go?

SIEFERT

He fell down a hole, he got whacked by someone from the Sotell gang. How the hell should I know?

RAY

You didn't set him up in some Wit-Sec Program somewhere?

SIEFERT

No.

RAY

Never gave him a new i.d.? Maybe the name Beckwith?

SIEFERT

No.

RAY

Some money to get his face cut on?

SIEFERT

No.

RAY

C'mon, Siefert. You owe me.

SIEFERT

Not that I wanna argue with the biggest swinging-dick in San Diego sports, but I don't owe you shit.

RAY

Then you owe Mitch. And his wife.

SIEFERT

Fine. Keep pushing. But you do and someone's liable to wind up dead behind this shit.

RAY

Any kind of luck, it'll be me.

INT. CITY HALL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (2000)

Twelve years ago. We're TIGHT on that lanyard (now minus Claire's keys), spinning furiously.

...but it's Ray doing it. His anxiety palpable.

RAY

Just want to remind you - you're here
of your own volition, free to go at
any time. No one's holding you.

Reveal Morenz, sitting on the other side of a desk. Not a
care in the world. In fact, the guy looks pretty excited.

MORENZ

"Volition." Great word. I'm gonna use
that someday.

RAY

You understand your rights.

MORENZ

How'd you guys know where I'd be? Was
it the comic book?

Ray says nothing. Morenz enjoys that.

MORENZ (CONT'D)

My girl told me someone broke in and
took it. Was that a legal search and
seizure?

RAY

How well did you know Carolyn Cobb?

BANG. Morenz just flinched, slightly. Ray caught it.

MORENZ

Who?

Ray slides the PICNIC PHOTO to him. Morenz sees himself -
looking at Carolyn instead of at the camera.

Then, a second photo: Carolyn, in that dumpster, her body
reddened by bleach. Morenz recoils, hiding it badly.

RAY

Was the picnic the first time you
ever met her?

MORENZ

I don't know who you're talking
about. I don't even remember taking
this picture. Where was this?

RAY

Our office picnic. You were the guest
of a D.A.I. named Russell Siefert,
your godfather in the Sotell-20 case.

MORENZ

Okay. I came to the picnic, for ten
minutes maybe; they were playing

(MORE)

MORENZ (CONT'D)

shitty music. That's a Glock-Nine, right? Is that standard issue?

RAY

Why'd you run from us?

MORENZ

You kiddin' me? I just snitched on the sickest gang in San Francisco. My name isn't shit out there! I see two armed guys walking up on me, you bet your ass I'm gonna run!

(a beat)

Got me on the field anyway.

RAY

Carolyn Cobb. I think you raped and killed her, Pac-Man.

MORENZ

Sure. That'd be smart -'cause I don't have enough heat on me as it is.

RAY

I think you met her at that picnic and convinced yourself she was interested in you. Then maybe a couple days following her around, waiting... One day she drives into a garage. Perfect. You pull behind her, make your move, pledge your undying love... And when she tells you to screw off, you rape her and kill her.

MORENZ

(laughing it off)

I don't know what you're--

RAY

Two jugs of bleach. Or was it three? Enough to douse her inside and out. Then you take off in her car. Where is it, by the way? Where'd you put it?

MORENZ

I got a car already. And I don't know what you're talking about. Bleach?

RAY

Pretty girl. I'm not even saying I blame you for taking a shot, but--

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

They turn. Claire just entered. She crosses to Ray, grim.

RAY

Yes?

She leans in, anxious... has some urgent news to deliver:

CLAIRE

(whispered)

You have to shut this down.

RAY

Oh?

Across the desk, Morenz's eyes - as if magnetized - find that BLOUSE of hers -- the two MISSING BUTTONS exposing a hint of breast... And he's riveted. Claire's too focused to notice:

CLAIRE

Brady's on his way down. He--

...but just then, she happens to glimpse at Morenz... And she sees where he's looking, how he's looking.

And she knows - that fast, intuitively - this is the guy. She pauses, gathers herself. Morenz looks up from her chest, into her eyes... without apology. Ray caught it - all of it.

RAY

I just need a few more minutes here.

Claire answers stiffly, and not in a whisper anymore:

CLAIRE

No. I don't think that will be necessary.

That surprised Ray, the volume of it. So does this:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mister Morenz has been a very good friend to this office. I thought that'd been made clear to you.

Wait. Is this an act? Ray isn't sure. Morenz smiles smugly.

RAY

He's a person of interest in--

CLAIRE

Tell that to our boss. The D.A.

Yep, it's an act. Ray's catching on now.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

May I see the file?

Ray nods, hands it to her. A quick glance, then:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're free to go, Mister Morenz. I'm sorry you've been inconvenienced.

(at Ray, "harshly")

This is not your doer.

RAY

How do you know?

CLAIRE

Read the file. Carolyn Cobb, five foot seven, hundred and thirty pounds - records said she'd been an athlete through college. Volleyball player. "The damage to the right parietal bone and left mandible of the victim indicated that the attacker was of extraordinary physical strength."

Morenz reacts: Did I just get insulted?...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You see? We're looking for a hulk, not a punk. You can't overpower a woman like that with two noodles for arms. It's laughable.

That lands on Morenz, as:

RAY

Wait a minute--

CLAIRE

Then there's the bleach. Your killer entered that garage with at least two jugs of bleach, a clear sign of pre-meditation and forethought. He also knew enough to douse the victim thoroughly, inside and out, so as to destroy DNA evidence. That takes smarts, strategic thinking. Mister Morenz, what is your level of education? High school? Less than that?

Morenz remains silent, but he's beginning to smolder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ya see, Kasten. You're looking for an intellect; this one likes to sit in his room drawing comic books with big red monsters and characters named after football players. And maybe jerking off to beer posters.

Morenz is boiling now. But Claire goes on:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Which brings me to the final piece of exculpatory evidence - Mister Morenz, that means evidence which proves your innocence of the charge. Again, the autopsy: "Examination of the decedent's vaginal walls indicate injuries at a depth of nine inches." In other words, somebody with a hammer. Not a peanut.

RAY

You have no idea what he's--

CLAIRE

A woman always knows - men carry themselves one way, boys carry themselves another.

She sits beside Morenz, grabs his face as if he were a child.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Don't they?

Morenz is trying not to explode, but it's an effort. The way she's holding his face - infuriating - made worse by the fact that that open blouse of hers is now just inches away.

His eyes find her breasts again. She notices... and grins.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

See? A stolen look down a woman's blouse. Something a boy would do.

(Morenz is fuming...)

Run along, little one. We're sorry for the mix up.

She lets go of his face now. He looks murderous...

He rises, barely containing himself. Heads for the door.

But he STOPS. Turns. Just can't resist.

He unzips his pants, takes out his member. And stands there, with Claire just a foot away.

MORENZ

A peanut. Is that what you said, Bitch?

