

THE SNOWMAN

By Matthew Carnahan

Based on the novel by Jo Nesbo

19th December 2012

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*Never throw stones at your Mother, you'll be sorry for it when she's dead.
Never throws stones at your Mother, throw bricks at your Father instead.*

Brendan Behan

**November 5, 1980
Royal Oak, Michigan**

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Middle Class. Just off eye-line: the very first snowflake of the season falls. Two seconds. Then a deluge: thousands more begin blanketing POV. A Plymouth Volare churns through frame.

INT. SAME PLYMOUTH VOLARE - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG MOTHER driving. Farah Fawcett coif. Flips on wipers. SON the passenger. She watches him as he watches homes pass. Her face doesn't evince standard adoration a parent feels for a child who doesn't know he's being watched - *a nervousness instead*. Quiet talk radio drones:

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO)

Male Berhaus Seals dote on female partners until their children grow to adolescence. He does this not out of love for her, but love for his own genes. He in fact loves his lineage so much that before the Seals leave the Bering Strait for open ocean, the Male tries to kill the Female, Mother of his Children.

Young Mother stops at a faceless tract home.

YOUNG MOTHER

Gotta go say 'bye-bye' to a friend.

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO)

Because female Berhaus Seals never mate with the same Male twice.

As she gets out, *she very quickly checks her face in the rearview*. Leaves the running car and her Son.

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

A question of Drives: his is to give his pups the best chance at survival. Thus, by killing their Mother, he kills her potential to spawn future competition.

INT. FACELESS TRACT HOME - SAME MOMENT

Young Mother unbuckling a tall, HANDSOME Man's belt. *We continue hearing the radio from the car, unbroken:*

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO) (O.S.)
Her drive is to spread the wealth:
have many children with many Males,
ensuring healthy genetic diversity.

Handsome in a paint-stained shirt. Home empty save stacks of moving boxes. He'd been patching nail holes when she knocked.

INT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - CONTINUOUS

Son reading - kids this sad and quiet always seem to read.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON RADIO)
We're sailing into Darwinian waters-

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO)
-a CMU study last year found up to
20% of all kids have different Dads
than they, or their putative
Fathers, think. *Every 5th child*
living a lie - yet ensuring healthy
genetic diversity. And in a state
where we joke that no matter what
IGA you go into, you see the same
faces, genetic diversity isn't bad.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON RADIO)
Unless you're one of those Fathers-

-Son turns the car off. Snow-bound silence. Climbs from front seat to back. Opens a bookbag to switch tomes - a green FFA (Future Farmers of America) patch sown to the bag with a tagline: **"Support Family Farms."** Another Car approaches now from the opposite direction. Moving far too slowly...

INT. FACELESS TRACT HOME - CONTINUOUS

She unbuttons his shirt - stares - endlessly enthralled that Handsome has no nipples: unbroken white skin. Kneads his chest, luxuriating in Nature's omissions. Gives herself to the accelerating pace. Then it stops. Her eyes open with confusion-cum-terror. Handsome's staring out the window:

HANDSOME
A face.

She spins underneath him: black outside. Overhead light floods the windowpane so she can't see anything...panic:

YOUNG MOTHER
Saw yourself-NO JESUS-a reflection-

-she moves low to the window. He turns off the light so she can see out. Room pitch black. A FACE appears. She begins cackling: a *Snowman*. He turns the light back on, wide-eyed...

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)
A *Snowman*. Kids made a Snowman.

Both exhale, weak-kneed like people who just survived a brush with death. Long moment...she begins buttoning her shirt...

HANDSOME
We're not done yet...

EXT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - DARK NIGHT

Mother looking at her watch - curses herself. Hustling. Eyes flit up to the neighbors' windows. Then she sees her car: the trunk wide-open. Eyes wide with apprehensive fear as she closes it with one hand, reaches for keys with the other - *remembers she left them with her boy*.

Tries the door. Locked. Windows fogged opaque. Knocks. *Doors still don't unlock*. Losing composure now. Slams the window: *what if something happened while I was inside?* Inhaling to scream when the locks pop up suddenly. *Rips open the door...*

INT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - NEXT MOMENT

Son in the back seat, huddled, trembling. She's so shocked by his countenance she forgets where they are and why...

YOUNG MOTHER
Did I wake you? Baby what?

She notices now his breath pluming - realizes how cold it is. Curses herself again. Turns the key. *Engine doesn't start*. Tears well. *Things unraveling*. Turns the key again-

SON (O.C.)
-I saw him.

Stops turning the key. Closes her eyes. A tear leaks now.

YOUNG MOTHER
Who?

SON
The Snowman.

Exhales with another rush of relief.

YOUNG MOTHER

Me too.

Opens her eyes. Turns the key a third time, fingers bleed white - and as though her relief is so numinous it exerts power, engine starts. Forced smile and tone belie interest:

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Who made the Snowman-

-engine falters - pumps the accelerator furiously - motor drowning the Boy's answer: *mouth moving unheard in the rearview while she squints, foot working the pedal*. He finishes the same moment the engine decides to stay alive. *She didn't hear a word*. Offers up an impotent half-question:

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Yeah? Buckle up. Daddy's waiting.

RADIO HOST (ON RADIO)

Ronald Reagan's historic defeat of President Carter yesterday is still-

-Mother changes it to music. Driving. Looks in the rearview to see how her Son is doing. He's not there. She turns quickly, nearly jumps out of her seat: he's between the front seats, his face inches from hers, terror in his eyes...

SON

We're going to die.

**November 3, 2004
Chicago, Illinois**

INT. NONDESCRIPT BEDROOM - MORNING

HARRY HOLE wakes to a THUD so massive it doesn't scare him: too loud and heedless to be a stalking evil. Hole's eyes blue, his face broken and mended time and again - like he took up boxing in later life so as to have the physical scars but not yet the mental. Another thud. He blinks.

Then his eyes lock on the back of an opened envelope next to a stack of mail on the floor - sorting it before bed the previous night. On this envelope one word is written in calligraphic hand in the upper middle back: **Toowoomba**. Unfolded letter next to it, typed, brief:

Soon the first snow will come. And then he will appear again. The Snowman. And when the snow is gone, he will have taken another. What you should ask yourself is who made the Snowman? Who makes Snowmen? Who gave birth to the Murri? For the Snowman doesn't know.

Another thud. Harry stands, plants a foot on the letter. He's in wiry-raw shape. Like a tri-athlete. Or heroin addict.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - NEXT MOMENT

Steps in yawning, and is presented with a *PORTLY* man smashing holes in his walls with a hammer. Portly startles...then:

PORTLY
You got fungus.

HARRY
A private matter, no?

PORTLY
(perfunctory smile)
Aspergillus I think. I knocked.

HARRY
I didn't answer.

PORTLY
The Super let me in.

HARRY
What's the Super's name?

PORTLY
Peter. Tall guy.

Harry stares a moment longer. Itches his ass. Makes coffee.

PORTLY (CONT'D)
You get any headaches? Fatigue?

HARRY
For as long as I can remember.

PORTLY
Really?

Harry glances at his calendar. Marked on today's date: Television. Several hours blocked out. Strikes us as funny. Beneath that, at 9 PM: Dinner. Rakel. Mia Francesca.

HARRY
I bet its because I'm an Alcoholic.

INT. SET OF THE MIDWAY TALK SHOW - EVENING

Chicago-based. A more politically-minded successor to Oprah's abandoned empire. Morning Joe-like panel. Five people.

All of whom sport the pear shapes and soft hands now hallmarks of Western Civ. Save two. Men. The first is Harry - the 'Television' entry in his calendar. The second is in his 50s, handsome with eponymous Clooney cropped salt and pepper. Dressed exceedingly well but not primped: ARTHUR STEP.

TELEGENIC HOST
But most learned Americans, like
yourself, think Bush's re-election-

ARTHUR STEP
-'Learned' America is effete to the
point of parody. And they use words
like 'learned.' Learned America is
a snarky tourist, small T, who at
present is apoplectic her Bodyguard
is treating some Cavemen brutally.

TELEGENIC HOST
The bodyguard being Bush?

ARTHUR STEP
Reagan before him.

TELEGENIC HOST
But not Clinton?

ARTHUR STEP
If he'd been our bodyguard much
longer, all our daughters would be
pregnant, and we'd be getting
stabbed repeatedly while he binged
on KFC.

A round of laughs-scoffs. Then:

TELEGENIC HOST
Detective Hole, you yawned...

Awkward pause. Titters ripple. Hole's cheeks redden.

TELEGENIC HOST (CONT'D)
You disagree with Mr. Step?

HARRY
I...wasn't listening.

Titters become laughs.

TELEGENIC HOST
But you're on Midway, a day after
the Presidential election.

HARRY

So why invite a Cop under the
pretense we were gonna talk about
the Pine Tree Murders in Wisconsin?

TELEGENIC HOST

Never know which way the winds
blow. And you were a cause célèbre
for a bit...

HARRY

Chicago has low standards.

TELEGENIC HOST

For those out there unfamiliar or
forgetful, Detective Hole is the
only Cop in City history, believe
it or not considering how bloody
that history, to have apprehended a
bona fide Serial Killer-

HARRY

-didn't apprehend him. I shot him.

TELEGENIC HOST

Case in point. Then I should be
thankful you only yawned here.
(more laughter as he
glances at his notes)
Your particular Monster's nickname
was 'Murri' - an Aborigine you
tracked while on loan to Australian
Police several years back?

HARRY

Actual name was Robin Toowoomba.

TELEGENIC HOST

How does Messr. Toowoomba's case
resemble this nightmarish trial
unfolding in Wisconsin right now?

HARRY

No it doesn't.

More titters...Host gives it a perfectly timed beat, then:

TELEGENIC HOST

*Well it was wonderful having you
here tonight Detective.*
(outright laughs)
You still get recognized? Fan mail?

Hole pauses...thinking of that letter we saw on his floor...

INT. A NICE, HYDE PARK ROW HOME - CONTINUOUS

TV on in the b/g, tuned to this same airing of Midway:

HARRY (ON TELEVISION)

No I don't.

JONAS BECKER, 11, sets a table for 3. A thin man we assume is Jonas's Dad washes potatoes: FILIP BECKER. Jonas aligns the silverware just so - exacting, anxious. Filip begins grabbing different plates than the ones Jonas has laid out...

JONAS

We don't use them plates.

Filip SLAMS the cupboard door. Jonas *doesn't* flinch.

FILIP

Those.

The sound of keys in the front door. Then the door opening.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

What smells so good?

In walks BETTY BECKER, Mother and Wife. Sexy. Maserati curves and doll eyes. Seemingly not of the same species as her older Husband. Betty takes off a plush pink scarf.

BETTY

First you make a Snowman, then dinner!?

JONAS

(smiles wide but confused)
We didn't make a Snowman, Mom.

BETTY

He just hopped into the yard?

FILIP

Neighbor kids. I'll talk to them
after I get back from St. Louis.

Betty carefully puts her arms around him like you would an unpredictable dog you love nonetheless.

BETTY

Can't leave first thing tomorrow?

FILIP

Nothing's ever quite enough is it.

Jonas turns from the tension. Looks out at this Snowman. *Squints* - something about it wrong - then it registers:

JONAS
*Why is it looking in at us instead
 of out at the street?*

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MIDWAY STUDIO - NIGHT

Harry flipping his collar up: the first flakes of the season
 fall. A female producer, ELLIE, behind him: young, predatory.

ELLIE
 Come back next week. We're lining
 up a Terrorism panel-

HARRY
 -again, I'm a Cop-

ELLIE
 -you're rock and roll and you know
 it. Just like you knew we'd be
 talking elections and I knew you
 needed to hear we might also talk
 Murder so you could say 'yes.'

Harry sees she can read him as though his motivations are
 printed in floating bubbles. Also that she wants to fuck him.
 And that the two are very likely linked.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
*So let's go toast the first snow
 and talk scheduling.*

HARRY
 'Scheduling' has never sounded so
 interesting.
 (off her coy smile, shrug)
 So let's not go any further.

ELLIE
What?

HARRY
 Because everything after this is
 feet and dishes and rent.

ELLIE
Jesus. What is your problem?

HARRY
 I cling. I can tell you never will.

ELLIE
 Cling to whom? My Researcher said
 you're single...

INT. MIA FRANCESCA - NIGHT

RAKEL: late 30s, black hair, beautiful in the way women are who ski and/or mountain bike. Sits across from Harry in a favorite restaurant. Mid-conversation:

RAKEL
Even skinnier than you were on TV.

HARRY
You watched?

RAKEL
Flipped between you and Tresko.

HARRY
They're re-running his poker
championship?

RAKEL
Or lack thereof. Has he recovered?

HARRY
He was 1 hand from 9 million bucks.

RAKEL
You haven't called him have you?
You don't have many friends.

HARRY
Leave the 'm' off 'many.'

RAKEL
A girl I work with had sex with the
guy who was sitting to your left.

HARRY
Arthur Step?

RAKEL
Not an exclusive club. Handsome.

HARRY
And smart and rich.

RAKEL
She was on a panel with him in Ann
Arbor. He invited her to his room.
She told him she'd had a
mastectomy. Step said he'd 'think
about that', went back to the bar.

HARRY
Why are we talking about this?

RAKEL

Matt and I are getting married. In May.

Harry stunned. Eyes on the table. Waiter shows up with wine.

HARRY

Just water...then her boyfriend is gonna come touch it.

RAKEL

Pour anyway, just in case my Fiancee doesn't show.

Waiter pours, leaves. More silence.

HARRY

He's back? Last I heard the Good Doctor was transfusing tribes up and down the Congo...lugging orphans up Kilimanjaro.

RAKEL

B negative is the rarest blood and he summited Kilimanjaro for a 4th time. And yeah, he's back and in spectacular, bronzed shape.

HARRY

You didn't have to say 'bronzed.'

INT. BECKER HOME - NIGHT

Jonas peeing. Bleary. Steps out of the bathroom, but not back to his bed. Into the hall, toward his parent's room. Door half-open. Steps through, rubbing sleepy eyes, responding to some unheard question that has obviously been bugging him:

JONAS

Mom, the reason my friends don't come around more is because Dad-

-but Betty's not in bed. Jonas looks over at the bathroom: empty. Jonas wide awake now. Steps back to the hallway:

JONAS (CONT'D)

MOM?

Instantly regrets his volume: small thud in response. Hunches like a fawn. Scurries to his room. Goes to the window to see if Mom's car is there - it is - but so is that Snowman. Jonas's breath catches: Snowman's head has moved - looking up at him now, wearing that plush, pink scarf we saw his Mother take off when she came home earlier.

INT. MIA FRANCESCA - CONTINUOUS

Restaurant mostly cleared out. Harry and Rakel drink coffee.

HARRY
It's bullshit you told our Son
before me.

RAKEL
It is. I can't defend it.

HARRY
Ollie know we're having dinner?

RAKEL
God no.

HARRY
(big beat, drink)
He still listening to Zeppelin?

RAKEL
No. Ugly new stuff. Still complains
though that his generation is
incapable of producing a Joy
Division or Clash.

HARRY
He's my Boy.

RAKEL
Call him and tell him.

HARRY
I do.

RAKEL
I mean stop by and tell him.

HARRY
I don't live there anymore.

RAKEL
So?

HARRY
It wasn't my choice.

RAKEL
It wasn't mine either.

HARRY
Then whose was it?

At that critically inopportune moment, Harry's phone rings - old theme to *Dragnet*. Rakel lets the ring run its course...

RAKEL
You were talking about choices?

EXT. BECKER HOME - SAME NIGHT

Harry pulls up, straight from the restaurant. DETECTIVE MARCUS SKARRE already there, waiting. They share no greeting.

SKARRE
Been gone 4 to 6 hours.

HARRY
That's not 'missing.' That's not even 'absent.'

Skarre points at something Harry hasn't seen: the Snowman. Harry stops dead in his tracks - the letter on his floor: who built the Snowman? A pink scarf around the Snowman's neck...

SKARRE
Scarf's a gift from the Woman's Son. It wasn't on the Snowman when the Boy went to bed. It was when he woke to piss and his Mom was gone.

HARRY
How old is the Boy?

SKARRE
11. Jonas.

HARRY
He make the Snowman?

SKARRE
Says 'no.'

Step to the front door - Hole fingers the lock and knob on instinct: no sign it was pried, broken. Takes one more look at the Snowman before they step inside...

INT. BECKER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harry taking in the interior...

SKARRE (O.C.)
Betty Becker. 35. Mother and Housewife. Filip. 48. Husband.

HARRY
13 years.

Skarre points to a wall of family photos:

SKARRE
Age ain't the only difference.

Harry examines the pictures. Betty voluptuous, beaming. Faux-fur and jewelry. A bit too 'Real Housewives.' Filip bespectacled, tweed-clad, thin bordering on reedy...

SKARRE (CONT'D)
Physics Professor. Was about to board a flight for a conference tomorrow in St. Louis. Checked in 4 hours ago: first snow gums things-

HARRY
-on his way back?

SKARRE
As we speak.

INT. BECKER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nice but staid. Harry vigilantly scanning, hands in his pockets as though he keeps them there intentionally.

Eyes settle on a bulletin board: Jonas's artwork pinned up wily-nily. An appointment reminder card for Jonas. Only now does Harry take his hands from his pockets: August 22 @ 9:30 AM. Generic card without a name or address. Just a phone number and the Hippocratic Symbol of twin snakes intertwined on a winged staff: universal for "Doctor."

Harry notices another reminder card immediately beneath the first: July. Another beneath that one: June. Takes out his phone. Dials the number on the card both to put it in his phone's memory and to see what's on the other end. Ringing...

PLEASANT ROBOTIC (ON PHONE)
You've reached the Nurse Line. If this is an emergency, hang up and dial 911. If this is a non-urgent call, or you would like to re-

-hangs up. Pockets his phone. Then to Skarre:

HARRY
Anyone clock Filip leaving?

Skarre points into the Living Room: Jonas on the couch, watching hockey. Two women, one young and beautiful, the other older and not, sit near him.

SKARRE (O.C.)
Same who reported his Mom: Jonas.

HARRY
The women?

SKARRE
Fatty's a neighbor: *Ada Bennett*.
Jonas ran to her house. Hot one's
new Police - at least in Chicago -
transfer from Detroit. *Katerina*
Bratt. At the station looking for
you when the call came.

HARRY
What does she want with me?

SKARRE
Advice on how to get on TV.

HARRY
My advice to her would be the same
for you: be a much better Cop.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ada gets up as Harry approaches. Unsolicited:

ADA
Betty has never done anything like
this...as long as I've known her.

Harry scans Ada's face, then the room, then back to Ada:

HARRY
How long is that?

ADA
A decade. We moved into our house
the week Jonas was born.

HARRY
So Betty wouldn't run.

ADA
Never.

Harry points back to her smiling face in the photographs:

HARRY
She's happy.

A telling hesitation from Ada. Harry moves an inch closer.

ADA
She has a good smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE COUCH - CONTINUOUS

Harry sits next to Jonas, not crowding him, waiting a few seconds before speaking, letting the Kid note him...

HARRY
I went to a fight once and a hockey
game broke out.

Jonas makes quick eye contact. Silence. Then out-of-the-blue:

JONAS
I'm 11.

HARRY
I'm 41.

Another moment. Then Harry nods toward Skarre:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Did the other Policeman tell you
things like this almost always work
out? People disappear then turn up?

JONAS
I don't like the other Policeman.

HARRY
Makes two of us. Did you then tell
him all the possible places your
Mom might have gone-

JONAS
*-my Mom doesn't want to be in a
cabin in the woods or in a downtown
hotel room or at a new job...*

HARRY
How come?

JONAS
She wants to be with me.

Harry glances at the new Cop - Katerina BRATT - who is watching him unblinkingly and unapologetically...

HARRY
Jonas, were you sick this summer?

JONAS
Why do they go? Ones who come back?

Harry jarred by the depth of the Boy's question. Before he can answer, the front door opens. Harry watches Katerina Bratt's eyes move up to whoever just came in:

FILIP (O.C.)
What's the latest?

Harry turns to see Filip Becker stride in and turn the TV off without asking or acknowledging the boy's trauma. Harry looks down at Jonas, back up at Filip: hug your Son. Filip doesn't.

FILIP (CONT'D)
I spent the drive back calling
everyone who might have been in
contact. No one has heard from her.
(to Skarre)
Now what do you know?

Skarre points to Harry. Filip readjusts his eye-line.

HARRY
(looking for any tell)
Can you please go see if any
suitcases or clothes are missing?

Filip looks just as intently at Harry. Nods, heads upstairs:

FILIP
Jonas, bed.
(Jonas up and following)
Ada, make coffee please?

