

A Holy Ghost
By
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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBURBS, NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 1

It is a silent Autumn night. A bank of ominous fog rolls into the neighborhood, between the houses. The SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON WET GRASS.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBURBS, BETWEEN HOUSES - NIGHT 2

The FAINT SOUND OF CARS DRIVING ON A NEARBY HIGHWAY. The shadow of a MASKED MAN creeps through the fog.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

The room and everything in it is colored pink. Stuffed dolls lie everywhere. TAMMY, a fourteen-year-old girl, sleeps in her bed. She lies completely covered by her blanket. The blanket moves up and down with each breath she takes.

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT 4

The Masked Man walks up to a basement window. He smashes the window with his gloved hand. The SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS pierces the night.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5

A king size bed lies in the middle of the room. SHEILA ROBERTS stirs in her bed. PASTOR ROBERTS lies next to her. He SNORES LOUDLY. Sheila Roberts rolls over against Pastor Roberts and then falls back to sleep.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

The kitchen is a mess but not dirty. Religious paraphernalia adorns the walls. The Masked Man stands staring at a photo of Pastor Roberts, Sheila Roberts and their two daughters Tammy and MARTHA.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7

The bedroom door bursts open. The Masked Man enters. Pastor Roberts and Sheila Roberts rise up in their bed. The Masked Man lifts a silenced nine-millimeter hand gun. He shoots Pastor Roberts in the head. Blood splatters across Sheila Roberts' face. She sits frozen in a state of shock. The Masked Man points his gun at her head. He pulls the trigger. Blood splatters on the wall behind her.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

The Masked Man opens the bedroom door slowly. He enters. He stands over Tammy while she sleeps. He looks over at a second bed on the other side of the room. The bed is empty. He looks at Tammy. She lies completely covered by her blanket. He watches the blanket move up and down with each breath she takes. He pulls out his silenced nine-millimeter and shoots a couple of Times into the top of the blanket.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBURBS, MARTHA'S NEIGHBORHOOD, - NIGHT 9

The fog is now thicker. A DOG HOWLS. Martha, a pretty seventeen-year-old girl, has a slight alcohol buzz. She walks alone down an empty street. She sings happily.

MARTHA

Down by the bay
Where the watermelons grow
Back to my home
I dare not go.
For if I do
My mother will say
"Did you ever see a fly
wearing a tie, down by the bay?"

She lets out a drunken giddy child-like laugh.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

The Masked Man sits on the empty bed. He caresses and strokes a SILVER CRUCIFIX as he watches the blood slowly soak into the blanket that covers Tammy's body.

EXT. MARTHA'S NEIGHBORHOOD, STREET - NIGHT 11

Thick fog. The STREET LIGHTS FLICKER AND DIM as Martha walks beneath them. She sings and dances happily as she walks down the street.

MARTHA

Down by the bay
Where the watermelons grow
Back to my home
I dare not go.

She claps playfully to the beat of the song.

MARTHA

For if I do
My mother will say,
"Did you ever see a moose

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (cont'd)
kissing a goose, down by the
bay?"

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

The Masked Man stands and blesses Tammy's body with his silver crucifix. He places the crucifix in his jacket pocket, but instead the crucifix falls to the floor through a hole in his pocket. He exits without noticing.

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT 13

Fog surrounds the ground floor of the house. Martha creeps quietly through the front yard. She goes around the side of the house and disappears into the fog.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

The bedroom window opens. Martha enters quietly. She takes off her clothes and stumbles toward her bed.

MARTHA
Ow!

She grabs at her foot while falling onto the bed.

MARTHA (CONTD)
(whispering drunk giggles)
What was that?

She searches the ground in front of her bed and notices the glint of something metallic. She picks up the silver crucifix left behind by the Masked Man. It is inscribed with an SW.

MARTHA (CONTD)
SW?

The crucifix is foreign to her.

MARTHA (CONTD)
Weird.

She thinks nothing of it and throws the crucifix into an overcrowded, partially-open drawer in her nightstand before going to sleep.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING
15

An ALARM CLOCK BLASTS LOUDLY. Martha wakes. She reaches frantically to shut off the alarm clock.

MARTHA

I'm late!

Martha throws herself from bed. She lands on the floor. She sighs. She gets up. She looks over toward her sister; however, the room is still too dark for Martha to see Tammy.

MARTHA

Tammy, you're going to be late again,-

She picks a pair of jeans up off the floor.

MARTHA(CONTD)

-you better get up!

She runs out of the room.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

16

Martha walks to the fridge. She opens the fridge and takes out a carton of milk. She takes a small drink from the carton. The milk finishes quickly.

MARTHA

Mom, we're out of milk!

She places the empty carton back in the fridge. She exits.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, PARENTS' BEDROOM - MORNING

17

Martha opens the door to her parents' bedroom.

MARTHA

Mom! We need-

She sees her parents and stops in the doorway. A look of pure fear and horror comes across her face.

MARTHA(CONTD)

Mom?

She vomits up milk. She turns and runs, screaming, from her parents' bedroom.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM -
MORNING

18

Martha enters. She runs over to Tammy and shakes her.

MARTHA
Tammy wake up!

Tears pour down her face as she shakes Tammy.

MARTHA(CONTD)
Damn it,-

She sees that she is now covered in blood.

MARTHA(CONTD)
-Tammy!?

She pulls the blanket off Tammy. She sees that Tammy is
dead from gunshot wounds to the head and upper shoulder.

MARTHA(CONTD)
Tammy no!!!

She caresses Tammy's pale face.

MARTHA(CONTD)
No, no...Tammy!

Martha hugs Tammy as she cries and shakes uncontrollably.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE SEQUENCE - Movie Title goes here

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, PARENTS' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

19

Detective Michael WALKER and Detective Sam WHITE stand at
the end of the bed. Walker is an intelligent, good-looking
man in his mid-forties. White is a quiet, religious,
pasty-faced man in his early thirties.

WALKER
This is quite the mess.

He shakes his head in disgust as he looks around the room.
White pulls out a notebook and pen.

WHITE
Yeah.

Walker moves toward Pastor Roberts' body to inspect it,
but his face is too badly damaged to identify.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER (CONTD)

Okay, -

He leans over the body.

WALKER (CONTD)

-what do we know?

White flips open his notebook and looks at a page.

WHITE

The dead man is Jim Roberts.

Walker grimaces and steps back from the body.

WALKER

I know this guy.

He pauses briefly, taking in the horror of the moment.
White looks up from his notepad.

WHITE

He was the Pastor at my church.

WALKER

His daughter-

His speech trails off.

WALKER (CONTD)

-played soccer with Samantha...

White is sympathetic.

WHITE

I'm sorry to hear that.

There is SILENCE. Walker pulls himself together.

WALKER

What else do we know?

White consults his notes.

WHITE

The other two victims are his
wife, Sheila and his youngest
daughter, Tammy.

Walker moves to the other side of the bed.

WALKER

Martha, she's alive?

White consults his notes again.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

Yes.

Walker's cell phone rings. He answers it.

WALKER

Walker.

He listens.

JANE(V.O)

Hey.

Walker smiles as he recognizes JANE'S voice.

WALKER

Hey, Babe.

Jane sounds irritated.

JANE(V.O)

Will you be home for supper?

WALKER(CONTD)

(apologetic)

No, I'll be home late.

Jane sounds upset.

JANE(V.O)

Michael, I miss you.

Walker is bothered by Jane's lack of understanding.

WALKER(CONTD)

I'm doing my best.

JANE(V.O)

Well it's not good enough
Michael, you're never home and
I'm tired of being alone!

Walker is frustrated.

WALKER

I'm working, Jane!

DEAFENING SILENCE.

JANE(V.O)

I'll leave supper in the oven.

WALKER(CONTD)

Thank you.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
Wife, huh?

Walker inspects Sheila Roberts' body.

WALKER
Yeah.

White flips through his notes.

WHITE
The basement window was smashed
in.

WALKER
Forensics dust for prints yet?

WHITE
Not sure.

WALKER
What about DNA?

WHITE
Again, I'm not sure.

WALKER
Go find out.

White turns to exit the room.

WALKER
Wait,-

White stops.

WALKER (CONTD)
-what about a statement?

WHITE
From?

WALKER
Martha Roberts.

WHITE
No,-

WALKER
Does she know who did this?

WHITE (CONTD)
-she's been taken over to San
Francisco General for a psych
evaluation.

WALKER

Why?

WHITE

For her own safety.

Walker scratches his head in confusion.

WHITE (CONTD)

Did Martha do this?

WALKER

No.

WHITE

It doesn't look good.

WALKER

Why smash in the basement window?

WHITE

To make it look like a robbery.

WALKER

No way. Not Martha.

White contemplates Walker's conviction.

WHITE

Maybe this was a robbery?

There is silence.

WHITE

Should we-

He motions toward the bedroom door.

WHITE (CONTD)

-head over and interview Martha?

WALKER

No,-

White stands quietly. Walker moves to the window.

WALKER (CONTD)

-let's wait until tomorrow.

He stares out the window inspecting everything he sees.
White nods in agreement before exiting the room.

INT. TAMMY AND MARTHA'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 20

Tammy lies dead in her bed. Walker inspects Tammy's body.
White enters.

WALKER

There's a nine-millimeter casing.

White stops near the foot of the bed.

WHITE

Where?

Walker points with his eyes toward the bed.

WALKER

Under the foot of the bed.

White bends down. He lifts up the bed skirt.

WHITE

That's not the right caliber.

WALKER

How so?

WHITE

The M.E. thinks-

He lets go of the bed skirt and stands up.

WHITE (CONTD)

-they were shot with a large
caliber bullet.

SILENCE. Walker reflects on what he already knows.

WALKER

Where are the other casings?

White shrugs.

WHITE

No other casings have been found.

WALKER

I guess he missed that one.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 21

DAN Randy, his wife AMY, son BOBBY and daughter ZEN enter.
They carry TV dinners. Dan walks to the TV. Amy, Bobby and
Zen sit on the sofa. Dan turns on the TV.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O)
 Good evening, I'm Maria
 Santiago,-

Dan walks to the sofa.

FRANK KNIGHT(V.O)
 -and I'm Frank Knight,-

Dan sits next to Amy.

MARIA SANTIAGO AND FRANK NIGHT(O.S.)
 -and This is San Francisco News.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO NEWS STUDIOS, NEWS SET - EVENING 22

The San Francisco News motion graphics play and end. MARIA SANTIAGO, an attractive, mid-thirties news anchor and FRANK KNIGHT, a fifty-year-old news anchor, sit behind a large news desk.

MARIA SANTIAGO
 We begin tonight with breaking
 news.

MARIA pauses dramatically.

MARIA SANTIAGO(CONTD)
 Let's go live to the scene, where
 Trish O'Neil is standing by.

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE, ACROSS THE STREET - EVENING 23

There is a light fog that clings closely to the ground. TRISH O'NEIL stands in front of a CAMERA MAN. The Camera Man holds a camera on his shoulder. He points the camera at Trish O'Neil. Martha's house sits in the background.

MARIA SANTIAGO(CONTD)(V.O)
 Trish?

Trish O'Neil smiles into the camera.

TRISH O'NEIL
 Good evening, Maria.

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O)
 Trish, what's happening?

TRISH O'NEIL
 Police haven't said much all day;
 however,-

Walker and White exit Martha's house.

TRISH O'NEIL(CONTD)
 -an hour ago detective Michael
 Walker with the San Francisco
 Police Department's Homicide
 Unit-

Walker and White walk down the street and out of view.

TRISH O'NEIL(CONTD)
 -confirmed that sometime early
 this morning three people were
 murdered in the house directly
 behind me.

Trish O'Neil partially turns and motions toward the house.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 24

Dan, Amy, Bobby and Zen sit on their sofa. They watch TV.
 They eat their TV dinners. They seem uncomfortable.

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O)
 Trish, how are people in
 the neighborhood taking this
 news?

Zen gets up and exits the room. She carries an empty
 glass.

TRISH O'NEIL(V.O)
 A lot of people are surprised
 that something like this could
 happen in such a good
 neighborhood.

Amy plays nervously with her hair while she eats.

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O)
 Thanks, Trish.

Zen enters carrying a glass of juice. She sits down and
 goes back to eating.

TRISH O'NEIL(CONTD)(V.O)
 This is Trish O'Neil, San
 Francisco News.

INT. DAVE'S DONUTS - NIGHT 25

Smoky. Dirty. Full ashtrays sit on the doughnut shop
 tables. Walker and White sit at a table. Walker holds a
 coffee. White lights a cigarette.

WALKER

I'm beat.

White takes a puff of his cigarette. He smiles at Walker.

WHITE

You're getting old.

Walker laughs as he takes a sip of coffee.

WALKER

I called the hospital when you were in the men's room and talked with Martha's doctor.

WHITE

What did he say?

He takes a puff of his cigarette.

WALKER

Martha's in pretty bad shape mentally.

White takes a puff of his cigarette.

WHITE

Great.

He shakes his head with distaste.

WALKER

It certainly doesn't help.

White nods in agreement. He takes a puff of his cigarette.

WALKER (CONTD)

I placed an officer outside her door.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

WHITE

Why?

WALKER

She could be the only surviving witness, I'm not taking any chances.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

26

Dan, Amy, Bobby and Zen sit on their sofa. They have empty TV dinner trays on their laps. They watch TV. Dan gets up. He walks over to the TV and turns it off.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Okay, Time for bed.

BOBBY AND ZEN

No!!!

AMY

You heard your father, go wash up for bed!

EXT. DAVE'S DONUTS, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

27

Clearing fog. A run-down neighborhood. A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS. Walker and White exit Dave's Donuts.

WALKER

I'll see you in the morning.

A HOMELESS MAN man drinking from a brown paper bag passes through the parking lot. He passes by Walker and White.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare a quarter?

He COUGHS LOUDLY. He sounds unhealthy. White checks his pocket for change but finds none. He looks at Walker.

WHITE

I don't have any change.

Walker reaches into his pocket and takes out some quarters. He hands the change to White who then gives the change to the Homeless man. The Homeless man smiles.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you both.

He takes a drink from his brown paper bag.

WALKER

Use that for food.

The Homeless man laughs as he walks off into the darkness. White walks to his car. He opens the driver side door. He calls over to Walker.

WHITE

Eight Thirty?

Walker nods agreeably.

WALKER

Eight Thirty.

SEMI MUFFLED GUN SHOTS. Walker's ears perk up. He turns his head in the direction of the gun shots.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER
Did you hear that?

WHITE
Yup.

Walker and White take off running in the same direction as the Homeless man.

EXT. RUN DOWN STREET - NIGHT

28

Light ominous wisps of fog cling low to the ground. Walker and White arrive. They scan the street in front of them, but see nothing other than the Homeless Man they just gave change too. The Homeless man sits with his back against a run down store. He drinks from his brown paper bag. GUN SHOTS. The Homeless Man looks to see where the gun shots came from. Two Men, MAN # 1 and MAN # 2 exit the run down grocery store. Man # 2 holds a revolver.

WALKER
Freeze!