Shocking. But Claire reins in a reaction. Ray too. Morenz grins, awfully proud of his anatomy... until:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Gosh. How impressive. Am I swooning?

Pure ice. And NOT the reaction Morenz was expecting.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Go home, Loser. Go draw yourself some more monsters.

Morenz grimaces, FURIOUS. Claire smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry - is that a word you don't like? Loser? You like snitch better?

Morenz pulls his pants up, zips them. He wants to kill her...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what I think. I think the last thought that ever went through Carolyn Cobb's mind wasn't, "Gosh, what a winner this guy is, raping me in a garage - and what a great cock he's got!" I'm betting the last thing she ever thought was, "Holy Shit, it's that loser from the picnic, the one that kept staring at me all day, making that simpy face at me in all those pictures."

On Morenz's face: disbelief, rage. Claire smiles at him...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hmmm?

And he SNAPS - launching a huge right hook into her jaw. It catches her flush, spins her around. He lunges toward her.

MORENZ

You want some of this, Bitch?! You want what she got?!

But that fast, Ray tackles him into a wall with a THUD-- Morenz's head snapping back. Then Ray throws him to the ground, starts unloading on him... punch after punch.

RAY

You don't touch her! You hear me?
(keeps pounding him)
You don't touch her! Or I'll kill you!

Morenz is defenseless, but Ray is blind at the moment. Just keeps drilling the guy.

RAY (CONT'D)

Kill you... You hear me?

He can't turn it off. Claire touches his shoulder:

CLAIRE

Ray.
 (Ray keeps going)
 Ray.

He stops, turns - breathing heavy, his fists bloody.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's okay. We got him.

Rational thought returning now... grudgingly.

RAY

You're okay?

CLAIRE

I'm okay. And we got him.

Morenz's face is a pulpy mess. He breathes out a word or two, unintelligible. Ray rises, rolls the guy on to his belly, cuffs him. Claire's motionless.

Then, finally, the adrenaline recedes... and the sheer fear she's been fighting back suddenly hits. She staggers a bit.

Ray pulls her in. Their first contact. She gives into it...

His hands are still bloody. But there's comfort here. She chokes back a sob. They hold on... as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT (2000)

An hour later. Her blouse now held together with a safety pin. She pulls up outside a COFFEE SHOP. Ray beside her.

Through the coffee shop window, they see Cobb, alone, at a counter. Claire looks at Ray, nods: "Go ahead." He smiles, hops out. WE STAY HERE, with Claire.

...watching from inside the car, as Ray enters the coffee shop and breaks the news to Cobb: We got him. It's done.

Cobb just stares for a second. Then he shuts his eyes tight, buries his face in his hands... and begins to weep. Ray puts an arm around him. Claire watches from her car, touched...

Then Ray spots her, through the window. And their eyes lock. Something unspoken passing between them. We CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - STABLES - DAY (PRESENT)

Ray stands, remembering it all. Then back to business: showing that picture of "Beckwith" to two STABLE-HANDS. Bumpy is nearby, doing the same thing.

We POP BACK WIDE, to watch them from a distance...

REVEALING Refugio, the 12 year-old kid who was here when "Beckwith" bolted the other night; Refugio's watching Ray and Bumpy, from afar.

We hear pieces of the dialogue - but not much more than that, just bits of Ray asking questions in Spanish - MUSIC from a Spanish radio station drowning out the rest. We CUT TO:

EXT. PADDOCKS/PARKING LOT - DAY (PRESENT)

Ray and Bumpy, frustrated, leave the paddocks - Bumpy as always struggling to keep up.

BUMPY

Funny thing about lying - it sounds the same in any language.

RAY

You doubting their sincerity, Bump?

BUMPY

No. "Doubting" would mean I wasn't sure. Those Mejo's were lying.

Ray doesn't disagree. Then, suddenly--

He darts around a corner -- lightning fast -- then another... and finds what he expected to find:

Refugio, hiding here - the kid looks up, surprised.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

This mean you have something to tell us?

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

No.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

Would you rather sit down with somebody from Immigration? Maybe tell him?

That ended that. Refugio acquiesces:

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

The guy you chase, everybody seen him before. Just nobody want to snitch him out 'cause he seems so crazy. And he gives guys money not to say stuff.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

What about?

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)

How he always comes to the track in one car and leaves in another.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
You ever take his money?

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
I don't talk to him. I don't like the way he looks at the horses. Sometimes he looks at people that way too.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
He have a name, this guy?

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
He calls himself "Stud." That's what he likes everybody to call him. So we do it. When he's not around we call him something else.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
You got a cellphone, kid?

Refugio hands it over. Ray punches some numbers into it.

RAY (SUBTITLED, CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This is my number. My name's Ray Kasten. This guy ever comes back, you just text 9-1-1 into this number and I'll get here. Okay? It'll be worth fifty bucks to you.

REFUGIO (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
He ever find out it was me, fifty bucks won't help me much.

RAY (SPANISH, SUBTITLED)
How 'bout a hundred?

Refugio half-smiles. Ray too. We CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (2000)

Bumpy lies in a HOSPITAL BED, in a hip-to-toe cast. Ray and Cobb are here to visit him - with a case of BEER. Everybody's pretty lubricated, and feeling good. Toasting drunkenly:

RAY
To my friend and colleague Bumpy - who, now that he's had a metal plate screwed into his leg that shattered in eight different places, can officially be called a Man of Steel.

COBB
Here, here.

RAY
Hey, Bump. How's beer go with Percocet?

BUMPY
Nice actually.

COBB
I wanna thank you guys. Both of you.
It was some of the cheesiest
investigative work I ever saw, but he
got bagged.

RAY
Damn straight.

They drink. The bedside phone rings. Bumpy grabs it.

BUMPY (INTO PHONE)
Dairy Queen, home of the fat-free
freeze. Can I take your order?

The guys laugh... Then they see his smile vanish:

BUMPY (PHONE, CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Oh. Okay.

He hangs up, looks to Ray.

BUMPY (CONT'D)
That was Claire. You're wanted in
Brady's office.

That fast, Ray knows something's gone wrong. Cobb too.

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT (2000)

*We're right behind Ray and Claire - both anxious, both
fighting it. Through a doorway, and into:*

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUING (2000)

Garson Brady, king of the fifth floor, awaits...

BRADY
Well there you have it. A dollar
waitin' on a dime.

RAY
Think I can't see what you're doing?
Do you think I'm stupid?

BRADY
That's two questions. Which one do
you want me to answer first?

Ray fumes. Claire's smart enough to be expressionless.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Just for the record, Mitch Cobb is a
friend of mine. And what happened to
his wife is appalling to me. I'd do
(MORE)

BRADY (CONT'D)

anything to get the scumbag who did it, despite what you obviously think. But being appalled isn't enough. We also need evidence. And you don't have any.