Ada scurries to the kitchen. Skarre's phone rings - heads out the front door. Now it's just Harry and Katerina Bratt. A moment as they lock eyes. Then in a surprisingly husky voice:

KATERINA
I belong to you.

Harry stares: atypical beauty with a papered-over malevolence she allows to glow through as both attraction and deterrent.

KATERINA (CONT'D)
Or you to me.

Coffee grinder whirs in the b/g. Harry doesn't say a word. Keeps staring. Doesn't throw Katerina at all. Skarre re-enters as Filip comes back down, sickly-white suddenly:

FILIP
Jacket, boots, hat and scarf gone.
Wallet, purse, passport and all her
bags are here...

HARRY
Is the missing scarf the one on
that Snowman?

Filip turns to Harry - undisguised confusion and fear:

FILIP
What?

HARRY
The scarf your Son got her-

-Filip pushes past, looks out the window. Everyone watching
him. And while still staring at that Snowman:

FILIP
Something bad has happened.

HARRY
Why say that now instead of when
you got the call at the Airport?

FILIP
*If she'd left on her own, she'd
have never taunted us like this.*

HARRY
Or maybe it's a sign she's okay,
that she made a decision to go-

FILIP
-then I should say she'd never
taunt her Son like that. She would
have left anything else...

HARRY
Who made the Snowman?

FILIP
Kids...

INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Harry drives. Katerina the passenger.

HARRY
What am I supposed to do for you?

KATERINA

What forms go in what cabinets.
Point out Cops who are good, Cops
who aren't, i.e. Skarre.

HARRY

Skarre's serviceable. Fairly good
eye. He's just an insecure asshole.

KATERINA

Said the same about you.

HARRY

Like I said: *fairly good eye*. You
think we'll find Betty alive?

KATERINA

You think I'm stupid?

HARRY

Not anymore.
(eyes her wedding ring...)
Was the Becker marriage happy?

KATERINA

No, it was not.

HARRY

Definitive.

KATERINA

Furniture.

HARRY

Come again?

KATERINA

Everything in the house he picked
from bland catalogs. Except the
items she picked: Seccio vase by
the front door, that white oiled
oak dinner table, and Vitra chairs.

HARRY

You say 'Vitra' like it should mean
more to me.

KATERINA

Pricey. If she'd bought knock-offs
she could've redone the whole house
with the difference.

HARRY

But he wouldn't have let her.

KATERINA
What we call a Rebellion Purchase.

HARRY
Who's 'we?'

KATERINA
Women like Betty. Now what do you think? I'm the Acolyte.

HARRY
I think Betty didn't leave the House of her own will-

KATERINA
-no sign of violence-

HARRY
-because it was well-planned.

KATERINA
By Filip? It's always the husband.

HARRY
Except this husband was at the Airport, with an electronic trail showing he checked in hours before.

KATERINA
Plus, had Filip been guilty, you'd have never left the boy with him and he would've taken your bait.

HARRY
What bait?

KATERINA
'Maybe it's a sign she's okay, she made a decision to go.' Gave him a chance to piggyback a theory that, were he guilty, would've solved huge problems - yet he doubled-down that *'something bad has happened.'*

HARRY
You think that was bait?

KATERINA
You test people all the time.

HARRY
I just met you.

KATERINA
I've been your fan for years.

November 4, 1992
Detroit, Michigan

INT/EXT. MOTOR BOAT - DAY

Detroit River. Sky and water gunmetal gray. Snowing. Heading to Belle Isle - 900 acre island. 3 Detectives. BERT RAFTO, largest and oldest, drives. Aiming at the Detroit Yacht Club.

EXT. BELLE ISLE - DAY

The 3 Detectives approach a crime scene at the base of the *Peace Carillon Tower*: Technicians and Photographers orbit a body cut into so many pieces that, were it not for a breast, we couldn't have guessed gender. The 2 Detectives with Rafto stop. Rafto though steps close, inhales big like the smell centers him. A bit theatrical. *Smirks bounce behind his back*.

Rafto's eyes lock onto footprints in the snow: small ones the victim's, larger ones the Killer's. Prints lead to the scene in orderly fashion, get frantic where the cutting started. His eyes go back to the remains - counting the pieces...

DETECTIVE #1 (O.C.)
You think there'd be more blood.

DETECTIVE #2 (O.C.)
Did it freeze up?

Bert leans in even closer: where she has been cut apart, there is a black charring. And indeed there is almost no blood staining the snow...

BERT RAFTO
Body holds 5 liters at 100 degrees Fahrenheit. She was cut into 27 pieces: 54 openings out of which blood could flow, not counting normal orifices - *so no, it wouldn't 'freeze up.'*

Stands. Scans: Detroit skyline on one side, Windsor, Canada on the other. Scan stops: through the snow we see what looks like a person standing on the Canadian shore, *looking back at the scene*. Bert walks to the dock, hails the HARBOR MASTER.

BERT RAFTO (CONT'D)
Binoculars?

Harbor Master studies Rafto, grabs Binoculars from a drawer.

HARBOR MASTER
Be sure you give 'em back, 'Iron.'

Rafto sneers...says nothing. Despite the fact we don't know what is being alluded to, we feel sorry for Rafto the way we do for once-proud Dictators humiliated by former Subjects.

Bert trains the Binoculars on the figure: a *Snowman*. Black eyes. Black pebble teeth in an unnaturally wide smile. At that moment, a Detective holding a bag phone, calls out:

DETECTIVE #3
Missing Woman reported: Lyla Aasen,
 32. Roommate. Gross Pointe-

-Rafto throws the binoculars at the Harbor Master...

INT/EXT. MOTOR BOAT - CONTINUOUS

...and jumps into the boat, pulls away just as the other 2 Detectives begin hustling his way...

EXT. GROSS POINTE NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Picture-book homes that remind us Detroit was once the wealthiest city in the country. Rafto knocks on the basement apartment door of a beautifully shabby Victorian. A young woman in sweater and jeans answers. Her only adornment is a gold necklace with emerald pendant. Rafto holds his ID:

BERT RAFTO
 Ann Hetland? Your roommate's Lyla?

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

Sitting on a sofa. ANNIE HETLAND staring at Rafto with horror. *Rafto has just told her, in detail, what happened.*

BERT RAFTO
 Keep all of it to yourself - we use the specifics to trap suspects.
 Now, was Lyla single?

ANNIE
 Divorced.

BERT RAFTO
 Where's the Ex?

ANNIE
 France.

BERT RAFTO
 You're sure?

ANNIE
Calls weekly-

BERT RAFTO
-who calls an Ex every week?

ANNIE
So Lyla could talk to their child-

BERT RAFTO
-she was fighting to get it back?

ANNIE
No. And by 'it' you mean their boy?

BERT RAFTO
What was she doing on Belle Isle?

ANNIE
(blinks)
Dunno.

BERT RAFTO
*Tell me right now or you become the
central character in the butchery
of your roommate...*

ANNIE
(beat, tears form)
Lyla was...slutty and her parents
are Catholic...

BERT RAFTO
So she was meeting someone?
(off Annie's pleading nod)
I'll keep it secret if you do too.

ANNIE
What do you mean?

BERT RAFTO
*Tell none of this, especially the
part about her promiscuity, to
anyone. Especially not other Cops.
I need to manage all information -
it's how I caught Lou Danielson...*

ANNIE
Who?

BERT RAFTO
Summer '83? The Big Biker?
(off Annie's blank stare)
Famous. Anyhow. What was the name
of the person Lyla was meeting?

INT. DETROIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Rafto striding. Clocking the smirks, the others who just forgot he existed as they gossip, read the news: BILL CLINTON PRESIDENT. Rafto's thought: *just wait you Motherfuckers...*

INT. RAFTO'S TINY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

2 pictures on his desk: him younger, in a uniform festooned with medals. The other of him, his wife, and young daughter, boating. Rafto uses his tie to dust the glass - *like things could be that good again*. Picks up the phone. Dials...

ANSWERING VOICE (ON PHONE)
Detroit Free Press.

BERT RAFTO
Arthur Step please.

Hold music: Alice Cooper, "No More Mr. Nice Guy"

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
Crime Desk.

BERT RAFTO
I sent you a note when you got promoted. Never said 'thank you.'

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
Bert? *I didn't think you'd ever want to talk to me again.*

BERT RAFTO
If you had, I'd be seconds from giving you a scoop on Lyla Aasen.

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
Thank you so much for the congratulatory note. It meant lots.

BERT RAFTO
Lyla was a touch of a slut who got cut into 27 pieces.

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
Christ almighty. I knew it was bad how quiet everyone was, but this is-

BERT RAFTO
-front page. Both the Crime, and the Detective who solves it...

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
Solves it? It's 5 hours old.

BERT RAFTO
Well then maybe the Detective Story
is even more impressive than the
bloody murder story...bigger font,
higher place on the page...

ARTHUR STEP (ON PHONE)
If it's all mine.

BERT RAFTO
Stand by.

Hangs up. One second later, his phone rings. Rafto startles.

BERT RAFTO (CONT'D)
Rafto.

THE VOICE on the other end is thin, genderless, child-like:

THE VOICE (ON PHONE)
I cut Lyla into 20, 30 bits. Don't
know how many exactly - *I lost*
myself - just my second time doing
this. If we proceed my way, you'll
get back all you so publicly lost.

Rafto blinks, breathes, sweats: no doubt this is the Killer.

BERT RAFTO
What...is your way?

THE VOICE (ON PHONE)
Won't wear handcuffs at trial.
Press must be allowed in. I serve
time somewhere free of Sodomites.

BERT RAFTO
Let me get a pen-

THE VOICE (ON PHONE)
-don't worry: I have this all in
writing. You sign, I go with you.

BERT RAFTO
Time and place?

EXT. MICHIGAN CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DUSK

Quintessential, melancholic picture of industrial decline.
Once a rival to DC's Union Station and NYC's Grand Central,
MCTS is now a shocking, 18-story Beaux Arts relic. A solitary
figure stands near what once was the entrance.

As Rafto closes on this figure, his eyes widen. Even though we can't see his/her face through the gloaming, Rafto can, and knows this person. Slips his hand into his coat pocket. Only noises: avian life colonizing ruins and the homeless.

BERT RAFTO

You? Why?

Same sexless child-like VOICE from the telephone:

THE VOICE

Not all genetic diversity is healthy.

BERT RAFTO

What?

THE VOICE

You were cursed at conception with your love of brown liquor. Me with DNA that guarantees I'll die badly.

The Voice raises a hand now: holding Annie Hetland's necklace - that emerald pendant. *Color drains from Rafto's face...*

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

Hopefully not as bad as Annie. Refused to say if she told anyone about me meeting whore Lyla. So I shattered her eye sockets. Spun her and felt it when the occipital bone caved. Finally I sat down and took off her hands. She talked then - slurred but calm - like she'd gone through a cliff notes Kubler-Ross-

-Bert pulls a gun from his coat pocket. Voice doesn't flinch:

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

Told me about your visit. About the two other Cops who came, but you'd made her promise to shut up - so you could hog the glory I'll bet, manufacture your resurrection. God Bless her she stonewalled them. Now no one knows about me but you.

Bert swallows, forcing himself to take deep, cold breathes...

BERT RAFTO

You're insane.

THE VOICE

You'd be surprised. So are you ready to sign?

November 4, 2004
Chicago, Illinois

INT. KATERINA BRATT'S NEW OFFICE - EVENING

Tight on her face as she reads a file, eats a sandwich.

SKARRE (O.C.)
Planned on doing some overtime.

She turns, gives a small nod, goes back to the file.

SKARRE (CONT'D)
You knew when you left home this morning the cafeteria closes at 5 and you'd be working late. So you packed both lunch and dinner...
(Katerina's non-response)
Sorry. This is just how you get when you're a Detective.

Skarre drinking her in as she stays engrossed in the file.

SKARRE (CONT'D)
Take the Betty Becker case. I don't have anything more than anyone else, yet I'm thinking she's still in Hyde Park. Know why?

KATERINA
(without looking up)
Checked airports, trains, rentals, cab companies and came up empty.

Skarre pulls a cell phone, lays it on Katerina's reading.

SKARRE
Judging by your youth, you probably assume these have always been here. But they weren't invented 'til '73, when Martin Cooper had the first conversation with his wife...

Bratt still reading. *It's starting to piss Skarre off...*

SKARRE (CONT'D)
If you want to become a decent Detective, you should listen more.

She looks up with this sudden, flawless, white 'my apologies' smile. Jarring. Skarre blinks, unconsciously smiles back...

SKARRE (CONT'D)

Betty Becker, like everyone else with two dimes, owned a Cell. Cell phones send out signals, and not just when you ring them or vice versa. I checked with AT&T: a base station in Hyde Park is still getting signals from her phone. So after this cup, I'll hit-up the Chief, send out a search party.

Katerina blinks, *then simply goes back to her file.* Skarre bubbles with impotence. Looks down at what she's reading:

SKARRE (CONT'D)

One of Hole's old cases. Christ. I'm glad to see I'm the only one working recent crimes.

KATERINA

Me too: sounds like you got a good handle on Betty Becker.

SKARRE

Let me guess: Harry thought it was a Serial Killer in that one too? Even the Boy who Cried Wolf thinks Hole's a shrill bitch-

KATERINA

-do you wanna fuck me?

Even though he does, he's gape-mouthed at the question. *Katerina smiling in that benevolent, beauty queen way...*

KATERINA (CONT'D)

First charge at the new skirt? Like how little boys spit on the biggest slices of birthday cake?

Skarre's florid face still can't summon a response.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

1) Stay away from women at work. 2) Don't waste quarters on cafeteria coffee. 3) Especially when you have a lead. 4) Don't try to get me wet with the notion you can order a search. You gotta call Hole first.

Katerina scrunches up the paper from her sandwich, lobs it toward the garbage can behind Skarre...

SKARRE

I was offering to...*you mean Cunt.*

Katerina's regal smile morphs into something hideous: like a velvet curtain pulled back to expose a blood-soaked stage. For a moment Skarre is sure she's going to hit him. Braces against his instinct to brace. In a sort of child-like tone:

KATERINA

Beg your pardon if I misunderstood.

(normal voice now)

Martin Cooper didn't call his wife.
He called his rival, Joe Engel. You
think that was to teach him some
things? Or just to brag?

Katerina walks out of her own office. Skarre spits in the carpeted corner, grabs his cell, scrolls to "*Glory Hole*."

EXT. A SYLVAN CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Harry running. Sweats despite the cold. Phone rings. Checks the number. Answers. We hear his side of the conversation:

HARRY

*Still on? ... Hyde Park? ... Call
the Chief: Immediate Search. I'll
meet you ... No I'm already close
... Don't worry 'why.'*

Hangs up. Stops running. As he catches his breath, he watches a house on the other side of the street, staying in the shadows, staring up at a boy working at a desk. The boy is listening to Joy Division's "Love will tear us apart."

Rakel opens the door to this Boy's room - throws her hands up: really? This loud? Turns it down, walks back out. This is her house, and that little boy is Harry's Son, OLLIE.

A Car pulls into the driveway. A magazine-handsome guy in Scrubs gets out. Harry watches him go to the door - praying he has to knock - *but he uses a key*. Harry curses, takes off.

EXT. BECKER HOME - LATER

Harry there first. Waiting for Police Cars. Silent night. Scanning. Uncomfortable in the dark when he's not moving.

Then his eyes lock on that Snowman. Seconds pass. Steps to it as though it's sentient, ready to spring...then Harry punches it: head detonates. Steps back to examine his work...then throws another punch into the Snowman's chest...and pulls out a cell phone. Low battery indicator flashing.

Steps to the Beckers' door. Knocks. Filip answers without words. Stares at the phone... then at the destroyed Snowman. Harry watching Filip's face - sees neither joy nor hope...

Filip disappears, comes back dialing his home phone - *and the phone in Harry's hand indeed rings* - Betty's ringtone is Guns and Roses "Sweet Child of Mine." In the b/g we hear:

JONAS (O.C.)

MOM!

Harry's face falls. Filip shuts his eyes. Jonas appears, face lit with joy...that melts when he sees Harry with his Mom's phone. *He sobs.* Filip closes the door in Harry's face. Harry turns: *Cops, including Skarre and Katerina, on the sidewalk now.* Harry steps, hands Skarre Betty's phone, jogs off...

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Several walls torn to the studs ala *The Conversation*. Harry in a chair, sweating, drinking water, thinking. Looks into his bedroom: the letter about Snowmen still on his floor...

INT. POLICE HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - BRIGHT DAY

Packed. Captain GUNNER HAGEN staring as Harry holds forth.

HARRY

20,000 people go missing per year in Cook County. After a few hours though, just a handful remain. And after a couple days, all but a few are still gone. Even those who do bolt, or get grabbed, or whack themselves eventually show up on a manifest or face down in the river.

HAGEN

I thought this meeting was to convince me of the opposite trend?

Harry tosses him a file. Thick. New. Hagen feigns surprise at Harry's seldom-seen paperwork abilities. Shoves an Underling:

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Go see if the Lake turned to blood-

HARRY

-Skarre's work but the conclusions are mine. I can tell them to you.

(Hagen waves him on)

Too many people are disappearing and never being heard from again.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Not showing up on manifests or face down in a river. Page 6.

(Hagen turns the page)

Missing women aged 25 to 50 from '92 until today. I ran the numbers by Missing Persons and they agreed: simply way too many.

HAGEN

Relative to what?

HARRY

LA County, New York, and Other demographic groups. Married and co-habiting women from Cook County are hugely overrepresented here.

HAGEN

Women do their own thing now, break with family, chase jobs, men. Even here in the midwest-

HARRY

-they do all that in New York and LA too, *but they find them there.*

HAGEN

If this trend is so obvious, why has no one discovered it yet?

HARRY

We're provincial Fucks who only care about missing persons in our own precincts-

HAGEN

-Cook County Sheriffs keep a statewide database-

HARRY

-and I was shocked it's not written in crayon.

Laughter. Even Hagen. Then:

HAGEN

But I'm a provincial Fuck myself. I know you're not...that you hate the Almighty for not giving a cape, a stronger chin, the ability to fly-

HARRY

-*I got a weak chin?*

HAGEN

We're Chicago Cops, Hole. Let's solve our crimes first, then worry about the rest of Creation.

Hagen pushes back from the table. People begin to stand.

HARRY

That's the rub: It's come to us.

(Hagen stops dead)

Last night I found Betty Becker's phone in a Snowman built in her yard the day she vanished. Betty, *who was a married Mother...*

Hagen blinks, looks at the folder...*something dawning on him:*

HAGEN

Wait a minute: Skarre wouldn't look into County-wide stats unless ordered. What else besides Betty's phone made you think globally?

Harry turns on an overhead projector, turns off the lights, and puts a copy of his Snowman letter on the projector:

Soon the first snow will come. And then he will appear again. The Snowman. And when the snow is gone, he will have taken another. What you should ask yourself is who made the Snowman? Who makes Snowmen? Who gave birth to the Murri? For the Snowman doesn't know.

Lights come back up - Harry already holding the actual letter and envelope out to a blinking Hagen.

HARRY

4 days ago, postmarked downtown, basic inkjet. Until last night I thought it was standard stalker.

HAGEN

'The Murri.' I should've known we'd-

HARRY

-Boss, I didn't write the letter-

HAGEN

-how many times have you imagined Serial Killers since you got your knob polished all over town for that bit of Aussie work you did?

HARRY

How many times have I cried wolf or had my knob polished?

(Hagen just stares)

5 if you count the drunk German.

HAGEN
I do count the drunk German.
 (big, exhaling beat)
 You still on speaking terms with
 the Crew from your last case?

HARRY
 You should probably ask them.

HAGEN
 Bill?

BILL HOLM: mutton chop sideburns, Social Distortion T-shirt.

BILL HOLM
 I mean, I don't seek Harry out, but-

HAGEN
 -Skarre?

SKARRE
 I guess if you don't want me Lead
 on anything else...

HARRY
 I'll take Bratt too.

BILL HOLM
 Now, I would seek her out.

Harry smiles, points to someone right behind Bill: Bill turns to see Katerina there - he glows with embarrassment...

HARRY (O.C.)
 Katerina Bratt, Bill Holm from
 Forensics. Good despite the hair.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Harry, Katerina, Skarre, and Bill walking...

HARRY
 Bill go back over Becker's house
 and yard. Check the mobile and
 scarf in particular.
 (hands Bill the letter)
 Test this for prints, type of paper-

BILL HOLM
 -love when people who can't spell
 'forensics' tell me how to do it.