Walker pulls his gun but the gun sticks in it's holster. As Man #2 turns to fire, Man #1 pulls a mac ten from the waist band of his jogging pants and opens fire on Walker and White. The Homeless man is shot and killed instantly. White, while pulling his gun, runs and jumps, knocking himself and Walker out of the line of fire and behind a car.

EXT: RUN DOWN STREET, CAR - NIGHT

29

Walker and White take cover. They are pinned down by heavy gunfire from Man #1 and Man #2.

WALKER
Fuck!

He slams his fist into the back of the car. He looks at White.

WALKER (CONTD)
You saved my life,-

He peeks over the car.

WALKER (CONTD)
-I owe you.

He fires three shots in the direction of Man #2.

WHITE
Don't mention it.

White reaches over the car and opens fire on Man #2. Man #1 unloads an entire clip of bullets from a Mac-10 into the car as White takes cover.

EXT: RUN DOWN STREET, STORE FRONT, SIDEWALK - NIGHT 30

Man #1 hides partially concealed by the store's entrance way. Man #2 stands partially covered by a mail box. Man #2 stumbles onto the sidewalk and into the open. He grabs at his chest.

MAN #2
I don't feel so good,-

Blood pours out from an open wound in his chest. He looks toward Man #1.

MAN #2(CONTD)
-I told you this wasn't a good a
idea.

He collapses to the ground. His gun falls from his hand and slides across the sidewalk. Man #1 looks at Man #2.

MAN #1
Shut up!

He reloads a clip into his Mac-10 and then unloads the entire clip in the direction of Walker and White. EDDIE CHANG, a small Chinese man, comes running out of the store. He is dressed in a clerk's smock. He holds a loaded semi-automatic shotgun. He points the shotgun at Man #1's head and squeezes the trigger. Man #1's head explodes.

EDDIE CHANG
(Spoke in Mandarin;
Subtitled in English)
That's what you get for trying to
kill a Triad!

He spits on Man #1's bloody corpse and kicks at his body.

WALKER(O.S)
Drop your weapon!

Eddie Chang throws his semi-automatic shotgun to the ground.

WALKER(O.S)
Now place your hands on your head
and interlace your fingers!

Eddie Chang places his hands on his head and interlaces his fingers. White appears, gun drawn on Eddie Chang, he walks toward him. White takes a pair of handcuffs from his coat pocket. The HANDCUFFS GLISTEN in the street light.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE CHANG
(Broken English)
They tried to rob my store!

EXT: RUN DOWN STREET - 11 PM

31

Police cars cordon off both ends of the street. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER captures the scene. Walker, White and JAKE HALL, head of the gang task force, stand talking next to an undercover police car.

JAKE HALL
Those were some pretty bad dudes.

WALKER
Tell me about it,-

White lights a cigarette.

WALKER(CONTD)
-and if it wasn't for White-

He motions toward White.

WALKER(CONTD)
-I might not be here right now.

White takes a puff of his cigarette.

WHITE
You would've done the same thing.

JAKE HALL
Interestingly enough,-

He points at Eddie Chang. Eddie Chang sits on the curb.

JAKE HALL(CONTD)
-that clerk is Eddie Chang. He owns the store.

White looks at Eddie Chang closely.

WHITE
I knew he looked familiar.

Walker looks at White questioningly.

WALKER
You know Eddie Chang?

White takes a puff of his cigarette.

WHITE
When I worked vice, I helped bring down one of his whore houses.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles.

WHITE(CONTD)
That was the closest I ever got.

Jake Hall looks at White.

JAKE HALL
Not much has changed, he's still
up to no good.

White takes a puff of his cigarette.

JAKE HALL(CONTD)
Those guys you killed were
members of the Street Kings.

Walker shakes his head in disbelief.

WALKER
Wait a minute, are you telling me
this was a hit?

JAKE HALL
There's no way to know now, Eddie
says they tried to rob his store.

He shrugs indifferently.

JAKE HALL(CONTD)
Without a witness, I can't prove
otherwise.

White throws his cigarette to the ground.

WHITE
Justifiable Homicide?

JAKE HALL
It's looking that way.

White steps on his cigarette putting it out.

WALKER
We should go, we were on our way
home from a triple homicide we
picked up earlier today.

JAKE HALL
Oh yeah, yeah... I heard about
that. The Pastor, right?

WHITE
Yeah.

WALKER

If you have any more questions,
you know where to find us.

Jake Hall nods in agreement.

JAKE HALL

I do. Night guys.

He walks off. White looks at Walker.

WHITE

I'm heading home,-

He looks at his watch.

WHITE(CONTD)

-it's eleven.

WALKER

Okay.

White turns to leave.

WALKER(CONTD)

Hey, White,-

White stops and turns toward Walker.

WALKER(CONTD)

-thanks for saving my life.

White smiles and replies playfully.

WHITE

Don't mention it, seriously!

He walks off into the night. Walker smiles.

EXT. WALKER'S CAR, CITY - NIGHT

32

Dark cloudy skies. Tall buildings. Bright street lights reflect off wet city streets. Walker reflects on his night as he drives home. He passes through a construction zone. CITY WORKERS work on the street around him.

INT. HOSPITAL, MENTAL HEALTH UNIT, MARTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT 33

Martha sleeps. She tosses and turns in a straight jacket. Her dreams are cruel. She screams. She is saturated with sweat.

INT. WALKER'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

34

The door from outside opens. Walker enters. Jane is watching TV and eating popcorn.

JANE

Hey!

She waves at Walker as he enters.

WALKER

Hi.

A foyer table next to the door is set up with a small memorial, fresh cut flowers and a photo of a pretty brown haired teenager. Text on the bottom of the photo reads, "In Loving Memory". He stares at the picture.

WALKER(CONTD)

Hard to believe,-

A tear rolls down his cheek and his eyes well up.

WALKER(CONTD)

-it's been two years.

He throws his keys on the foyer table.

JANE

I don't want to talk about it
Michael, it's too painful.

Walker hangs his coat in the closet.

WALKER

You never want to talk about it.

He pulls himself together. Jane smiles at Walker.

JANE

How was your day?

Walker moves to the sofa and sits next to Jane.

WALKER

Not so great.

He tries to force a smile.

JANE

Do you want to talk about it?

WALKER(CONTD)

There was a triple homicide this
morning,-

Jane excitedly interrupts Walker.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I heard on the news!

Walker rubs his face in frustration. Jane's excitement quickly fades as she becomes sympathetic to Walker's day.

JANE

That's horrible,-

Walker takes his hands down from his face.

JANE (CONTD)

-do you have any suspects?

Walker shakes his head no.

WALKER

It was Jim Roberts, his wife and one of their daughters.

Jane is horrified and in disbelief.

JANE

Oh my God, Martha?

WALKER

No.

Jane turns off the TV. She is visibly upset.

JANE

Michael, what happened?

WALKER (CONTD)

I don't know.

JANE

Is Martha going to be okay?

WALKER

She's not handling it well, it's still unclear what happened.

He is uncomfortable with telling Jane where Martha is.

WALKER (CONTD)

Right now she's safe and resting in San Francisco General's psych ward.

Jane is visibly shaken.

JANE

That's horrible!

Walker consoles Jane by putting his arm around her.

WALKER

I know, it is.

Jane cries in his arms.

JANE

(sobbing)

She can stay here when she gets out, in Samantha's old room.

Walker is surprised by Jane's comment.

WALKER

Are you sure?

JANE

Of course, it's what Samantha would have wanted.

WALKER

You're a good woman.

He kisses her on the forehead.

JANE

They were-

She glances at the memorial on the foyer table.

JANE

-best friends.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBURBS, PARK - NIGHT

35

SILENCE. The Masked Man walks through a thick fog. The fog swirls around him and clings to him as he moves through it. He WHISTLES "HOW WEAK THE THOUGHTS, AND VAIN", a Methodist hymn.

EXT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

36

The house is completely dark. The Masked Man walks down the sidewalk and stops in front of the house. Fog swirls around him as he takes a deep breath. He continues down the house's walkway and disappears into a thick fog that surrounds the ground floor of the house.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

A window is open slightly. A light breeze blows into the room. Walker and Jane sleep in their bed. Walker SNORES PEACEFULLY.

EXT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, SIDEWALK - NIGHT 38

A thick fog completely surrounds the house. Suddenly, from within the house, there are two flashes of light from a silenced handgun. A moment later, there is another flash of light from the handgun, followed a few seconds later by a final flash of light from the handgun.

EXT. WALKER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 39

Walker sits up in his bed. He is sweating and half awake. He looks around the dark room. He lays back down. Jane snuggles up to him. Walker falls back asleep.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. WALKER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 40

FADE IN

Walker and Jane sleep in their bed. Walker SNORES. The house PHONE RINGS. Walker wakes. He answers a phone that sits on his night stand.

WALKER

Walker.

He listens.

WALKER(CONTD)

4752 Jane Street, got it. I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

Quietly he gets out of bed. Jane moves, but she does not wake. Walker kisses her on the forehead before exiting the bedroom.

EXT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, STREET - EARLY MORNING 41

Cloudy. Clearing fog. A light rain falls. The street is busy with activity. Police cars, an ambulance and several coroner's vans are parked on the sidewalk and street in front of the house. The CHIEF OF POLICE, Walker and White stand on the front lawn. The Chief of Police is very upset.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Find out what happened here,-

He points at Walker.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)

-and do it quickly!

He points at White.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONTD)
Find out if there's any
connection to last night's
homicides.

He points toward the house.

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONTD)
Go!

Walker and White do not like the Chief's attitude.

WHITE
We can't go in until the medical-
He YAWNS.

WHITE (CONTD)
-examiner finishes.

The Chief of Police is irate.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Stop yawning,-

White pulls back a little into his trench coat.

WHITE
Sorry.

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONTD)
-and find out what the fuck is
going on!

The Chief of Police walks off angrily. White sighs.

WHITE
He's pissed.

Walker smiles sarcastically at White.

WALKER
When isn't he pissed?

WHITE
Good point.

WALKER
Didn't sleep much last night?

WHITE
A little bit.

WALKER
Still having bad dreams?

White nods.

WALKER (CONTD)

Talk with the department shrink.

White politely shrugs Walker off.

WHITE

I'm fine.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER exits the house. He is upset. He shakes his head in disbelief. He carries a stack of papers. He walks towards Walker and White. Walker notices the Medical Examiner.

WALKER

What's the word, Chuck?

The Medical Examiner stops in front of Walker and White.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Evil.

WHITE

Evil?

The Medical Examiner takes a set of papers from his stack.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Here.

He hands Walker the papers.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONTD)

I've released the scene,-

Walker takes the papers from the Medical Examiner.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONTD)

-it's a massacre.

There is an uneasy silence.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Right.

He mutters to himself about the state of the world today, as he walks away.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 42

Walker and White enter. Blood is splattered everywhere. Dan lies on the floor between the bed and the wall. He is gagged, tied up and dead. Amy lies dead on the bed from a gunshot wound to the head. Her face is unrecognizable. The wall behind the bed's headboard is covered in bloody writing. Walker studies the bloody writing as he reads it out loud.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

I give my life for the innocent,
so they may find peace in Heaven.

Walker gives White a worried look.

WALKER (CONTD)

What do you think that means?

He hands White the papers given to him by the Medical Examiner.

WHITE

It could mean a lot of things.

Walker moves toward the bloody writing and stops just short of the wall. White shuffles through the Medical Examiner's papers. He stops on a page and reads it out loud.

WHITE (CONTD)

The victims are Dan Randy, his
wife Amy... and their two
children, Bobby and Zen.

Walker stares, in a trance like state, at the bloody writing.

WALKER

(whispers to himself)

It sounds biblical...

White looks up from the paperwork. He looks at Walker.

WHITE

What?

Walker snaps out of his trance and motions towards the bloody writing.

WALKER

It sounds biblical.

He turns from the wall and walks to Dan's body. He notices a note taped to Dan's neck. He kneels down and removes the note from the body. He opens the note and reads it out loud.

WALKER (CONTD)

This one-

He points toward Dan.

WALKER (CONTD)

-deserves to live in sin.

He is confused by the content of the note. There is silence. White motions for Walker to give him the note.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

Can I see?

Walker stands up and brings the note to White. White reads the note.

WHITE

Strange. Didn't deserve to die?

WALKER

So why is he dead?

White looks up from the note.

WHITE

I'm not sure.

He hands the note back to Walker.

WALKER

Why kill innocent people?

White studies the bloody writing on the wall.

WHITE

"So they may find peace in Heaven?"

Walker is worried.

WALKER

That's crazy.

He spots the GLINT OF A METAL SHELL CASING.

WALKER (CONTD)

What is-

He points across the room next to Dan Randy's body.

WALKER (CONTD)

-that?

White looks to where Walker is pointing.

WHITE

It's a shell casing.

White kneels down next to Dan.

WALKER

What caliber?

White inspects the shell casing closer.

WHITE
It's a nine-millimeter.

WALKER
Wow, -

White inspects Dan's body. He looks at the gag.

WALKER (CONTD)
-and all the victims have been
shot in the head.

WHITE
Except Dan, looks like he choked
on this gag.

He stands up.

WALKER
The note said he wasn't supposed
to die, maybe it was accidental?

WHITE
Maybe.

WALKER
And maybe that's why Martha's
still alive?

White nods in agreement.

WHITE
One of the first responders
mentioned they smelled alcohol on
her breath.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, BOBBY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

43

Baseball posters cover dirty walls. Walker enters,
followed by White. Bobby lies dead on his bed. He is
covered by a bloodied white sheet.

WALKER
Jesus.

He walks towards the bed. A drop of blood falls from the
ceiling and lands on White's face.

WHITE
What the?

He looks up. Walker turns around, he follows White's gaze
to the ceiling. There is bloody writing on the ceiling.
White reads the bloody writing.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE(CONTD)

Let the innocence of youth be a blessing for those that would sin.

He wipes the blood from his face.

WALKER

He's preaching to us.

White is visibly upset.

WHITE

Preaching what!?

There is silence. White calms a little.

WHITE(CONTD)

Why?

He sits on a chair and takes deep breaths.

WALKER

To convince us,-

WHITE

Of what?

Walker crosses his arms.

WALKER(CONTD)

-that he's doing good.

White tries to collect himself.

WHITE

This guy is twisted.

He stands up and starts to pace slowly back and forth.

WALKER

What does the bible say about saving the innocent?

White stops pacing. He looks at Walker with disbelief.

WHITE

Lots.

He thinks to himself. Walker uncrosses his arms.

WHITE(CONTD)

It's God's work.

Walker is confused by White's statement.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

How so?

WHITE

God decides who lives and dies.

WALKER

Right.

WHITE

And God decides who goes to
Heaven and who goes to Hell.

WALKER

Great, so some nut job is running
around San Francisco killing
people in the name of God.

Dramatic pause.

WHITE

I think so.

Walker takes in the room inspecting it for shell casings.

WALKER

No shell casings.

He motions to the body on the bed.

WALKER (CONTD)

How did this kid die?

White flips through the stack of papers he holds. He stops
on a page and reads from it.

WHITE

Possible large caliber bullet.