(they're silent)

No DNA, nothing tying him to the crime scene. Instead I've got an Illegal Search and Seizure and that fiasco at the Raider game and a half-assed confession which Morenz says was beaten out of him - and he's got the injuries to prove it. So what should I do, huh? Free twenty drug-murdering gangbangers for a comic book and a picture from a picnic?

RAY

Sounds reasonable - except when I showed you the picture from the picnic you claimed you'd never seen the guy before. That's Obstruction of Justice, Gar. Pretty devious, even for you.

BRADY

These are the waters we swim in - ya don't like it, open a yogurt shop. But this matter is beyond your rank, Kasten. And before you start feeling persecuted, it's beyond my rank too. Understand?

(no reply)

Unless you have something on him that's ironclad, incontrovertible... this boy is officially untouchable.

RAY

He's also guilty.

BRADY

Welcome to the fifth floor.

INT. CITY HALL - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER (2000)

Mirrored walls. Ray and Claire ride in tense silence. Each feels like Hell - mad at themselves, mad at each other.

Oh, and completely in love. That makes things worse. So they're silent, a cloud hanging... until, finally:

RAY

There's a time to shut up, and a time to tell your boss the truth. When he's being a horse's ass, that's the time to tell him the truth.

CLAIRE

Yeah, you really turned him around in there. Just knocked him flat.

RAY

It's your case.

CLAIRE

We don't have a case.

RAY

You wanna explain that to Mitch? Or should I?

That stung. And Claire's about to reply... when the elevator doors open. And a MAN gets on.

That fast, Claire's jaw drops. Ray's too.

...because it's Morenz who just stepped in.

His face is a mess, but he looks pretty amused to see these two here. The doors shut. The car descends. No one speaks.

He's half a foot away, unprotected - and unassailable. Worse, he's got his GUN back. He chambers a round. Claire can barely breathe. Morenz grins. Ray is seething, enraged.

Torture - but they have to endure it. Ray's hand finds his sidearm. Claire's eyes say, "Don't." Morenz just laughs.

Then the elevator stops. The doors open. Ride over.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CITY HALL - LOBBY - CONTINUING

Morenz emerges without a word, drifting past a guy who was waiting here for this very elevator:

Cobb, who just went sheet-white. Utterly speechless.

...as the man who killed Carolyn drifts happily away.

Claire gasps. Ray's silent. Cobb boards the elevator, the doors close. He hits P-2.

...and we begin another silent descent. Three people feeling entirely impotent. Cobb still hasn't blinked. Just staring.

It's too much. Ray reaches across him, hits the STOP BUTTON. The elevator stops. Claire wasn't expecting that.

RAY

(at Claire)

Cover your ears.

CLAIRE

What?

RAY
You don't want to hear this.

Huh? Ray turns to Cobb now:

RAY (CONT'D)
Let's kill him.

Claire's eyes just went wide. Cobb doesn't react at all.

RAY (CONT'D)
Now. Before we lose him again. We
just do it and that's it. He goes.

Cobb doesn't reply. Claire still hasn't taken a breath. Truth is, the idea offends her a lot less than she'd like.

RAY (CONT'D)
Brady won't ask where he went - Brady
won't care. A snitch disappeared, big
deal. The Sotell convictions hold up,
Morenz is gone; nobody misses him.
And Carolyn gets to rest.

COBB
And then what? What would four
bullets get me? A lifetime in jail.
So he dies without ever serving a day
and I spend the next fifty years
envying him. That sound like justice
to you?

No reply. Cobb hits "Run." The elevator descending again. A
feeling of tragedy just hanging in the air.

We PUSH IN on Ray - furious, frustrated, has to do something -
DING. The doors open. They exit.

...but Ray remains:

RAY
Mind following her home, Mitch?

COBB
Where're you going?

RAY
I left something upstairs. All the
way to her door - okay?

COBB
You got it.

RAY
Thanks.

The doors close again. Ray hits five.

INT. CITY HALL - BRADY'S OUTER-OFFICE - NIGHT (2000)

Ray bursts out of that elevator, past the RECEPTION DESK, toward Brady's office, breathing fire.

Brady's PROTECTIVE DETAIL guards the door.

RAY

He just texted me - wants to show me
a file.

They don't have time to object; he's through a door, and:

INT. CITY HALL - D.A.'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUING (2000)

Brady on the phone. Ray coming right at him:

RAY

Did ya have to give him his gun back?

BRADY

He's got a license to--

BOOM. Ray decks the guy. A single punch, lights out.

Brady slumps back into his chair - as his PROTECTIVE DETAIL explodes into the room, weapons drawn.

Ray hits Brady again. A completely irrational act, born of pure frustration. ALARMS RING OUT, throughout the floor. Ray practically crying with rage.

Then he's taken down, face into the carpet. The guys from the detail cuff him, roughly, their guns to his skull.

DETAIL #1

That temper of yours. Huh?

Ray's silent. Brady stirs, eyes him...

BRADY

Lock him up.

EXT. MCALLISTER STREET - SAME (2000)

Morenz turns a corner among the downtown masses - until he has literally vanished from view. Gone, forever... as:

INT. CITY HALL - HOLDING CELL - DAY (2000)

Jail cell. Ray's been here overnight. He hears footsteps...

He looks up. Claire arrives, studies him through the bars.

CLAIRE

Kasten, what're you doing in here?

He breathes out an ironic smile, eyes her...

RAY

Lady, what're you doing out there?

She was expecting that - decides not to fire back.

CLAIRE

*They've got you on Aggravated Assault
of a Public Servant and Battery.*

Brady's agreed not to file charges.

(a beat)

...if you resign.

Ray's not surprised. Still, the words land hard...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

*Badge and gun. And of course, you'd
be done with Morenz. I think you
should do it.*

RAY

*Everything stays quiet, everybody's
happy.*

CLAIRE

*No. I keep working it. And if there's
ever a case to be made on him - a
real case - I make it.*

RAY

Unless Brady tells you not to.

CLAIRE

We down to cheap shots now?

RAY

*More like advice. You get too used to
looking the other way, pretty soon
you're one of "them."*

CLAIRE

Great. Thanks. Next time I--

RAY

Ya wanna have dinner with me tonight?

Wait? What'd he just say? Claire has to re-boot.

CLAIRE

Huh?

RAY

Dinner...

CLAIRE

Why?

RAY

'Cause I'm leaving - and it'd feel stupid to miss you without really even knowing you.

CLAIRE

Where?

RAY

Wherever you want.

On Claire, we SMASH TO:

INT. RAY'S APT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (2000)

They lie in bed, naked. This went great, too great...

CLAIRE

Brady brought in a make-up girl this morning - to cover his bruises.

Odd thing to say right after making love - must be Claire's way of pretending that nothing's happened.

RAY

Oh yeah?

CLAIRE

For a County Board meeting. She put so much base on his eye he could hardly blink.