HARRY
 Skarre, make a list of-

SKARRE

-sundry scum in similar cases-

HARRY

-Bratt, go through the reports with an eye for any patterns. And let's not be provincial Fucks ourselves: take just a cursory look at the surrounding states - maybe this is bigger than we think.

Each stop now, ready to begin. Harry though keeps walking.

KATERINA

Where are you going?

HARRY

Concert.

EXT. THICK, PRISTINE FOREST - NIGHT

SYLVIA CHEADLE runs for her life. Untied boots full of snow, jacket unzipped. Lungs on fire. She stops, slaps herself, wipes the bloody blade of a hatchet she's holding on her jeans as she listens: just the gurgle of a nearby stream. Momentary reprieve brings tears. Notices now the obvious tracks she's leaving in the snow. Snarls at them. Feral.

Takes off again. Gets to the water: brook 10 feet across. Shelves of ice and snow on either side. Jumps in the stream. Continues running. Getting into a groove. Then a god-awful snap. Ripped into the water like someone yanked a leash.

Up and gagging. *Front teeth chipped.* Tongue moves over ragged edges like chipped teeth are the most baffling things yet. Lifts her leg to find it has been bitten by a rusted, long-forgotten Fox Trap - wounds from the steel teeth a bloodless white. Yanks the foot now, and the steel line to which the trap is attached pulls up from the snow: bolted around the base of a thick tree. Begins groping in the sediment now...

THE VOICE (O.C.)

Here it is.

Same sexless, child-like VOICE we remember. Her head snaps around: a thin figure holding her hatchet out to her, handle first. Sylvia scrambles back - figure follows, just out of sight, it's other hand pressed to it's side - it's injured.

She hesitates, snatches the hatchet. The Voice now takes a big, unguarded inhale, like Bert Rafto used too. And as it speaks, something just below frame begins glowing a hell-red.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

God hates you too: an old fox trap?! Of all places to put a foot.

(beat, deadly again)

There will come a point near the end where you'll begin begging with blinks. Because you won't have arms to lash out or a tongue to scream with - *but you'll just want me to stop pulling this through you...*

Tight on Sylvia's face now as her eyes flit down in horror at whatever it is that's *glowing* - lighting her face now as it's incandescence evolves from hell-red to bright-white...

THE VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...over and over. So that you might go on raising daughters, despite your soon-to-be surreal handicaps-

-Sylvia lunges, throws the hatchet, body parallel to the water, hears the deep thud of the hatchet hitting something as she lands in the water. Comes up screaming - this animalistic, broken-toothed smile...*that fades now:*

THE VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Inch left and you see the Sunrise.

Sylvia slumps into a sitting position, mid-stream, teeth chattering wild, eyes hopeless as that glow lights her face, *brighter and brighter as whatever it is comes closer...*

SYLVIA CHEADLE

You are so sick.

THE VOICE (O.C.)

You'd be surprised.

EXT. THE WEINER CIRCLE - NIGHT

Packed. Harry in-line with his Son Ollie. Ollie sweaty, vaguely banging his head to remembered beats. Eating hotdogs. Chuckling at the traditional foul-mouthed tirades in the b/g. Harry stares two seconds too long at a man with a *beer*.

OLLIE

I think Slipknot might be the best band of the last 5 years.

HARRY

Five years ago you were seven.

OLLIE
Masks were ubercool. Especially the
one with the pointy nose.

KATERINA (O.C.)
Indian Death Mask. Slayer kicked
Slipknot's ass. Wrong band opened.

Harry turns. Katerina: skin tight black coat, face just so...

KATERINA (CONT'D)
Recycled ideas and empty gestures
with Slipknot. *You must be Ollie.*

Ollie red at the attentions of this beautiful woman ogled by
every man in the place. Harry stares, mirthless:

HARRY
How do you know his name?

KATERINA
I said I've followed you for years.

HARRY
(beat, re-scans her face)
I assume you've found a pattern...

She leans in. Harry quietly excited. Ollie totally smitten.

KATERINA
A silver Passat just pulled up.
There's a woman trying to catch
your attention. I wouldn't say
she's glowering, but she certainly
doesn't like me this close...

Harry snaps to: sees Rakel behind the wheel of the Passat.

EXT. WEINER CIRCLE, CURB - MOMENTS LATER

Thick with headbangers. Ollie jumps in Rakel's car.

RAKEL
What kind of concert was this?

HARRY
World Music.

RAKEL
Who's the chick? She just step out
of the Matrix?

Harry smiles at Rakel noticing, her urge to make fun.

HARRY

New Cop.

Rakel about to say more - *Harry desperate for more...*

RAKEL

It's...none of my business. Night.

Passat takes off. Harry's smile leaves with it. Turns back to Katerina Bratt. *She's gone too.* Now his phone rings: Dragnet.

INT. A SMALL, GENTLEMAN-FARMER'S BARN - NIGHT

Three slaughtered chickens. One carcass lying a few feet away. Bare pine floors stained with poultry blood. Cops loiter in the periphery, staying in the corners so as not to contaminate the scene - at least not until Bill Holm, wearing gloves and snapping pictures, is finished.

Harry in the same clothes, watching Holm and waiting for a thumbs-up so he can approach the chickens and the overturned log on which they were beheaded. Scanning. Eyes catch on a chicken feather near his feet that has been cut in half, singed black along it's edge. Stares at this several seconds.

His eyes move to Katerina, talking to RALPH CHEADLE: tall, flannel shirt, jeans, work boots, *quietly panicked*. Harry squints not at Ralph - potential suspect - but at the fact Katerina is no longer wearing the outfit from the Weiner Circle. Now in a sensible down jacket, knitted scarf. Takes a long second to ponder her: what the Hell is her story?

Turns back. Focuses on one of the stalls converted to a studio: paints, easels, canvases. On a desk: a picture of Sylvia Cheadle - the woman with whom we ran in the river, standing with Ralph and their twin 10 year-old daughters. Hanging on the wall is the self-portrait of Frieda Kahlo.

BILL HOLM (O.C.)

Okay.

Harry approaches. Holm quietly in newspaper headline tones:

BILL HOLM (CONT'D)

Chickens murdered on 134th street.
Detective Hole says none will be
grilled until Killer is found.

HARRY

But where's the 'murder' weapon?

BILL HOLM

Yeah: I don't see a hatchet...

Harry points back to the singed black feather. Holm focuses on it, staring intently...

HARRY
Can a hatchet do that?

Bill picks it up, turns it over in his gloved hands, very interested in this. Puts it into an evidence bag with care.

CUT TO:

Katerina still mid-conversation with a worried-rav Ralph:

RALPH
The slaughtering, the cleaning of
the birds, she was good with it-

-Skarre comes through the door:

SKARRE
Cadaver Dogs are here.

That word 'cadaver' brings tears to Ralph's eyes. Katerina glares back at Skarre, then looks back to Ralph:

KATERINA
Generic term. They don't only find
their namesake.

RALPH
Really?

Before she can lie and say 'yes':

HARRY (O.C.)
Last saw your wife at 4, before you
and your girls went into the city?

Ralph and Katerina turn, look at Harry...

RALPH
Yes.

HARRY
What did you do?

RALPH
Worked in our Store. And the Girls
had ballet.

HARRY
What store?

RALPH
Taste of Africa. Import furniture,
fabrics...pay Artisans fair. It was
Sylvia's thing at first-

HARRY
-she seems to have lots of things.

Ralph insulted. But stays quiet. A gentle man.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Judging by the dry paint and dusty
canvases, she never sticks to any
one 'thing' long. Maybe she went to
try something else, some place else-

RALPH
*-she's capricious - not cowardly:
she'd never leave her girls.*

Katerina shoots Harry a quick look - he just passed the same
test you gave Filip Becker: *'my wife would never leave...'*

HARRY
You're at the Store until closing?

RALPH
Yeah. Home around 8:30. Couldn't
find her. Came out here, saw the
chickens, the stump...*felt wrong-*

-from outside we hear the baying of a Dogs. Nobody speaks.
Ralph Cheadle scans faces, sees the import, slowly sits...

EXT. FOREST - MOONLIT NIGHT

*Harry, Katerina, Skarre and Holm stare at a Snowman. For a
fleeting moment, nothing strikes us as odd because Sylvia
Cheadle's head sitting atop two huge, stacked snowballs, is
as white as the snow. And the way her mouth has been burned
at the corners and pulled back to make a smile twice as wide,
combined with teeth that have been burned black, strikes us
as childlike exaggeration. After a reverential silence:*

HARRY
Where's everything else?

K9 COP
Guderian (his dog) and me followed
drag marks to a road and a little
bridge about a half-kilometer up.

HARRY
Blood trails?

K9 COP
No. Guderian didn't sniff anything.

HARRY
So the rest of her was put into
some sort of container?

BILL HOLM
I'll call my team. Start looking
for fibers and flecks and shit...

Harry spots Sylvia's footprints disappearing into the brook.

HARRY
She jumps in to stop leaving
prints, but too late...

Skarre confused. Shines his flashlight on either bank...

SKARRE
Takes her head in this stream,
bordered by virgin snow...*snow that
should have the lightest shade of
red somewhere, eh?* Is it possible a
gallon of blood can flow downstream
without touching the sides?

KATERINA
And the Killer left her head so He
or She isn't worried about leaving
evidence...

Harry turns back to the head...begrudgingly shines his light,
illuminating Sylvia's dead eyes...but also the charring
across her neck. Bill leans in close now too...*and looks from
the neck up to her ghastly, burnt-black mouth...*

INT. CAPTAIN GUNNER HAGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harry, Bill, Skarre, Hagen. No *Katerina*. Haggard. Sun-Times
on Hagen's desk: CHEADLE DECAPITATION. Bill sets down a print-
out on top of the newspaper: a picture of an implement that
looks like a rigid noose with a handle...

BILL HOLM
Calf Cutter.

HAGEN
Is that it's name?

BILL HOLM
It's what I typed into Google.

SKARRE

How'd you know to use those words?

BILL HOLM

Ex grew up on a farm - hard bitch. Ghastly stories, like once this cow was giving birth breach. When this goes down you save the cow at the expense of the calf - put a wood or hack saw up inside the Cow's vag-

(off the room cringing)

-now *imagine you're married to that!* Then saw calf in half. But my Ex's Dad - sweet guy - cut Mom's insides too much. Bled out. When I asked my Ex to stop talking, she told me to quit being such a Dancer as *'they burn 'em out now.'*

(nods to the printout)

White hot in 15 seconds. Press a button on the handle and it constricts - strong, flexible filament burns everything as it does - cauterizing it all. Sell 'em all over the world.

Hagen pushes away his breakfast.

HAGEN

This why there wasn't any blood at the sight of the beheading?

BILL HOLM

Only blood we've found was in the barn: Chickens. Killed around 7:00. One warmer than the others and not killed with a blade - judging by the burning it too could have been killed with a Calf Cutter.

SKARRE

Maybe showing Sylvia what was going to happen to her? How it worked...

Another collective shudder, save Harry. *Something about this doesn't sit right.* Squinting. Talking to himself:

HARRY

We find the hatchet 10 yards from Sylvia, stuck in a maple...

HAGEN (O.C.)

How excited are you?

HARRY
(beat, snapping out of it)
About?

HAGEN
Person(s) going after young women
in what seems to be serial fashion.

HARRY
Pretty excited.
(point to the newspaper)
Thanks for not asking if I leaked.

HAGEN
You don't leak, you flood. This is
top priority. Full team, unlimited-

HARRY
-I'll take the overtime but no more
bodies. Just these two and Bratt.

HAGEN
I don't give a shit Henry the 5th.
These are orders from higher than-

HARRY
-then I'm out.

SKARRE (O.C.)
I can step in Sir-

HAGEN
-GOD DAMN YOU HARRY! This isn't
about *small, nimble investigations*
so don't even try it. This is about
you wanting to go 1 on 1 with
someone you're fervently fucking
praying is a case study-

HARRY
-don't assume it's 1 person-

HAGEN
*-don't assume your job will always
be here-*

HARRY
-I know how often I've been wrong-

HAGEN
*-and fuck your willingness to admit
your mistakes-*

HARRY

-how often my cases turn out to be just some Dope killing another. But I catch 'em all anyway. And it's not young women disappearing, Boss, it's young Moms. Parts of whom are being found in or on Snowmen...

Silence as a Cleaning Lady enters, empties the trash, leaves. Hagen stares at Harry another 5 seconds, then begrudgingly:

HAGEN

Tell me everything else.

HARRY

Best guess: drag marks were from a bodybag. Dogs didn't sniff anything maybe because new-gen bags are heat-sealed, chlorine free: literally nothing to smell. Forensics haven't found so much as a fiber maybe because new bags are polyethylene, plus he was dragging her in fluffy-

HAGEN

-you just said 'he.'

HARRY

Size 13 footprints and the drag mark was uniform. And maybe a bodybag is why the Killer risks letting Sylvia's remains lie on the road side.

HAGEN

Do you know that the Killer did?

HARRY

Size 13s walk a mile up the road, no drag marks now, fetch a car: feet stop where tires head back off the shoulder. If during this sojourn a car happens by, a bodybag looks a lot like a trash bag.

HAGEN

Treads?

HARRY

Michelin Pilots. Too popular.

Katerina walks in. Hagen's eyes rise to hers as he asks:

HAGEN

The Husband?

KATERINA

Ralph. Not the type.

All the Men now look at Katerina: showered, fresh.

HAGEN

And what is the type?

HARRY

Not Ralph: he's the bearded eunuch grad student sort. Worried about Africa. He and Sylvia move out to 134th street so they could pretend to be Iowa Farmers but still technically live in the city.

KATERINA

And a good Dad and Husband.

HAGEN

How do you know?

KATERINA

I know the other kind firsthand. And when I talked with the Cheadle twins this morning, they said they were sad he was crying all night.

(takes out her steno)

I asked where they were two nights back, when Betty Becker disappeared-

HAGEN

-in front of Ralph?

KATERINA

No - I waited until he took another condolence call. Twins stayed with their Aunt. Sylvia dropped them after they went to the Doctor's-

HARRY

-Doctor's? What for?

KATERINA

They wouldn't say.

HARRY

They didn't know or they didn't want you to know?

KATERINA

Both I think.

HARRY

Ask if it was the same Doctor they go to when they get a cold or flu?

KATERINA

And they Said 'no.' Then I asked if they went to this Doctor just once. They said 'a bunch of times.'

HARRY

Like how Jonas Becker went to a Doctor 'a bunch of times'...

KATERINA

And 'only Mom' would take them.

HARRY

Where is the Doctor?

KATERINA

After they said the word 'Mom' they started crying - Ralph came back in then, asked me to leave.

SKARRE (O.C.)

You have that affect.

KATERINA

A fat lady at the front desk gives them candy though...

*Harry thinking...grabs Katerina now, leaves. The others gape at the insolence. *Skarre tries to piggyback Hagen's anger:**

SKARRE

So are we just taking it on faith the Becker and Cheadle cases are related? Is that debate over, Boss?

HAGEN

Probably best to think what Harry asks you to, Marcus.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LECTURE HALL - DAY

Jonas and Filip enter. Packed with students. Filip says nothing, just points to a seat where Jonas should sit. Female students smile at Jonas as he takes his seat, pulls pencils and paper. Filip begins writing furiously on the massive board. No words whatsoever. Sound of chalk the soundtrack. Students begin scribbling notes just as furiously.

Jonas draws Snowmen as a sort of rhythm builds with the chalk and pens. But now the sound of the chalk stops.

Jonas looks up: sees the chalk stuck in place but trembling now as his Dad tries to stop his shoulders from heaving. Philip's crying sounds like strangulation. He exits the Hall, leaving behind a wide-eyed Jonas and shocked class...

SOTTO VOCE STUDENT CHORUS
Wife Kidnapped ... Snowman like
with that Cheadle chick ... What?

After 10 seconds, a student stands, slings her backpack. That prompts 2 more, then 4, then 16. Class clears. Until just 2 are left: Harry, who was here the entire time, and Jonas.

HARRY
 Hey pal.

JONAS
 He's sad.

HARRY
 I bet you are too.

INT. FILIP'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Filip reads from a black leather journal. Rapt. Rage at the corners of red eyes. A knock. Puts the journal in his desk.

FILIP
 DO NOT DISTURB!

Door opens anyway. Filip about to explode until sees Harry with Jonas. Startles...as though he totally forgot his Son.

FILIP (CONT'D)
 Go wait in the lounge.

Jonas does. Harry sits, offers Filip a cigarette. Both light up. Filip takes a massive drag. Staring at Harry...

FILIP (CONT'D)
 I forgot how wonderful these are.

HARRY
 Right up until they kill you.

FILIP
I don't give a shit about
probabilities anymore...you want to
ask where I was last night...

HARRY
 I'll get to that.

FILIP
Was Cheadle really decapitated?

HARRY
Yeah.

Filip shudders, takes a big drag, looks out his window with what seems a genuine grimace...

HARRY (CONT'D)
Is Jonas sick?

FILIP
No more than any boy of 11...

HARRY
This summer, why was he going to the Doctor monthly?

FILIP
Doctors were his Mother's purview.

HARRY
She never said anything?

FILIP
Never told me about Whole Foods or the Gym either, but still she went.

HARRY
Okay. And about last night?

FILIP
Here. Working on an article on wavelengths of hydrogen. And utterly alone because Academics are slothful and self-satisfied.

HARRY
Jonas?

FILIP
Home.

HARRY
By himself?

FILIP
Don't you question my parenting.

HARRY
(goadng a bit)
Did Betty question it?

FILIP
(doesn't bite)
Constantly.

HARRY
Been through her things?

FILIP
Found nothing that concerns you.

HARRY
And you're the judge of that?

FILIP
Yes I am.

INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry over Jonas's shoulder, watching him draw Snowmen...

HARRY
Your Dad wants you.
(Jonas puts away pencils)
*Why was your Mother taking you to
the Doctor's?*

JONAS
Dunno.

HARRY
What's the Doctor's name?

JONAS
Dunno.

HARRY
Where was the office?

Jonas looks Harry in the eye...*doesn't speak*. Harry contains a rush of excitement. Sits. No blinks as he bores in:

HARRY (CONT'D)
*I really want to find your Mom. Not
as bad as you, but badly enough...*

JONAS
I can't tell. Even Dad.

HARRY
Then good thing I'm not him.

JONAS
Green Bay.

HARRY
 Wisconsin? Is there an office up
 there you go to, buddy?
 (no response from Jonas)
 Is it small? Big? Nice? Is it-

JONAS
 -the Woman at the desk is nice. She
 always remembers my name.

HARRY
Does she give you candy?

JONAS
 Even when I don't get shots.

HARRY
You always remember her name too?

JONAS
 Tiffany.

HARRY
Tiffany. Is she big?

JONAS
 We say 'chubby' in our house.

INT. FILIP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reading that black leather notebook again. Tears re-form. Has
 to stop. Looks up. And with that subdued rage, watches from
 his window as Harry walks back to his car in the lot below...

EXT. HARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Harry scrolls back through his phone's memory as he gets in.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Katerina in the front seat, laptop open, a wireless antennae
 (this being 2004) in a USB port.

KATERINA
 I hate being left in cars-

HARRY
*-Jonas said the woman at the front
 desk of his Doctor's office is
 chubby and doles candy...*

KATERINA
Same as the Cheadle twins-

HARRY
 -let's not get too crazy: I bet
 half of all Doctors' offices have
 big gals behind desks. When I asked
 where, Jonas said 'Green Bay.'

KATERINA
Wisconsin?

HARRY
 You know of any other? Lets run it
 by the Cheadle twins and see what-

KATERINA
-Green Bay Road?

HARRY
 (beat, strikes him...)
 Wait a minute: the one that runs up
 through all the John Hughes suburbs
 up North?

KATERINA
 Yeah. Swanky up there. And I have a
 hard time believing Betty Becker,
 who owned Vitra chairs, would've
 gone anywhere near Wisconsin...

Harry remembers something. Snatches his phone again.
 Scrolling through memory until he finds that number he dialed
 from Jonas's Doctor's appointment reminder cards:

HARRY
 Google this number...

KATERINA
 (typing, then:)
 Nurse Line. 'Serving 11 Medical
Offices throughout Chicagoland.'

HARRY
 Can we find out which?

CUT TO:

Minutes later. Harry hanging up his phone. To Katerina:

HARRY (CONT'D)
 0 for 6.

She points to another number on her computer screen. He
 dials. Ringing.

PLEASANT FEMALE (ON PHONE)
The Kir Clinic.

HARRY
Tiffany please?

PLEASANT FEMALE (ON PHONE)
Speaking.