WALKER

What a fucking shame.

He shakes his head in disgust.

WALKER (CONTD)

Let's check out the girl's room.

INT. RANDY FAMILY HOME, ZEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 44

Gray light filters through the bedroom windows. The room
is very clean. Zen lies on her bed covered by her blanket.
Walker and White enter. Walker stops near the bed.

WALKER

Look for shell casings.

(CONTINUED)

He lifts the blanket. White searches for shell casings. Walker looks Zen over. Her face is heavily damaged and unrecognizable. She has an iPod on her chest and earphones in her ears.

WALKER(CONTD)
Looks like she was awake.

WHITE
I can't find any shell casings.

WALKER
Sometimes this-

A tear rolls down Walker's cheek.

WALKER(CONTD)
-job's too much.

White comforts Walker.

WHITE
She's with God now.

Walker pulls the blanket back covering Zen's body.

WALKER
For her sake, I hope you're
right.

INT. WALKER AND WHITE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

45

Walker drives. White sits in the passenger seat. White's CELLPHONE RINGS. He answers his phone.

WHITE
Detective White speaking.

He listens for a moment.

WHITE
I see, thank you.

He hangs the cellphone up and puts it in his pocket. He looks at Walker with disappointment.

WHITE(CONTD)
All usable fingerprints recovered
from the Roberts' crime scene
came back to the family.

WALKER
We didn't get one usable print?

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

No.

WALKER

What about ballistics?

WHITE

Jacketed hollow-point bullets.

WALKER

No wonder their heads explode.

WHITE

Nine millimeter.

WALKER

That's police issue ammo.

WHITE

You can buy that ammo at most high end gun shops in the city.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - SUPPER TIME 46

Walker sits behind his desk. He speaks on the phone.

WALKER

All right,-

White enters.

WALKER(CONTD)

-we'll be there in the morning.

He hangs up the phone. He notices White.

WALKER(CONTD)

I just got off the phone with the hospital.

He motions for White to sit.

WALKER(CONTD)

We should be able to interview Martha Roberts in the morning.

White sits. He appears tired and disheveled.

WHITE

Okay.

WALKER

How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

Tired.

WALKER

Go home then, I'll finish up.

WHITE

Are you sure?

WALKER

Yes.

White stands up. He walks to the door.

WHITE

I'll see you tomorrow.

WALKER

Night.

White exits. Walker leans back in his chair.

INT. WHITE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

47

Dim, flickering orange light. A LOW HUM/BUZZ radiates throughout the apartment. There is a cross above the stove. White cooks at the stove. He wears a bathrobe. A RADIO plays in the background.

RADIO NEWS PERSONALITY(V.O)

There was a quadruple-

White walks over to the radio.

RADIO NEWS PERSONALITY(CONTD)(V.O)

-homicide early this morning.

White stands in front of the radio and listens.

RADIO NEWS PERSONALITY(CONTD)(V.O)

Today's homicides are the second
multiple homicide in San
Francisco-

White turns off the radio. He walks back to the stove and continues to cook his meal in complete silence.

INT. HOSPITAL, MARTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

48

Martha lies in her hospital bed. She no longer wears a straight jacket. She wakes up, but is confused.

MARTHA

Mom!

She looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Mom!

NURSE # 1 and NURSE # 2 enter.

NURSE # 1

Everything is okay, Martha.

MARTHA

Where am I?

Nurse # 1 takes the cap off a needle filled with a sedative.

NURSE # 2

The hospital.

MARTHA

What am I-

Nurse # 1 injects the sedative into Martha's I.V. line.

MARTHA (CONTD)

-doing here?

NURSE # 2

You'll have to speak with the doctor in the morning, sweetie.

Martha's speech slurs as she cries out.

MARTHA

Where's my family!

Martha's speech slurs more.

MARTHA

What's... happ...?

Martha passes out from the sedative.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

49

Walker sits at his desk with his feet up. He stares out the window. The weather outside is clear. The sun shines brightly. White enters.

WHITE

Hi.

Walker looks towards the sound of White's voice.

WALKER

You look better,-

He turns back towards the window.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER (CONTD)
-sleep well last night?

White smiles.

WHITE
I did.

Walker motions towards the window with his hand.

WALKER
The fog has finally cleared.

White gazes out the window.

WHITE
Thank God.

Walker chuckles at the idea of God.

WALKER
I was thinking, we should probably test the gun of every police officer in San Francisco.

WHITE
That could take forever.

WALKER
True, but we should look into it anyway.

White is baffled.

WHITE
Why would we do that?

WALKER
We might find a match for our murder weapon.

White is belligerent.

WHITE
That's insane.

Walker is irritated by White's belligerence.

WALKER
Is it?!

White is genuinely hurt by Walker's assertions.

WHITE
Yes!

Walker ponders the situation and the two calm down.

WHITE (CONTD)

I want this guy as bad as you do,
but I'm not willing to stick my
neck out, not without solid
proof.

SILENCE. Walker gets up from his chair.

WALKER (CONTD)

Fine, let's head over to the
Hospital.

He walks to the coat rack.

WHITE

Sure.

Walker takes his coat off the rack and puts it on.

INT. HOSPITAL, MARTHA'S ROOM - MORNING

50

Walker and White sit in chairs across from Martha's bed.
They watch Martha as she sleeps. She wakes slowly.

WALKER

Hi, Martha, my name is Detective
Walker-

Martha is groggy. She rubs sleep from her eyes.

MARTHA

Mr. Walker?

Walker motions toward White.

WALKER (CONTD)

-and this is Detective White.

MARTHA

Where are my parents?

Walker and White are quiet. Fearful, Martha cringes.

MARTHA

What happened, Mr. Walker?!

White studies Martha. He leans in towards her.

WHITE

Did you kill your family, Martha?

Martha breaks down into tears.

MARTHA

Of course not!

Martha cries and sobs uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (CONTD)
What's going on?!

White leans back in his chair.

MARTHA (CONTD)
(screams)
Why is this happening to me?!

Walker stands up and moves to Martha's bedside.

WALKER
Everything is-

He places his hand on her shoulder to comfort her.

WALKER (CONTD)
-going to be okay.

NURSE #3 enters and gives Martha a shot of sedative.

WALKER (CONTD)
Jane wants you to stay with us
for a while, once you're feeling
better.

NURSE #3
Martha needs to rest now.

She motions for Walker and White to exit.

MARTHA
I didn't-

Martha's speech slurs.

MARTHA (CONTD)
-kill my family, Mr. Walker.

WALKER
I know, Martha.

He smiles at her.

WALKER (CONTD)
Did you see anyone, or anything
that might have been out of
place?

Martha is unable to recall anything out of the ordinary.

NURSE #3
(stern)
Detective Walker.

WALKER
We'll come back when you're
feeling better, okay?

Martha nods yes. Walker and White turn to leave, but Walker stops to address Nurse #3 before leaving.

WALKER
We need to speak with her.

NURSE #3
You'll have to come back-

WALKER
We need five more minutes.

Martha is passing out. She speaks in broken whispers now.

MARTHA
Wait...there...was.....

Nurse #3 shoos Walker and White from the room.

NURSE #3
Another Time.

MARTHA
(whispers)
...was...a...

At the door Walker tries to push by Nurse #3.

WALKER
What, Martha?

Martha passes out. Nurse #3 denies Walker's access.

WALKER (CONTD)
What did you see?

He looks at Nurse #3.

WALKER (CONTD)
What did she just say?

Nurse #3 ushers Walker and White out of the room.

NURSE #3
I didn't hear anything.

She closes the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

51

The sun shines brightly. Walker and White stand in front of their car. Walker is frustrated and obviously pissed.

WALKER

Why the hell did you ask her that!?

White lights a cigarette.

WHITE

It's my job.

He takes a puff of his cigarette.

WALKER

We know it's not her!

He walks to the driver side door.

WHITE

Yes, presuming we're right.

WALKER

She lost it, because of you.

He pulls keys from his pocket and unlocks the car door.

WHITE

Sounds like she might be a good witness.

Walker calms himself.

WALKER

It did sound that way.

His words trail off.

WHITE

What's our next move?

WALKER

Food.

White smiles.

WHITE

I could eat.

They hop in the car and drive off.

INT. POLICE STATION, LUNCHROOM - LUNCH TIME

52

Walker pours a cup of coffee. White enters carrying a brown paper bag. Walker holds his cup out towards White.

WALKER
Coffee?

White motions no with his hand.

WHITE
I smoke, that's bad enough.

Walker smiles. White sits at the table.

WALKER
Our next step is to find out how
the victims were related,-

White puts his brown paper bag on the table. He opens the bag and removes a sandwich and bruised apple.

WALKER (CONTD)
-who they worked with, what-

He stirs his coffee.

WALKER (CONTD)
-church they belonged to...

White takes a bite of his sandwich.

WHITE
(MOUTHFUL)
Standard procedure?

Walker sips his coffee.

WALKER
That's what we have to go on.

The BALLISTICS EXPERT enters holding a document.

BALLISTICS EXPERT
Detective Walker?

Walker's attention turns to the Ballistics Expert.

WALKER
I'm Detective Walker.

The Ballistics Expert hands Walker the document.

BALLISTICS EXPERT
Here's the rushed ballistics
report you requested.

Walker takes the document from the Ballistics Expert.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Thank you.

BALLISTICS EXPERT

They're a match.

Walker's interest is peaked.

WHITE

(disbelief)

They're a match?

BALLISTICS EXPERT

Striations on the bullets
recovered from both scenes are a
match, one hundred percent.

WHITE

Oh.

The Ballistics Expert turns and leaves.

WALKER

There you have it.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

53

Jane stands at the counter. She chops fresh vegetables. Tomato sauce simmers in a pot on the stove. She whistles. A soft breeze blows through a half open kitchen window. She picks her cellphone up off of the counter and dials. She puts the phone to her ear. RINGING.

WALKER(V.O)

Walker.

JANE

Hey, Babe, how about dinner
tonight?

WALKER(V.O)

Dinner tonight sounds good.

JANE

I was thinking we could have a
nice home-cooked meal.

WALKER(V.O)

I'll be there, what time?

JANE

Six?

WALKER(V.O)

Sounds good.

Jane smiles seductively.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
I'll see you tonight, sexy.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION, WHITE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 54

A cross hangs on the wall. The office is dull and mute. White sits at his desk. He talks on the office phone.

WHITE
Right, thank you.

He hangs up and writes something down on a notepad.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 55

Walker lies on a torn-up leather sofa. A necktie covers his eyes. White enters holding the notepad. He knocks on the door frame.

WHITE
Sleeping?

Walker sits up. The necktie falls off his face.

WALKER
No,-

He yawns.

WALKER(CONTD)
-I was just resting my eyes.

White chuckles.

WHITE
Here's the info you wanted-

He tries to hand the notepad to Walker.

WHITE(CONTD)
-relatives, friends and
co-workers.

Walker waves the notepad off.

WALKER
Put it on my desk.

White puts the notepad on Walker's desk.

WALKER(CONTD)
What about churches the families
attended?

WHITE
It's all there.

He motions towards the notepad.

WALKER
Let's pick up here tomorrow.

WHITE
Tomorrow?

WALKER (CONTD)
I promised I'd be home for
dinner.

White smiles kindly at Walker.

WHITE
Of course. Enjoy dinner.

Walker lies back down on the sofa and closes his eyes.

WALKER
Thanks.

White smiles and exits.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

56

DIMMED LIGHTS. Jane sits impatiently at the kitchen table. The table is set with fancy china and two candles that burn. Walker enters. Jane is excited to see Walker.

JANE
Hey, how was your day?

Walker takes his coat off.

WALKER
Productive.

He hangs his coat on a hook on the wall.

JANE
That's good.

Walker sits at the table.

JANE
Would you like coffee?

Walker smiles lovingly at Jane.

WALKER
Sure, that would be nice.

Jane gets up and walks over to the coffee maker.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
How's Martha?

She pours coffee. Walker leans back in his chair.

WALKER
Good.

He hesitates to answer further.

JANE
Just good?

She brings Walker a cup of coffee.

WALKER
She's good, -

He takes the coffee.

WALKER
Thank you.

WALKER (CONTD)
-not fully recovered, but doing
well.

Jane sits back down at the table.

JANE
Oh.

She takes a drink of wine from a fancy glass.

WALKER
She'll be out soon enough.

He takes a sip of the coffee and smiles at Jane.

JANE
Okay, well let's eat.

She takes two plates from the table and walks over to the stove. She dishes up some food. She takes the plates back to the table. She places one of the plates in front of Walker. Walker appreciates the meal.

WALKER
This looks amazing.

Jane sits at the table.

JANE
You deserve it.

Walker picks up a fork and begins to eat. Jane watches Walker eat. Jane begins eating. Walker and Jane eat in silence. They enjoy a quiet meal. Walker finishes his meal. He smiles at Jane.

WALKER
That was really good, Jane.

He places his fork on his empty plate.

WALKER
I need to get some sleep.

He gets up.

JANE
I thought we could watch a movie.

He walks over to Jane and kisses her on the cheek.

WALKER
I can't.

JANE
(disappointed)
Oh. Okay.

Walker exits. Jane throws her fork down into her partially finished meal. Tears well up in her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL, MARTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT 57

Martha wakes from violent dreams. She is covered in sweat. She begins to scream for her mother. A NURSE enters the room and comforts her. Martha falls back asleep.

INT. UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - MORNING 58

Walker and White walk down the center aisle. PASTOR PATRICK stands behind an altar at the end of the aisle. He turns the pages of a giant bible that sits atop the altar.

WALKER
Are you Pastor Patrick?

Pastor Patrick looks up from the bible.

PASTOR PATRICK
Yes.

He closes the bible.

WALKER
I'm Detective Walker,-

He motions towards White.

WALKER(CONTD)
-this is Detective White.

Pastor Patrick exits the altar.

WALKER(CONTD)
We're with the San Francisco
Police Department.

Pastor Patrick stops at the end of the aisle.

PASTOR PATRICK
You must be here about Pastor
Roberts.

Walker and White come to a stop in front of Pastor
Patrick.

WHITE
Yes, we are.

Pastor Patrick reaches out to shake Walker's hand.

PASTOR PATRICK
I expected-

Walker shakes Pastor Patrick's hand.

PASTOR PATRICK(CONTD)
-you sooner.

WALKER
We've had a busy few days.

White shakes Pastor Patrick's hand.

PASTOR PATRICK
I'm sorry to hear that.

WALKER
What can you tell us about the
pastor?

PASTOR PATRICK
I'm afraid there's not much to
tell you, Pastor Roberts was a
man of God.

WALKER
Did the pastor have any enemies?

PASTOR PATRICK
Enemies? No.

Pastor Patrick pauses. He looks at White questioningly.

PASTOR PATRICK (CONTD)
I'm sorry, do I know you?

WHITE
Yes, I'm a member of this church.

Pastor Patrick smiles kindly at White.

PASTOR PATRICK
You should know better than most
that Pastor Roberts was a man of
high moral standing.

WHITE
I know.

Pastor Patrick looks at Walker.

PASTOR PATRICK
Then why do you ask?