RAY

Least I went out with a bang.

Claire half-laughs... then pulls it back.

A CABLE-CAR jingles past. She hears it, suddenly finding it less charming than she used to. Tons going unsaid here...

CLAIRE

Where will you go?

RAY

I don't know. Private sector, some bullshit security job maybe - guarding a rock star or something.

CLAIRE

But somewhere else?

RAY

Have to. Why?

That hovers, forever... Then her CELL RINGS - reality returning. They eye one another... She reaches for it.

He stops her, grabs her hand. Their eyes meet. He pulls her in, kisses her. They're going to make love again; the phone can wait. As it rings, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (2000)

Claire's in her office, silent - watching Ray pack up his cubicle in the bullpen. Sad as hell.

Claire's phone rings. She grabs it.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUING

Ray's trying to pack without looking at her. Cobb beside him.

COBB

She coming with you?

RAY

You're kidding, right?

(Cobb isn't)

No, she's not coming with me. That'd be like the star pitcher leaving because the bat boy got fired.

COBB

Did you ask her?

RAY

I didn't have to.

(a beat)

I'm really sorry, Mitch. I wanted to get this guy so bad for you...

Cobb nods, the words hanging... until Claire marches in:

CLAIRE

We may not be done yet.

(beaming)

They found Carolyn's car, middle of Golden Gate Park.

That is huge news - and Cobb reacts, big-time. Ray too.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We find anything in it that i.d.'s Morenz, we might actually have him.

Ray's up. Cobb too, grabbing his gun... But:

RAY

Mitch. Let us do it.

COBB

I won't touch anything. Promise.

(no reply)

It's her car, Ray.

RAY

Be smart.

Cobb hesitates... then acquiesces. Ray holsters up. CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (2000)

Ray drives, Claire beside him. Both eager, hopeful. But:

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. UNIDENTIFIED SPACE - NIGHT (2000)

Darkness. Then a hand shoves a rag into a gallon-jug of GASOLINE, and sets the rag on FIRE...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - SAME (2000)

Cobb, stirring. No way can he just sit here. So he rises...

EXT. UNIDENTIFIED SPACE - RESUMING (2000)

The jug and lit rag are tossed UNDER a vehicle...

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - RESUMING (2000)

Ray looks down... to find Claire's hand, on top of his. Huh?

It shocks him, thrills him too. And she's not retracting it.

CLAIRE

Maybe you won't have to go.

RAY

Maybe not.

CLAIRE

Good.

There it was, a declaration. He pulls into Golden Gate Park.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. COBB'S CAR - MOVING - SAME (2000)

Cobb driving - too fast - racing to get there...

EXT. UNIDENTIFIED SPACE - RESUMING (2000)

The lit rag ignites the gasoline-jug. It EXPLODES, as...

...Siefert sighs, his handiwork done now. There are trees all around him, a park. He gets in a sedan and speeds away....

INT. RAY'S CAR - RESUMING (2000)

Ray can't help it - he's soaring now. They're going to find Carolyn's car. There's hope. He squeezes Claire's hand.

Then, that fast, it all collapses. We see it on his face - as his car comes to a stop in the middle of Golden Gate Park...

...with the flames of a distant BONFIRE suddenly bouncing off his windshield. And he knows it's over:

A hundred yards away, sitting in a huge expanse of grass... is a white Miata, engulfed in flames.

Claire gasps. They get out of the car.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - CONTINUING - NIGHT (2000)

There goes their case... and a lot else. Ray just stares.

RAY

"...the waters we swim in..."

CLAIRE

You don't think... Brady did this?

RAY

Of course he did. He had to.

(she sags)

I told you; it's different here.

No reply. They walk toward the flames - two people, sinking. We CRANK INTO SLOW-MOTION as they near the burning car.

And we realize now that this is an image we've seen before:

"A clearing. It's nighttime. There are FLAMES in the distance - lovely, might be a small BONFIRE - seen through a fluttering shutter. Heightened and ancient."

But it's not lovely at all. It's awful, the end of something.

"We see hints, shadows, but not faces: a MAN hands something to a WOMAN - she's wearing an engagement ring. She freezes, framed by that beautiful bonfire."

But now we do see faces. Ray's. Claire's. Both dying inside.

...because it's over; they know it. Any hope they ever had just went up in flames, literally.

He hands her his gun and his badge. Behind them, the wails of FIRETRUCKS and SQUADCARS can be heard. Red lights.

She touches his face, he pulls her in. She shuts her eyes. So does he. The nearness of her - it's overwhelming.

The sirens draw closer. He steps away; one last look at her. She sniffs back a tear. He heads for his car, gets in.

She starts toward him - but his back is turned. She moves faster, more urgently, but too late. He's gone. She stops. Flames dance behind her.

...as Cobb arrives, jumps out of his car - and sees the bonfire. His eyes meet Claire's.

There's nothing to say. He knows it's a disaster. CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ray and Claire sit on the hood of her car - twelve years later - in the SAME SPOT, same park. Looking over the place where it all went bad. Deep regret, for both of them.

CLAIRE

It's not that you went away. People go away all the time. You *stayed* away.

RAY

Pretty sure my ex would disagree with you.

Claire gets it. He goes on:

RAY (CONT'D)

She was great, actually - kind of a saint. There was just one thing about her that neither of us could fix.

CLAIRE

What's that?

RAY

She wasn't you.

CLAIRE

Oh.

That sinks in - for both of them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You always were a little slow.

RAY

How d'ya mean?

CLAIRE

I mean why didn't you just ask me to come with you?

RAY

Because people like you don't move backwards. They can't.

CLAIRE

Like I said, slow.

He's about to answer - or try to - when his CELL buzzes.

A text. "9-1-1." *It's from Refugio*. And Claire sees it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's that?

RAY
My office, back home.

CLAIRE
Uh-huh. Someone steal second base?

RAY
They just put in some new surveillance software; it's giving everybody fits. I just have to get to my lap-top, in the hotel.

She knows that's a lie. He rises.

CLAIRE
You're really not gonna tell me where you're going?

RAY
I just told you - to the hotel.

She lets it go. They separate, heading for their cars...
...until he stops:

RAY (CONT'D)
Ya know it's probably better that I didn't.
(Claire turns...)
...ask you to come with me that night. This way I got to spend the next twelve years believing you might've actually said yes.

She liked that...

CLAIRE
Be careful, okay?

Ray nods. Then he's gone...

INT. CITY HALL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT (2000)

Twelve years ago - Cobb steps into that same elevator, an hour after seeing Carolyn's Miata go up in flames.

The doors shut. His face is a mask. Then he EXPLODES.

With a ROAR he pulls out his GUN and starts SMASHING IT into the mirrored walls of this car - glass shattering all around him. But he can't stop. His own reflection obliterated.