Harry pumps his fist a bit at this small triumph of tracking down "Tiffany"...

HARRY
I'm calling about Sylvia Cheadle
and Betty Becker. *Detective Hole*.

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
Hold please.
(Charlie Mingus, then:)
Sorry Mr. Hole, patient information
is confidential-

HARRY
-but they're not the patients are
they: *their children are...*
(no answer...)
These are active investigations-

A SUDDEN MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
-then obtain a warrant.

HARRY
Tiff? Catch cold between questions?

A SUDDEN MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
We're more guarded than most
because of the nature of our work.

HARRY
What is the nature of your work?
(beat, no answer...)
No worries - I'll google 'Kir
Clinic' on my way to the Courts.

A SUDDEN MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
Plastic Surgery.

Hangs up. *Feature Harry's small, malevolent smile and shaking hands.* If he's addicted to anything, it's to these moments.

KATERINA (O.C.)
We're going to the Courts then?

HARRY

Bluff - we'll never get a warrant
because the twins and Jonas happen
to go to the same Doctor.

KATERINA

Then where to?

HARRY

Shopping.

INT. WHOLE FOODS - DAY

ELI TINUBU is a first generation African-American. 50s. In-line. CHECKOUT LADY talking about the steaks Eli is buying:

CHECKOUT LADY

Best I've ever had.

ELI

For my Son. Home from Iraq.

A Man two shoppers behind Eli is artificially tan and gaunt - like if a GHOUL was also a male MODEL. On his cellular:

GHOUL MODEL

*Tiffany, next time you transfer
them to me immediately. I don't
care that I'm not there.*

And his is the "Sudden Male Voice" from the previous scene...

EXT. WHOLE FOODS - DAY

Eli walking to her car. Focus on her hands: one hand holding her shopping bags, the other holding her keys - but between her thumb and forefinger is a small, very sharp keychain knife, out and ready...like a matter of habit...

EXT. TASTE OF AFRICA - DAY

Handsome shop in River North. Harry and Katerina enter.

INT. TASTE OF AFRICA - NEXT MOMENT

But before either can take in the sparse, museum-like grandeur of the place, they freeze. Sylvia Cheadle is behind the counter...miraculously whole...about to hang up a mask of some sort. Harry and Katerina stare as Sylvia's doppelganger, her commercial smile fading, finally gets it:

SYLVIA'S DOPPELGANGER
I'm Erika Pedersen - *Sylvia's twin.*

Katerina exhales. Smiles weakly. *Harry shaken though.* Mute.

KATERINA
Katerina. He's Harry. CPD. Can we
speak with Ralph?

ERIKA
I wish you would ask him everything
at once.

KATERINA
(placating)
Dunno all the questions at once.

Katerina looks to Harry, assuming he'll take lead. Harry
though is spinning again. *So suddenly distant it's rude.*

KATERINA (CONT'D)
(beat, points to the mask)
Ceremonial or spiritual?

ERIKA
Ceremonial. Hutu. Eastern Congo.

KATERINA
Stunning. You were in the Congo and
bought it yourself.

ERIKA
Great guess.

KATERINA
You're not covering the eyes or
mouth. You respect the spirits.

HARRY
Any clue when Ralph'll be back-

KATERINA
-Harry go wait in the Car.

She's so good at taking charge, Harry forgets he has rank. He
shakes off his mental distance, sees the move Katerina's
making...bows like a supplicant now and hands her the keys:

HARRY
You take the car Boss. I'll get a
cab. Make sure to ask Ralph-

KATERINA
-for a confidentiality waiver. Go.

Harry walks out. *Erika totally enamored with Katerina now.*

ERIKA

You're interested in masks?

KATERINA

Especially that Death Mask.

And Katerina points to one particularly ghastly: *wood and leather, with a long, disturbing pig's snout...*

INT. FRANKLIN PARK SPEED SKATING RINK - DUSK

Harry in the bleachers, splitting attention between a speed-skating Ollie, and his laptop: Kir Clinic website. Picture of the Founder: DR. ISAAC NETTLES - *that very same Ghoulish Model/Sudden Male Voice behind Eli Tinubu at Whole Foods.*

Harry does searches on Nettles. Dozens of write-ups of *Curling Competitions*: pictures of Isaac with Arthur Step and others, winning trophies for the *Blackhawk Curling Club...*

Finds Isaac's educational background and employment history. Isaac's job before he founded The Kir Clinic: a place called The Marienlyst Clinic. And Rakel's fiancée, Matt, also pictured among notable past employees of Marienlyst.

Harry looks down the bleachers: Rakel and Matt watching Ollie too. Katerina arrives - Harry smiles at her for the very first time: she has hot coffee for both. Hands Harry a waiver of doctor-patient confidentiality signed by Ralph Cheadle.

FLASH TO:

Rakel taking notice of Katerina, the width of Harry's smile.

RETURN TO:

KATERINA

Sylvia was a dilettante who hated Capitalism because it was cool to in college. Cheated on Ralph as a habit, Ralph always took her back. I think Erika cared more for him than she did her own twin.

(beat)

After Sylvia's last dalliance, she and Ralph took a trip to Africa to repair things. There they switched poles: Ralph came back wanting to help the continent, while Sylvia - with her Haile Selassie tramp stamp-

HARRY

-really?

KATERINA

Sees even there people look out for #1. Start the Shop: Ralph so he can pay fair wages, Sylvia so she can fleece yuppies and hipsters.

HARRY

All her Frieda Kahlo "searching," and the two things she turns out to be good at are slaughtering chickens and turning profits.

KATERINA

We should all be so lucky.

Harry turns the computer: a photo of DR. ISAAC NETTLES.

HARRY

Not to look like this Fuckers: Dr. Isaac Nettles. Founder of The Kir Clinic, employer of Tiffany...

KATERINA

Ralph said he only knew about routine check-ups. Nothing about any Clinic on the North Shore.

Matt, Rakel, and Ollie approach. Katerina waves to Ollie who blushes. *A quick, icy look from Rakel to Katerina.*

HARRY

Everyone, Katerina Bratt.

Handshakes and intros as Harry grabs Ollie. Ollie fights back, adoring every second. *As does Rakel, discreetly.*

HARRY (CONT'D)

That kid with the god damn beard-

RAKEL (O.C.)

-language-

HARRY

-shot the line in the last race.

OLLIE

Ref didn't see it.

HARRY

Ever tell you about the skater who lost an eye but kept racing anyway?

OLLIE
"If I lose the other I can be a
Referee."

Harry touches one of Ollie's skates.

HARRY
Still keeping the steel cold? Makes
'em faster.

RAKEL
Thanks for that: he dumps them on
the front step now every night.

OLLIE
Mom said if she trips over 'em
again, she'll see if setting them
on fire makes 'em faster-

HARRY
-if your feet are still in them.

OLLIE
I found another place for 'em.

RAKEL
Alright kid, homework time.

Harry kisses Ollie on the top of his head.

KATERINA
I gotta go too Boss. Very
impressive skating Ollie.

Ollie blushes again. *And now Rakel truly dislikes Katerina.*

HARRY
Matt can I have a second? I can
give you a ride back to Rakel's...

MATT
Yeah - No - we drove separate - I
came straight from the Hospital and
I gotta go straight back...

RAKEL
(tiny/wary smile)
My ex and my current having a
private moment. I don't like it.

MATT
(self-deprecating)
Especially when the Ex is a Cop.

HARRY
I'm off duty.

RAKEL
Funniest thing you've ever said.

INT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Just Harry and Matt now, watching the others leave...

HARRY
That your hook? So forward and
secure you can admit to being
uneasy around your fiancée's Ex?

MATT
Is that my hook...to get women?

HARRY
Yeah.

MATT
I guess I can ask you the same.

HARRY
With my mug you need a hook. I
should've taken up mountaineering.

MATT
Couldn't have hurt.

Harry smiles - *uneasy realization he might like Matt.*

MATT (CONT'D)
But what really reels 'em in though
is when they find out they'll never
have to worry about wiping my
octogenarian ass.

HARRY
Why's that?

MATT
(self-conscious now)
Oh...nothing...Scleroderma. This
autoimmune thing you manage. Up
until you can't.

HARRY
Then what?

MATT

I Dunno. Fly off the Sears Tower? I share a little private practice office there. Feels poetic.

HARRY

It's called the Willis Tower now.

MATT

God damn travesty.

HARRY

Worse than Fields being a Macy's.

Each smile at their mutual love of bitching. A beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Uglier ways to go I guess.

MATT

Don't I know it. Sometimes I feel like nature isn't random at all...but just circling.

HARRY

I've always said if you want to doubt God, visit a murder scene.

MATT

I swear I've said the exact same thing about Children's Hospitals.

HARRY

Rakel isn't the kind who would flinch wiping an ass by the way. So you know. She has these reserves...

MATT

That's why I love her, Harry. *I'm truly shocked by just how much.*

A longer, much heavier moment passes. No smiles anymore.

HARRY

Do you know Isaac Nettles?

MATT

Me and half the Midwest.

HARRY

Worked with him at Marienlyst?

MATT

Knew him way before that even: went to med school together.

HARRY
What's he like?

MATT
Seen his picture?

HARRY
Yeah.

MATT
Then you know. Always knew where
the party was, but was never
throwing it himself...

HARRY
Gay?

MATT
Well...what kind of guy makes it
his life's work cutting into women?

And that hits Harry, focuses his thoughts, suspicions...until
Matt asks him a non sequitur:

MATT (CONT'D)
Are we in competition, Harry?

HARRY
I am...but you got no worries.

INT. HARRY'S APT BUILDING - EVENING

Walking upstairs. Tired. *Sad*. On the phone with Katerina:

HARRY
Put Isaac through the system. Heard
he's the kind of guy who knows
where the party is. Maybe that's
gotten him into trouble before.

KATERINA (ON PHONE)
Leverage? Ralph's waiver isn't-

HARRY
-not if Nettles doesn't spook:
Ralph isn't his patient, his kids
are. A court would need to sign off
and that takes time.

KATERINA (ON PHONE)
You think Nettles would play out
the letter of the law like that?

HARRY

Rich Plastic Surgeon on the rich
North Shore - if he wasn't
discrete, he'd be none of that.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry shocked: almost all his walls torn down to the studs...

KATERINA (ON PHONE)

*Why were the Cheadle twins and
Jonas Becker seeing a Plastic
Surgeon multiple times a year?*

HARRY

I haven't wanted to think about it.
See you tomorrow.

KATERINA (ON PHONE)

If not sooner.

Hangs up. Turns on his stereo as he drops his stuff, begins
sorting mail. And in stereotypical Male fashion, turns the TV
on too: World Poker Championships. He pays attention to one
of the players: JOHNNY TRESKO, CICERO, ILLINOIS. *This that
same re-run Rakel mentioned at their dinner together.* Harry
narrating things a beat before they happen:

HARRY (CONT'D)

And here he goes...

TV ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

And here he goes...

Tresko pushing all his chips in. Tension. Tresko's remaining
opponent pacing like an expectant Father...

HARRY (CONT'D)

And there he goes....

TV ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

And there he goes...

Tresko loses the hand. His nervous competitor goes ape shit:
9 MILLION DOLLARS richer. Harry's buzzer rings...

HARRY

Yeah?

INT. ELI TINUBU'S HOME - NIGHT

Eli and her husband beam at their Son as he eats the steak.
Where the parents are smaller and hunched, their boy is 6'4",
the broad shoulders of a swimmer. The only traits in common
with his parents are his Mother's sharp nose and doe eyes.

He regales his father with talk of War. Eli sits back, drinks
in her boy's presence. *A pure, maternal love endlessly
surprised with itself.* Phone rings. She jumps up to answer.

ELI TINUBU

Hello?

No sound. Then the Person on the other end simply inhales big and audible through the nose...goes silent again...

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry having heedless sex with someone. Our POV moves past bare studs and cross braces. It must be Katerina - she did say 'if not sooner.' Then the Woman flips Harry: Rakel...

FLASH TO:

Post coital. Rakel looking around at the destroyed place.

HARRY

I have fungus.

RAKEL

Way to kill the mood.

HARRY

Why are you here?

RAKEL

If you want me to go, just say.

HARRY

I've never once wanted you to go.

RAKEL

(big beat)

How's work?

HARRY

Bad.

RAKEL

I can only imagine. *I could only ever imagine.*

Harry curls into Rakel. *He has only ever loved this woman.*

HARRY

I feel like I'm being watched.

RAKEL

More than usual?

HARRY

Yeah. Like I'm being played in some huge way...by someone who knows how I'll react to almost anything...

RAKEL
Suspects?

HARRY
The World.

RAKEL
You want my guess?

HARRY
(intuits her guess)
Is she why you're here?

Rakel doesn't answer.

INT. THE GOLDEN APPLE RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING

Katerina at a table, haggard, like she slept little.

Harry enters this coffee haunt for Chicago's finest. She looks at him in appraising fashion. Puts Harry on edge...

KATERINA
Seem lighter on your feet.

HARRY
What's your excuse?

KATERINA
Finished combing all the Missing Persons files: *all the murders and disappearances have happened in October, November, or December.*

HARRY
Winter?

KATERINA
More specific - checked farmers almanacs from each year: the day of each disappearance-

HARRY
-day of the first snow...

KATERINA
A+. One woman disappears that day-

HARRY
(sitting, excited)
-one woman who had been married, with children-

KATERINA

-except the year it started: 3
 vanished, not here but in Detroit.
 2 turned up dead, 3rd still
 missing. And this year: 2 are gone
 so far.

HARRY

Why the breaks in the pattern?

KATERINA

No clue. So I say we go back to the
 beginning: Detroit Cop named Rafto.

HARRY

Jesus - I remember that name. *How
 the Hell did you get there?*

KATERINA

Told us not to be Provincial Fucks.
Now take a drink of your coffee...

Harry hesitates, drinks unblinking as Katerina now pulls a
 photo of the Lyla Aasen crime scene on Belle Isle. A picture
 of her remains - and in the blurry distance: the outline of
 the Snowman we remember Rafto glassing with the binoculars...

Harry just stares. Breathless at the expanse of this now.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

I know Rafto's legend: best, but
 most corrupt Cop in Motor City
 history. I know my colleagues there
 spent more time burying his case
 than solving it. I know before he
 vanished - 1992 - they said he was
 pickled, hearing voices. And he was
Lead on this: the first murder of a
 woman who'd been married at least
 once, with a child, and died the
 day of the first snow: Lyla Aasen.

HARRY

What Cops do we call in Detroit?

KATERINA

None. We fly in ourselves.

HARRY

Why do I think there's no love lost
 between you and former colleagues?

KATERINA

As for Nettles, no record - *but*
guess where he went to Med School?

HARRY
(beat)
University of Michigan?

KATERINA
(becoming more animated)
1990 to '98. I'm betting Bert Rafto
and Isaac Nettles knew each other-

HARRY
-wait-wait: *why?*

KATERINA
Rafto vanishes - Isaac's a *plastic*
surgeon-

HARRY
-whoa-

KATERINA
-I'm thinking out loud, like you.

HARRY
You're leaping. Then you forget it
was a leap to start and it becomes
a hypothesis. By the time you
realize you've fucked up, real
leads-clues-suspects have gone cold-

KATERINA
-pot meet kettle-

HARRY
-stow that shit. *What's into you?*

-thick VICE COP passing by-

VICE COP
-young love so far from Spring.

Harry knows him, just holds up a middle finger without
looking away from Katerina, trying to get her focused:

HARRY
Anything else about Dr. Nettles?

VICE COP (O.C.)
Dresses everyday like it's Easter.

Both Harry and Katerina turn to this Vice Cop, wide-eyed...

HARRY
Dr. Isaac Nettles?

VICE COP
(to Katerina re: Harry)
Tell you his middle name is 'Ace'?

HARRY
Do you know Isaac Nettles?

VICE COP
Lime pants and tangerine sweaters
tend to stick out in Bronzeville.

HARRY
But you've never arrested him?

VICE COP
(shrugs)
I mean, is for-profit love at Hotel
Leon really even illegal anymore-

-Harry and Katerina pop up, drop money for the bill, bolt.

INT. HOTEL LEON - DAY

SAVA is the 'owner.' Looking at a picture of Dr. Nettles.
Silently shrugs his ignorance. A moment passes.

HARRY
How'd you come to own this place?

SAVA
Friends had to leave the country.

HARRY
You're Serbian?

SAVA
So what?

HARRY
Bet those friends had to leave in a
hurry. Was this place a whorehouse
then too, or just now?

SAVA
Licenses and papers up to date-

KATERINA
-a roster of all your employees
now. We need to check immigration
status. Then we need a look at your
emergency exits, make sure those
are up to code-

SAVA
-rents a room twice a week. Same
room. Stays all night.

HARRY
Sleeps here?

KATERINA
Men?

SAVA
No. Women.

KATERINA
Plural?

SAVA
7 or 8. Black and Mexican.

Sava tries going silent now...

HARRY
You've already lost him.

SAVA
Asks for extra towels...

Harry doesn't get why towels are relevant. Katerina does:

KATERINA
You ever see blood - assuming you
actually clean these rooms?

SAVA
Not more than usual.
(sees Harry blink back
his disgust...)
They wouldn't come back if he hurt
'em. Sure as hell wouldn't bring
their kids-

-at the mention of 'kids' Harry instinctively pulls his
pistol, whips Sava with it. Katerina startles. Sava drops
flat on his ass, a gaping gash below his eye, tears welling:

SAVA (CONT'D)
I throw 'em back out!

Harry yanks Sava up...*taken aback though when he sees just
how awful the gash is.* Seconds pass...

SAVA (CONT'D)
I got molested when I was 9! I'd
never let it happen to another!

Harry literally tries to squint back his guilt now...sort of pats Sava's head...a terribly uncomfortable beat...

HARRY

Fuck. Sorry. Tell me when he usually shows up and we'll leave.

SAVA

Mondays and Thursdays I think. I'm sure about the Thursdays - always later like 9 or 10...

Blood gushing from his eye...holds the counter with his off hand because he's knees are still jell-o...

HARRY

God damn...I gotta get him to an ER-

KATERINA

*(points at Sava's gash)
-or we could kill two birds...*

INT. THE KIR CLINIC - DAY

The offices of Dr. Isaac Nettles. Waiting room haute couture: leather, sleek, Italian. Harry and Katerina flank Sava, holding their badges. Sava leaking on the blonde floor.

A positively cherubic woman, Tiffany, stares from behind a desk. As does Isaac Nettles, just to Tiffany's left, agape at his worlds colliding. Looking back and forth between the badges, the Cops holding them, and bloody Sava. Tremulous:

ISAAC

Tiffany, reschedule the rest of my day and lock the front door please.

Tiffany gapes at Isaac as though shocked he has secrets...

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - LATER

Isaac stitching Sava's wound. Harry genuinely worried.

ISAAC

Why'd you hit him?

HARRY

For what sounds like Child Prostitution at Hotel Leon.

Isaac looks at Sava who shrugs back: *told him he's wrong...*

ISAAC
 No. *My God*. The kids come for the exams. Shots. Sava threw them out, but they were there to get the same things I give their Moms.

HARRY
 Their Moms the Hookers?

ISAAC
 Yes.

HARRY
 You go to a whorehouse-

SAVA (O.C.)
 -extremely short-stay hotel-

HARRY
 -to do pro bono work?

ISAAC
 I do.

HARRY
 Bullshit.

ISAAC
 I don't care what you think of it.

HARRY
I bet you'd care what your clients thought of it...

ISAAC
 (a telling hesitation)
 Not doing anything illegal.

HARRY
 World is fraught with things not illegal, but that still ruin reps.
What did you test them for?

ISAAC
 (big beat)
 Everything. Standard sex trade-

HARRY
-I mean the Cheadle twins and Jonas Becker.

ISAAC
 (deep exhale)
Fahr's Syndrome.

HARRY
What's that?

ISAAC
Bit like Alzheimer's. Affects motor skills, cognition. Most develop it in their 40s or 50s, but it has been seen in kids. No cure yet.

HARRY
Wait - so your ballywick is tits and one degenerative disorder?

ISAAC
Someone close had Fahr's. There was no one else in the Midwest.

HARRY
So you stepped up. Like with the whores.
(beat)
Jonas or the Cheadles have it?

ISAAC
Not so far.

HARRY
And now their Mothers are dead.

A silent moment...then Katerina pulls her handcuffs, looks at Harry, waiting for the order. Isaac blanches...

ISAAC
What is it you think about me?

Harry stares. Seconds pass...then he puts his arm in front of Katerina as he comes to a conclusion. Points at Sava:

HARRY
*Don't report or record a thing.
Give him a ride home.*

INT. POLICE GYM - NIGHT

Working out together. Katerina immensely strong for her frame. Doing curls, seething about not arresting Isaac.