WHITE
It's our job.

WALKER
Can we take a look at Pastor
Roberts' office?

PASTOR PATRICK
Of course, follow me.

He leads Walker and White towards the back of the church.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH, PASTOR ROBERTS' OFFICE - MORNING 59

The room consists of a desk, a plant and a half empty
bookcase. Pastor Patrick enters. He turns on a light.

PASTOR PATRICK
Come in.

He motions for Walker and White to enter.

WALKER
Thank you.

He and White enter. White assesses the room.

WHITE
(confused)
There's nothing in here.

PASTOR PATRICK
Pastor Roberts didn't require
much to do his work.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
That's obvious.

Pastor Patrick smiles politely at Walker and White.

PASTOR PATRICK (CONTD)
I'll be in my office.

He exits. Walker searches the desk. He opens a drawer.

WALKER
It's empty.

He opens another drawer.

WALKER (CONTD)
This one's empty too.

He opens a third drawer that contains a Bible and a Porsche catalog.

WALKER
Strange.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH, PASTOR PATRICK'S OFFICE - MORNING 60

White appears in the doorway. He knocks on the open door. Pastor Patrick looks up.

PASTOR PATRICK
Did you find what you were looking for?

WHITE
No.

PASTOR PATRICK
Too bad.

WHITE
I'm going to need a list containing the names of every member of this church.

Pastor Patrick is hesitant.

PASTOR PATRICK
I suppose that can be arranged.

WHITE
We found a Porsche catalog in Pastor Roberts' desk, any idea what it was doing there?

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR PATRICK
No, men of the cloth are not
allowed to own such things.

White is intrigued by Pastor Patrick's comment.

WHITE
Is it possible he was going to
leave the Church?

Pastor Patrick is displeased with White.

PASTOR PATRICK
Absolutely not.

He looks down, focusing on paperwork in front of him.
White studies Pastor Patrick for any sign of deception.

WHITE
I see.

PASTOR PATRICK
(annoyed)
Will there be anything else?

WHITE
Not right now, we'll be in touch.

He turns and exits.

INT. METHODIST CHURCH, PASTOR ROBERT'S OFFICE - MORNING 61

EERIE SILENCE. ROOM LIGHTS FLICKER. SOUND OF PASSING
TRAIN. Walker stands, his back facing the open door, in
the center of the room. White observes Walker from the
hallway through the open door. The CHURCH FURNACE TURNS
ON.

WHITE
I talked to the Pastor.

Startled Walker jumps.

WALKER
Ahhhh!

He turns around to see White laughing at him.

WHITE
Did I scare you?

Walker laughs nervously.

WALKER
(flustered)
You're Goddamn right you scared
me.

(CONTINUED)

White can't help but chuckle at his friend's reaction.

WHITE

What were you doing, anyways?

Walker is embarrassed to admit what he was doing.

WALKER

I WAS trying to get in touch with the room...

WHITE

What?

WALKER

You know, like those psychics on Lifetime.

White is at a loss for words.

WALKER (CONTD)

What did Pastor Patrick say about the Porsche catalog?

WHITE

That he had no knowledge of it, but I think he's lying.

WALKER

Why lie about that?

WHITE

Maybe Pastor Roberts was going to leave the Church?

WALKER

Wait, I'm confused.

WHITE

Men of the cloth can't own luxury items, they are seen as sinful in most religions.

WALKER

So, somebody liked Pastor Roberts enough, they killed him before he had a chance to make that choice.

WHITE

It does seem like that.

Walker and White ponder their new found realization.

WALKER

And the list?

WHITE
He'll put it together for us.

WALKER
Good.

White smiles and rubs his stomach.

WHITE
Should we grab a bite to eat?

WALKER
I'm not hungry. I was going to head over to Dan Randy's place of work.

WHITE
Okay, let's go.

WALKER
Why don't you grab some food and we can meet back at the station when I finish up?

White is surprised by Walker's response.

WHITE
Are you sure?

WALKER
I ate a big breakfast today.

White smiles and laughs at Walker's joke.

EXT. DALE'S USED CARS, CAR LOT - AFTERNOON

62

CLOUDY. LIGHT FOG. Walker steps onto the car lot.

CAR SALESMEN #1(O.S)
How can I help you, sir?

He is swarmed by car salesmen.

CAR SALESMAN #2
I was helping the gentleman first-

CAR SALESMAN #1 comes running up to Walker and CAR SALESMAN #2. Walker takes a step back.

CAR SALES MAN #1
(out of breath)
I was helping him first.

CAR salesmen #3 appears behind Car Salesman #1 and #2. Walker takes two steps forward. He raises his arms.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Guys!

Car Salesman #1 & #2 stop arguing. They look at Walker.

WALKER

I don't want a car.

CAR SALESMAN #3

Oh.

Disappointed, he turns and leaves.

WALKER

I'm with the SFPD.

He flashes his badge as he looks around the car lot.

WALKER (CONTD)

I want speak with the lot manager. Is he around?

CAR SALES MAN #2

Follow me, sir.

Walker follows Car Salesman #2 towards a mobile office.

INT. DALE'S USED CARS, DALE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

63

DALE, a tall skinny man, dressed in a brown plaid suit sits at his desk. He is doing paperwork. KNOCK ON DOOR.

DALE

Come in!

Car Salesman #2 and Walker enter.

CAR SALES MAN #2

This is-

He is interrupted by Walker.

WALKER

Detective Walker.

He flashes his badge.

DALE

Detective,-

He motions to one of the two chairs in front of his desk.

DALE (CONTD)

-please sit,-

Walker sits.

(CONTINUED)

DALE(CONTD)
-how can I help you?

Car Salesman #2 leaves.

WALKER
I'd like to talk about Dan Randy.

DALE
Dan hasn't come in yet; however,-
He points out a window at another mobile office.

DALE(CONTD)
-you can sit and wait for him in
his office if you like.

WALKER
I said I'd like to talk to you
about Dan.

Dale seems nervous.

DALE
Oh, of course. My mistake.

Walker takes a pen and notepad from his shirt pocket. Dale
looks suspiciously at Walker.

DALE(CONTD)
Has something happened?

WALKER
You haven't heard?

He opens his notepad to a clean page.

DALE
What?

WALKER
Dan and his entire family were
found murdered this morning.

Dale, shocked by Walker's statement, turns ghost white.

DALE
What? That can't be.

He motions toward Dan's office. Dale stutters.

DALE(CONTD)
It's just he hasn't come in yet.

Dale stares at Walker in total disbelief. Walker studies
Dale's face for any sign of deception.

WALKER

I'm sorry you had to find out
like this.

Dale shakes his head in disbelief. He leans forward,
across his desk. He looks deep into Walker's eyes.

DALE

You are serious?

Walker nods.

WALKER

As serious as it gets.

Dale sinks back in his chair and cringes.

INT. POLICE STATION, WHITE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

64

White sits at his desk. He quietly eats a ham sandwich
while he looks over paperwork. The OFFICE PHONE RINGS. He
answers the phone.

WHITE

White speaking.

He listens while chewing quickly. He swallows.

WHITE (CONTD)

No usable prints?

He pauses.

WHITE (CONTD)

What about DNA?

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

No?

He shakes his head with distaste. He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

Okay, thank you.

Defeated, he hangs up the phone, leans back in his chair
and takes a bite of his sandwich.

INT. DALE'S USED CARS, DALE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

65

Dale and Walker are in mid conversation.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Everyone liked Dan, he was a good
guy,-

He hesitates.

DALE (CONTD)

-he was a guy's guy, you know?

Walker gives Dale a confused look.

WALKER

No, why don't you explain what
you mean a little better.

Dale shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DALE

Dan loved his family, but he also
loved women.

Walker is surprised by Dale's statement.

WALKER

He did?

DALE

A couple of years ago, Dan got
busted by an off-duty cop for
trying to pick up a hooker.

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DALE (CONTD)

Dan got thrown in jail and his
wife had to bail him out. After
that, things were different for
him.

WALKER

How so?

DALE

His wife threw him out. He
started hanging out with the
wrong people, drinking heavy,
coming in late for work all the
time. That's why I let him go.

WALKER

What kind of people was Dan
hanging out with?

DALE

Unsavory types. Alcoholics, drug
addicts.

WALKER

Dan's worked here more than once?

Dale nods.

DALE

He just got his life together, or at least that's what he told me, so I gave him his job back.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

WALKER

Do you have names for any of the unsavory types Dan was hanging out with?

Walker stands up.

DALE

I don't associate with people like that.

WALKER

Can you show me Dan's office?

Dale stands up. He motions towards the door with his hand.

DALE

It's this way.

INT. DALE'S USED CARS, DAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

66

Dirty. Greasy walls. A filing cabinet. Stacks of paperwork cover the desk. A calender with half naked women is pinned to the wall. A garbage can that sits next to the desk overflows with waste. The office door opens. Dale enters. He is followed by Walker.

DALE

This is Dan's office.

Walker flicks the light switch. The office lights turn on. Dale notices the calendar on the wall.

DALE(CONTD)

What the,-

He marches over to the calendar.

DALE(CONTD)

-he's not supposed to have this on the wall!

He rips the calender from the wall.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

What is it?

He holds his hand out. Dale holds the calendar up. He tries to calm himself.

DALE

It's one of those dirty calendars.

He hands the calendar to Walker. Walker checks the calendar girl out. He smiles.

WALKER

She's cute.

He hands the calendar back to Dale. Walker inspects the desk. Walker opens a drawer.

DALE

Regardless,-

Walker looks up at Dale.

DALE

-things like this aren't tolerated here.

He throws the calendar on top of the overflowing garbage can. Walker looks in the open drawer. He takes out a porno magazine.

WALKER

This drawer is full of porn magazines.

He takes a stack of magazines from the open drawer.

DALE

No wonder he had so much crap on his desk.

He motions toward the stacks of paperwork that cover Dan's desk. Walker hands the stack of adult magazines to Dale.

WALKER

Hold that.

Dale begrudgingly takes the stack of adult magazines. Walker closes the open drawer and opens drawer number two. He looks inside. Curious, Dale tries to peek inside the open drawer.

DALE

What's in there?

Walker puts on a pair of latex gloves. He takes a crack pipe from the desk drawer. He holds it up for Dale to see. Dale is shocked by Walker's discovery.

WALKER

And more porn.

Dale points at the crack pipe.

DALE

Is that used for drugs?

INT. POLICE STATION, WHITE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

67

White sits at his desk. He looks out the window. He watches the fog thicken. There is a knock on the door. Walker stands in the doorway. White looks to the door.

WHITE

How did it go?

WALKER

I learned some interesting things,-

He takes a plastic bag containing the crack pipe from his pocket. He holds it out for White to see.

WHITE

Is that a crack pipe?

WALKER

I found it in Dan Randy's desk.

WHITE

Did you find anything else?

WALKER

I did. Almost two hundred adult magazines were stuffed into the drawers of his desk and filing cabinet.

White is puzzled. Walker enters. He walks over to White's desk. He places the bagged crack pipe on the desk.

WHITE

Two Hundred?

Walker nods. He sits. White reaches over and picks the bagged crack pipe up off of the desk. He looks at the crack pipe.

WALKER

Apparently Dan used to have a real passion for the ladies.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

Used to?

He places the bagged crack pipe back on his desk. Walker takes his notepad from his shirt pocket and opens it. He looks at his notes. He looks up at White.

WALKER

A couple of years back, Dan was busted by an off duty cop while trying to pick up a hooker. His wife had to bail him out, and they split shortly after that.

He closes the notebook and puts it back in his shirt pocket.

WALKER (CONTD)

It seems they just reconciled after being separated for a couple of years.

WHITE

Interesting, but it doesn't tell us who killed them.

WALKER

No, it doesn't.

WHITE

Did he have any enemies?

WALKER

No, apparently Dan was a very likable guy.

WHITE

I tracked down Sheila Roberts' family information and found out she was adopted.

White stands up.

WALKER

Good.

White walks over to his coat hanging on the wall. He takes his coat off the hook and puts it on.

WHITE

Her foster father died a few years ago, but her foster mother is still alive. Her name is Patsy Morgan.

WALKER

What about Pastor Roberts, does he have family?

WHITE

A mother, Mary Roberts, I'm on my way to interview her now. I figure I should see Patsy Morgan while I'm at it.

Walker stands up. White buttons up his coat.

WHITE

Are you coming?

Walker strides to the door.

WALKER

Why don't we keep interviewing separately, that way we can get through the interviews quicker.

He stops in the doorway.

WHITE

That's a good idea.

They exit the room together.

WALKER (O.S.)

I'll grab a bite, then interview Dan and Amy Randy's family members.

INT. MARY ROBERTS' HOME, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

68

White sits at a small table. MARY ROBERTS, Pastor Roberts' eighty-year-old mother stands in front of the kitchen sink. She fills a kettle with water.

WHITE

You don't have to make tea, ma'am.

MARY ROBERTS

Nonsense.

She walks with the kettle to the stove and puts the kettle on the burner.

MARY ROBERTS

Do you take milk in your tea?

White nods. Mary Roberts turns the burner on. She walks to the fridge, opens the door and takes out a carton of milk.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE

I need to find out as much as I
can about your son and his
family.

Mary Roberts walks to the counter and puts the milk down.

MARY ROBERTS

Where do I begin?

WHITE

Did your son have any problems?

MARY ROBERTS

My son was a good man.

She pours milk into two tea cups.

WHITE

How long has your son been a
Pastor?

INT. DAVE'S DONUTS - AFTERNOON

69

Walker sits alone. A bowl of tomato soup sits in front of
him. He crumbles crackers into the soup as he smells its
aroma. Steam from the soup rises into the air. Walker
looks tired, but he is enjoying his tomato soup.

INT. MARY ROBERTS' HOME, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

70

White and Mary Roberts sit at a small table drinking tea.
Mary Roberts remembers fondly.

MARY ROBERTS

My son served the Lord for thirty
years...

Her eyes well up and a tear rolls down her cheek.

WHITE

Did your son's wife or
children have problems with
anybody at work or school?

Mary Roberts shakes her head.

WHITE (CONTD)

What about Martha, were Mr. and
Mrs. Roberts having problems with
her?

MARY ROBERTS

Martha is a good girl.

She fights back tears.

(CONTINUED)

MARY ROBERTS (CONTD)
I'm not feeling well.

WHITE
I know these questions are hard-
Mary Roberts bursts into tears.

MARY ROBERTS
You'll have to leave now...

White gets up from his chair. He places his card on the table.

WHITE (CONTD)
Please call me when you're ready
to talk more.

He takes a final sip of tea.

WHITE
MMM, that's good tea.

He smiles at Mary Roberts before exiting the kitchen.

EXT. MARY ROBERTS' HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 71

OVERCAST. FOGGY. White lights a cigarette. He takes a deep drag. He DIALS on his cellphone before putting the phone to his ear. RINGING. RINGING. RINGING. A LIGHT RAIN.

WALKER (V.O.)
Walker.

WHITE
Just finished with Mrs. Roberts.

WALKER (V.O.)
How did it go?

WHITE
No leads, she says Pastor Roberts
and his family never had a
problem with anyone.