We leave him there - smashing those mirrors, destroying them - out of control... as we CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Now. Ray pulls up to the stables - his eyes searching...

...there's Refugio, subtly pointing at something:

A TRICKED-OUT MERCEDES 560 - unusual for this neighborhood.

...as "Beckwith" slips into it. In seconds he's driving away.

Ray pulls five \$20's from his wallet, tosses them out the window of his car at Refugio's feet, then follows the Benz.

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

This is Hunters Point, a slum surrendered to gangs and drugs long ago. Ray follows the 560 through lifeless streets.

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

The 560 stops at a stoplight. No other cars anywhere near.

Ray pulls into a liquor store parking lot (so he won't appear to be tailing the 560 too obviously.)

He waits a beat, for the 560 to move through the intersection - then pulls out again - passing beneath a BILLBOARD:

It's a big picture of Brady. The text reads, "*Experience. Integrity. Honor. Re-Elect Garson Brady for Governor.*"

But all Ray can see is the 560... He dials his cell.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR BULLPEN - SAME

Bumpy's cell rings. He grabs it.

BUMPY (INTO CELL)
Where the hell are you?

RAY (INTO CELL)
I got him, Bump. In a stolen Benz,
driving through Hunters Point.

BUMPY (INTO CELL)
He made you yet?

RAY (INTO CELL)
Nope.

BUMPY (INTO CELL)
Okay. I'm on my way.

RAY (INTO CELL)
Under the radar. Right?

BUMPY (INTO CELL)
What, I'm gonna start respecting
protocol now? And break my perfect
record?

RAY (INTO CELL)
 Proceeding south on Innes toward the
 shipyards.

BUMPY (INTO CELL)
 Don't do anything until I get there.
 You wind up dead, I get a demerit.

RAY (INTO CELL)
 Go.

Ray clicks off. We STAY WITH BUMPY.

...revealing that Cobb is standing right beside Bumpy's desk -
 looking grim. We RETURN TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

The landscape's getting worse: boarded up windows, gang-tags
 everywhere, empty lots. And a SHIPYARD, rotting by the sea.

Used to be a NAVAL YARD here. Now just condemned buildings,
 caved-in fences, broken glass and potholes - for miles.

The 560 disappears down a sloping DIRT ROAD. Ray has to keep
 his distance. He comes to a stop, as:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SHIPYARDS - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

A cluster of abandoned INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS - windows blown
 out, walls sagging, sitting on a road of wet dirt.

The 560 pulls into a HANGAR-LIKE SPACE attached to one of the
 buildings. A garage door shuts behind it.

INT. RAY'S CAR - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray parks, cuts the ignition. Now what? He's exposed in a
 blown-out shipyard in the ganglands of Hunters Point.

Smart move would be to sit and wait. He gets out of the car.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SHIPYARDS - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

Ray slinks through puddles, broken glass - hiding in shadows.

A DOG BARKS - loud and sudden. Ray keeps going. There's a
 FENCE up ahead. He hops it, too noisily. The DOG barks again.
 Ray knows this is a bad move - just can't stop himself.

He comes down on the other side of the fence, dropping onto a
 narrow WALKWAY alongside the building. Filth under his feet.

Up ahead, a corner, a spill of BRIGHT LIGHT on the ground.
 Ray nears it, steps out of the darkness of this walkway, into
 that spill of light - the front of the building.

EXT. BUILDING FRONT - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

He peeks around the corner, eyes squinting from the glare.

Then - a SHAPE appears in front of us. A halo of harsh light barely framing the outlines of a MAN. Ray stops.

And the Man comes into focus. It's "Beckwith". Waiting for us. And now we're *certain* that he's Morenz. No doubt.

RAY
Hey, Pac-Man.

BECKWITH
Who are you, Asshole?

RAY
It's time you answer for Carolyn Cobb. But you know that already.

"Beckwith" reaches for something - fast - a GUN, as:

Ray draws his too - just as fast.

And now they're two feet from each other, *guns drawn at each other's heads* - an instant STANDOFF, pitched and tense.

BECKWITH
You don't wanna do this.

RAY
No, I do. I really do.

Then, a SOUND behind Ray - feet, landing - as if someone had just jumped down from a wall or something. He turns.

...too late to see the TIRE IRON swinging right at his head.

It catches him in the temple. And everything goes black...

INT. CHOP-SHOP - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

A fuzzy reality... our eyes begin to open... where are we?

A "CHOP-SHOP": skeletons of vehicles, in pieces, illuminated by jerryrigged worklights in what used to be a factory.

FIVE GUYS stand over us. "Beckwith" is one of them. On his right, holding Ray's gun, is a guy we'll call HAMMER.

HAMMER
He's a cop. Gotta be a cop.

BECKWITH
No badge? In a rented car?

HAMMER
Why's he following you then?

BECKWITH
I dunno. Let's ask him.

A swift kick to Ray's broken rib. He gasps in pain.

BECKWITH (CONT'D)
What're you doing? Why're you following me?

Ray can't spit out a reply. So, ANOTHER KICK, same place.

The pain is impossible. But he rolls over, gets to his knees.

BECKWITH (CONT'D)
What's your deal, Homes? Why're you following me?

Ray, somehow, gets to his feet. Eyes the guy.

RAY
You have to answer for Carolyn Cobb.

BECKWITH
Man why you keep saying that?

RAY
Because I know who you are.

BOOM. A right cross from "Beckwith" spins Ray around.

RAY (CONT'D)
I know who you are!

HAMMER
Hey, can we lose this guy already?

BECKWITH
Yeah. Do it.

Hammer grabs Ray by the collar, pulls him toward the rear of the hangar, Ray never taking his eyes off "Beckwith."

RAY
I know who you are!

Hammer pushes him toward that back door - but just then:

IT BURSTS OPEN - from the outside - and Cobb and Siefert thunder in, weapons drawn--

COBB
Lemme see your hands!

SIEFERT
Get 'em up! Get 'em up!

It's all a BLUR. Cobb yanks Ray from Hammer's grasp, pushes Ray down to the floor, his gun trained on Hammer.

"Beckwith's" hands go up. The OTHER THUGS follow suit.
But ten feet away, CHOP-SHOP THUG #1 reaches for a gun.

COBB

Freeze!

Thug #1 turns, aims...

Cobb fires, hitting him.

Thug spins, fires twice.

Cobb fires again. Thug goes down.

SILENCE... No one else moving. It's been five seconds.

...and we see it at the same time Cobb does: the two shots from the Thug - they both hit Siefert. And Siefert is down.

Bumpy rushes in now, gets to Siefert's side.

COBB (CONT'D)

Get an ambulance!

Ray reaches for his cell, starts dialing. "Beckwith" still hasn't moved. Bumpy tries to stanch the blood.

BUMPY

Eyes on me, Siefert. I'm right here.
You're gonna be okay.