KATERINA
And if he's the Snowman?

HARRY
Then he knows were onto him, so he won't kill for a time.

KATERINA
Big bet with other people's lives.

HARRY
And that's why Cops drink.

Finishes her set. Steps to spot Harry: benching 255 pounds.

KATERINA
That why you drank?

HARRY
Relax.

KATERINA
You're doing enough of that for both of us.

HARRY
(second rep)
Can you link the murders to this Fahr's Syndrome? Make the connection seem more than a remote possibility right now?

KATERINA
Not yet.

HARRY
(does his third)
Judges don't go for 'Not yet.'
(does his fourth)
We got nothing to hold Isaac for.
But we do have him frightened and anxious to please. We use it.

KATERINA
And what about Betty Becker?

HARRY
(does his fifth rep)
Don't get dumb.

And on his sixth he falters. Katerina looming, fingertips on the bar, face enraged now - *same look she once gave Skarre:*

KATERINA
Don't get crushed.

Takes her hands away. The bar falls back to Harry's chest, knocking his air out. Katerina just walks out, toweling off.

Harry stunned. Alone. Beet red. Readjusts his hands, tilts the bar until the weights fall off one side, then like a teeter-totter, the other end pitches down. Massive noise.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Changing while listening to voicemail. A line of broken blood vessels across his chest.

BILL HOLM (ON PHONE)
Call me when you're in.

Harry looks out his door: Bill in the conference room, face buried in reports. Harry yells to him:

HARRY
I'M IN.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The original Snowman Letter - in a sealed plastic evidence sleeve now - on Harry's desk between he and Holm.

BILL HOLM
Paper is handmade: *Mitsumata bark*.
Tech was orgasmic - said it smelled like flowers. Knew just one place ever had it in-town: shop on Southport. I talked to the owner, said they hadn't sold any in a decade. She and me bitched a good 15 about how people don't care about quality. Take Rockabilly-

HARRY
-Bill-

BILL HOLM
-she heard of only two other places in the Midwest that ever sold it: one down in Clayton Township by St. Louis, the other outside Detroit: Grosse Pointe-

HARRY
-Detroit...keeps going back there.

BILL HOLM
What does? Human Misery?

HARRY
Killer wanted us to find this:
handmade paper for God's sake.

BILL HOLM
Or he or she didn't know what they had, didn't buy it themselves...

INT. KATERINA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry enters ready to yell at her for almost killing him. She's not there. Half-eaten sandwich on her desk. Harry dips his pinkie in her coffee: hot. Thinks about waiting. Yawns. Decides to leave her a note:

DETROIT, TOMORROW, DELTA 8107, 7 AM.

EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Every wall destroyed now. Nebraska by Springsteen plays as Harry and his friend TRESKO, whom we haven't met but have heard about/watched lose a fortune, play cards. Half-empty bottles of liquor on a nearby counter. A rat darts across the floor. When Tresko speaks, we see he doesn't have one tooth:

TRESKO

Fungus isn't your biggest problem.

Harry loses the hand.

TRESKO (CONT'D)

Worse card player than friend.

A figure comes through the front door, closes it. But doesn't take further steps into the apartment - stays in the shadows. Tresko sees this, stops shuffling, gets up and walks away...

KATERINA (IN SHADOW)

You left a note.

HARRY

See you tomorrow at the airport.

KATERINA

Don't take that for granted.

Katerina stepping into the low light - *first thing we see is the chiaroscuro protrusion of her pregnant belly...* then we see she's naked save black boots...and when we at last see her face, *her mouth has been burned back at the corners like Sylvia's, forming the same horrifically wide "smile"...*

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Harry snaps-to from this nightmare. Katerina next to him. Quick, involuntary glance down at her stomach. Rubs his eyes. A strange smile cuts into her face as the landing gear audibly drops and the engines change pitch.

KATERINA

Talk in your sleep.

EXT. DETROIT - MORNING

Harry and Katerina across the street from Police HQ.

KATERINA

You deal with the flat-feet? I'll
hit the shop then Rafto's widow...

HARRY

I thought she didn't talk to Cops.

KATERINA

(with a wink)

Neither would Lyla's sister or
Ralph Cheadle. Do me a huge favor?
Don't tell the guys I'm with you.

HARRY

Why? You've arrived: working a
serial murder in Chicago-

KATERINA

-that's the rub: when you move
there they despise you here...

INT. DETROIT POLICE HQ - LATER, MID-CONVERSATION

Harry with CHESTER MCNEAL, Ranking Officer. We recognize him
as one of the YOUNG DETECTIVES with Bert Rafto on Belle Isle.

HARRY

One of yours just transferred.

MCNEAL

Katerina Bratt. You met her?

HARRY

Briefly.

(off McNeal's smug exhale)

What did I miss?

MCNEAL

Oh...guys found her the sexiest
thing on two feet. I can see it I
guess, but something always bugged
me. And I don't mean the clubs she
and her husband were seen in-

-Harry's face kinks a second. McNeal sees the reaction:

MCNEAL (CONT'D)

Not to prejudice you. Actually I
think she could be a Star if she
wasn't so God damned intense...

Harry glances at the half-dozen pictures of McNeal and his family: up to date, teenage boys, fishing trips, vacations - this is a guy who is decidedly not intense. With edge:

HARRY
Intensity is a bad thing in a Cop?

MCNEAL
(beat, sees the edge...)
You tell me.

HARRY
Do we know each other?

MCNEAL
No we don't.

HARRY
(beat)
I guess it depends on who you talk to: the criminals I've put away, or the family I broke.

MCNEAL
Strikes me they'd answer the same.

HARRY
Was it a bad thing in Bert Rafto?

MCNEAL
(beat, checks his planner)
So we're not talking about this
Snowman business in Chicago?

Harry puts the Belle Isle crime scene photo in front of McNeal: barely visible Snowman on the Canadian Shore. Watches McNeal's face: unmistakable surprise he quickly masks...

MCNEAL (CONT'D)
A Snowman on a Canadian Shore. Call out the Army.

HARRY
Maybe if you had we wouldn't be here, 12 years on, 14 women gone.

MCNEAL
Yet again someone wants to shovel shit Detroit's way. We solved the Aasen/Hetland murders.

HARRY
You should tell somebody.

MCNEAL

That Bert Rafto was delusional?
That he was in Annie Hetland's
Apartment before she vanished?
Annie who likely had information on
Lyla? I was on Belle Isle when the
missing-persons call came. Before
anyone could react, Rafto was in
the boat. Then Annie gets
butchered. Then Rafto disappears.

HARRY

Case closed.
(off McNeal's stare)
Without ever trying to find Bert.

MCNEAL

We did try to find him, you TV-

HARRY

-so you do know me-

MCNEAL

-ransacked his home, the dozens of
Bars where he had stools named for
him, vacation shack up in Decker-

HARRY

-talk to his family?

MCNEAL

The wife who dumped him? Or the
Daughter who got shipped to an
Uncle before the Aasen murder -
after the scandal with the wallets
and watches stolen off dead bodies?

HARRY

That's where I'd have started.

MCNEAL

No reason.

Harry regards McNeal as though it's impossible they're in the
same profession...

HARRY

*You don't lie awake at night
wishing you knew where he went?*

MCNEAL

Probably why I'm still married.

HARRY

And if he did it, why?

McNeal regards Harry with similar disdain, disbelief.

MCNEAL

If you fart in the hall, do you
stand there 'wishing' or do you
just walk the hell away from it?

INT. RENTAL CAR - GRAY DAY

Driving on a deserted road through densely-forested land.

KATERINA

Paper Shop hasn't sold Mitsumata in
years. Records and receipts long
gone. Like the Owner's memory.

HARRY

What did Bert's Widow say?

KATERINA

Not much 'til I told her I left
Detroit 'cuz I hated the company.
She laughed. *Miserable sound*. Then
detailed what a bastard Bert was.

Emerge from the woods into snow-covered farmland on one side,
and the slate gray expanse of Lake Huron on the other.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

Only halfway-good times she
remembers was coming up here. You
meet my biggest fan, McNeal?

HARRY

Thinks you could be a Superstar.

KATERINA

Bet that's not all he said.

HARRY

No - also said he searched this
vacation shack way back when.

She points: a windswept slice of land, notably tree-less,
with a lone, tumble-down cottage at the end of a long,
overgrown gravel driveway...

EXT. RAFTO'S VACATION COTTAGE - DAY

If Harry believed in ghosts, this place would be haunted.
Front door locked. Harry lifts a mildewed doormat: no key.
Two yellowed light fixtures on either side of the door.

Katerina undoes the light to the left side of the door: a key inside - had to be a tip from the Widow...

INT. RAFTO'S COTTAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Sad, smelly, scary. No one has been inside for a decade: magazines and newspapers from '92. Unmarred layers of dust.

KATERINA

What are we looking for?

HARRY

We don't know. And if we do find something Detroit's finest never did, that will be why. *Put your hands in your pockets.*

CUT TO:

With each as they search. Katerina's teeth chatter. Eyes creased at the scattered pictures of Rafto with his Wife and Daughter...like she's trying to divine through the still-life reasons why Bert Rafto did what he did...

CUT TO:

Harry in a cramped basement. Bikes and blow-up rafts rotting in damp dark. He takes his hands from his pockets and begins pulling tarps, opening the boxes. Not frenetic. Measured.

Pulls one large tarp: what looks like a brand new Electrolux freezer. Stops him cold. Utterly out of place. *Padlocked*. Harry blinks, fingers the vestiges of sticky blue plastic wrap from the factory still stuck on one of the corners...

Freezer fan kicks on. Harry startles...touches his gun like some touch a crucifix, turns a light on. Yells to Katerina:

HARRY (CONT'D)

There's electricity here!

Rummages with shaky hands until he finds a claw-tooth hammer. Pries it between freezer latch and surface...pops the screws...*door snaps open*. Harry springs backward in time-stopping shock as Bert Rafto falls out nestea plunge-style.

Whoever loaded him in did so to ensure that Bert would land face-up. *A sound like a ton of ice hitting concrete*. *He's been made into a Snowman*: two dozen roofing nails driven into his face in the shape of a smile, sealing lips shut. Nose gouged out, a shriveled carrot in the hole.

A howling scream that nearly stops Harry's heart bellows inches behind - he spins, pulling his weapon: Katerina.

Eyes wide, her body trembling. Harry snarls at her before he realizes it, then turns her from the corpse as she wretches.

INT. DETROIT CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

An Older Woman, THE COMMISSIONER, looks out the window of her office. NEWS TRUCKS. McNeal standing near the door, sheepish:

MCNEAL

Electricity supplied by a hidden line attached to a neighbor.

COMMISSIONER

By 'Line' you mean extension cord, by 'hidden' you mean under snow, and by 'attached' you mean plugged in?

MCNEAL

None of the neighbors have seen anyone move anything in of late.
(beat, conspiratorial)
If I were Hole, I'd be terrified: Killer must have known he'd be looking, made sure he found Rafto-

COMMISSIONER

-STOP. Harry Hole from Chicago found Detroit's most infamous crook in a day. We couldn't in 12 years. That's the narrative.

MCNEAL

It's worse than that...Katerina Bratt is his partner.

Commissioner just closes her eyes. Chuckles.

COMMISSIONER

So where are Hole and our prodigal daughter now?

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Packed with Detroit Cops. Many of whom glare at a still-ashen Katerina, who is pointedly not looking at Bert Rafto's naked body splayed on the pathology slab. Portable heaters trained on the corpse, thawing it. *Drip sounds.*

MEDICAL EXAMINER (M.E.) begins sawing off Rafto's skull cap. Harry riveted. His phone buzzes: *unknown number*. Sends it to voicemail.

HARRY
Why are you doing that?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
He didn't die of these wounds.

Katerina walks out now...

HARRY
How could you survive this?

M.E. points to the black hole where Rafto's nose once was:

MEDICAL EXAMINER
That's not frost bitten or rotten tissue. It's tar. Used it to cauterize the wound. Happens in Africa when militias hack arms: victim puts the stump in boiling tar to stop the bleeding, seal it from infection.

HARRY
And the roofing nails?

M.E. points to something in the ragged nose hole: the shaft of one of the driven nails visible. Uses a solution to clean the tar and dried blood from it: scrape marks on the shaft.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Happened first. Scrape marks were made by whatever tool was used to dig out his nose.
(lifts the skullcap)
I'm looking at his brain first because a frequent notation in his medical records was 'dementia.'

A thought strikes Harry as the M.E. begins the process of detaching and lifting out Rafto's brain:

HARRY
Like Fahr's Syndrome?

M.E. looks at Harry like: *'how do you know Fahr's?'* Then looks back at Rafto's brain:

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I don't see any calcium deposits. I'll know for sure once I get a look at the basal ganglia and the cortex. *Why do you ask?*

HARRY
 (spinning with thought)
You go to med school here?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 U of M.

HARRY
Overlap with a guy named Nettles?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 (laughs)
 Isaac Von Rhinoplasty? Yeah, he's
 in your neck of the woods I think-

HARRY
*-you know anyone in the Midwest who
 specializes in Fahr's Syndrome?*

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 No. You gotta go to the coasts for
 the really rare stuff like that:
 UCSF, or Columbia, Harvard...

An idea hits Harry now.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Speed walking out as McNeal and two uniformed Cops, obviously
 on their way to escort Harry out, come from the other
 direction. McNeal stops and stares as Harry breezes past him:

HARRY
You just fart?

EXT. BENCHES OUTSIDE MORGUE - DUSK

Katerina trying to get her bearings. Failing. Her low state
 snaps Harry out of whatever mission he was just on. Sits.

HARRY
 Worst I've ever seen.

KATERINA
 But you didn't puke. Or walk out.

HARRY
 I've had 14 years to ramp up.

She exhales deep. Steam. Sounds very tired:

KATERINA
 What now?

HARRY
Don't worry. Just sit-

-she punches the bench. A *knuckle tears*...

KATERINA
What now? You were walking
somewhere until you saw me here.

Harry looks her over again...*impossible to read her drive*.
Hesitates, then dials his phone, hands it to her as it rings.

HARRY
Don't use your name. Ask to see
Isaac about your Fahr's Syndrome.

Tiffany picks up just as Katerina gets the phone to her ear:

TIFFANY (ON PHONE)
Kir Clinic.

KATERINA
Yes, um, I was referred to you
regarding my Fahr's Syndrome.

TIFFANY
Your what?

KATERINA
Fahr's Syndrome. I was told to call
the Kir Clinic.

TIFFANY
I don't know why: I've never heard
of it. We do plastic surgery.

Katerina shakes her head 'no' at Harry. Harry mouths 'Isaac.'

KATERINA
So strange. Is it possible to speak
with Dr. Nettles?

TIFFANY
He left for the day.

KATERINA
If it's a question of money-

TIFFANY
-no, dear. *He's Curling believe it*
or not. Most Doctors Golf or-

-Katerina hangs up...then moves to throw the phone at a wall.
Doesn't. Hands it back as her face undergoes *that awful*
change...eyes glowing with blank violence again...

HARRY
She had never heard of it?

She doesn't answer. Which is answer enough. Harry placating:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Relax. We will go find and lean on
Isaac until something breaks, okay?

INT. ELI TINUBU'S HOME - NIGHT

Eli home from work. Son doing the dishes.

ELI'S SON
How was work?

ELI TINUBU
Four letter word. How was your day?

ELI'S SON
(beat)
Been bugged though by this freak on
the train yesterday. Walked past
me, stopped, came back, stared me
in the eyes and asked if I knew my
parents. The nuts always choose me.

Eli staggered, thankful her Son faces the other direction...

ELI TINUBU
What did you say?

ELI'S SON (O.C.)
Get the Hell away from me.

ELI TINUBU
Did he?

ELI'S SON (O.C.)
Who said it was a 'he'?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Landing. Harry looking at Katerina. Katerina looking out the
window. In that unguarded moment he notices she's not wearing
her wedding ring, and both hands are balled into fists...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (INTERCOM)
Welcome to Chicago...

Harry looks away just as she looks up. Turns on his phone:
text messages and voicemails buzzing by the dozen - Bert
Rafto is big news.

Harry watching the digital ticker that logs the number of voicemails move past 20. One text message though grabs his eye: *'Call me re: Isaac. Urgent. Matt.'*

INT. TERMINAL - LATE NIGHT

Hustling. Terminal mostly shuttered. Just as Harry is about to dial Matt, he and Katerina round a corner: reporters. Cameras snapping. Amalgams of shouted questions: "IRON RAFTO? ... SNOW MAN? ... SUSPECT? ... TORTURED? ... TRIUMPH? ..."

INT. HARRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Driving. Harry dialing. Ringing.

MATT (ON PHONE)

Hello?

HARRY

I was in Detroit. What about Isaac?

MATT

Hey. Was it gray? All my memories of Michigan have gray skies.

HARRY

Isaac?

MATT

Sorry. It just didn't sit well-

HARRY

-what didn't sit?

MATT

You didn't listen to my message-

HARRY

-Pal - Fuck.

MATT

Jesus - *okay* - he called, sounded awful, asking about Carnadrioxide-

-Harry holding the wheel with one hand, pinning the phone between shoulder and ear, and with the other hand begins scribbling notes directly on his tan dash with a Sharpie-

MATT (CONT'D)

-it's not weird for Ike to call: he's terrible with pharmacy, but his tone combined with that drug-

HARRY
-what about it?

MATT
Super painkiller, but a tiny
overdose kills quick. Made from the
venom of cone snails believe it-

HARRY
-calling from his office?

MATT
I don't know. Can I scroll through
my history while I'm still on?

HARRY
I have no fucking clue Matt-

MATT
-I didn't need to call you, Man!

HARRY
Isaac might be the Snowman.

MATT
What?

HARRY
He might be using carnadrioxide on
his next victim. And if he is-
(to Katerina, mea culpa:)
-I fucked up in such a way that I'm
responsible for it.

MATT
Okay-okay-if we get cut off I'll
call right back...

A series of beeps as he scrolls back through...

MATT (CONT'D)
Not his office - I don't know this
number: 773 888 5544.

Harry says it out loud right along with Matt so Katerina, her
computer out now, can Google it: BLACKHAWK CURLING CLUB.
Harry rips a u-turn in traffic - his car hit hard by another,
shattering windows, jarring his phone to the floor, but he
doesn't stop. Accelerates, grabs Katerina's phone. Dials...

HARRY
*Hole - send sirens to Nettles's
home, Hotel Leon, Kir Clinic.*

INT. BLACKHAWK CURLING CLUB - NIGHT

Katerina and Harry low, guns out, stalking toward two figures on the ice. One dead on his back, blue: Isaac. The other a 72 YEAR-OLD cleaning woman kneeling over him...

72 YEAR-OLD
If he had pets they need new homes.

CUT TO:

Ice packed with Cops. Other older, more dapper men orbit as well: members of the Club who have turned out. Arthur Step among them. As Harry examines Isaac's boots two Policemen slip, fall. Harry just steps over one to speak with Bill:

HARRY
Those boot prints look like the
ones at the Cheadle scene?

BILL HOLM
Identical. Size and grid.

They scan the ice together...taking it all in...

BILL HOLM (CONT'D)
Feel like a kid who just opened his
last Christmas present: *'that all?'*

Harry studies Isaac's boot laces now...touches them with a gloved hand. Looks again at the syringe still in Nettles's left arm. Skarre and a silent Katerina step into frame...

HARRY
Somebody find out if Isaac was
righty, lefty, or ambidextrous.

INT. DUGAN'S BAR - NIGHT

Celebration. Harry in the wings. Katerina appears, gaunt.

HARRY
Go get sleep. Turn your phone off.

KATERINA
Isaac Nettles was right-handed.

Scoops her jacket, bolts. Harry watches Male eyes follow her. He stares back at those male eyes until they look away...

HAGEN (O.C.)
Rafto and the Snowman in one day.
You'll be fucking insufferable now.

Harry turns, sees Hagen's begrudging smile.

HARRY
As opposed to when?

HAGEN
Chief wants time with you tomorrow.
One part attaboy one part reaming
for going off to Detroit.

HARRY
Still the question of Betty Becker.

HAGEN
Dead.

HARRY
No body.

HAGEN
We don't have a lot of bodies.

HARRY
Should I quote that to Filip?

HAGEN
Close shop. Well done.

HARRY
What day is it?

HAGEN
Thursday.

INT. HOTEL LEON - NIGHT

Sava flinches when he sees Harry. Harry flinches when he sees how black-blue-bloodshot that eye is - a thin, perfect line of stitching running underneath it. Sava silent...