WALKER (V.O.)
What did she say about Martha?

WHITE
Martha's a good kid,

He flicks ash from his lit cigarette.

WHITE (CONTD)
-her parents never had any
trouble with her.

WALKER

I told you as much.

There is silence.

WHITE (CONTD)

I'm on my way to interview Patsy Morgan right now.

WALKER (V.O.)

Call me when you finish up.

White takes another drag of his cigarette.

WHITE

Alright.

He hangs up and puts the cellphone in his pocket.

EXT. PATSY MORGAN'S HOME, DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 72

OVERCAST. DISSIPATING FOG. LIGHT RAIN. White's car drives up a long dirt driveway. He arrives at a small farmhouse. He gets out of the car and walks to the front door. He KNOCKS. The door is answered by KYLE Morgan, Sheila's mildly mentally-disabled, twenty-three-year-old brother.

KYLE MORGAN

Can I help you?

WHITE

Hi I'm Detective White, I'm looking for Patsy Morgan.

KYLE MORGAN

That's my mom. She's not here now. You can wait if you want.

WHITE

Thank you.

He enters.

INT. PATSY MORGAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 73

Every piece of furniture is covered in plastic. Ceramic figurines are everywhere. White sits on a sofa. Kyle sits next to White. White talks to Kyle in a childlike way.

WHITE

I'm sorry about your sister.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE MORGAN
My mom is real sad.

WHITE
How come you're not sad?

KYLE MORGAN
I am sad, but I didn't know
Sheila that good.

WHITE
How old are you, Kyle?

KYLE MORGAN
Twenty-three.

WHITE
Didn't you grow up with Sheila?

KYLE MORGAN
No, I was adopted when I was
fourteen.

PATSY MORGAN, a seventy-year-old woman, enters. She moves
with the aid of a walker.

WHITE
Patsy Morgan?

PATSY MORGAN
Yes.

White stands to greet Patsy Morgan.

WHITE
I'm Detective White,-

He reaches out to shake Patsy Morgan's hand.

WHITE (CONTD)
-we spoke on the phone earlier
today.

EXT. WALKER'S CAR, HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

74

OVERCAST. LIGHT RAIN. The highway is covered with puddles.
Walker's car drives along the empty highway. A red car
approaches in the distance.

INT. PATSY MORGAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 75

Patsy Morgan does not shake White's hand.

(CONTINUED)

PATSY MORGAN
Sorry I'm late,-

White puts his hand down. Patsy Morgan wells up with tears, but she does not cry.

PATSY MORGAN
-but I was at the funeral home.

WHITE
I understand, I'm sorry for your loss.

White sits on the sofa. Patsy Morgan does not sit.

WHITE
I only have a few questions.

Patsy Morgan is uncomfortable with White.

PATSY MORGAN
Please, ask whatever you need.

She starts to sob.

WHITE
Was Sheila having troubles in her marriage?

PATSY MORGAN
Not that I know of.

She picks up a box of tissue.

PATSY MORGAN(CONTD)
Sheila loved her family.

INT. WALKER'S CAR, HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

76

OVERCAST. LIGHT RAIN. Walker is distracted as he drives down the highway. A red sports car splashes water onto the windshield of his car as it passes by. He loses control of his car and begins to hydroplane. Walker manages to slow the car down enough to pull over.

INT. PATSY MORGAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 77

Patsy Morgan takes a piece of tissue and blows her nose.

WALKER
Did Pastor Roberts ever beat Sheila or the children?

Patsy Morgan wipes tears from her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

PATSY ROBERTS

(angry)

They were good people!

Kyle jumps up. He is upset. He looks at White angrily.

KYLE MORGAN

Okay. Okay.

He motions for White to get up.

KYLE MORGAN (CONTD)

You're upsetting mother.

WHITE

Kyle, I'm not trying to upset her, these questions are important.

PATSY MORGAN

I don't know who or why anybody would do something like this!

White hands Patsy his card.

PATSY MORGAN

I need to lie down.

She takes the business card from White.

WHITE

I'll need you to call me soon.

Kyle carefully escorts Patsy Morgan out of the room.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SIDE OF THE ROAD - EARLY EVENING

78

OVERCAST. HEAVY RAIN. Walker leans against the driver side door of his car. His skin looks pale. He is visibly shaken. He clinches a fist.

WALKER

Fu-

He shakes his clinched fist.

WALKER (CONTD)

-ck!

He takes a deep breath. A harder rain starts to fall. Walker looks toward the sky disapprovingly.

INT. WHITE'S CAR - EVENING

79

OVERCAST. A HARD RAIN bounces off the car's windshield. White sleeps in the driver seat. His CELLPHONE RINGS. He is startled and disoriented and accidentally hits the HORN. He answers his cellphone.

WHITE

Hello?

He looks in the rear view mirror.

WALKER(V.O)

Hey it's me.

WHITE

(sleepy, confused)

Walker?

WALKER(V.O)

Yeah.

INT. WALKER'S CAR - EVENING

80

OVERCAST. A HARD RAIN bounces off the car's windshield. Walker sits in the driver's seat. Soaking wet, he talks on his cellphone.

WHITE(V.O)

I must have fallen asleep.

WALKER

How did the interviews go?

WHITE(V.O)

I keep coming up with nothing.

WALKER

Me too.

WHITE(V.O)

I think we're looking for somebody not directly related to the victims.

WALKER

Agreed.

INT. WHITE'S CAR - EVENING

81

OVERCAST. A HARD RAIN bounces off the car's windshield.

WHITE

How did your day go?

(CONTINUED)

WALKER(V.O)

Allen Randy wasn't very receptive, but I did get a phone number for Dan's brother.

WHITE

Possible suspect?

WALKER(V.O)

I doubt it, his brother lives somewhere in Canada.

WHITE

Oh.

WALKER(V.O)

I'm at Amy Randy's parent's.

WHITE

You've been busy today.

WALKER(V.O)

I wasn't going to,-

He pauses briefly.

WALKER(V.O)

-but it was on my way home.

WHITE

Should we meet up?

WALKER(V.O)

Don't worry about it, get a good night's sleep, tomorrow we're going to pay Martha another visit.

WHITE

Sounds good.

WALKER(V.O)

Night.

He hangs up the cellphone and put's it in his pocket.

EXT. AMY RANDY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

82

Overcast. Hard rain. Garbage cans line the street and sit at the ends of residents' driveways. Walker's car sits parked on the side of street. He exits his car. He approaches a house and knocks on the front door.

EXT. AMY RANDY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - EVENING 83

OVERCAST. HARD RAIN. Walker stands in front of a screen door. JACOB Murray opens the inside door. He is a sixty year old man with graying hair.

JACOB
Can I help you?

WALKER
My name is Michael Walker, I'm a
homicide detective with the SFPD.

Jacob looks at Walker with hope.

JACOB
Have you found Amy's killer?

WALKER
We haven't, but we are working
very hard to solve your
daughter's murder.

He pulls his coat tight as he shivers.

WALKER(CONTD)
I'd like to ask you a few
questions, if that's alright?

JACOB
Of course,-

He opens the screen door.

JACOB(CONTD)
-where are my manners?

He motions for Walker to enter.

JACOB(CONTD)
Come in.

Walker enters the house.

INT. AMY RANDY'S PARENT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 84

Sixty-year-old MELISSA Murray sits in a rocking chair. She stares blankly into a roaring fire. Jacob and Walker enter.

JACOB
Melissa, we have company.

He and Walker stop in front of the fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Hello.

He reaches out to shake Melissa's hand, but she does not respond. Walker looks at Jacob.

JACOB

She's been like this since the murders.

WALKER

I'm sorry to hear that.

JACOB

We should talk in the kitchen,-

He motions towards the kitchen.

JACOB(CONTD)

-I don't want to upset Melissa.

INT. AMY RANDY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING 85

Walker and Jacob sit at the kitchen table. They each hold mugs of coffee. Walker and Jacob are smiling and laughing.

WALKER

She had quite the spirit.

JACOB

I couldn't believe it-

He trails off. The smile fades from his face.

JACOB(CONTD)

-when she started dating Dan.

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair. He takes a drink of coffee.

JACOB(CONTD)

Amy could have had anyone she wanted,-

He stares down angrily into his mug of coffee.

JACOB(CONTD)

-but she wanted Dan.

He looks up at Walker. He forces a smile.

JACOB(CONTD)

What could I say?

Tears well up in his eyes. Walker speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Nothing.

JACOB

Exactly.

He puts his head down on the table and cries.

WALKER

I don't think Dan was responsible
for what happened to your
daughter or the kids.

Jacob looks up from the table at Walker.

JACOB

What do you mean?

WALKER

I can't get into the details, but
we do have leads we're following.

Walker gives Jacob a sympathetic look.

WALKER (CONTD)

We're doing everything we can.

INT. WHITE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

86

A cross hangs above the doorway between the hallway and living room. INCENSE BURNS somewhere in the room. The air is thick with smoke. A clock that hangs on the wall reads nine pm. White sits back in a recliner chair.

WHITE

Time for the Reverend.

He smiles and picks up the TV remote. He points it at the TV. CLICK. The TV comes to life. Images of christian life flash across the TV screen. DOOR BELL.

WHITE (CONTD)

Pizza.

He hops up from his recliner and runs out of the room.

WHITE (CONTD) (O.S.)

Hi.

PIZZA MAN (O.S.)

That'll be \$13.50.

SOUND OF WHITE DIGGING FOR CHANGE IN HIS POCKET.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE(O.S.)

There you go, keep the change.

The PIZZA MAN responds sarcastically.

PIZZA MAN(O.S.)

Fifty cents? WOW. Thanks, buddy.

SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING IN PIZZA MAN'S FACE. White enters the room holding a pizza and a can of Coca-Cola. He sits in the chair.

WHITE

Just in Time.

The motion graphics for Billy Graham play on the TV screen. The show starts and the SOUND OF BILLY GRAHAM'S VOICE FILLS THE ROOM.

BILLY GRAHAM(V.O)

Jesus loves us all, it's true!

WHITE

Hallelujah Reverend!

He takes a slice of pizza from the box and starts to eat.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

87

A pot containing pasta sauce sits boiling on the stove. Walker stirs the pot wearing a flower patterned apron. Jane enters. She looks at a clock on the wall. The clock reads nine forty pm.

JANE

What's this,-

She motions with her eyes towards the pot.

JANE(CONTD)

-isn't it a little late to be cooking dinner?

Walker smiles.

WALKER

Maybe?

Jane hugs Walker from behind as he stirs the pot.

JANE

You're sweet.

She smells the air. She nuzzles Walker's neck.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Smells good. What are we having?

WALKER
Spaghetti in a tomato sauce.

Jane smiles.

JANE
My favorite!

She looks in the pot.

JANE
Thank you, it looks great.

Jane kisses Walker on the cheek.

WALKER
Sorry I've been so busy.

INT. WHITE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - 3:30 AM

88

White sleeps in bed. The house PHONE RINGS. He wakes up. He reaches over to the nightstand and picks up the phone. He is groggy.

WHITE
Detective White speaking.

WALKER(V.O.)
Time to wake up.

White rubs his eyes.

WHITE
What time is it?

He yawns.

WALKER(V.O.)
Three-thirty am,-

White looks at an alarm clock on his nightstand. He sighs.

WALKER(V.O.)(CONTD)
-I'm three blocks from your house.

WHITE
Three blocks?

WALKER
Yeah, Eight-Twenty-Two Thirty Sixth Ave.

White throws off the blanket that covers his body.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
I'm on my way.

He hangs up the phone and hops out of bed.

EXT. 36TH AND MAIN, 822 THIRTY SIXTH AVE - EARLY MORNING
89

FOGGY. DAMP, but NO RAIN. Police caution tape surrounds the front yard of a dilapidated two story house. Police cruisers and an ambulance are parked on the street out front. Walker stands in the front yard of the house. White's car pulls up, he gets out of his car and greets Walker.

WHITE
What happened?

WALKER
Three young children were
murdered. Their mother,

He takes out and opens his notepad. He looks at a page.

WALKER(CONTD)
Ms. Smith,-

He closes his notepad.

WALKER(CONTD)
-was found alive.

WHITE
Is there a husband?

WALKER
She's a single mother.

Walker and White enter the house.

INT. 822 THIRTY SIXTH AVE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 90

Dirty children's clothes and broken toys cover the floor. The air in the house is musty. Walker and White stand side by side. White holds a handkerchief over his mouth.

WHITE
The air is bad.

Walker looks around the room in disgust.

WALKER
No one should live like this.

He points to the center of the living room floor.

WALKER

That's where Ms. Smith was found.
Blindfolded, gagged, and tied up.

White YAWNS. He is tired and looks very sleepy.

WHITE

Where is she now?

WALKER

At the station.

White studies the room.

WALKER (CONTD)

What's interesting is the typed
note that was taped to her
throat.

WHITE

Another note?

Walker takes a plastic evidence bag out of his inside coat pocket. He opens the bag and takes out a small typed note. He hands the note to White. White opens the note and reads it out loud.

WHITE (CONTD)

It's too late to save this soul.

There is an eerie silence. He looks up at Walker.

WHITE (CONTD)

Soul?

He hands the note back to Walker.

WALKER

Lets go upstairs,-

He motions towards a staircase to the second floor.

WALKER (CONTD)

-there's more...

Walker and White exit up the stairs.

INT. 822 THIRTY SIXTH AVE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING
91

Dirty. Broken toys and crayons lie scattered across the floor. Walker and White enter. "These children are in their Father's hands now, safe from a sinful mother." is scribbled on the wall in crayon. White stares at the writing.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
This guy is fucking nuts.

WALKER
That's what I've been saying.

WHITE
At least we have his MO.

WALKER
Yup, he kills innocent people and
leaves the waste of society to
thrive.

WHITE
(stumped)
But how does he find his victims?

Walker ponders White's question.

WALKER
I don't know.

White has a sudden epiphany.

WHITE
Church!

Walker is confused.

WALKER
Church?

White is very excited.

WHITE
How else would he know whether or
not someone is sinful?

WALKER
Good point, so let's check and
see if they all belonged to the
same congregation.

INT. HOSPITAL, COMMON AREA - EARLY MORNING

92

Martha sits alone. She stares up at a TV that hangs from
the ceiling. TV commercials flash across the screen. Good
Morning San Francisco motion graphics begin.

JENNY LEE(V.O.)
Good Morning San Francisco!

Martha smiles a little.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY LEE (CONTD) (V.0.)
I'm your host, Jenny Lee.

INT. 822 THIRTY SIXTH AVE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - MORNING 93

Dirty. Broken toys and crayons lie scattered across the floor. Walker studies the crayon message scribbled on the wall. He is entranced by the writing.

WALKER
This hand writing seems familiar.

WHITE
How so?

Walker steps back from the wall.

WALKER
I'm not sure.

White chuckles and smiles a little.

WHITE
I'm willing to bet it's the same hand writing that was at the last scene.

Walker chuckles at White's comment.

WALKER
You, willing to bet? Come on?

White studies the writing on the wall.

WHITE (CONTD)
I'm just saying, it seems familiar for a reason.