Siefert breathes in gasps. Cobb's got one eye on him, the other on the Thugs - who remain in shadow - as:

RAY (INTO CELL)

Shots fired. Officer down. We're in an abandoned factory in the old shipyards, Robinson Road, south of Innes. Repeat, officer down.

It's all surreal. Bumpy trying to resuscitate him.

BUMPY

Stay with me, Man. Ambulance is coming. Okay?

Siefert half-nods, trying. Blood everywhere... Ray looks from Siefert to "Beckwith" to Cobb...

COBB

Rest of you move to the center of the room. On your knees, fingers interlaced behind your heads. Now.

Hammer obeys. "Beckwith" too, his head down. And the Thugs.

BUMPY
Stay still. You're gonna be okay.

RAY
Mitch.

COBB
Move, assholes!

BUMPY
Stay with me, Siefert...

RAY
Mitch.
(Cobb turns)
It's Morenz. Look at him.

The world STOPS. Even Bumpy - struggling to keep Siefert alive - can't resist a glimpse... as Cobb turns... and gets his first real look at "Beckwith" now - in the light.

It's a loaded moment, like seeing a ghost.

But Cobb, oddly, is expressionless. "Beckwith" is too. That's not what Ray was expecting...

RAY (CONT'D)
See?

Cobb still doesn't react. Maybe he's too overwhelmed to speak. Maybe he still thinks this guy isn't Morenz. Is that possible? Ray's at a loss... until he hears:

BUMPY
Goddammit!

COBB
He doin' okay, Bump?

BUMPY
He's dead.

What? They turn... Sure enough, Siefert is gone, his body still in Bumpy's lap. Just then, SIRENS wail down the street, descending on this place. Ray looks to Cobb. We CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SHIPYARDS - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

A SQUAD CAR pulls away. "Beckwith" is in back, face forward. Ray watches him disappear - then finds Cobb.

RAY
I told you I'd get him.

COBB
Congratulations.

RAY

You don't think he's Morenz.

COBB

No, I don't think he's Morenz. I think we did all this for a Grand Theft Auto and a Parole Violation.

(over Ray)

It's okay, I don't mind re-living the whole thing again, sending a fifteen year guy home in a box, long as you get another shot at happiness, that's the important thing.

RAY

You looked at his face? Up close?

COBB

Yeah. I did. Did you happen to look at Siefert? 'Cause he's dead.

RAY

Well, the wheels of justice turn slowly, but they do--

He's stopped, MID-WORD, as Cobb grabs him by the collar - into a fence. COPS see it happening, but no one steps in.

COBB

Listen to me, dumbshit. He just ate two bullets for you, understand? So show some respect.

RAY

Yeah? Like he showed for Carolyn?

Cobb just snaps - launching a right hook at Ray...

But he STOPS, somehow, mid-punch. Gathers himself.

COBB

Don't. Don't you ever say her name again. Or I'll kill you myself.

He releases his grip. Ray sags back. Cobb walks away...

INT. COBB'S CAR - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Cobb drives. Ray, his face bruised and bleeding, stares out the window. It's been a long, silent ride.

They pull up to a curb overlooking Dolores Park, mid-city. There's a non-descript SEDAN parked across the street in front of a modest home. Ray doesn't move. Neither does Cobb.

COBB

I know what you're feeling, Ray. Believe me.

(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)

(Ray's silent)

She died. We weren't there to save her. So you think you have to keep trying. But you don't let this shit go, pretty soon there won't be anything left of you - just the same tape, rewinding over and over again, 'til you can't see anything else.

RAY

Is that what you did? Let it go?

COBB

I had to. I was dying.

Ray doesn't answer. Doesn't get out either...

RAY

The way you looked at her... I'd never seen that before. Ever.

COBB

She was my life.

(that lands)

And tomorrow you're gonna get on a plane and go back to yours. Okay?

RAY

Can't do that, Pal. We got the right guy, I know it.

Cobb sags, reaches for the door... Ray stops him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Mitch. I didn't come back here to cut you open again. Can we... ya wanna get a cup of coffee? Talk?

COBB

I knew about the surprise party.

Wait. What? Ray has to re-boot.

COBB (CONT'D)

I found out about it that morning, told her I didn't want it. It's the only fight we ever had.

Ray barely has time to process that, as:

COBB (CONT'D)

So you can let that go too - she was never gonna meet you that day.

With that, he's out the door. Ray's at a loss...

EXT. HOME - MID-CITY - WALKWAY - CONTINUING - (PRESENT)

Cobb walks Ray past Mueller and ANOTHER D.A.I. - guys who might beat the shit out of Ray if given the chance. Up a flowered path to a door. It OPENS before they get there.

Claire stands in the doorway.

COBB
He's all yours.

Cobb turns and goes. Ray and Claire study one another.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LATER NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ray and Claire, in front of a fire. She puts a damp cloth to his swollen lip. It hurts.

CLAIRE
Not too smart, Kasten.

RAY
What was that thing you said, about
only looking forward?
(Claire smiles)
They didn't teach that at Valley.

CLAIRE
Maybe the only class you paid
attention in was History.

He catches her hand. The moment hangs.

RAY
I know. I should forget it; it was
another lifetime. Except it wasn't
another lifetime. It was this one. It
is this one.
(reluctantly)
And there's nothing in it.

She puts her arms around him. He allows it.

And they stay like that, holding each other. His eyes look wet. Nothing said... until:

CLAIRE
My God. Did we blow it?

Yes. And they both know it. A RINGING PHONE shatters the silence. She eyes the readout, surprised. Then she grabs it.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Mitch?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. COBB'S CAR - PARKED - SAME (PRESENT)

Cobb is parked on the shoulder of a road, cell-phone in hand.

COBB (INTO CELL)
Get to my house, both of you. I wanna
tell you something.

On Claire's face, we CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ray and Claire drive in silence. Outside the windows we see
lots of brush - West Marin - not much to it.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

They pull onto a dirt road, Cobb's property.

It's a modest spread, off a quiet street. A few acres of
brushland and a small ranch-style house, with what used to be
a smokehouse/barn behind it. Very remote.

RAY
He wanted someplace quiet...

They pull up at the house. 3 a.m. The SEDAN parks behind them
- (her security detail.) Claire nods to Mueller, "Stay in the
car." He nods back. She and Ray approach the house.

Cobb is at a window, awaiting them. He looks grim...

INT. COBB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT)

Spare furnishings. Pictures of Carolyn. Ray takes it all in.

COBB
Coffee?

RAY
No.

Claire shakes her head. Waiting for a shoe to drop...

COBB
My guys're doing a widows-and-orphans
for Siefert. Might not be a bad thing
for you to kick in.

RAY
Of course. I forgot he was married.

COBB
Divorced. Two kids in high school.

RAY
Well, that's on me.

COBB
No. It's on me. I could've stopped
all this from happening. That's why
you're here. Sit.