HARRY
Nettles is dead. Gimme his room.
(Sava hands over a key)
If anyone comes, send them up.

INT. SMALL, THREADBARE ROOM - LATER

Harry pulls a flask - *the first drink we've ever seen him take*. Pacing. Touching walls. Trying to commune with vestiges of past inhabitants - booze his medium. A knock. Harry opens the door: AFRICAN HOOKER, prominent crucifix. She startles.

AFRICAN HOOKER
Sorry. Wrong-

HARRY
-Doctor's dead.

AFRICAN HOOKER
Police?

HARRY
I just want to know who he was.

Hooker wary. Steps in. Doesn't sit. Harry tries to close the door, she puts a hand in the jamb to keep it open...

AFRICAN HOOKER
Someone who gave us pills. Tests.

HARRY
Why?

AFRICAN HOOKER
I never asked.

HARRY
You never asked what a white Doctor with a weird face was doing doling freebies at a brothel?

AFRICAN HOOKER
When someone gives you something free, you never ever ask why.

HARRY
What's your guess?

AFRICAN HOOKER
(big beat)
Penance.

She walks away now. Harry sits. Lights a cigarette. *Dozes.* Cigarette precarious. Phone rings. Snaps-to. Ash burns shirt.

HARRY
Fuck - what?

ELLIE (ON PHONE)
Fuck and what to you. It's Ellie.

HARRY
Who?

ELLIE (ON PHONE)
Producer of Midway - the blonde who wanted to move in with you.

HARRY
Answer's still no.

ELLIE
Drat. Banner day for you.

HARRY
What time is it-

ELLIE
-I don't sleep. Iron Rafto and the
Snowman. They're talking about it
in New York. We want you back on-

-Harry hangs up. Polishes the first flask. *Pulls a second.*

INT. CPD HQ - MORNING

Hagen and the CHIEF, an august-looking white-hair, stand
outside Harry's Office. A hand written sign: *PISS OFF.*

CHIEF
How long ago did you last see him?

HAGEN
Dugan's after Nettles's death.

CHIEF
4 days ago. I've heard he's been
seen around the city, drinking.

HAGEN
I doubt it.

CHIEF
Because you're his friend.

HAGEN
I've not been his friend since Jack
Halverson died-

CHIEF
-Jack Halverson didn't 'die.' He
was killed when drunken Hole ran
their car into a bridge abutment.
(beat)
I'll offer him 50% of his pension-

HAGEN
-I don't have a better Detective-

CHIEF
-who gives a shit?

Chief knocks. No answer. Pulls a key, opens Harry's door.
What they see is so outlandish, Chief actually chuckles:
 Harry, shirtless, bruised like he has been in a succession of fights, left arm tied-off, injecting himself with a syringe.

HAGEN
Harry...you need help...

HARRY
(incongruously lucid)
 Nettles was not our guy.

Harry pulls the syringe, gets up, walks past the men. Yells:

HARRY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Skarre, Holm, Bratt - I need you.

Hagen grabs the syringe, shoots some onto a finger, tastes it
 - Chief looks at him like the madness is contagious...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Packed. All gawk at Harry: disheveled, bruised, still shirtless but wearing a jacket someone gave him. Chief staring like Harry is a Turd in need of flushing.

On the table before Harry are shoes. Each tagged as evidence. All of them some sort of lace-up. In the middle are Isaac's size 13 boots that helped mark him as the killer.

HARRY
 First hint were the double knots on his boots. Didn't look right. Turns out they weren't: Isaac was a righty. These knots were tied by a lefty, or a righty backwards.

CHIEF
 What in Hell are you talking about?

HARRY
Knots. I went to his home, looked at every shoe he had. And he, like most of us, didn't bother untying-
(points to the table)
-these running shoes last time he kicked them off - all 4 knots are different than the boots: normal.
(beat)
Thus his boots were tied by someone else - i.e. planted. Not to mention the boots are 13 and he was a 9.

CHIEF
This is ridiculous.

HARRY
I was sure you'd think so. So I also started looking at the drug with which Isaac supposedly ended his life: Carnadrioxide - most poisonous shit I've ever seen.

Harry holds up a photo now of the emptied syringe: the red residue from the drug goes up to the 20 ml marker...

HARRY (CONT'D)
I talked with the Pathologists who agreed that even 6 or 7 mls of Carnadrioxide would paralyze a man in 2 to 3 seconds. So I did tests-

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.C.)
-I'll say-

HARRY
-with the same brand of syringe and narrow gauge needle Nettles used, I injected a salt water solution that matched the viscosity of Carnadriox-

UNKNOWN FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
-into yourself?

HARRY
But no matter how hard I pressed, the needle wouldn't let me inject all 20 mls in less than 8 seconds.
(letting it sink in...)
Dr. Isaac Nettles would've been paralyzed before injecting a third of his syringe. He couldn't have injected the rest without help.

People sit stunned. No rebuttals, quibbles. Just respect for this train wreck of a guy at the front of the room.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Silver-lining: we're close. Isaac knew something he shouldn't have. Killer stage-managed this to draw off heat, thus Killer is worried. And worried Killers fuck up.

CHIEF
That's the silver-lining?

HARRY

And we won't see more murders for a time if we keep mouths shut. Killer thinks what Chicago thinks: Isaac was it. Now we need Isaac's phones.

INT. BECKER HOME - EVENING

Jonas watching TV: endless streams of reports about the life and times of Isaac Nettles, a.k.a. the Snowman. Jonas seems to be totally alone in the dark house. Then, without turning:

JONAS

Are you going to hurt me?

POV pulls back until we see Filip Becker standing 6 feet behind, eyes bleary-belligerent, holding a scalpel...

EXT. GOLD COAST NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Grand row homes and Teutonic sedans. A Mercedes pulls into a driveway, idles as the garage door opens. Drives in, then the Driver sits inside until the garage door closes. CAMILA LOSSIUS gets out - flash of movement - she spins, face to face with seething Filip Becker. Puts a pistol to her chest.

FILIP BECKER

I wanna talk to you.

Camila out-of-body - just shoves the gun away. Filip startles at this, blinks, then puts it right back in place...

FILIP BECKER (CONT'D)

About whoring.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CPD HQ - MORNING

Team in a conference room, scanning through Isaac's phone bills. Find the incoming calls on the day of his death:

SKARRE

Answered two calls last day of his life. Rest he ignored...

Underlines the two, hands them to a Tech with a laptop who pulls up billing information: Arthur Step the first number. The second is a pay phone at the Schaumburg Mall.

HARRY

Katerina and Skarre get to the Mall, get their security feeds. We may be able to identify the caller-

-Skarre's phone rings. Just his side of the conversation:

SKARRE

Yeah? ... okay ... any Snowman?

Faces fall...wait with baited breath. Skarre hangs up:

SKARRE (CONT'D)

Gal named Camila Lossius is missing. Gold Coast. No Snowman. She is married, but no kids.

HARRY

Bill go see what you can there. Everyone meet back here E.O.B.

INT. ARTHUR STEP'S LOFT - MORNING

Modernist dream overlooking Lake Michigan. Spare furnishings, priceless art. Harry coming in as Ellie - the Midway Producer - is leaving. She looks caught off guard. Arthur behind.

ARTHUR STEP

My exhibitionism is pathetic: I agreed to do the show before she even told me it's about these Snowman killings.

ELLIE

The warm up is about games adults play, how they can turn dangerous.

HARRY

You'll also be a Panelist then?

Her cheeks glow red with embarrassment as she closes the door behind her. Harry looks accusingly at Arthur who nods 'no.'

ARTHUR STEP

I like them older. Married once or twice. Women who have given birth.
(beat, off Harry's squint)
It used to make me interesting, now it puts me in-league with half the male population who masturbate to MILF porn. Come in.

Harry takes off his boots. Arthur seems touched by this.

ARTHUR STEP (CONT'D)

You must want to talk about my Curling Colleague, Isaac Nettles.

HARRY

I do.

ARTHUR STEP

So you're running kind of 'a priori' investigation.

HARRY

I don't know what a priori means.

Arthur smiles. A maid sets down two glasses of bourbon.

ARTHUR STEP

Start with an answer, work backward to justify it.

HARRY

So 'a priori' is Latin for shitty police work.

(off Arthur's chuckle)

What was your connection to Isaac?

ARTHUR STEP

The word 'connection' coming out of your mouth already sounds criminal.

HARRY

What was a normal conversation?

ARTHUR STEP

About my body. *Don't like bourbon?*

HARRY

Love it except for the alcohol.

Hard to know if Arthur is being a prick. *That's his charm.*

ARTHUR STEP

Tennis elbow. Isaac made it worse with painkillers that worked while we curled, but that night the pain would triple. Aside from tear-drop tit jobs, Isaac wasn't a very good Doctor. But a great hanger-on.

HARRY

He was your friend who died badly.

ARTHUR STEP

Brutal honesty is my ballast.

HARRY

Talk your elbow the day he died?

ARTHUR STEP
Probably.

HARRY
You don't remember?

ARTHUR STEP
I do not lie, Detective.

HARRY
The day he died, Mr. Step-

-Arthur about to protest. But pauses...begins smiling small.

ARTHUR STEP
You don't think it was Isaac.

HARRY
I asked you a question.

ARTHUR STEP
That I'm not answering. Because I'm
a newspaper man who thinks he's now
sitting on an a-bomb-

HARRY
-sitting on an obstruction charge-

ARTHUR STEP
-let me go run a comb through my
hair, then you should arrest me.

HARRY
I'm warning you.

ARTHUR STEP
Warnings lose power when repeated-

HARRY
(pulls his cuffs)
-stand up please-

ARTHUR STEP
-Saturday I'm throwing the most
expensive party in City history,
not counting the rare victory
parades for our Men who play little
boys' games, and their retrognathic
groupies, but a celebration of true
achievement: my Media company
flourishing, despite being 750
miles west of New York and 1700
east of Sodom. My success is solely
attributable to my honesty-

HARRY
-does that lose power when repeated-

ARTHUR STEP
 -arrest me and unleash this honesty
 on you, your 'shitty police work',
 your besmirching of innocent Isaac,
 your self-serving lie the Snowman
 is no more. *My guess: the moment*
people hear he or she is still at
large, women will disappear again.

Arthur puts his wrists out for Harry to cuff. Harry stares.

INT. OUTSIDE ARTHUR'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Alone. Putting his cuffs away. Angry. Calls Katerina:

HARRY
 If a friend and patient of Isaac
 Nettles talked to him the day he
 died, but didn't remember what they
 talked about, what would you say?

KATERINA (ON PHONE)
That Arthur Step is hiding.

Harry hangs up. Thinking. Dials another number:

ELLIE (ON PHONE)
 This is Ellie.

HARRY
 I'll do the show only if I can sit
 across the table from Arthur...

INT. TRESKO'S PLACE - DUSK

Tresko's place is 400 sq. feet filled with 401 sq. feet of
 shit. No hellos. Harry holds a bag of Chipotle. Tresko takes
 it, only then swipes junk off two chairs. And when Tresko
 speaks, he has teeth, unlike in Harry's nightmare.

TRESKO
 Still drinking?

HARRY
 You've asked me that every time
 you've seen me since we were 13.

TRESKO
 Lie half the time.

HARRY

That's why I'm here: *why is poker only about being able to see when your opponent is lying?*

TRESKO

At the highest levels, players know statistics, probabilities by heart. The edge is reading people.

HARRY

How did you read them?

TRESKO

Recorded tournaments on TV. Studied when the best bluffed. Watched each 100 times. One guy would stroke his cards too many times, another would sniff quieter than normal...

HARRY

Why didn't you win then?

TRESKO

Never thought to record myself.

HARRY

Can you teach me what to look for?

TRESKO

Not real time. I need recordings. Need to know when someone was bluffing for sure to zero in...

Harry thinking...looking around: *sees Tresko's tiny TV*. Takes his house key off his keychain, hands it to Tresko.

HARRY

Be at my place Friday night at 9?

INT. VIDEO CLOSET, POLICE HQ - EVENING

Wolfing Chinese. Watching a monitor: footage of pay phones at Schaumberg Mall. A person steps in-frame, grabs a phone, back to us. *Harry and the team lean in*. Harry forwards the film. Stops just when the person hangs up, turns, facing the security camera...tight on Harry as he sees the face...

SKARRE (O.C.)

Holy shit.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Turns headlights off a half-block from the BECKER HOME. Parks several houses down. Harry and Katerina both check the safeties on their Glock service pistols.

HARRY

We're having a talk. He might have valid reasons for calling Nettles.

KATERINA

From a pay phone at a Mall nowhere near his home or work?

HARRY

Yes.

Just as they get out, his phone rings. Answers.

EXT. BECKER'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

BILL HOLM (ON PHONE)

*Fingerprints from the Camila
Lossius scene: Filip Becker's.*

HARRY

We're coming up to his door. Send all nearby patrols, no sirens.

Walking, eyes wide, heads on swivels, neighborhood silent. Katerina excited. Too much by half as judged by Harry:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Relax. Big breaths. Follow me and stay on the balls of your feet.

One window in the Becker house illuminated: flickering light.

KATERINA

That's a TV. *We got him*.

HARRY

Maybe-

KATERINA

-fuck 'maybe': video, fingerprints-

HARRY

-otherwise idiotic mistakes from a guy who has supposedly taken a woman a year for 12 straight...who took Sylvia's head but didn't spill a drop, who somehow captured and tortured the best Cop in Detroit-

-shockingly, Katerina YELLS at him, 10 yards from the door:

KATERINA
YOU MADE A MISTAKE WITH ISAAC -
DON'T LET IT CASTRATE YOU!

Runs. Harry dumbfounded at the sheer insubordination. Begins running too. Overtakes Katerina, shoulders her HARD just before she peers through Becker's window: Filip with his back to the door, watching home movies, wearing noise-cancelling headphones. Harry tries the door: knob turns, unlocked...

INT. BECKER HOME - CONTINUOUS

A weirdly enraged Katerina stays behind Harry as they pass that Seccio floor vase. *Filip watching old home videos.* In these images something we've never seen before: *Filip laughing...a wide, handsome smile.* Stark contrast to the Man we know. Harry has trouble taking his eyes off the screen.

But when he does, he sees the handgun 3 feet from where Filip sits. Harry moving toward him...the room so quiet we hear laughter emanating out of Filip's headphones. Just as Harry is about to kick the gun away without Filip having a chance to react, an enormous crash bursts from behind - the Seccio vase. Filip spins, still on his ass-

KATERINA (O.C.)
-GUN!

Harry sees her reflection in the TV screen: raising her barrel toward Filip and crouching at the same time - she is going to shoot - and before he comprehends what he's doing, Harry puts himself between her muzzle and Filip-

KATERINA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
-MOVE GOD DAMN YOU-

-Becker's right hand closest to the gun, but planted on the floor: white from the pressure. Harry preternaturally calm:

HARRY
Weight's on your right hand. If you reach with it, you'll fall forward and I'll shoot in the head before you lift your eyes...

Harry steps to Becker's gun now, tense, puts his foot on it to slide it away - the cracking of plastic. Looks down: the gun shattered under Harry's boot. A toy. *Toys remind Harry of children...*

HARRY (CONT'D)
JONAS?! JONAS?! WHERE ARE YOU?

FILIP BECKER
Shhhhh...light sleeper...

Harry cuffs Becker. Steps to Katerina, inches from her face:

HARRY
 GIVE ME YOUR GUN!

INT. JONAS'S ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

A shape under a blanket. Harry at the threshold, eyes wide in the dark. *Desperate not to know, but stepping toward the shape anyway.* Comes overtop: Jonas's eyes closed, no movement or sound. Harry's eyes well, hand to his own forehead-

JONAS (O.C.)
-did you hurt my Dad?

Jonas's eyes open - Harry pulls the covers - this fear the boy is cut to pieces. *But there's only a bandage on his arm.* Harry touches Jonas's face to make sure it's all true...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLY A.M.

Harry and Skarre across from bereft Filip. Mid-interrogation.

SKARRE
Why does a Dad cut his Son?

FILIP
 Private matter.

SKARRE
Nothing will be private soon.

Harry glares at Skarre. Filip sees it, asks Harry:

FILIP
 What does he mean?

HARRY
 You're going to be charged with the
 Snowman murders.

Filip stares...trying to hide his shock...blinks.

FILIP
 I want a lawyer.

HARRY
 Imagine the repercussions for you,
 your boy, your career when that-

FILIP

-I want a lawyer-

HARRY

-*Filip, you're not likeable.* Not charismatic, not warm. When you're name comes out, the people who know you will tell every reporter who asks: 'Makes sense.' And when the country reads the articles, they'll think 'scum like him is what's wrong with the World.' *This is all before you even see a court room.* So I ask you a last time - if you still want a lawyer, just don't answer - where's Camila Lossius?

Filip stays quiet. Harry exhales, scours his face, stands-

FILIP

-*my wife was a whore.* In my office at school is Betty's little black book - literally - found it in her things. Analyze the handwriting if you gotta, *but she had so many affairs.* Longest with Erik Lossius, Camila's husband. I went to scare him but found her. I don't know where Camila is. I left her in her garage, alive and as angry as me.

Katerina walks in. Filip looks at her: fear. She drops a printout. Harry reads it, *looks up at Filip...*

INT. RYDD MOVING COMPANY - MORNING

Ugly warehouse in a mean part of town. But not the Owner's Office: rustic, manly, expensive. Something you would expect to see in some once-gritty now-fashionable part of Brooklyn.

HARRY

(holding his badge)
Erik Lossius?

ERIK LOSSIUS

What have you found out?

HARRY

Betty Becker.

Erik's Adam's Apple bobs. Coughs. Scrambles for a cigarette, time. *Harry picks up and throws a stapler at him* - Erik as shocked and still as a spot-lit deer now...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Betty kept a diary. Fucked many dudes. You more than any if that helps. Filip finds your address, gets his son's toy gun, means to scare you but Camila comes home first. Tells her everything.

Erik slumps. Harry hands him the printout. Prefaces it:

HARRY (CONT'D)

You have a place out in Aspen?
(Erik nods yes, Harry points to the printout)
Camila used her credit card and the house phone there late yesterday.

ERIK LOSSIUS

You're sure it's her?

HARRY

Talked with her 2 minutes ago. Despite what you've done, she still provided your alibi the night Betty vanished: you, her, and two other couples went to the Steppenwolf.

ERIK LOSSIUS

(spinning, queasy)
So...I could've been like arrested?

Erik's phone starts ringing. Looks at the caller ID readout: COLORADO. His Adam's Apple bobs again...

HARRY

You're in for worse than that.

EXT. RYDD MOVING COMPANY - MORNING

Harry coming out. Filip waiting in the back of Harry's car. Katerina and Skarre standing outside it. Another police car parked next to Harry's. Harry to Filip:

HARRY

I'll take you home.
(to Katerina and Skarre)
Catch a ride in the squad car.

A look between Harry and Katerina...

INT. HARRY'S CAR - MORNING

Driving. Silent. No radio.

FILIP
I cut Jonas to take blood.

HARRY
This is on the record, Filip...

Silence again. Just road under wheels. Then:

FILIP
I took his blood to someone I know at the University. For a paternity test. *Jonas isn't mine*. The IFM has networks of blinded databases where you can at least see if there's any other match. There was one for Jonas. Sent in 10 years ago by a Clinic that doesn't exist anymore.

HARRY
The Marienlyst Clinic?

FILIP
How did you know that?

HARRY
So you Google Marienlyst, find Isaac's name, track him to the Kir Clinic, call him the day he dies?

FILIP
Yes.

HARRY
From a phone at Schaumberg Mall?

FILIP
I was gonna threaten to kill him if he didn't tell me who the Father was...then the thought of how that would sound seemed...ridiculous.

Quiet again. Turning onto Becker's street.

HARRY
What about Jonas?

FILIP
He'll go live with Betty's parents.

HARRY
He loves you.

FILIP
Because he doesn't know.

HARRY
He doesn't need to.

FILIP
Easy for someone to say.

EXT. BECKER HOME - DAY

Car stopping. Filip getting out. Closes the door behind him.

FILIP
Thank you.

HARRY
Thank Camila Lossius and her Amex.

FILIP
I meant with your Partner. She was gonna shoot. You stepped in front.

Harry watches him walk inside. Then looks down at his watch.

INT. "THE MIDWAY" TALK SHOW, BACKSTAGE - SAME DAY

Harry hustling. Ellie and a make-up artist pacing. Panicked.

HARRY
Sorry I'm late.

ELLIE
You're on in 2 minutes.