WALKER
You're probably right.

He reflects on his thoughts.

WHITE
We should head back and interview Ms. Smith.

WALKER
Okay, you do that.

WHITE
What are you going to do?

WALKER
I'm going to visit Martha, it's probably better if you don't come.

(CONTINUED)

White is embarrassed by his early actions towards Martha.

WHITE

Right...

Walker pats White on the back in a reassuring manner.

WALKER

Don't worry, I'll find out exactly what she knows this time.

White smiles before turning to leave.

WALKER

Oh,-

White stops in the doorway.

WALKER(CONTD)

- and find out if the victims all belonged to the same church.

WHITE

You got it.

He turns and leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT COMMON AREA - MORNING

94

Martha sits alone. She stares up at a TV that hangs from the ceiling. She watches Good Morning San Francisco.

JENNY LEE(V.O.)

A press conference about this weeks rash of homicides is about to begin, let's go live to City Hall.

INT. CITY HALL, PRESS ROOM - MORNING

95

A LARGE GROUP of REPORTERS. The Chief of Police stands behind a podium. Beside him stands the MAYOR, a distinguished African-American man in his mid-fifties.

CHIEF OF POLICE

We have reason to believe a serial killer may be at work in our city.

He shifts nervously behind the podium.

CHIEF OF POLICE

All of these homicides have occurred on nights with heavy fog, and we have reason to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF OF POLICE (cont'd)
believe our suspect is using the
fog as cover.

He tries to address the crowd with more confidence.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)
We are advising the public to be
aware of their surroundings at
all times,-

The hushed crowd begins to murmur.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)
-and to stay indoors whenever
possible.

REPORTER #3
Chief!

The Chief of Police points at Reporter #3.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Question?

REPORTER #3
How long until you catch this
killer, Fog?

CHIEF OF POLICE
I can't answer that, and for now
we're calling him the suspect.

The room fills with hushed voices talking about Fog.

REPORTER #7
Does the SFPD have a plan to
catch Fog?

CHIEF OF POLICE
I can't answer that either.

The Chief of Police steps down from the podium. The Mayor
takes his place at the podium.

REPORTER #2
Chief!

The Chief of Police exits the interview area.

MAYOR
All right guys, he has work to
do. I can answer a few more
questions.

The Large Group of Reporters all start yelling questions
at the Mayor. The room is in a frenzy.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

96

White enters. MS. SMITH, a woman in her mid-forties, is dressed in pajama bottoms and a long-sleeved shirt. She lies with her head on a table.

WHITE

My name is Detective White.

White sits down across from Ms. Smith.

MS. SMITH

Fuck off!

He leans across the table.

WHITE

Ms. Smith, I need your help.

Ms. Smith looks up. She screams in White's face.

MS. SMITH

Where are my babies!

White sits back in his chair. He wipes a light spray of Ms. Smith's saliva from his mouth.

WHITE

Can I get you something to drink?

Ms. Smith scratches her arm.

MS. SMITH

Do I know you?

WHITE

I don't think so.

MS. SMITH

What's going on?

WHITE

No one has talked with you yet?

MS. SMITH

No.

WHITE

Ma'am, I'm sorry to inform you...
your children were victims of
homicide.

Ms. Smith cries. She slams her head on the table repeatedly.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
Ma'am, calm down.

Ms. Smith shakes violently as she screams.

MS. SMITH
My babies. Oh God, why, why?!

White gets up.

WHITE
I'll come back when you're calm.

He exits the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT COMMON AREA - MORNING

97

Martha sits alone. She stares up at the TV.

JENNY LEE(V.O.)
Lock your doors, don't go out
unless you have to, or you may
end up a victim of the serial
killer known as FOG.

Martha cringes.

EXT. ANDY'S PARKADE, TOP LEVEL - MORNING

98

BIRDS CHIRP LOUDLY. SUNLIGHT BURNS BRIGHTLY through small patches of cloud. The Masked Man, dressed in eerily seamless black clothing, carrying a rifle bag enters the parkade from a side stairwell. The DOOR ECHOES LOUDLY behind him as it slams shut. He is out of breath.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT COMMON AREA - MORNING

99

Martha sits alone. She stares up at the TV.

JENNY LEE(V.O.)
Now let's check in with Steve
Wilson and weather. Steve...

STEVE sounds cheerful.

STEVE(V.O.)
Thanks, Jenny.

STEVE'S great attitude changes to disappointment.

STEVE(V.O.)
Looks like the fog is going to be
around for the rest of today and
most of tomorrow, but then it's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE(V.O) (cont'd)
going to clear up nicely. I'll be
back with the full five day
forecast in 15 minutes. Jenny.

EXT. ANDY'S PARKADE, TOP LEVEL - MORNING 100

BIRDS CHIRP LOUDLY. The Masked Man crouches down behind a cement wall that faces across a street and toward San Francisco General Hospital. He takes a rifle with a high powered scope and laser site attachment from the rifle bag beside him. He props the rifle up using the cement wall. He lines up his sight.

INT. RIFLE SCOPE 101

Between the red cross hair, Martha sits unaware, watching TV. Martha tosses her hair and appears to laugh at something on the TV. SOUND OF LASER POWERING UP.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT COMMON AREA - MORNING 102

Martha watches TV. SESAME STREET THEME MUSIC plays. A laser appears on Martha's chest. She does not notice the laser as it dances sadistically across her throat and chest.

MARTHA
Oh my God!

She points at the TV.

MARTHA(CONTD)
I remember this show !

She claps a little and smiles happily.

INT. HOSPITAL, DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING 103

Walker sits across from MARTHA'S DOCTOR.

WALKER
What's Martha's condition?

MARTHA'S DOCTOR
Poor.

WALKER
I need to interview her.

MARTHA'S DOCTOR
You'd be doing so against my
advice.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

She might be the only surviving witness in a serial murder case. Her life might be in danger, I need to talk with her.

DOCTOR

There is a chance she could help you,-

Walker interrupts the Doctor.

WALKER

I knew it!

DOCTOR (CONTD)

-but she needs more time to heal.

Walker adjusts himself in his uncomfortable chair.

DOCTOR (CONTD)

She's perfectly safe here.

WALKER

What did she tell you?

DOCTOR

Nothing directly.

WALKER

But?

The Doctor is hesitant to share the information with Walker.

DOCTOR

After your visit, a nurse reported Martha mentioned a cross she found that night with the initials SW.

WALKER

SW?

He thinks hard.

WALKER (CONTD)

SW?

INT. RIFLE SCOPE

104

Cross hair and laser aimed directly at Martha's throat, he begins to fire. The Masked Man watches as the first bullet travels out of the barrel of the gun and towards its target. The bullet however does not fly completely true and smashes into the wooden window frame. Wood splinters

(CONTINUED)

spray across the room and into Martha's face and throat. Martha jumps to her feet screaming as blood squirts from her wounds. SOUND OF RIFLE COCKING. Martha slips in her own blood and slams to the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL, DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

105

Martha's Doctor sits behind his desk. Walker stands in front of him. Walker looks around the room.

WALKER

What was that?

MARTHA'S DOCTOR

I didn't hear anything.

LOUDER MUFFLED GUN SHOT.

WALKER

Gun shots.

SEVERAL LOUDER MUFFLED GUN SHOTS. The Doctor is scared.

WALKER (CONTD)

Where's Martha?

MARTHA'S DOCTOR

Common room, fifth door down the hall on the right.

Walker takes off running out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

106

Walker enters the hallway. Drywall dust lingers in the air. A CANDY STRIPER and PATIENT lay screaming on different parts on the hallway floor. Bullets randomly explode through the hallway wall.

WALKER

Fuck!

He can hear Martha screaming in pain. Walker groans. He takes off running down the hall toward the common room entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL, PATIENT COMMON AREA - MORNING

107

Blood has pooled on the floor around Martha. She gasps for breath. Walker enters. He keeps himself low to the ground as he moves quickly towards Martha.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

It's going to be okay,-

He takes Martha into his arms. Blood squirts from a wound in her neck. She is soaking Walker in blood.

WALKER (CONTD)

-I'm going to get you out of here.

His shoes slip on the blood-soaked floor as he tries to pull himself and Martha to safety. The gunfire has stopped. There is an eerie silence. Martha stops breathing.

WALKER (CONTD)

Martha?

He stops and lays Martha on the floor. He stares lovingly into her eyes as he fights back tears.

WALKER (CONTD)

No sweetie,-

He shakes her. Martha gasps violently for a breath.

WALKER (CONTD)

-you've got to stay with me.

Martha's eyes glass over as her body goes limp.

WALKER (CONTD)

No.

He gently picks up Martha up and cradles her as if she were his child.

INT. ELEVATOR

108

White stands in an elevator. His cellphone rings. He answers the phone.

WHITE

Detective White speaking.

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

I just finished with Ms. Smith

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

What's wrong?

He listens.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE (CONTD)

What?

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

I'm in the elevator,-

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

-you're breaking up.

He strains to hear the person talking.

WHITE (CONTD)

Martha?

He listens. White is worried.

WHITE (CONTD)

Where are you?

He listens.

WHITE (CONTD)

I'm on my way!

INT. HOSPITAL, MENTAL HEALTH WARD - MORNING

109

DOCTORS, NURSES, MENTAL HEALTH PATIENTS, POLICE OFFICERS and FORENSICS SPECIALISTS mill about the ward and its hallways. Walker sits in an office chair. His complexion is pale. His clothes are soaked in Martha's blood. He stares off. White enters the ward. He sees Walker.

WHITE

What happened?

He stops in front of Walker. Walker does not respond or even notice White's arrival. White is very worried.

WHITE (CONTD)

Walker,-

He points at the blood stains on Walker's clothes.

WHITE (CONTD)

-is that Martha's blood?

Walker nods silently. A tear rolls down his cheek. White is noticeably disturbed by Walker's response.

WALKER

I tried to save her.

White sighs.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
I know you did.

WALKER
I really did try to save her.

He exhales heavily.

WALKER (CONTD)
I couldn't get to her in time.

He stands up and shakes it off.

WALKER (CONTD)
I need to talk with Ms. Smith.

White puts a comforting hand on Walker's shoulder.

WHITE
I think you should go home,-

Walker looks defiantly at White.

WHITE (CONTD)
-let Marcus and Richards handle
this.

WALKER
I'm going to,-

He takes his tie off.

WALKER (CONTD)
-while I interview Ms. Smith.

He starts to walk away.

WHITE
You can't interview-

He motions toward Walker's blood stained clothes.

WHITE (CONTD)
-covered in blood.

Walker looks at his blood soaked clothes and realizes for the first time how much blood he is covered in.

WALKER
You're right,-

He tries to brush the drywall dust from his pants.

WALKER (CONTD)
-I'll go home and change.

He turns to leave.

WHITE

Can you do this right now?

Walker stops and looks at White. He forces a smile.

WALKER

I'll be fine.

He turns and exits the ward.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON 110

Ms. Smith sits at the table. She sobs. Her head lies on the table buried in her arms. Walker enters and sits at the interrogation table.

WALKER

Ms. Smith, I'm Detective Walker.

Ms. Smith does not look up.

MS. SMITH

Didn't I tell you to fuck off?

WALKER

That was my partner.

Ms. Smith lifts her head up. She looks at Walker.

WALKER

Are you-

MS. SMITH

Fuck off-

A small amount of spit sprays from her mouth.

MS. SMITH (CONTD)

-pig!

WALKER

-a drug user, Ms. Smith?

MS. SMITH

Fuck off!

WALKER

It's a simple question, do you use drugs?

There is silence. Ms. Smith stares at Walker.

WALKER (CONTD)

Are you a drug user?!

Ms. Smith stands up and screams at Walker.

(CONTINUED)

MS. SMITH

Yes!

There is silence.

WALKER

What drugs do you use?

He watches Ms. Smith scratch her arm.

WALKER (CONTD)

Roll up your sleeve please.

Ms. Smith rolls up her right sleeve. She has track marks on her arm.

WALKER

When is the last time you used?

MS. SMITH

Last night.

Ms. Smith looks down at the table.

MS. SMITH

I've been trying to kick it,-

She scratches the needle wounds on her exposed arm.

MS. SMITH (CONTD)

-but it's so hard...

Walker is sympathetic.

WALKER

You can roll down your sleeve.

Ms. Smith rolls down her sleeve.

WALKER

What happened last night?

He motions for her to sit back down. She sits.

MS. SMITH

I was shooting up in my bathroom,
after I put the kids to bed.

She rubs a wound on her head.

MS. SMITH (CONTD)

I barely had the needle out of my
arm and someone kicked the door
in.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Who was it?

MS. SMITH

A man.

WALKER

What did he look like?

Ms. Smith sobs harder.

MS. SMITH

I couldn't tell, he was wearing a mask.

WALKER

What did the mask look like?

MS. SMITH

It was black and all one piece, like the masks in that movie Heat.

WALKER

A balaclava?

She cries.

MS. SMITH

Yes.

WALKER

What else was he wearing?

MS. SMITH

I don't remember anything else.

Walker gets up.

MS. SMITH

Why did he kill my babies?

WALKER

You don't want to know, but I promise you I'm going to find him.

He turns and exits the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

111

POLICE OFFICER #1 stands guarding the interrogation room door. Walker exits the interrogation room.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Take Ms. Smith to a hotel.

He reaches into his back pocket and takes out his wallet.

WALKER (CONTD)

Have her expenses charged to my personal card.

He takes his Visa card and hands it to the Police Officer.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Yes, sir.

WALKER

I want a twenty-four-hour guard put on her hotel room door.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Understood.

He nods. Walker turns to leave but stops himself.

WALKER

And make sure I get my credit card back when you're done.

He turns and continues down the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION, LUNCHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

112

White sits at a table eating his lunch. He looks tired. Walker enters. He walks to the coffee pot and pours a cup.

WALKER

How's lunch?

WHITE

Good, how did the interview go?

He takes a bite of his food.

WALKER (CONTD)

We're dealing with a man, but we already knew that.

He takes his styrofoam cup filled with coffee and sits at the table across from White.

WHITE

What does he look like?

WALKER

She said he was wearing a balaclava, she didn't get a look at his face.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
Any physical description?

WALKER
No.

White sighs.

WHITE
We're not having much luck,-
He takes another bite of his sandwich.

WHITE (CONTD)
(Mouthful)
-I'm starting to wonder if we're
right about this guy's motive.

WALKER
What do you mean?

White swallows.

WHITE
He wasted Martha in broad
daylight.

Walker sighs.

WALKER
I know.

WHITE
That doesn't match his MO.

WALKER
I know.

WHITE
Why kill Martha suddenly?

WALKER
Maybe she saw him?

Walker takes a drink from his styrofoam cup.

WHITE
Maybe.

He takes another bite of his sandwich.

WALKER
Let's call it a day, and we'll
meet back here tonight at eleven.

WHITE

At eleven?

WALKER

It's going to be foggy tonight,
so we should be patrolling for
our killer.

WHITE

Just the two of us?

WALKER

I've arranged for other officers
to join us, we're meeting at
eleven tonight in the briefing
room.