They sit. A framed picture of Carolyn is visible over Cobb's shoulder, resting on an academic medical journal. Silence...

COBB (CONT'D)

I wanna thank you both, for going to bat for her like you did. But it has to stop now, before anybody else gets hurt. I couldn't live with that.

RAY

Mitch, this is the guy. We go back in and we're gonna find--

COBB

He's not the guy, Ray.

RAY

Look. You don't want to get invested again. I get it. But--

COBB

He's not Morenz. I know it.

RAY

How?

COBB

'Cause Morenz has been dead for twelve years.

Wait? What'd he just say? Ray and Claire pause...

COBB (CONT'D)

I killed him.

Silence. The air just left the room...

RAY

What?

COBB

I killed him. A week after you left.

Claire can barely speak... but she has to:

CLAIRE

You... You understand that you're speaking to an officer of the court.

COBB

I do.

CLAIRE

You should get yourself a lawyer, Mitch. Before you say another--

COBB

It's okay. I'll be fine with whatever you decide to do about it.

Now Claire's truly at a loss. So Cobb continues:

COBB (CONT'D)

I would have left him alone, I want you to know that. But once her car got torched - I knew if Brady could do that, he'd never let us bring this guy in. So, it just had to be me. I owed her that.

He's determined to keep talking. Claire lets him. We...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY (2000)

A gun club. Loud and busy. Mid-day. Twelve years ago.

COBB (V.O.)

Truth is, he wasn't that hard to find. Guy wanted to be a cop; so where's he gonna spend his time?

Cobb is here, showing Morenz's picture to a FIRING RANGE EMPLOYEE. The Employee nods; he's seen Morenz before.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FIRING RANGE #2 - EVENING (2000)

A parking lot. Cobb stands in shadows, waiting.

...as Morenz walks past him, ducking inside with a gun bag.

COBB (V.O.)

Passions. Right?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. FIRING RANGE #2 - EVENING (2000)

Morenz, glasses on, ears covered, fires away, determined.

We DRIFT LEFT... into the next lane... to find Cobb, also firing away, his eyes dead.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. RANGE #2 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (2000)

Morenz gets to his car, opens the trunk. Then, behind him:

COBB (O.S.)

Pac-Man.

Cobb emerges from a shadow, a RIFLE in hand. THUMP. He butt-ends Morenz across the head. Morenz crumbles. Cobb folds him into the trunk, slams it shut.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MORENZ'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT (2000)

Cobb drives, his face a mask.

COBB (V.O.)

It's the strangest thing, when you're on your way to do something and you're still not sure you're actually going to do it. It's like reading a novel; you don't know how it's going to go - except you're the guy you're reading about.

(a beat...)

And then you watch yourself do it.

To his right, a FREIGHT-TRAIN rumbles along noisily. Cobb eyes it idly, drifting a bit. The BLARING HORN OF AN ONCOMING SUV jars him. He gets back into his lane...

Then a NOISE, a muffled THUMPING - coming from the trunk.

It's Morenz. Awake. Now what? Cobb eyes that TRAIN again -- and that fast, he knows what to do...

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT (2000)

The shoulder of a desolate road. Cobb stands behind the still-closed trunk of Morenz's car. Waiting.

More thumps from inside. Cobb doesn't react... until...

ANOTHER TRAIN rumbles by, loud. Cobb throws open the trunk and fires four bullets into it. No expression at all.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. DESERT FLAT - NIGHT (2000)

The absolute middle of nowhere. Cobb watches as Morenz's car burns. A huge pyre, with no one to see it.

COBB (V.O.)

Like you said, Ray - he was one of those guys nobody would ever miss.

Cobb turns and walks away. We RETURN TO:

INT. COBB'S HOUSE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray and Claire are silent, dumbstruck. Cobb eyes them.

COBB

So you can forget this Beckwith, before anything else gets broken. He's a scumbag, but he's not *our* scumbag. Just... let it go. Okay?

Ray is stunned, relieved, angry - all at once.

COBB (CONT'D)

Reliving it, wondering if you could've stopped it; it's no way to live. You wind up with a thousand
(MORE)

COBB (CONT'D)
 pasts and no future. I don't want
 that for you.

RAY
 Was this better?

COBB
 What do you think?

RAY
 I think you look a thousand years
 old.

COBB
 What can I tell you - I've been in
 solitary for twelve years. I don't
 want that for you either.

Ray and Claire are silent...

COBB (CONT'D)
 You want my badge, Claire?

CLAIRE
 I just... wanna think for a second.

COBB
 Whatever you decide, it's fine.
 (at Ray)
 Understand? It's done.

On Ray, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

4:30 a.m. Ray driving. Claire staring. Neither speaking. Her
 security detail trails behind.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE/INT. RAY'S CAR - 4:45 A.M. (PRESENT)

Ray pulls to the curb. The security detail does too.

Claire can't quite get out. And Ray's not pushing her.

CLAIRE
 I always thought... if this one was
 ever over, it would feel like it was
 over.

RAY
 I dunno. Maybe it was over a long
 time ago, and we just never knew it.

He's right. She nods.

RAY (CONT'D)
 You gonna prosecute him, Claire?

CLAIRE

I'm gonna get some sleep. Maybe you'll come by the office in the morning - talk me through it.

RAY

I don't have a lot of friends in that building.

CLAIRE

You have one.

That helped. Ray smiles. Claire pats his hand then gets out.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

G'night.

He smiles, watches her go... up that flowered walkway... to the door... vanishing inside.

Suddenly, IMAGES race through his memory - VOICES too. We see and hear pieces, fragments - as Ray remembers them:

Carolyn, in that garage, pleading for her life.

Cobb, looking at photos of Beckwith and Morenz...

Words from that e-mail: "Surprise party." "Sssshhhh."

Cobb: "I guess we were all looking in the wrong place."

Brady: "Welcome to the fifth floor."

Cobb: "I'm a little afraid of having to watch him walk away again."

Carolyn's body at the bottom of that dumpster.

Cobb, drunk, looking up from a table at The Golden Bear.

Carolyn's framed picture, sitting on a medical journal.

Cobb: "I've been in solitary for twelve years. I don't want that for you either."

And Ray's face just hardens. We don't know why. He pulls away from the curb, a U-TURN. Then he's gone. We CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING (PRESENT)

Ray, driving as the sun rises. He looks almost manic.

...as MORE IMAGES AND VOICES come at him:

Carolyn, smiling on a happier morning.

Cobb: "He gets a big meal, then he lies down and they give him a shot and he takes a nap - while I stay in hell."

Morenz, during his interrogation, eyeing Claire's breasts...

Cobb: "Let him rot in jail, live a life full of nothing."

Morenz, riding in that elevator with Ray and Claire.

Cobb's face, in the City Hall Lobby, as Morenz breezes by.

Carolyn's car, burning...