On a monitor we see the show in-progress, replete with studio audience and pink, scrubbed panel. Arthur again monopolizing:

ARTHUR STEP (ON MONITOR)
Personally, I've never really seen the need for games in the bedroom. Seems a crutch. Disingenuous.

INT. "THE MIDWAY" SET - CONTINUOUS

TELEGENIC HOST
A steady stream of 25 year-old models is not it's own crutch?

ARTHUR STEP
It's several dozen crutches.

Laughter. Ellie in the wings with Harry, catches the Host's eye, gives a thumbs up: Harry is ready.

Then Ellie makes a drinking motion with her thumb, then nods a vigorous 'no': and he isn't drunk. Harry can't help a smile...but then notices Ellie didn't keep her end: the only open chair is next to Arthur, not across from him.

HARRY

I wanted a chair across from Arthur-

ELLIE

-I wanted you here 2 hours ago.

TELEGENIC HOST

(wrapping up the topic)

Can we agree to disagree? We mere mortals like games as they keep things fresh. But those with golden ratio symmetry and/or golden bank accounts find them 'disingenuous'-

(off laughs and claps, to

another Panelist:)

Dr. Paulsen thank you for helping me steer this away from ribaldry. Can you stay?

DR. PAULSEN: Female, 60s.

DR. PAULSEN

Certainly.

TELEGENIC HOST

Great. Our next Panelist is someone who deserves our thanks despite being late, for doing twice now what no other Chicago Cop has done once: ridding streets of a Serial Killer. Detective Harry Hole.

Harry steps out to applause. Instead of taking the empty seat next to Arthur, he taps Dr. Paulsen, points her to the empty seat so Harry can have hers. *Applause dying*. Paulsen blinks, scans confused faces for validation, moves anyway. Harry sits. Confused ripples evolve to nervous smiles.

TELEGENIC HOST (CONT'D)

Well you had one of your better days last week: found the body of Gert Rafto in Michigan, then unmasked the Snowman here in Chicago, all in about 16 hours.

Harry ignores Telegenic Host entirely, addresses Arthur:

HARRY

You didn't play games in Ann Arbor with a woman who had a mastectomy?

Utterly uncomfortable, Andy Kaufman-like moment. Ellie looks like she could vomit. Arthur startles, then smiles...

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Didn't invite her to your suite,
 until she told you about the
 cancer? You didn't say 'I'll think
 about it' then head to the bar?

Arthur says nothing. Panel and audience sit aghast. Harry turns to the Host, quickly addresses his earlier comment:

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Rafto and the Snowman fell into my
 lap - Rafto almost literally.
 (back to Arthur)
Ann Arbor didn't happen?

ARTHUR STEP
Remember those things I asked you
to consider when we met.

TELEGENIC HOST
 (trying for levity)
 Was there a pre-show meeting?

ARTHUR STEP
 Harry and I talked about the
 Snowman earlier in the week. *How*
tenuous it was. How close we
 must've been to more people dying.

Telegenic rattled. Tries to get the conversation on-track:

TELEGENIC HOST
 Indeed. Dr. Paulsen, when we think
 about serial killers, what sort of
 illnesses jump out of the DSM?

DR. PAULSEN
 Several, but what they'd all have
 in common is compulsion: whatever
 the mental illness, the lack of-

Harry jarred by something the Doctor just said - blurts:

HARRY
 -any history of mental illness in
 the Step family?

Another aghast pause. Ellie beckons 2 Security Guards. Arthur chuckles, blinks, maintains a haughty, impenetrable smile.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Fahr's Syndrome?

DR. PAULSEN (O.C.)
 Fahr's isn't associated with
 violent behavior-

ARTHUR STEP
 (eyes locked on Harry)
 -Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like to
 announce that we're going to run an
 expose in next month's issue of the
 Middle West Review-

HARRY
 -Isaac Nettles was not the Snowman.

Gasps. Ellie goes from horrified to exultant: huge scoop.
 Telegenic also undergoes transformation, under his desk gives
 Ellie a giant thumbs up. Arthur glowering at Harry:

ARTHUR STEP
 You son of a bitch.

TELEGENIC HOST (O.C.)
Arthur, this isn't cable...

EXT. OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walking home. *Phone ringing non-stop.* Sending each to
 voicemail with a grimace. Rounds the corner: a Snowman in his
front yard. Stops dead. Carrot nose. Only one arm. Scans to
 see if anyone is watching him...a shovel lying at the
 Snowman's base. Picks it up, begins obliterating the Snowman-

-snap behind - Harry spins, drops the shovel and pulls his
 gun in one fluid motion: *the children of his Pakistani*
*Neighbor...*their Snowman. The snap was the horrified girl
 breaking a stick that would have served as the other arm.
 Harry holsters the gun, mumbling mortified apologies...

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

All walls are back. As though they've never been touched...a
note in an envelope on the counter. Answering machine taking
 a message. *Read-out shows 21 more...*

FEMALE REPORTER (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 ...Tribune. Call me ASAP: you need
 your side of the story out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Drops the note on the coffee table. Tresko there, eating more
 Chipotle, analyzing Arthur, recorded on Harry's TiVo.

TRESKO

Guy's a player. Keeps his hands in the open - not natural but it's studied - knows people see this as a mark of honesty, integrity n' shit. Now here's where you press him about the lady in Ann Arbor-

HARRY

-where he'd either lie or evade-

TRESKO

-you were right: watch his thumbs.

Tresko slow-mo's Arthur now - and almost imperceptibly we see him move his thumbs closer in toward his hands...

TRESKO (CONT'D)

That's his tell: when you're nervous you flinch. When you flinch you pull your appendages in. *His lies are like slow-motion flinches.*

HARRY

Forward to the part where I ask him about mental illness in his family.

Tresko does. Harry looking at Arthur's thumbs as Arthur chuckles on-screen. Arthur's thumbs and hands don't flinch...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shit...see anything there?

TRESKO

Yeah: *you look unstable.*

Harry and Tresko watching Harry on TV now:

HARRY (ON TELEVISION)

Fahr's Syndrome?

On-screen, Arthur blinks, maintains haughty smile...

HARRY (CONT'D)

What about that blink?

TRESKO

Nothing. I timed them: one every 3 or 4 seconds. That one was 4 seconds later than the previous...

HARRY

You need a Hobby.

TRESKO
I need real friends.

And just as the camera cuts back to Telegenic Host, Arthur seems to do something with his hands...

HARRY
Stop it - rewind...

Watch it again. Tresko slow-mo'ing the frames in question: and Arthur covers one hand with the other.

TRESKO
Okay: hiding. And he's right handed-

HARRY
-how do you know that?

TRESKO
Cover your left with your right...

Harry does. His face kinks.

TRESKO (CONT'D)
Feels wrong, yeah?

Harry's phone ringing again. Screaming Hagen leaving a message now, audible from the kitchen:

HAGEN (ANSWERING MACHINE)
BETTER HAVE A GOOD GOD DAMN REASON
FOR BREAKING YOUR OWN ADVICE TO
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! IF ONE MORE
WOMAN DIES WITH A SNOWMAN IN HER
YARD YOU'RE DONE - NOT PUT OUT TO
PASTURE BUT PROSECUTED.

Harry exhales. Tresko doesn't make eye contact. Harry looks back down at the envelope that was on his counter. Opens it now. A note from the Mold Man:

*Done. Had to turn one of the boards because I gashed myself - can't
ever get blood out of untreated wood. Stay off the sauce, Stormann.*

And something in this note hits Harry like bright sunlight. Picks up his phone, dials Katerina...

INT. ELI TINUBU'S HOME - NIGHT

Eli kisses her Son: passed out on the couch. Only sound is the drip of a leaky faucet. She drapes a blanket over him, Turns off a lone light. Still bright though: Moon reflects the white of the snow back inside.

And in that reflected white something catches her eye: a Snowman in the yard, staring back at her. Tracks leading up to it, but not another set leading away. Like it walked to that spot, sat. Eli puts her hand to her stomach. Checks to make sure the door is locked - bolts it-

-and now in the reflection of the window, inside and behind her, a glowing, wide halo lifts over her head. She turns: The Voice stands in her shadowed kitchen. A snowball the size of a Snowman's midriff sits on one of the kitchen chairs, melting: the dripping sound wasn't a faucet...

ELI TINUBU
I think I know why...

THE VOICE
It says something about you that you aren't screaming.

ELI TINUBU
I don't want you to hurt my Son.

THE VOICE
You've done worse to him than I ever could. What's your thermostat set to?

ELI TINUBU
Why?

THE VOICE
Because Monuments take practice.

ELI TINUBU
(quiet tears leak)
71 Fahrenheit.

THE VOICE
Sit on the snow. Lift your chin so I can slide this over your head - I'll do my best not to burn off your ears or nose - you've earned that much for composure.

Eli sits. *Compliant*. Her face starting to glow like Sylvia's once did. Lifts her chin like he asked, closes her eyes...

ELI TINUBU
I was raped. Does it matter?

All movement stops. Seconds pass as The Voice weighs this. Drips of melting snow. *Then the glowing white calf cutter begins to fade back to inert black*. Eli doesn't lower her head until she hears the back door open then close again...

EXT. THE CHEADLE'S SMALL BARN - NIGHT

Harry staring down at the blood stains on the *untreated* pine floors. Katerina comes in, holding a sealed specimen bag.

KATERINA

DNA swabs from the twins. *Now why?*

HARRY

Jonas is not Filip Becker's Son.

(beat, Katerina stunned)

I think this is all about lying,
family...the curses in our blood...

(touching the bloodstains)

And trying to hide them. The
slaughtered chickens: two were
colder than the third-

KATERINA

-third killed with the calf cutter
in front of Sylvia-

HARRY

-what if it wasn't in front of her?

What if the killer traced his steps
back or drove back, killed the 3rd
chicken after he killed Sylvia?

KATERINA

What - why?

HARRY

The difference in the time of death
with the chickens - never sat well.
They measure these things in 20
minute increments. So Killer talks
with Sylvia at least 20 minutes,
then kills the 3rd chicken, then
begins chasing her?

KATERINA

Maybe.

HARRY

Maybe not. Sylvia has the hatchet,
chopping dinner, Killer comes in.
What if she hurts Killer with the
hatchet - how she even has space to
break for the woods...away from her
home, protecting family...

(beat)

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

What if after murdering her, the Killer comes back to cover blood that spilled from being wounded by Sylvia, with the blood of that 3rd chicken? Because the 2 Sylvia killed had already bled out, and he uses the calf cutter because she-

KATERINA

-had the hatchet when she ran-

HARRY

-and we find it stuck in the base of that Maple near where she died.

Katerina reverentially silent...desperate for more:

KATERINA

Keep going.

HARRY

No. It's the kind of leap I bitched you out about in the weight room.

KATERINA

You been leaping since we got here.

HARRY

Arthur Step. Eligible bachelor. Fucks many women. Isaac's friend. And I know he was hiding when I said 'Fahr's Syndrome' on TV.

KATERINA

Fahr's Syndrome? Isaac's thing besides plastic surgery-

HARRY

-but one he's so secretive about, Tiffany never heard of it - so then how the hell did Sylvia and Betty know to go to him to test their children in the first place?

Katerina smiles - they're both tracking it now:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Because Arthur has Fahr's. Fathers Sylvia and Betty's kids, has a pang of conscience, wants them checked.

KATERINA

Jonas is not Filip Becker's son.

HARRY

But had a match on the IFM database
- a sample submitted for testing
from Marienlyst a decade ago.

KATERINA

Isaac's old clinic.

HARRY

And Jonas is 11. Isaac became a
Fahr's specialist because rich
Arthur asked. Because Isaac could
keep his mouth shut - 'a great
hanger-on.'

KATERINA

Except we were making him talk.

HARRY

And Arthur couldn't have it. Told
me honesty is his ballast. Then his
Empire sinks if it's known he
fathered kids he let other Men
raise...has Fahr's Syndrome and
never told anyone so as to keep up
this false picture of virility.

KATERINA

Kills the women so they won't tell?

Harry pulls his phone, dials...

HARRY

Bill, I know a guy who works with
wood, says blood never comes out of
untreated boards. Can we test the
blood that soaked into the boards
at the Cheadle Barn? And 'Yes' is
the only answer I'll hear...

INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Parks. Dropping Katerina off at her home. A long, awkward
moment of fleeting eye contact, short-circuiting energy
between them - like the nervous conclusion to an inconclusive
date. Harry looks out at her apartment: *windows dark...*

HARRY

Solo on a Saturday?

KATERINA

Exciting life.

Both rationalizing reasons to stay, and to go...

HARRY

Thanks for not dropping a barbell
on me when you realized we weren't
on our way to arrest Arthur.

KATERINA

You're welcome. And I get why.

HARRY

Tell it back to me.

KATERINA

(beat)

Famous so he can't really run. And
if he did it would be an admission.
Now we get DNA from as many of the
offspring of the dead and missing
women as we can. When it matches-

HARRY

-if it matches Arthur-

KATERINA

-then we've built his cage.

HARRY

And we've been wrong twice. And you
nearly shot one of those Men.

Katerina quiet. Looks at Harry now, penetratingly, as though
about to speak. But then just gets out of the car...

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Coffee and reading glasses. Googling Arthur. Reading. Comes
across a notice in a the Detroit Free Press from July, 1990:
Step promoted to head of Crime Desk. Made his bones by
exposing the corruption of one Bert "Iron" Rafto. A
remarkable flip-flop as for years Cub Reporter Arthur had
been writing paeans to Rafto: Detroit's Protector.

Harry focuses in on one such article, adorned with that
picture of Rafto's family we remember from Rafto's desk, the
one he dusted with his tie. Reading young Arthur's reportage:

To see Rafto with his girl is to see an entirely different Man. You begin to
understand his exploits are driven by the simple desire to provide a more
peaceable world for her to enjoy. Although, and judging by inherited intensity,
she'll be plenty capable of taking care of herself, no matter the state of the
World. For even as a 9 year-old in pig tails, young Pauline's eyes give her away...

Harry's blinks...pulse accelerating for reasons he's not yet
fully aware. Double clicks the picture to enlarge it.

Leans into his computer now, *staring so intently at the eyes of 9 year-old Pauline her eyes pixelate...*

CUT TO:

Extremely tight on another pair of dark eyes. Pull back to reveal...Katerina Bratt. Not at home where we left her...

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL, BALLROOM - SATURDAY NIGHT

Her POV: Arthur's GIANT PARTY. Celebrating Media Empire. A crooner on stage doing the obvious "My Way." Katerina the sexiest woman in the house. Moves past Arthur in a way she knows he'll never ignore. And like clockwork:

ARTHUR STEP (O.C.)
No one hits a bum note like this
Hack. *Scandalous*.

Katerina turns to see Arthur next to her, resplendent in Tom Ford Tuxedo and frames. She notes he looks down to see the wedding ring she's suddenly wearing again...

KATERINA
Difficult note to hit.

ARTHUR STEP
No, it's scandalous I can't
remember your name, where we met.

KATERINA
We haven't met but you've ogled me
before. Considering you do that
perpetually, I get the difficulty.

Arthur theatrically fighting the urge to smile...

ARTHUR STEP
Tough.

She stares at him now - let's a flicker of guiltless menace light her pupils. Arthur blinks...wonders now if people can see the erection through slim, fashion forward pants...

KATERINA
People get 'tough' and 'honest'
confused all the time.

INT. KATERINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry kicks in the door - gun out.

Small, spartan, tidy. No evidence of marriage: Katerina lives alone. Harry scans, frantic, opening doors - she's not here. Rams his hands in his pockets. Pulls them out. Begins tossing the place with abandon. In her closet, stacks of Harry's old case files that she has copied. Stapled to the covers: her own handwritten analyses of his methods, his thinking.

Another box filled with sheaves of triplicate medical forms re: Bert Rafto. The frequent "dementia" notation the M.E. mentioned at the Detroit autopsy. One notation even more frequent: alcohol abuse. Harry trying to absorb anything he can through the lingering fog of his own shock...

Another box filled with old pictures of him, newspaper clippings, tapes of every TV appearance he ever did, and pictures of Matt, Rakel, and Ollie taken very recently...

Harry stands...breathing...stanching his panic...and then like a Death Row inmate who already knows what awaits him at the end of the hall, grabs the paper out of the tray of Katerina's printer. Feeling it all, *smelling it all*, dropping sheets as he leafs the blank stack: the stuff at the bottom is thick to the touch...*he smells it...*

HARRY

Flowers.

Mitsumata. The Snowman letter. Harry dials Rakel in a panic.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Matt there?

RAKEL (ON PHONE)

Working.

HARRY

Call him and tell him to get home to you. And lock the doors now.

RAKEL (ON PHONE)

Harry you better tell me what-

HARRY

-my new partner...you were right.

INT. RAKEL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Hangs up. Curses. Scrambling about the house, locking everything. Calls Matt's cell as she goes.

MATT (VOICEMAIL)

This is Matt, I can't get to-

-presses flash. Dials the Hospital:

TECH (ON PHONE)
Lab.

RAKEL
It's Rakel.

TECH (ON PHONE)
Matt isn't here. Ran to records.
Should be back in the next hour.

Rakel curses again. Hangs up. Then calls out:

RAKEL
Ollie?

INT. KATERINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry dials Chester McNeal in Detroit.

MCNEAL (ON PHONE)
Hello?

HARRY
Where did Rafto's kid get sent?

MCNEAL (ON PHONE)
Fuck you, Harry Hole.

HARRY
If you don't tell me my next call
is to the Free Press, who still
think I walk on water, to assure
them you're an incompetent turd...

Several seconds pass...

MCNEAL (ON PHONE)
Her uncle...Rafto's brother.
Missionary in Africa I think...

FLASHBACK TO:

Rafto Autopsy.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
*That's not frost bitten or rotten
tissue. It's tar. Used it to
cauterize the wound. Happens in
Africa when militias hack arms...*

RETURN TO:

MCNEAL (ON PHONE)
But last time I saw her she was 9.

HARRY
You saw her last week.

MCNEAL
What?

HARRY
 Whatever happened to Katerina
 Bratt's husband?

MCNEAL
Why are you-

HARRY
 -BRATT'S HUSBAND!

MCNEAL
 DEAD OF AN OVERDOSE! Rumors they
 were into rough shit - I tried to
 tell you! It's why she transferred-

-Harry hangs up. Conjuring other explanations, writing-off intersections of fact...*then the fictions crumble when he finds himself staring at her waste basket: lipstick and mascara smeared Kleenex on the top*. Looks out the window: a few miles off, searchlights criss-cross the sky, gala-style.

INT. RAKEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Coming inside from out: checked the yard. Edge of panic.

RAKEL
 OLLIE?! WHERE ARE YOU! IF YOU'RE IN
 THIS HOUSE HIDING I'M PISSED NOW!

Not a peep. Runs upstairs. Rechecking every corner.

INT. OLLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Looks in his closet. Then under his bed...finds a Penthouse.

And now the sound of the shower starting down the hall.
 Startles Rakel...then she puts two and two together....

RAKEL
 Oh.

Backs out of Ollie's room now with a hugely relieved but vaguely grossed out smile...

EXT. THE PENINSULA HOTEL - NIGHT

Harry pulls up just as Skarre and Bill do. Jump out. Cars left idling - flash badges at angry valets. Moving to the entrance, Harry overhears Reporters in an amoeba-like throng:

REPORTER #1

Who leaves their own party?

REPORTER #2

You if you could ever get a girl
who looked like that.

That little bit stops Harry cold, in front of the Amoeba. It recognizes him: a barrage of questions he hears as white noise while calculating distances, times, speeds. Bill and Skarre push reporters back, desperate for their own answers:

HOLM

Boss?

SKARRE

What's this about all?

INT. ARTHUR'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Katerina naked. Toes in Arthur's mouth as she pulls that wooden death mask with the ghastly pig snout from her bag - must have purchased it from Erika at Taste of Africa.

KATERINA

Put it on.

Arthur chuckles, brimming like a teenager. Puts it on, seeing through the small holes. Katerina pulls tight the leather straps at the back, securing it to his head. Arthur chuckle-groans at the small pain. Then Katerina pistol whips him.

Tight on Arthur's blinking eyes. Chicken-like spasmodic movements of his head, trying to figure out what happened...still a game? She hits him again. Blood runs from underneath the mask now.

ARTHUR STEP

No-no-I don't like this anymore-

-tries to take the mask off - she bashes him 3 more times in vicious succession. Mask splinters - lacerating wood. Blood pours from under the mask now. A tooth flows out. A new, *shattered-nose lisp to his speech:*

ARTHUR STEP (CONT'D)

STOP. STOP. Stop...Curling Club.
With Hole. Working the Snowman. A
Cop...that's where I know you-

KATERINA

-you know me from a piece you wrote
about my Dad when I was 9.