He takes another sip of coffee.

WHITE

Do you think this is a good idea?

WALKER

I do.

He places his cup of coffee on the table.

WHITE

Today was rough on everyone,-

Walker interrupts him.

WALKER

It might be our last chance to
catch this guy. Weather's
clearing up tomorrow.

INT. KILLER'S HOUSE, DARKROOM - EVENING

113

A blank photograph sits in a pan of photographic solution.
The photograph develops. It is a photo of children playing
in front of an orphanage. A gloved hand reaches into the
solution and picks up the photo.

EXT. WHITE'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

114

FOGGY. White exits the house. He walks to his car, gets in
and backs out of the driveway.

INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

115

White and Walker enter. The room is filled with OFFICERS. The room BUZZES WITH VOICES. White sits at a table. Walker moves towards the front of the room.

WALKER

First,-

He stands behind the speaking podium.

WALKER(CONTD)

-I want to thank everyone for-

He looks around at the faces in the room.

WALKER(CONTD)

-their help tonight.

He smiles.

WALKER(CONTD)

As you know, we are hunting for a killer.

He pauses.

WALKER(CONTD)

Tonight, we'll be searching the city in teams of two.

He picks up a small laminated map off the podium.

WALKER(CONTD)

Each team will be given a map-

He holds the map up for everyone to see.

WALKER(CONTD)

-marked with that team's-

White stands up. He walks around the room handing copies of the map to every second Police officer.

WALKER(CONTD)

-designated search area. Any questions?

He waits for questions.

POLICE OFFICER #3

Whose team am I on?

White finishes handing out the maps and sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Do you have a map?

POLICE OFFICE #3

No.

WALKER

Find someone who does, same goes
for the rest of you without maps.

He takes a step back from the podium.

WALKER

Now, any other questions?

He waits for questions. There are none.

WALKER(CONTD)

Great,-

He points towards the exit.

WALKER(CONTD)

-let's get out there and catch
this fucker!

INT. WALKER'S CAR, POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT 116

Walker sits behind the wheel. He starts the engine. White
opens the passenger side door and gets into the car.

WHITE

I hope this works.

He yawns.

WALKER

Me too.

INT. WALKER'S CAR, SAN FRANCISCO SUBURBS - 12 AM 117

Their car is surrounded by the fog. The POLICE RADIO
CRACKLES with the voices of unfamiliar officers.

Montage:

Series of Shots:

A) Walker and White sit and listen to the police radio for
any sign of trouble.

B) The minutes tick by on the car's digital clock.

C) Sleepy, Walker and White sit and listen to the police
radio for any sign of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

D) Walker looks at the digital clock on the dashboard, it reads four am.

E) White slips in and out of light sleep. He SNORES.

F) Walker plays Sudoku and listens for any sign of trouble.

G) The minutes tick by on the car's digital clock. The clock now reads five forty five am.

End Montage:

WALKER
Five-forty-five.

He sighs. He is very frustrated. White wakes.

WHITE
What?

He sits up properly in his seat.

WALKER
Where is this guy?

Still dazed, White looks around the car.

WHITE
We're playing a hunch.

WALKER
A hunch?

WHITE
A hunch, we don't know what this
guy is really up to.

WALKER
Let's give it until sunrise.

White leans back in his seat, trying to make himself comfortable. He closes his eyes to sleep.

WHITE
Works for me.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 118

The lights are off. Walker enters. He takes off his shoes. He walks to the sofa and sits down. He falls asleep quickly. Jane enters.

JANE
Did you just get home?

(CONTINUED)

There is no response from Walker. She walks to the sofa. She picks up a folded blanket, unfolds it and places it over Walker. He wakes, but is only semiconscious.

WALKER

What?

Jane straightens up.

JANE

Did you just get home?

Walker yawns.

EXT. ORPHANAGE, BACK ALLEY - EARLY MORNING 119

The Masked Man exits the orphanage. He stops in the alley. Fog swirls around him. He takes a deep breath before taking off running down the alley. He disappears into thick fog.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 120

WALKER

It was a long night.

JANE

You didn't get your man?

Walker struggles to keep his eyes open.

WALKER

No...

He falls back to sleep. Jane leans over Walker.

JANE

I'm sure you will.

She kisses him on the forehead and then exits the room.

EXT. WHITE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - MORNING 121

White fumbles with his keys. He is tired and disoriented. He gets a key into the lock of his front door and opens it.

INT. WHITE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MORNING 122

White enters. He takes off his coat and hangs it.

INT. WALKER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

123

Walker's CELLPHONE RINGS. He wakes. He answers the phone.

WALKER

Walker.

He yawns.

CHIEF OF POLICE(V.O.)

There's been a mass homicide!

Walker clumsily jumps up from the sofa.

WALKER

What!?

He runs for his shoes.

CHIEF OF POLICE(V.O.)

Fog walked into an orphanage and started shooting! Get down here!

Walker puts his shoes on.

WALKER

What's the address?

CHIEF OF POLICE

The Methodist Orphanage,
Five-Two-Two Saint's Way.

Walker hangs up and runs out of the house.

EXT. WALKER'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MORNING

124

Walker races to his car. He DIALS ON HIS CELLPHONE. He puts the phone to his ear. RINGING.

WALKER

Wake up, I need you to meet me.

He listens.

WALKER(CONTD)

Five Two Two Saint's Way,-

He listens. He seems disappointed.

WALKER(CONTD)

Yeah, Fog.

INT. METHODIST ORPHANAGE, CHILDREN'S DORM - MORNING 125

The dorm is dirty. There are two windows. The windows are covered with newspapers. The newspaper is torn near the bottom of the windows. A row of bunk beds run along each side of the room. Walker stands in the center of the dorm. He is surrounded by the bodies of dead children. Shell casings lie scattered across the floor.

WALKER

Who could do this?

White enters. He makes a cross in the air with his right hand. He whispers to himself.

WHITE

They are in Heaven now, and may
God bless them and keep them...

Walker turns around.

WALKER

What?

White acknowledges Walker.

WHITE

I was saying a prayer.

Walker moves towards White.

WHITE (CONTD)

When did this happen?

WALKER

Less than an hour ago.

He stops beside White. White looks around the dorm.

WHITE

I don't see any writing.

WALKER

There isn't any.

WHITE

Is this our guy?

WALKER

Who else would do this?

WHITE

You're right.

Walker shakes his head in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Maybe he knew we were looking for him last night?

WHITE

How would he know that?

Walker looks at White with conviction.

WALKER

He's a cop.

White is offended by Walker's statement.

WHITE

We've talked about this, think about what you're saying.

WALKER

Were the other victims members of the same church?

WHITE

Yes, but I don't see how that's relevant now.

WALKER

He targeted members of that church, just like he targeted the member's of this church's orphanage.

WHITE

Where's he going to hit next?

WALKER

Maybe a Church?

WHITE

Right.

Walker has a sudden realization.

WALKER

Can you finish up here?

WHITE

Sure. Where are you going?

WALKER

To see if I can get a handwriting analysis together.

He turns and exits quickly.

INT. POLICE STATION, FORENSICS LAB - LATE MORNING 126

Clean. Everything is colored white. Walker enters. He grabs the attention of TIM, the first person to walk by in a lab coat.

WALKER

Excuse me.

TIM

Yes?

WALKER

I'm Detective Walker from Homicide.

TIM

What can I do for you?

WALKER

I need a handwriting analysis done, ASAP.

TIM

That shouldn't be a problem.

WALKER

Great, can we talk about it in my office in ten minutes?

TIM

Sure.

Walker exits down the hallway.

TIM

Where's your office?

WALKER(O.S)

Room 308, third floor!

He disappears around a corner.

INT. POLICE STATION - WALKER'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING 127

Walker lies on his sofa with a small stack of photos on his chest. Tim enters.

TIM

I had a hard time finding your office.

He stops at the end of the sofa. Walker rubs his temples.

(CONTINUED)

TIM(CONTD)

They really have you locked away
back here.

Walker sighs. Tim points to the photos on Walker's chest.

TIM(CONTD)

Is that the handwriting sample?

Walker picks up the photos. He sits up and passes the
photos to Tim.

WALKER

See what you can do with these.

TIM

Okay.

Tim looks at each photo.

TIM

These are no good.

Tim puts the photos on Walker's desk.

WALKER

Why?

TIM

These are taken-

He points at the photos that now rest on Walker's desk.

TIM(CONTD)

-too far away.

WALKER

Not what I wanted to hear.

TIM

I think it would be better if I
go to the crime scene, I'll be
able to do a proper handwriting
analysis from the original
source.

WALKER

Eight-Twenty-Two East 36th Ave.

Tim takes out a notebook.

TIM

Eight-Twenty-Two East 36th Ave...

He writes down the address.

WALKER

Start there, then go to 4752 Jane Street and work your magic.

TIM(CONTD)

Am I looking for apartments or houses?

WALKER

Houses.

Tim turns and exits the room quickly.

EXT. 36TH AND MAIN, 822 EAST THIRTY SIXTH AVE - NOON 128

A small car pulls up and parks on the street. Tim gets out. He walks around to the back of the car. He opens the trunk. He takes out a black kit bag and closes the trunk.

INT. POLICE STATION, LUNCHROOM - NOON 129

A TV hangs from the ceiling. Walker sits alone at a table. He drinks coffee. He takes out his cellphone and DIALS Jane. He puts the phone to his ear. He listens for several seconds and then hangs up. He takes a sip of coffee. He looks up at the TV. The twelve o'clock news begins.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO NEWS STUDIO, SET - NOON 130

JENNY LEE sits at the news desk.

JENNY LEE

Hi. I'm Jenny Lee, and this is San Francisco News.

Brief pause.

JENNY LEE (CONTD)

Over the last week, San Francisco has been enveloped by fog, and for the last week a serial killer named Fog has stalked the streets and citizens of San Francisco.

Dramatic pause.

JENNY LEE(CONTD)

What are police doing to stop this twisted killer? Let's go live to Man Matters and find out!

EXT. POLICE STATION, FRONT STAIRS - NOON 131

MAN MATTERS stands at the bottom of the stairs. CAMERAMAN #2 points a camera at Man Matters.

MAN MATTERS

Hi Jenny.

JENNY LEE(V.O)

Man, what have you been able to find out from police in terms of where their investigation is at the moment?

MAN MATTERS

I had a chance this morning to speak with Detective Michael Walker. Here's what he had to say.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT - MORNING 132

Walker's car pulls into the parking lot. The car stops. He exits. He walks across the parking lot. He is approached by Man Matters and Cameraman #2.

MAN MATTERS

Excuse me, Detective. May I have a moment of your time?

Walker increases his walking speed. Man Matters and Cameraman #2 speed up to keep pace with Walker.

WALKER

I don't have time for an interview.

Cameraman #2 gets too close to Walker. Walker gently pushes Cameraman #2 away.

WALKER(CONTD)

Watch it.

Walker breaks into a jog. He reaches a police-only entrance and enters slamming the door behind him.

EXT. POLICE STATION, FRONT STAIRS - NOON 133

P.O.V. Camera. MAN MATTERS stands at the bottom of the stairs. He looks directly into the camera.

MAN MATTERS

As you can see, the police are no closer to catching this killer today than they were earlier this week.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY LEE (CONTD) (V.O)
Thanks, Man.

MAN MATTERS
I'm Man Matters for San Francisco
News.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO NEWS STUDIO, NEWS SET - NOON 134

JENNY LEE sits at the news desk. She is disappointed.

JENNY LEE
Now it's time to check in with
our meteorologist, Steve Wilson.
Steve, how is the rest of this
week's weather shaping up?

INT. SAN FRANCISCO NEWS STUDIO, WEATHER SET - NOON 135

STEVE WILSON stands in front of a green screen. Displayed
on the green screen is a Surface Weather Analysis Map of
San Francisco and it's surrounding area.

STEVE
It's looking pretty good, Jenny.

He motions towards the Surface Weather Analysis Map.

STEVE (CONTD)
-the fog should clear sometime
later this afternoon or early
this evening-

CUT TO BLACK

INT. POLICE STATION, LUNCHROOM - NOON 136

The TV is off. Walker stands in front of the TV, remote in
his hand.

WALKER
If only it was that easy.

He places the remote on a nearby table and exits the room.

EXT. 36TH AND MAIN, 822 THIRTY SIXTH AVE - AFTERNOON 137

Tim exits. He walks to the trunk of his car. He opens the
trunk and places his black kit bag inside. He walks to the
driver's side door and enters the car. He drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 138

Walker sits at his desk. He types on the computer.

WALKER

Let's see what other trouble
you've been in, Mr. Randy.

Walker searches the police database. Dan's police photo
and information appear on the computer screen. Walker
reads the file.

WALKER

Huh.

He sits back in his chair. The OFFICE PHONE RINGS. He
answers the phone.

WALKER

Walker.

He listens. White appears in the office doorway. Walker
sees White, but motions for silence.

WALKER(CONTD)

Okay great, thanks.

He hangs up the office phone.

WHITE

Who was that?

WALKER

The lab, turns out all those
shell casings we collected from
the different scenes match.

WHITE

Proof.

WALKER

Yeah, now all we have to do is
match the casings to this
morning's homicides.

There is awkward silence.

WALKER(CONTD)

Martha mentioned, before she was
murdered, to one of the nurses
she found a cross in her bedroom.
The initials SW engraved into it.

White is very interested in the news he's just learned.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE
Did she say where the cross is?

WALKER
No.

WHITE
Too bad we can't ask her.

WALKER
He knew we were looking for him.

WHITE
You still think it's a cop?

WALKER
Who else could have known we were
out last night?

WHITE
Here's the paperwork from today's
scene.

WALKER
Just leave it-

He motions towards his desk.

WALKER (CONTD)
-on the desk.

White places the paperwork on Walker's desk. He turns to
leave.

WALKER
You knew Dan Randy?

White stops in his tracks and turns to face Walker.

WHITE
I don't think so.

He tries to remember Dan Randy.

WALKER
Here's his arrest record-

He motions towards the computer monitor.

WALKER (CONTD)
It names you as the cop that
arrested him for prostitution.

WHITE
I arrested Dan?

He walks to the computer monitor.

WALKER
The only time-

White reads over the information on the computer monitor.

WALKER (CONTD)
-he was ever arrested.

White is trying to remember Dan Randy.

WHITE
Right, downtown. Now I remember.
He steps back a little from Walker's desk.

WHITE (CONTD)
I was having coffee in a shop
downtown.

Walker listens closely.

WHITE (CONTD)
I watched him for twenty minutes,
while he flirted with an
under-aged prostitute, then I
arrested him.

WALKER
Okay.

White shrugs off the conversation.

WHITE
I arrested a lot of people when I
worked vice, it's hard to keep
track.

WALKER
Did you drop off the shell
casings from today?

WHITE
No, not yet.

WALKER
Okay,-

White interrupts Walker.

WHITE
I'm taking off for a bit.
Personal matter.

WALKER
I can take care of it, then I'm
going to cut out early too.

White smiles at Walker.

WHITE

Big plans?

Walker looks at the computer screen and types.

WALKER

I need to spend time with Jane.