Cobb: "Pretty soon there won't be anything left of you - just the same tape, rewinding over and over again."

Cobb, assaulting Morenz, stuffing him into a trunk.

Cobb: "It's the strangest thing, when you're on your way to do something and you're still not sure you're actually going to do it."

Bumpy: "See? His own personal life sentence."

Cobb, firing into that trunk as the train goes by.

Cobb: "Like you said, Ray - he was one of those guys nobody would ever miss."

Cobb, firing the second bullet into the open trunk...

Cobb: "It's quiet out there. I like the quiet."

Cobb, firing the third bullet into the trunk.

Cobb: "What would four bullets get me?"

Cobb, firing the final bullet into the trunk.

Cobb: "So he dies without ever serving a day and I spend the next fifty years envying him."

Finally, Cobb looking right at us: "That sound like justice to you?" A beat... Then:

"I don't want Death on this one, not for this guy."

Ray punches the gas, urging the car to move faster. His car speeds away from us... as we:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CITY HALL - GARAGE - MORNING (PRESENT)

Claire walks through the garage, weary and torn.

EXT. ROAD - WEST MARIN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Ray parks on the side of an empty road.

Cobb's property sprawls before us. Empty. Lifeless. Ray climbs over a fence. We CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. CITY HALL - COBB'S OFFICE - SAME (PRESENT)

Claire eyes Cobb's office - those pictures of Carolyn, placed lovingly throughout the room...

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - GROUNDS - MORNING (PRESENT)

Ray crosses two acres of scrub-brush. In front of him, Cobb's ranch-house, with that smokehouse/barn behind it.

INT. CITY HALL - 2ND FLOOR - SAME (PRESENT)

Claire scans the bullpen, sadly. Ray used to sit right here. That was Cobb's desk. And Siefert's...

She just decided something. Something permanent.

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - GROUNDS - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray ducks behind a wide tree, quietly surveilling: the main house. The smokehouse. Then a SOUND--

The front door of the main house opens. Cobb emerges, carrying a tray. Ray watches, maybe fifty yards away...

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - OFFICES - SAME (PRESENT)

Claire passes through - carrying a cardboard box. Bumpy's at a desk out here. A phone rings. He answers it:

BUMPY (INTO PHONE)
San Francisco County District
Attorney's Office. Investigator
Willis speaking. How can I help you?

At last, an actual answer to a call. Claire almost smiles.

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - GROUNDS - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Cobb disappears behind that smokehouse, carrying the tray.

Ray emerges from behind the wide tree, following. Quietly.

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - COMMAND CENTER - SAME (PRESENT)

Claire walks past the Command Center Security desk.

DESK COP
Madame District Attorney...

Claire smiles tightly, disappearing into the VAULT.

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - SMOKEHOUSE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray nears the smokehouse door, pauses outside it. No sounds inside. No sounds anywhere.

INT. CITY HALL - VAULT - SAME (PRESENT)

Claire sets down that cardboard box. We see now that it's the CASEBOX she re-opened a few days ago. "Cobb, Carolyn."

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - SMOKEHOUSE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray carefully nudges open the smokehouse door...

INT. CITY HALL - VAULT - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Claire sighs... then puts the Carolyn Cobb case-box *back on a shelf*, hiding it behind other boxes...

INT. COBB'S PROPERTY - SMOKEHOUSE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray enter the SMOKEHOUSE, and sees something very odd:

Vertical BARS, running from the floor to the ceiling - as if someone had built a large CAGE in here.

...or a jail cell.

INT. CITY HALL - 5TH FLOOR - COMMAND CENTER - RESUMING

Claire shuts the vault behind her. Case closed. But she doesn't turn away... Something just gave her pause. We PUSH IN on her, then BACK TO:

INT. COBB'S PROPERTY - SMOKEHOUSE - RESUMING (PRESENT)

Ray eases into this odd room, unsettled. Then it gets worse:

Here's Cobb, his back to us, putting a plate and a fork on that tray. What is all this?

Ray takes another step. Then a SOUND stops him cold:

Footsteps, muffled - the shuffling of feet, coming from INSIDE that cell. Ray freezes, as:

...a form emerges from the shadows at the back of the cell.

It's a PERSON. A man. Maybe ninety years old by the hunch of his silhouette. *Why would there be an old man in here?*

Then another sound shatters the silence. A CUP, dropping from the old man's hand to the ground... because *this guy just saw Ray in the doorway*. Utter shock.

And now Ray's jaw drops too.

...because that's not an old man in there.

It's Morenz.

Twelve years older, but he looks *ancient*. Crippled, his hair thinning, his teeth rotting. A prisoner. A shell. Half-dead.

And Cobb, the warden in here, turns. His eyes meet Ray's.

Ray is thunderstruck, speechless. He drifts closer to the cell bars, hoping maybe he's seeing things.

No. That's Morenz, an arm's length away - impossible - reaching a frail hand through the bars, trying to touch Ray. But Ray leans away, repulsed.

Cobb still hasn't moved, or said a word...

MORENZ

Please...

The voice is scratchy, barely audible, as if he hadn't uttered a word in a very long time.

MORENZ (CONT'D)

At least... ask him to talk to me.

Ray doesn't reply. He can't.

Morenz shrugs, hopeless. He shuffles back into the shadows. Ray looks to Cobb:

COBB

A "life sentence," right?

RAY

(almost breathless)

But... *you're* serving it too, Mitch.

Cobb doesn't reply. He can't.

And it's all too much for Ray to integrate. He backs away.

EXT. COBB'S PROPERTY - SMOKEHOUSE - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

Ray stumbles out of the smokehouse, the impact of all this playing across his face.

Then he STOPS in his tracks - just got shocked again:

Claire is five feet away - just arrived here.

Somehow, *she too has figured it all out*. And now, through the open smokehouse door, she can see Cobb, the cell, Morenz's shadow... all of it making a horrible kind of sense.

Ray is silent. So's Cobb. There's nothing to say. Claire just stands, awed, piecing it all together... until:

CLAIRE

Shut the door.

Ray slowly closes the smokehouse door behind him - leaving Cobb on the other side of it, vanishing as it shuts.

Ray and Claire study one another, then turn to go...

INT. COBB'S PROPERTY - GROUNDS - CONTINUING (PRESENT)

The sun is up now. A clear, beautiful day.

They drift across the scrub-brush in silence, both of them still trying to make sense of what they just saw.

But Ray looks lighter now, in his eyes; there's life in them. He pulls something from his pocket, places it in her hand. Gently.

And she stops.

It's that lanyard-keychain of hers. From forever ago.

It takes a moment for the image to register... but then her face lights up, a smile fanning across it. And a tear too.

He takes her hand, drinks her in. At last all this darkness is over. They have a chance. And they know it.

Hand in hand, they walk away across the untended grounds - leaving that smokehouse behind - as we...

FADE OUT

-THE END