Arthur stops moving altogether...just the sound of his choked
breathing and dripping blood...his head/mask tilt up:

ARTHUR STEP

Pauline?

And PAULINE RAFTO pulls a hangman's rope from her bag. Loops
the noose over Arthur's neck. Incoherent protestations.

PAULINE RAFTO

Say hi to my Father.

Throws the other end over exposed ductwork - then she not
only hears, but feels a massive smash from inside the
building: tremor in the glass of bourbon Arthur was drinking.

EXT. ARTHUR'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Harry, Skarre, and Bill in Harry's car, which just smashed
through the front door to Arthur's building.

INT. SHATTERED LOBBY - NEXT SECOND

Harry jumps out of his car, into the elevator. Skarre and
Bill dazed, stay in the lobby. As the doors close:

HARRY

Cover the exits. Don't let her out.

INT. ARTHUR'S LOFT - NIGHT

Harry sweeps in, gun up: Arthur's twitching body hangs just
in front of wide open balcony doors. Without breaking stride,
Harry fires at the rope, shredding it, dropping Arthur.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Keeps moving out onto the Balcony, to the rail, peers 8
stories down to the Chicago River: *Pauline's jacket floating.*
Harry climbs, spits, jumps. Terminal velocity. HITS.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

WHITE FLASH. Comes up gagging, both ears bleeding. Vomits.
Grabs Pauline, flips her: still naked, bloody, unconscious.
Pulling her to shore, sirens descending from all directions.

INT. RAKEL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Shower turns off. She grabs the Penthouse, going over what she'll say:

RAKEL
Normal...don't have to hide
it...*wait, actually you should
absolutely hide it.*
(beat, knocks now)
Ollie?

From behind the door comes Matt's voice:

MATT (O.C.)
Nope. Just your fiancée.

RAKEL
(fresh parental panic)
NO! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HIM!

MATT (O.C.)
What? Baby, I can't hear you...

-runs downstairs. Grabs jacket, keys, cell: dials Harry...

INT. ARTHUR'S LOFT - NIGHT

Arthur sitting with Skarre and Bill. He has aged 20 years in 20 minutes. Harry re-enters, eyes red with popped blood vessels. Soaked. Bruising covering his arms. Deaf in his left ear. Takes his phone out of his pocket as he sheds his jacket: phone shattered, water-logged. To Skarre and Bill:

HARRY
She's unconscious. Neck broken.
Don't know yet if she's paralyzed.

Both stunned. Then all three stare at haunted Step...

ARTHUR STEP
Leave. My lawyer has been called.

Nobody moves. Arthur tries to flash his patented smirk. But the gashes on his face abort it into a gasping wince...

HARRY
When it's confirmed Jonas Becker is
your Son-

-Bill, Skarre, and Arthur all stare back now agape-

HARRY (CONT'D)
 -as well as the Cheadle twins,
 you'll be charged with butchering
 their Mothers to silence them.

A long moment of shocked bewilderment from Arthur...

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Your refrain that 'Honesty is your
 ballast' is horse shit. And
 everything you love about you
 vanishes when that gets out.
 (beat)
 Are they your only kids?

Arthur spinning, clasps his hands like a penitent man, puts
 them under the table as he leans forward-

HARRY (CONT'D)
 -HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

Everyone flinches, especially Arthur, utterly cowed now. Puts
 his hands up on the table like a chastened child - but from
Harry's eyes, we see this is a ploy - he wants to see
Arthur's hands clearly as he asks his next question:

HARRY (CONT'D)
How many have you killed total?

ARTHUR STEP
 (big beat, tears now)
I haven't killed anyone...

Harry watches as Arthur's thumbs don't so much as twitch, nor
 does one hand doesn't cover the other. Harry exhales, curses
 as the Front Door flies open in the b/g:

ARTHUR'S LAWYER (O.C.)
 NOT ANOTHER WORD! STOP TALKING!

Harry just stands, slings his jacket, pockets the pieces of
 his phone - everyone staring after him - feature Arthur's
 scared dog eyes: wondering why Harry isn't cuffing him. Harry
 steps toward the door, mindlessly shoves Arthur's screaming
 Lawyer who goes sprawling. Angry volume doubles.

SKARRE
 HARRY! WHAT?! SHOULD I CUFF HIM-

HARRY
-Arthur Step is not the Snowman.

Everyone and everything goes quiet with that pronouncement.
 In the space of this momentary silence, Bill's phone rings.

SKARRE

Katerina?

HARRY

(distant)

No...she was just using me to figure out where to get her vengeance. And her name isn't Katerina, it's Pauline...

Harry closes his eyes to focus: *and sees again the sheaves of Bert Rafto's triplicate medical forms from Pauline's Apartment...the place where the Doctor initials the form...and there is one initial on them all: M.*

Harry opens his eyes - *and Bill is suddenly in front of him, holding his cell with one hand over the mouthpiece:*

BILL HOLM

Results from the Cheadle floor boards - I'll be god damned there was human blood.

HARRY

And it was B negative...

INT. RAKEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Rakel comes back in. Crying. Pulls the phone book, begins tearing through it, looking for some number. We hear Matt hustling downstairs, but she doesn't turn to look...

MATT (O.C.)

What is it?

RAKEL

Ollie's not at the Cafe, not skating, I can't reach Harry-

MATT (O.C.)

-have you looked in our room?

RAKEL

YES!

She turns, glares at Matt, and now we see everything clearly: Matt is in his towel, and he has no nipples. Also has a bandage on his side too. This grabs her attention:

RAKEL (CONT'D)

What happened to your side?

And now Matt speaks with THE VOICE - sexless and child-like - we know is the Killer's:

MATT (O.C.)
*Oh, Sylvia Cheadle hit me with a
 hatchet before I cut her to bits.
Maybe if you hadn't been fucking
Harry, you'd have noticed sooner...*

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS. Harry driving. *Flying through parting traffic.* Eyes wild, blood drying, bruises fermenting into dull greens and purples. On the patrol car's radio:

HARRY
 DO NOT TAKE THE HOUSE! STAND FAST!

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL, LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bodies, and shapes of body parts, lie under sheets on row upon row of pathology slabs. Bill and Skarre enter, guns out. A TECH with a dozen ear rings in one ear startles.

SKARRE
A Doctor named Matt! Where?

TECH
 Said he was going to records...

SKARRE
 When do you expect him back?

TECH
About an hour ago...

Skarre grabs his phone to call Harry, as Bill starts scanning...locking on the pathology slabs...the shapes under the sheets...a horrific thought taking shape. Asks the Tech:

BILL HOLM
Where do you get your cadavers?

EXT. RAKEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Harry pulling up as other Units converge. Harry out, sprints to the front door. Just as he hits it with his shoulder-

UNKNOWN COP VOICE (O.C.)
 -IT COULD BE WIRED-

-lock and frame shred. Falls through in a heap. Hesitates. No explosions. A good thing. Stands up. Doesn't yell, speak, move...listens...hears a repetitive thumping he now tracks...

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Another room. Filled with numbered, steel vats: containers.

SKARRE

Which are the most recent?

Tech points to #9 and #10.

SKARRE (CONT'D)

Open them...

Skarre reaches his hands in #10 first...pulls something heavy: *a headless female torso - no arms, legs - but a tattoo of the Ethiopian Flag on the lower back.* Sylvia Cheadle.

SKARRE (CONT'D)

A female in #9 too?

TECH

Yeah.

SKARRE

Great body?

TECH

C'mon dude-

SKARRE

-GREAT BODY?

TECH

Yes.

BILL HOLM

This Matt runs the donor program?

TECH

He's Boy Genius: runs everything.

INT. RAKEL'S HOME, BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The faint thumping seems to be coming from the basement. But as soon as Harry puts his foot on the first step down - it stops. Gun out, he descends, stops at the base of the stairs, lets his eyes adjust to the blackness...

Steps deeper in, eyes wide, expecting anything, then he hears his foot step in a puddle. Anticipatory horror as he looks down: a liquid leaking from the bottom of the freezer.

Tears fill Harry's eyes as he forces out thoughts of Bert Rafto. Opens the door - and a soundless flash hits his face.

He falls back more from flinch than impact - a Figure immediately over top of him, *slashing at him with a blade-*

HARRY
-HOUSE SURROUNDED-

OLLIE
-DAD?!

Slashing stops - Harry squints - Ollie holding one of his now-battered speed skates, shivering, brink of hypothermia. Harry scrambles up, grabs his Son, spins him, looking for injuries. Harry hugs him so tightly he hears the rush of an exhale...

HARRY
*This is where you were keeping your
skates cold?*

OLLIE
Under the peas...

HARRY
Used 'em to cut air holes?

Harry looks down at the skate: blade totally warped/chipped from where Ollie used it to hack holes through the freezer.

OLLIE
Sorry I ruined 'em.

Harry proudly kisses the boy's head as Ollie starts crying.

HARRY
Where's Mom?

OLLIE
I dunno.

HARRY
Matt?

OLLIE
He told me 'sorry.' Then he hit me
really hard.

CUT TO:

Harry ushering Ollie out the front door. Hagen there, rips his own jacket off, wraps Ollie with it, takes Ollie's hand. Harry holds his hand up to keep a Swat Team at bay. Hagen nods, backing Harry's play...

Harry back inside. About to head upstairs toward Rakel's room when he hears that same drumming sound from before. Face kinks - *thought it was Ollie.*

Starts tracking it again...into the kitchen. Turns on a light: water leaking through the ceiling...massive stain...

INT. IN FRONT OF RAKEL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Door closed. Looks at the knob: metal worn shiny. Harry puts his hand on it: covers almost exactly the worn part, twists with enormous care...something feels wrong. Takes his hand away. Light emanating from under the door - lights on in her room - so he looks through the key hole: black. Covered.

HARRY

RAKEL?!

No response. Puts his ear to the door: *faint scratching sounds*. Hustles into the bathroom next door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opens the small, high-set window, reaches out with his arms, grabs the overhanging gutter, then before he understands the implications, pulls the rest of his body out so he's hanging by his hands from the gutter, 40 feet above a frozen yard.

Begins shimmying to the brightly-lit window in Rakel's room.

And when he sees what's inside he nearly forgets to hold on: Rakel sits atop two massive sections of a SNOWMAN in the middle of her bedroom. Eyes wide, mouth taped, sitting with this impeccable, stretched neck, regal decorum, legs zip-cuffed at the ankles, hands behind her back, likely zip-cuffed as well. Every muscle visibly quaking from strain...

Because the Calf Cutter has been hung from the ceiling with a line, *hovering around her neck, glowing white hot*. If she moves an inch in any direction it will burn into her.

The string passes over a flower basket hook in the ceiling, from whence it pivots down to the interior knob, tied/taped to the handle - if Harry had opened the door, he would have pulled the Calf cutter up into Rakel's throat.

A piece of the base crumbles. Squints in at the digital thermostat: 80 F. Looks back to her. She blinks. A few tears leak. Then a third of the base crumbles. Rakel fighting to stay atop - *the calf cutter singing both sides of her neck*. Muffled screams audible through glass.

Harry puts both boots on the window. Kicks backward, bends his knees, then uncorks twin kicks as his body swings back into the glass. Windows shatter. Harry let's go - his upper half slamming down on the window sill, knocking his air out.

Muffled panic as he tries to right himself, get his air -
then the large sound of the Snowman crumbling in earnest...

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE WILLIS (SEARS) TOWER - NIGHT

Startlingly quiet in contrast. POV: behind Matt, standing on the very ledge, toes dangling over the abyss, massaging his left hand with his right: the fingers on the left sort of stuck in these unnatural, rigid positions now...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A BOY'S BEDROOM CIRCA 1980 - DAY

Out the window we see fields of a farm. Cows with calves. And now that same sad SON from the very beginning of the movie comes into the room, dirty from chores - shaking his left hand like he has a cramp. A small but unconcerned grimace.

YOUNG MOTHER (O.C.)
 Get changed Matt! I have an errand
 to do before Dad gets back.

And this Boy was indeed the young Matt. Changes shirts: again see he has no nipples. And when young Matt speaks, we finally understand the Killer's weird, sexless voice - it is Matt's prepubescent voice:

YOUNG MATT
 I'm hustling...

INT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - DAY

A scene we've seen before: Young Matt reading while his Mom is cavorting, unbeknownst to him, in that house...

TALK SHOW HOST (ON RADIO)
 We're sailing into Darwinian waters-

SCIENTIFIC VOICE (ON RADIO)
 -a CMU study last year found up to
20% of all kids have different Dads
 than they, or their putative
 Fathers, think. Every 5th child
 living a lie - yet ensuring healthy
genetic diversity. And in a state
 where we joke that no matter what
 IGA you go into, you see the same
 faces, genetic diversity isn't bad.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON RADIO)
Unless you're one of those Fathers-

-Son turns the car off. Snow-bound silence. Climbs from front seat to back. Opens a bookbag to switch tomes - a green FFA (Future Farmers of America) patch sown to the bag with a tagline: **"Support Family Farms."** Another Car approaches now from the opposite direction. Moving far too slowly.

Young Matt watches it...then watches it pass: just an Old Couple doing nothing more sinister than driving too carefully in the snow. He pulls and opens a math textbook: on the inside cover someone has scratched out Matt and written instead *No Nips*. Below that is written Snowman.

EXT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - DUSK

Young Matt gets out of the Car. Angry. Throws snowballs at houses. Starts making a Snowman so he can smash it. Finishes. Climbs up one wrung so he can punch it's face. Cocks back - but at this new height he can see through a window of the home his mother went into - and sees his Mother having sex with another man...who also has no nipples...like Matt.

Tight on Matt's angelic face as he comes to hard truths...

INT. PLYMOUTH VOLARE - NIGHT

Young Mother driving. Looks in the rearview to see how her Son is doing. He's not there. She turns quickly, nearly jumps out of her seat: he's between the front seats now, his face inches from hers, terror in his eyes...

SON
We're going to die.

Matt hits her with a Tire Iron. Both blink...then a river of blood gouts between Young Mother's eyes. Matt hits her again, caving her mouth. Her foot floors the gas. Hits her again as she takes hands off the wheel to block - car veers, almost hits a passing truck, then slams into a lake. Shattering impact: Young Mother's face detonating the steering wheel...

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Paramedics overtop a soaked, shivering, bleeding Matt. Sirens swirl. One applies pressure to gashes in his head. The other rubbing Matt's hands, warding off frost bite:

PARAMEDIC #1
Was that your Mom in the car?

YOUNG MATT
I'm all alone...I'm all alone...

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Matt asleep. Doctors talk in low voices to Matt's Dad who looks wrought, sleepless, still in his Farmer clothes...

DOCTOR #1
We didn't transfuse him with your blood...because he's not your Son.

Matt's Dad just stares. Unmoving. Unblinking. Catatonic.

DOCTOR #2
Did you know he has scleroderma?
(still no response)
And that there isn't a cure? Sir,
do you know any of this?

Matt's "Dad" blinks. Picks up his jacket, a John Deere stocking hat, and gloves. Puts it all on wordlessly as the Doctors stare. And then he simply walks out.

DOCTOR #1
Have a nurse call child welfare.

Tight on Matt's face: eyes not open, but tears leak.

RETURN TO:

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - NIGHT

Matt holds his arms out like a high-diver, or Christ. Looks down at the city a last time: sees the cluster of emergency lights at Rakel's a few miles away. Looks down at the street immediately below - a vertiginous shot - sees a lone Cop Car at the front of the building, tiny from this high, lights swirling. Squints at it like: *when did that get here?* Let's it be his signal to get on with it. Bends his knees to launch-

-handcuffs slam home around his left wrist. Matt startles, falls - the bat-on-ball sound of his wrist snapping as he jerks to a stop 100 stories up, hanging by a cuff tearing skin. His eyes move up to the other handcuff, attached to another wrist - the hand missing three fingers - cauterized stumps. Looks up further: Harry Hole.

MATT
Save her?

HARRY
Does it matter?

MATT
Yes. Or I'd have just killed her.

HARRY
You'll find out in you're cell-

MATT
-you'll let me fall. You don't know it yet because you haven't asked yourself the biggest question-

HARRY
-all you slanted Fuck think the 'why' is so impressive. It never is-

MATT
-so what's my "why?"

HARRY
I don't care anymore. Butcher women because you're small...single Moms because they're easier prey. But what drives you is what drives all the others like you: cat and mouse - first with Bert, now me-

-Matt laughs - blood from his own ripping wrist now dripping on his face like a surrealist painting...

MATT
After this, see a Shrink: you're a Narcissist. I truly didn't know who the hell you were Harry, until I was with your Ex and making inroads with Ollie-

HARRY
(livid now, teeth grit)
-who you put in a freezer-

MATT
-he's too Smart. Too Big. Couldn't risk him ruining things so close to the finish. And for the record Bert was twice the Cop. Why I killed him. If I had the same respect for you, you'd be in a freezer too-

HARRY
-and yet I found him-

MATT

-I let you! *Open your eyes.* I'm a Narcissist too: I need the press to pay attention or *what's the point?* After Rafto, they're talking about what I've done in New York, LA. They'll talk about my penultimate act with Rakel, and my final act here for a long, long time.
(beat, almost gently)
Please unlock the handcuffs.

HARRY

Sorry.

MATT

Me too - *the biggest question you still haven't asked yourself Harry: why did I choose Rakel?*

Even through Harry's exhausted fog, that question causes the blood to rush to his face as he stares down at Matt who looks back up at him with a mix of hatred and sympathy...Harry blinks: a split-second flash of Ollie's smiling face...

MATT (CONT'D)

(almost gently)
Want to know who his real father is-

-Harry rips a key out of his pocket, furiously fumbles it into the handcuff lock - Matt takes quick breaths like someone readying to dive into freezing water - *and then the clasp around Harry's wrist snaps open...*

EXT. WILLIS TOWER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Street level. That lone Cop Car we saw from the top of the Tower earlier has been nearly cut in half: where Matt landed. Skarre and Bill sit next to Harry as one Paramedic looks at the stumps of his fingers and another gives him a shot. Hagen approaches. Quietly, respectfully:

HAGEN

Eyewitness saw you talking first.

SKARRE

But didn't hear?

HAGEN

No - scared Janitor who doesn't speak much English. Stayed at the access door. Lots of wind. Saw them talking, then Harry seeming to unlock his cuff...

Skarre looks at Harry now. Exhales. Then:

SKARRE

I gotta swear my own statement.
Because I did hear...

Harry, Bill, and even Hagen glare at him: *fucking figures*.

SKARRE (CONT'D)

Harry was telling the suspect to hold on, that he didn't have a good lock. Suspect refused, kept pulling until he fell.

BILL HOLM

(shocked moment...then:)
I heard the exact same thing.

A patrol car arrives: Rakel - ALIVE - with Ollie. Bandaged burns on her face, neck. They get out, hustling toward Harry. Harry's fellow Officers smiling at the pending reunion...

The only person not smiling though: Harry. And Rakel's joy vanishes when she sees his face...because she sees without a doubt Harry knows her greatest lie now. Harry stands, hesitates...He and Ollie lock eyes...and Harry backs quickly away before Rakel and Ollie can cover the distance to him...

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - BRILLIANT BLUE MORNING

Spring. Filip and Jonas Becker walking. Each carrying luggage. Jonas's cheeks tear-streaked. Filip hard per usual:

FILIP BECKER

It'll be alright.

We're sure Filip is about to leave Jonas with Betty's parents, as he once told Harry he would. But then we focus on the luggage: Vuitton. Gaudy. Female. Tight on the nametag of a garment bag slung over Filip's shoulder: Betty Becker.

Their POV now: walking to a Donation Station. Dropping the luggage amidst an already large pile of Betty's things. All of it being donated. Filip and Jonas stare at the pile...

JONAS

You okay Dad?

Filip looks down at Jonas for a long time...

FILIP BECKER

I am. Son.

EXT. A PRIVATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Pauline Rafto, who we once knew as Katerina Bratt, sits in a chair. We watch her watch the World for several long seconds.

Harry, wearing a visitor's pass and holding a shopping bag in one hand and a tray w/ two coffees in the other, sits now in a chair next to her. No greetings or even eye contact. Hands Pauline one of the coffees she takes without looking.

The grounds of the Hospital are beautiful like a College's. They both sit back, wordlessly watch budding trees. Listen to the ubiquitous, soothing riot of returning birds.

And now we peer inside Harry's shopping bag on the ground next to his chair: a box containing brand new speed skates, size 7, perfect for a 12 year-old boy.

THE END