White's face goes blank and cold.

WALKER (CONTD)

She doesn't know about Martha.

A mildly uninterested and sinister tone becomes present in White's voice.

WHITE

How is your wife these days?

SOUND OF KEYBOARD KEYS CLICKING.

WALKER

Good.

WHITE

Still working at San Francisco General?

WALKER

Yup.

WHITE

She's a good woman, you really should have spent more time with her.

He disappears from the door. Walker is confused by White's statement, but shrugs it off.

WALKER

I thought you were going.

There is no response. Walker looks up from his computer monitor. He sees that White has gone. Walker goes back to his work on the computer. Tim knocks on the door.

WALKER

Back already?

He does not look up from the computer monitor.

TIM

Here's the handwriting analysis.

SOUND OF KEYBOARD KEYS CLICKING.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Leave it on my desk.

Tim puts the handwriting analysis on the desk next to White's crime scene report.

TIM

You're welcome.

He turns and exits. Walker yells out the door behind Tim.

WALKER

Thank you!

He stops typing. He picks up paperwork from his desk. He gives it a quick look. He puts the paperwork down on his desk. He picks up another piece of paper work and reads it. He shakes his head in confusion.

WALKER

This is White's report?

He grabs the other piece of paperwork off the desk. He compares the writing side by side. The handwriting is identical.

INT. HOSPITAL, FIFTH FLOOR, NURSING STATION - AFTERNOON 139

Jane puts on her coat. MARY, a thirty-something nurse, enters. She is wearing a pink nurse's uniform.

MARY

I hope you feel better.

JANE

Me, too.

She smiles at MARY.

JANE (CONTD)

Thanks for covering the last part of my shift.

MARY

I told you, it's no problem.

Jane exits.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

140

Walker drops the crime scene report and handwriting analysis. He watches them fall to the floor in slow motion. White's words echo in Walker's mind.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE(V.O)
How is your wife these days?

FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) White looks up from his notepad.

WHITE
He was the Pastor at my church.

B) White, while pulling his gun, runs and jumps knocking himself and Walker out of the line of fire and behind a car.

C)

WALKER
What's the word, Chuck?

The Medical Examiner stops in front of Walker and White.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Evil.

WHITE
Evil?

D) There is bloody writing on the ceiling. White reads the bloody writing.

WHITE
Let the innocence of youth be a blessing for those that would sin.

E) White studies Martha. He leans in towards her.

WHITE
Did you kill your family, Martha?

F)

WALKER
You knew Dan Randy?

White stops in his tracks and turns to face Walker.

WHITE
I don't think so.

END FLASHBACK

Walker turns to his keyboard and begins to type furiously.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE(CONTD)(V.O.)
She's a good woman.

The sound of Walker's HEART POUNDING. A file and photo that belong to Ms. Smith appear on Walker's screen. He reads the file quickly.

WALKER
He arrested her, too?

He stares in disbelief.

WALKER(CONTD)
It can't be White?

He takes out his cellphone and DIALS White. RINGING

WHITE(V.O)
Detective White speaking.

WALKER
Hey where are you?

WHITE(V.O)
I told you, I have an appointment.

There is silence.

WHITE(CONTD)(V.O.)
What's going on?

Walker tries to hide his nervousness.

WALKER
I need to speak with you.

WHITE(V.O.)
Can it wait?

WALKER
No, no it can't.

WHITE(V.O.)
I'm out at the rock quarry.

WALKER
Rock quarry? I'm on my way.

He hangs up his cellphone.

INT. HIGHWAY, WHITE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

141

LOW-LYING FOG. GREY SKIES. DAMP. White sits behind the wheel. He hangs up his cellphone. He grins maniacally.

FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

a) The Masked Man sits on the empty bed. He caresses and strokes a SILVER CRUCIFIX as he watches the blood slowly soak into the blanket that covers Tammy's body.

B) Dan and Amy asleep in their bed. The Masked Man stands over them. He holds a silenced nine-millimeter handgun. He walks over to Dan and smashes him on the forehead. A small amount of blood splatters onto the Masked Man's clothes. Amy wakes. She is horrified and screams loudly. The Masked Man shoots her in the head. Blood and brains splatter on the wall behind her.

C) Ms. Smith lies blindfolded, tied and gagged in the middle of the floor. She is unconscious. The Masked Man stands in the background, at the bottom of the second floor stairs. He walks up the stairs slowly.

D) BIRDS CHIRP LOUDLY. SUNLIGHT BURNS BRIGHTLY through small patches of cloud. The Masked Man, dressed in eerily seamless black clothing, carrying a rifle bag enters the parkade from a side stairwell. The DOOR ECHOES LOUDLY behind him as it slams shut. He is out of breath.

E) The Masked Man exits the orphanage. He stops in the alley. Fog swirls around him. He takes a deep breath before taking off running down the alley. He disappears into thick fog.

F) The Masked Man runs up to a car that is mostly hidden by fog. He opens the trunk and quickly takes off his black one-piece overalls. He throws the overalls into the trunk. He takes off his mask. The Masked Man is White. He throws his mask and a silenced hand gun into the trunk.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WHITE'S CAR, HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

142

White stares coldly into the distance. MUFFLED THUMPING and screaming from the trunk.

INT. HOSPITAL, GROUND FLOOR - AFTERNOON 143

Walker enters. He walks to the elevator and presses the fifth floor button. The elevator doors open. He enters.

INT. HOSPITAL, ELEVATOR 144

ELEVATOR MUSIC. Walker is impatient. The elevator stops.

INT. HOSPITAL, FIFTH FLOOR - AFTERNOON 145

The elevator door opens, Walker exits and quickly makes his way to the nurses station.

WALKER

I'm looking for Jane Walker?

Mary turns around.

MARY

You just missed her, she went home early.

WALKER

Oh?

MARY

She wasn't feeling well.

WALKER

Okay. Thank you.

He turns quickly and walks back to the elevator. He presses the elevator button impatiently. He takes out his cell phone and DIALS White.

WHITE(V.O.)

Detective White speaking.

WALKER

I'm on my way now.

He hangs up.

EXT. HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON 146

Walker runs across the parking lot to his car. He reaches into his pocket for car keys but fumbles with them. He finally gets a key in the car door and opens the lock. He gets in and drives off quickly.

INT. WALKER'S CAR, HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 147

Walker looks worried. He takes out his cellphone. He DIALS Jane at home. The PHONE RINGS three Times. She does not answer. The answering machine picks up.

JANE(V.O.)
Hi, you've reached Jane-

WALKER(V.O.)
-and Michael.

JANE(V.O.)
We're not home right now, but if you leave us a message we'll get back to you right away.

ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS.

WALKER
Jane, are you there? Pick up if you are...

There is no response. He screams with fear into the phone.

WALKER
Jane?!

There is no response. He hangs up his cellphone.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, ONLY ROAD IN - LATE AFTERNOON 148

THICK FOG. Walker drives slowly down the road.

INT. WALKER'S CAR, ROCK QUARRY, PIT - LATE AFTERNOON 149

The fog is thick in the pit. Walker's car comes to a stop. He turns off the engine, but leaves the car's headlights on. A second later White steps in front of Walker's car. White is illuminated by the car's headlights. He drags Jane behind him. Jane's hands are tied. She is gagged and terrified.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT, CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 150

Walker gets out of his car. He leaves the driver's side door open. He walks to the front of the car.

WALKER
What's going on, Sam?

He waits for a response. He does not get one.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER(CONTD)
Why is my wife here?

He waits for a response. White stares blankly at Walker.

WALKER(CONTD)
This doesn't make any sense, Sam.
Why is Jane tied up?

He takes a step forward.

WALKER(CONTD)
Give her to me!

He takes another step forward. White is annoyed and angered by Walker's gall and nerve.

WHITE
It makes perfect sense!

Walker stops.

WHITE(CONTD)
It did make perfect sense.

White tightens his grip on Jane. He screams at Walker.

WHITE(CONTD)
And then you had to get involved!

WALKER
Come on, Sam -

He holds his hand out to White, in an offering of friendship.

WALKER
-we're partners...

White laughs a sick laugh.

WHITE
Are we, Michael?!

He pauses.

WHITE(CONTD)
Are we partners?!

Walker is very calm now.

WALKER
I can help you if you let me.

WHITE
Help me? How can you help me?

There is silence.

WHITE(CONTD)

I was put here to save them, and
you want to stop me!!!

WALKER

You haven't saved anybody!

WHITE

It is through me they find
salvation!

Walker balls his fist.

WHITE(CONTD)

I save them from their lives!
I am the Father, Son and Holy
Ghost!

There is an awkward silence.

WALKER

I understand, Sam.

White's grip on Jane tightens.

WALKER

You're a twisted fuck!

WHITE

We both know that's not true...

He takes a step back, dragging Jane through the mud.

WALKER

I guess it depends on how you
look at it.

WHITE

I am The Holy Ghost!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The gray sky darkens. A wind begins to blow. Dust and fog
sweep across the ground. Walker takes a step towards
White.

WALKER

You are not God, Sam!

WHITE

Yes-

He pulls Jane closer. She struggles with him.

WALKER

You're sick!

WHITE

-I am!

INT. ROCK QUARRY, OFFICE TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON 151

Filing cabinets. Papers on the floor. Light fixtures are missing. MAN #1 stands looking out a window. He watches what is unfolding in the rock quarry pit.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT, CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 152

WALKER

You killed sinners!

White stumbles to find his words.

WHITE

I didn't! I. I. No!

Walker takes a step towards White.

WALKER

You did, you killed sinners!

Walker is upsetting White.

WHITE

Dan Randy was an accident!

White grips Jane tighter.

WHITE(CONTD)

And I wasn't going to let Martha Roberts get in my way!

Walker takes another step towards White. The fog slowly clears around them. White screams violently. A mist of spit sprays from his mouth.

WHITE(CONTD)

I'm not going to let you get in my way!

Walker takes another step towards White. White pushes Jane into the ground. He pulls out his nine-millimeter.

WHITE(CONTD)

I'll blow her fucking head off!

He places the gun to Jane's head. She screams.

WHITE(CONTD)

Is that what you want?

Walker takes another step towards White.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

Think about what you're doing.

WHITE

There's nothing to think about!

The fog has cleared. White turns his gun from Jane to Walker. There is a gust of wind. The WIND HOWLS. White shoots Walker in the head. Jane screams as she watches Walker's body fall to the ground.

INT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT OFFICE TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON 153

Man #1 stands looking out the window. He watches as Walker's body hits the ground. He takes a cellphone from his pocket and DIALS nine-one-one.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT - LATE AFTERNOON

154

Walker lies on the ground in front of his car, dead. White drags Jane with him to Walker's body.

WHITE

I need to finish my work.

White comes to a stop over Walker.

WHITE(CONTD)

I know I can't save everybody,-

He smiles kindly at Walker.

WHITE(CONTD)

-but I have to try!

He takes Walker's service revolver from its holster and raises it to Jane's head.

WHITE

I'm sorry.

He pulls the trigger, blowing Jane's head off.

INT. ROCK QUARRY, OFFICE TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

155

MAN #1 looks out the window. He talks on his cellphone.

MAN #1

I'd like to report two murders.

He is horrified.

(CONTINUED)

MAN #1(CONTD)
15648 Holden Avenue, yes, the
Rock Quarry. Please hurry.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT - LATE AFTERNOON

156

White's coat blows in the wind. He cleans Walker's service revolver with a handkerchief and then puts it in Walker's hand. Using his handkerchief, White takes a note and some tape from his pocket. He tapes the note to Walker's chest.

WALKER(V.O.)

"I am the one you could not understand, but I hope someday you will remember me in a way that does not scare you...

Dramatic pause.

WALKER(CONTD)(V.O.)

I hope someday you will remember me in a way that is kind and understanding of what I did for humanity...

Dramatic pause.

WALKER(CONTD)(V.O)

I helped those that could not help themselves, find their way to Heaven..."

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

157

CHIEF OF POLICE(O.S.)

Walker, someone just reported a double homicide at the rock quarry-

The Chief of Police enters.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)

I need you and Wh-

He sees that the office is empty. He walks to the desk. He sits down and picks up the phone. He DIALS Walker's cellphone.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY, PIT - LATE AFTERNOON

158

The sky is bright blue. There are no more clouds. An orange setting sun shines brightly. Walker's CELLPHONE RINGS. Walker and Jane lie dead on the ground. A light wind blows dust around their bodies. Walker's gun glints in the light of the orange sunset.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 159

The Chief of Police hangs up the phone.

INT. WHITE'S CAR, HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 160

White drives down the highway. Two police cars and an Ambulance whiz by with their SIRENS BLARING.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 161

The Chief of Police notices a note taped to the computer monitor. He takes the note and reads it.

NOTE 162

Gone to meet Detective Sam White at the rock quarry. I believe he may be involved in the recent rash of homicides we are investigating; however, I'm not sure of this so I must give my partner a chance to explain himself before I accuse him of any wrong doing.
Michael Walker

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 163

The Chief of Police puts the note on the office desk. He looks at the phone. He looks at the note. He looks at the phone. He reaches over and picks up the phone. He dials.

CHIEF OF POLICE

I need an APB put out
on Detective White's vehicle.

He listens.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)

He's wanted for questioning in 22
homicides.

He listens.

CHIEF OF POLICE(CONTD)

(yells)

Yes, Sam White!

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT - EVENING 164

White exits his car. He walks through the parking lot. He acts as if nothing has happened.

INT. POLICE STATION, WALKER'S OFFICE - EVENING 165

The Chief of Police sits at the desk. He picks up the phone. He DIALS White's cellphone. RINGING.

INT. POLICE STATION, LOBBY - EVENING 166

The lobby is noisy. POLICE OFFICER #1 stands behind the booking counter. POLICE OFFICERS #2, #3, #4 and #5 stand in the lobby. A TV is on in the background.

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O.)
Martha Roberts, the lone survivor
of Fog's first attack-

White enters. His CELLPHONE RINGS.

MARIA SANTIAGO(CONTD)(V.O.)
-was murdered earlier this week.

White answers his ringing cellphone.

WHITE
Detective White speaking.

The lobby falls QUIET suddenly.

MARIA SANTIAGO(V.O.)
In other news tonight-

POLICE OFFICERS #2, #3, #4 and #5 draw their weapons on White. POLICE OFFICER #1 holds a remote up. He turns off the TV. White takes a step back. White is confused.

WHITE
What's going on?

He looks around at the officers innocently.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Don't move, you're under arrest!

White sizes up POLICE OFFICERS #2, #3, #4 and #5.

WHITE
For what?

POLICE OFFICER #2
Suspicion of murder.

(CONTINUED)

SLOW MOTION

White's face goes pale.

POLICE OFFICER #4(CONTD)
Get on the floor!!

Begin slow motion. White reaches for his nine-millimeter.

OFFICER #3
Gun!

White's gun sticks in its holster. POLICE OFFICER #2, #3 and #4 FIRE at White as he struggles to pull his gun. He clutches at the bullet holes in his chest.

WHITE
What did you do?

He collapses to the ground. End slow motion. White is rushed by police officers.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL