

DRAWN TO DEATH

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OPENING TITLES

An assortment of graphical elements - terminal emulation, press headlines, animated gifs, internal intelligence reports, news media crawl, forum posts, and message board images - appear, scroll, pan, and drift across the screen while these words trickle down the page like blowing leaves: Hacking, Pornography, Fraud, Crypto, Furry, BDSM, Guns, How-to, Drugs, Terror, Children, Taboo, Pets.

- **Headline:** The dangers of the Dark Web
- **Banner:** ID scrubber. Download and brows anonymously
- **Crawl:** Botnets threaten global finance
- **Blog:** Terror migrates to the Dark Web
- **Post:** I'll bring your furry friend to life

END OPENING TITLES

Close ON - furry friend post - a dark, wolf-like devient image painted in grays and blacks.

MATCH CUT

Furry friend dark wolf graphic

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

STANLEY TOBIAS, (20's), pensive and lean, closes his portfolio, stands and begins to pace like a nervous cat.

RYAN BRODY (40's), imperious, vain, gallery owner, art broker, and art criticism editor-at-large enters the gallery from his office accompanied by LI TAN (40's) oily and refined, and his arm candy, BO JIE (20's), fit and beautiful.

Tan and Brody exchange pleasantries and shake hands. Tan and Jie pass Stanley as they leave.

Brody approaches Stanley with an air of indifference.

BRODY
You Stanley?

STANLEY
Yeah. Yes.

Stanley extends a hand. Brody ignores it.

BRODY
Come with me.

Stanley takes his portfolio and follows Brody.

STANLEY
Wasn't that...

BRODY
Li Tan.

STANLEY
He virtually owns the Asian art
market.

BRODY
Don't get your hopes up.

Brody turns into a garishly appointed office and moves behind
the desk complete with matching fountain pen, letter opener,
and paper weight.

BRODY (CONT'D)
You're the one with the Nemesis
avatar.

Brody sits.

Stanley remains standing.

STANLEY
Right.

BRODY
A little dark isn't it?

STANLEY
To some.

BRODY
You haven't much of a digital
footprint. Why is that?

STANLEY
More than last year. Less than
next.

BRODY
Next year doesn't matter. Now,
matters.

Brody extends a flippant hand.

BRODY (CONT'D)
So. Let's see it.

Stanley hands Brody his portfolio.

Brody unzips the portfolio.

Stanley looks for a chair. There isn't one.

Brody begins flipping through pages of photographs of Stanley's paintings.

BRODY (CONT'D)
You shoot these?

STANLEY
Yes. I used...

BRODY
I didn't ask.

Brody flips pages.

BRODY (CONT'D)
Well. I get that you're suffering.
But are you angry or just sad?

STANLEY
I'm neither.

BRODY
Then, you must be going for
ambiguous. In that case. You've
nailed it.

Brody closes the portfolio with a slap.

STANLEY
You haven't seen...

BRODY
If I haven't seen it, yet, it isn't
there.

Brody slides the portfolio across his desk to Stanley.

BRODY (CONT'D)
You may go.

INT. BAR - DAY

It's an old saloon. The décor is pre-prohibition, brick walls and wooden tables.

Your daddy's daddy's daddy sat at the same bar. A layer of smoke hangs in the air like a blue-grey blanket. The jukebox plays in the background - RING OF FIRE BY JOHNNY CASH.

TOMMY (40's), the bouncer, with the body of a silverback and a nose as flat as a cliff face, stands quietly at the door. A few patrons are seated at the far end of the bar. EDDY (60's), the bartender, quietly cleans glasses.

POLICE DETECTIVE "MAC" MCCORMICK (50'S), drains his glass, setting it firmly on the bar and stands. He may be rumped and singed around the edges, but there is no mistaking he's a cop. The dead-end of a cigar smolders in the ashtray.

MAC

Eddy.

EDDY

Present.

MAC

Bag one for me and put it on my tab.

EDDY

Sure thing.

Eddy bags a fifth of Jack Daniels and hands it off to Mac at the near end of the bar.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Straight home.

MAC

Yes, mother.

Mac moves toward the door.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley walks out of the Art Gallery. It's raining. He stops under the gallery canopy.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mac stumbles out of the bar with a paper bag.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley waits under the canopy for the rain to stop - lost in thought. A flash of lightning and a fracturing thunderclap startles him back to reality. He looks across the street.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mac staggers through the rain to his nearby car and opens the car door.

From out of the rain a carjacker appears. With his gun hand he slaps Mac across the face and slams him against the open car door with a grunt.

MAC
What the fuck?

Mac is dazed. A gash has opened up above his right eye.

The attacker leans in to snatch Mac's keys. Mac yanks on a cheap gold-plated chain and dollar sign dangling from his assailant's neck. The attacker yelps and rises up. Mac follows with a crunching right elbow to the attacker's face. The attacker wails and staggers back. Blood spews from his flattened nose.

Thunder and lightning.

The two combatants stare at each other through the pouring rain.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Thunder and lightning.

Stanley is transfixed, frozen in place.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mac wipes his eyes.

The attacker raises his gun hand.

MAC
Why. You shit

Mac deflects it with the bottle spraying bourbon and glass through the air as the gun hits the street.

The attacker yelps and grasps his bloody hand.

Thunder and lightning.

Mac seizes the moment jabbing the attacker in the face with the jagged end of the bottle.

The attacker wails and staggers back.

An ancient boxing routine flickers back to life. A left fake, then a jab-cross-hook, then a double jab-cross, followed by a jab, another jab, and another and Mac's opponent slumps to the ground.

Mac continues his assault turning the muggers face into putty. Bleeding profusely now, the unconscious man lies in an expanding pool of blood.

Satisfied that he has subdued his adversary, Mac retrieves an old Raven Arms .25 caliber, semi-automatic pistol from a puddle.

He turns the pistol over in his hand.

MAC (CONT'D)
Jesus. I doubt the fucking thing works.

Tucking the pistol into his belt, Mac stands in the drizzling mist and looks around.

Thunder and lightning.

Mac sees Stanley's silhouette under the gallery canopy.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley has stopped breathing.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Thunder, lightning.

Mac gets in his car and with bloody knuckles lights a cigar.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley watches as Mac starts the car and drives away.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The spacious loft is furnished with an intentional bohemian sensibility - rummage sale sofas and an overstuffed chair, classic torchiere lamps, rustic book shelves, and hanging vintage tapestries. A number of dark, macabre, and gruesome, paintings, some unfinished, are leaning against one wall. A rickety easel stands near the floor-to-ceiling windows. A door on an opposing wall leads to interior rooms.

The music blares as Stanley glazes a canvas to the tempo of the music - it's almost a frenzied, intoxicated dance.

Stanley glazes then dances, then glazes, then dances.

EXT. MAC'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Mac turns the key and enters.

INT. MAC'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

A single dim floor lamp illuminates the space. Pictures of a woman and child stand on a gas heater mantel. A recliner dominates an otherwise plain but cluttered room.

Mac closes the door and hangs his coat on a hook.

A bloody knuckled hand drops his keys, shield, and Smith & Wesson .40 caliber, semi-automatic pistol in a Bianchi 6 inside-the-waistband holster on a table by the door.

He takes a seat at a long table on which sits a TV, a VCR, and a stack of VHS tapes.

He empties the last bit of scotch into a glass, lights a cigar, turns on the TV and VCR, and drinks.

An old yellow cat meows and finds his lap. Mac fishes in his shirt pocket and retrieves the chain and dangles the gold-plated dollar sign in front of the cat who swipes at it playfully.

MAC

You like that, huh?

Mac inserts a tape into the VCR and hits play. Scratchy convenience store surveillance footage with a twenty-year-old timecode stamp at the bottom appears on the screen.

Mac watches intently as the cat purrs and sleeps.

EXT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The rickety cage elevator clanks to a stop.

The cage door slides haltingly to one side and Stanley's younger sister MICHELLE (30's), quirky, fashionable, steps into the corridor.

Music booms through the hallway walls.

Michelle uses her key to enter the first door on the right.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The music blares as Stanley feverishly paints.

Michelle turns down the volume.

STANLEY

I was listening to that.

MICHELLE

It's late. Mr. Sokolov won't like it.

STANLEY

Mr. Sokolov is deaf.

MICHELLE

Maybe. But he can feel it. And I don't want him complaining, again.

(Beat)

So. How did it go with Brody?

STANLEY

How many times did you have to fuck him?

MICHELLE

Fuck you, Stanley.

Stanley paints.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I gather he was a dick?

STANLEY

He nearly pushed me out the door.

(beat)

With both hands. Asshole.

MICHELLE
Unfortunately, that asshole has
three million followers.

STANLEY
Whose side are you on?

MICHELLE
As long as you're camped out here,
I'm on the don't get me evicted
side.

(beat)
Look. I know drop-ins make you
miserable. But...

Stanley steps back to gauge his progress.

STANLEY
Then why goad me into them?

MICHELLE
Because. Living takes money,
Stanley. People can't buy what they
can't see. You don't show. You
don't sell. You don't sell. You
don't...

Stanley sets the brush down and wipes his hands.

STANLEY
Move out. I get it.

MICHELLE
Do you really want to bunk in my
spare room, forever?

STANLEY
Van Gough's brother helped him out.

MICHELLE
Van Gough lived alone!
(Beat)
So. Now what?

Stanley turns his easel to face Michelle.

STANLEY
So. This.

INSERT - "THE ENCOUNTER" on Stanley's easel

The painting is dark and violent. Detective Macintosh is
standing in the rain. His right arm is outstretched above his
head. His hand grasps a broken bottle.

Its jagged edges glint in the lightning. His legs straddle his assaulter who lies sprawled and unconscious on the pavement beneath him. The glow from a street light reflects off of the victim's blood pooling on the asphalt creating a bluish purple aura that surrounds them both.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

I... It's... I don't know what to say. Where...? How...?

BACK TO SCENE

Michelle stares at the painting.

STANLEY

I'm leaving the gallery and there he is. Across the street. Beating the shit out of this guy.

MICHELLE

Who is he?

STANLEY

No clue. But, he was fearless and vicious and...

MICHELLE

Stanley. You can sell this. No! I mean it!

STANLEY

I was flushed. My legs were numb. I've never felt moved like that. He just looked invincible.

MICHELLE

What's it called?

STANLEY

The Encounter. I'll post it tonight.

(Beat)

And there's nothing ambiguous about it.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Carrying a small bouquet, Mac walks the rows of a cemetery. He finds a headstone inscribed with the name Molly Macintosh. He places the flowers in the in-ground vase. His hand gently brushes leaves from the top of the stone. He stands there smoking his cigar.

INT. MAC'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mac shuts the car door. Reaching under the seat he finds a whiskey bottle. He takes a long drag and returns the bottle beneath the seat. Picking up a brochure from the passenger seat, he reads the cover.

INSERT - Brochure cover

TEXT - "RETIRING FROM LAW ENFORCEMENT?" Personnel and Property Protection, Executive Security and Site Surveillance, Governmental and Private Sector Positions Available. Apply today."

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
Site surveillance, my ass.

Mac tosses the brochure out the window, sighs and starts his car.

INT. GALLERY - BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brody is typing on his computer. He stops long enough to take a sip of coffee and read aloud.

INSERT - Brody's computer screen

An art review Website - An image of "The Encounter" and the headline "My Encounter with "The Encounter"" dominates the page.

BRODY
The Encounter is a gratuitous scene
of cruelty and violence.

BACK TO SCENE

Brody smiles, sips his coffee, and types.

INT. POLICE HR - DAY

A long counter greets Mac as he enters.

SERGEANT NANCY FLYNN (50's), attractive, feisty, sees Mac enter and retrieves a folder from the top of a filing cabinet.

FLYNN

There you are. Detective, First-grade, Mac Macintosh.

Flynn opens the folder

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Calling it quits after twenty-nine years.

MAC

I didn't call anything.

Flynn thumbs through the folder.

FLYNN

Only two weeks to go. How's it feel?

Flynn pulls three sheets from the folder.

MAC

Like staring down the barrel of security patrols at the strip mall.

Flynn lays the three forms on the counter.

FLYNN

I'm sure you'll find something meaningful to fill the time.

Flynn hands Mac a pen.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Read and sign each. Your first check should arrive in four to six weeks.

MAC

What do I do until then? Eat an arm?

Mac signs the forms.

FLYNN

Don't you have a squeeze that cooks?

Mac sets the pen on the counter.

MAC

God forbid.

Flynn retrieves and copies the forms.

FLYNN
You need to work on your
disposition if you want to meet
someone.

MAC
When did I say that?

FLYNN
Take a cruise. Join Twitter.

Flynn returns the forms to the folder.

MAC
I don't twit.

FLYNN
Try online dating. You never know.

Flynn gives Mac his copies.

MAC
Right. Small talk with a chain-
smoking, dumpling eating grandma. I
need that in my life like I need a
tumor.

Mac walks toward the door.

FLYNN
Some of us are pretty feisty. Give
me a call and I'll change your
mind.

Mac shouts back over his shoulder.

MAC
I'll get right on that.

Mac drops his copies into the wastebasket.

INSERT - Waste basket

Several leaves of paper float into the wastebasket.

BACK TO SCENE

Mac walks out of the door.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Light music plays in the background.

"THE ENCOUNTER" rests on Stanley's easel.

Stanley stretches a canvas.

Michelle enters from the back rooms.

MICHELLE

Good morning.

Stanley works without responding.

Michelle sips coffee.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Or not.

Michelle holds up her phone.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The Encounter is trending. No bids, yet. But, lots of likes.

STANLEY

Give it a day. They have a tendency to turn on you.

MICHELLE

Why would they do that?

STANLEY

You saw Brody's review.

MICHELLE

Ignore him.

STANLEY

Somebody needs to shut him up.

MICHELLE

Well, it won't be you.

STANLEY

Are you goading me, again?

MICHELLE

When was the last time you stood up to anybody?

Stanley cleans his brush.

STANLEY

That bully in school.

MICHELLE
Keying his car was not standing up.

STANLEY
Well. Smacking a chick on your
soccer team doesn't exactly make
you the Black Widow?

MICHELLE
Just last week, you spent twenty
minutes listening to some Jesus
freaks because you couldn't shut
the damn door.

The doorbell rings.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
That's probably them, again, now.
You're a painter, Stanley. Not a
fighter.

Michelle opens the door.

Tan stands there quietly. Jie stands nearby.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Oh? Hello.

TAN
Yes. Hello. May I speak to Nemesis.

MICHELLE
What's this about?

Tan hands Michelle a business card and bows, slightly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(Reading)
Li Tan. Curators International.
(beat)
Stanley!

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Stan..!

STANLEY
What? For fuck's sake!
(Beat)
Li Tan. I mean, Mister Tan. I mean,
Mister Li.

TAN
You are Nemesis?

MICHELLE
What's going on?

STANLEY
Shut up, Michelle.

TAN
Yes? You are Nemesis? Correct?

STANLEY
Nemesis. Yes.

TAN
Good. I would like to buy the
Encounter.

MICHELLE
Let him in, Stanley!

INT. CAPTAIN DOWD'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN, EDMOND DOWD (50's), sits at his desk reading an open file.

CYBERCRIME OFFICER, DETECTIVE KATE REID (30's), knocks and opens the door.

REID
Cap. Got a minute.

DOWD
Barely.

Reid holds up a sheet of paper.

REID
You need to see this.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mac sits at his desk speaking on the phone.

MAC
Yes, Ma'am. I understand that. I'm
sure it was. I know. I know. Yes,
Ma'am.

Mac glances around, then retrieves a flask from an inside breast pocket. He sweetens his coffee and returns the flask.

MAC (CONT'D)
Yes, Ma'am. I got that. But, I
can't file a hit-and-run on a dead
cat.

(beat)
Hello? Hello?

Mac hangs up.

Dowd and Reid enter Mac's office.

DOWD
Mac.

MAC
Cap.

DOWD
You know Detective Reid.
Cybercrime.

REID
Hi.

MAC
OK.

Dowd drops a printout of "*THE ENCOUNTER*" on the desk in front
of Mac.

INSERT - Printout of "THE ENCOUNTER" with caption "THE
ENCOUNTER by Nemesis"

BACK TO SCENE

DOWD (O.S.)
Ever see that before?

MAC
Not likely.

DOWD
Look at it, Mac. Detective Reid
came across it online this morning.

MAC
I don't go online. What am I
looking for? Exactly.

DOWD
You recognize anyone?

MAC
Not sure. Pretty dark.

DOWD
That brute with the bottle. That
you?

MAC
Hard to say.

DOWD
Your knuckles say yes.
(Beat)
What about that guy there? The guy
under you on the ground. Sure looks
a lot like the John Doe they got
over in ICU.

MAC
I don't know anybody in ICU.

DOWD
And the painter? Whatchamacallit?

REID
Nemesis.

DOWD
Don't know him either. I suppose?

MAC
The name's not familiar.

REID
Well. He seemed to know you.

MAC
A lot of people know me.

REID
He's in a coma, now, so, we can't
ask him.

Mac stands, leaning over his desk toward Reid.

MAC
Which means what? You working me,
Detective? If I knew this Nemesis.
I'd say so.

DOWD
All right. Go to your corners.

Mac sits.

DOWD (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Listen, Mac. I'm sure the guy had it coming. But, you and Detective Reid need to track down this Nemesis fellow.

MAC

And why is that?

REID

Track him down?

DOWD

If he can back up self-defense, it might keep IA off your back. I'd like to get you out of here with your shield and pension intact.

Dowd looks at Mac and then Reid.

They got nothing.

DOWD (CONT'D)

Good. Glad we all agree.

Dowd leaves.

MAC

IA. Nosy bastards.

Reid and Mac stare at each other.

INT. REID'S OFFICE

Reid is on her computer.

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

- The cursor clicks a folder labeled "MALCOLM MCCORMICK" and a LIST OF LABELED FOLDERS APPEARS.

- The cursor clicks a folder labeled "EXHIBITS" and a LIST OF IMAGE FILES SCROLL DOWN THE SCREEN.

- The cursor clicks quickly through each one: A police academy file photo of Mac, a Commendation for Valor, two excessive force complaints with photos of the bruised complainants.

BACK TO SCENE

Dowd is at the door.

DOWD'S POV - Reid is on her PC.

DOWD (O.S.)
Detective?

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

- The cursor clicks a folder labeled "MOLLY MACINTOSH" and a LIST OF IMAGE FILES SCROLL DOWN THE SCREEN.
- The cursor clicks quickly through each one: A photo of a wrecked car in thick underbrush, a preschool photo of an infant child, a photo of a dead woman in a driver's seat.
- A LIST OF LABELED FOLDERS IS DISPLAYED.

BACK TO SCENE

DOWD (CONT'D)
Detective?

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

- The cursor clicks a folder labeled "PRESS & MEDIA" and a LIST OF FILE NAMES SCROLL DOWN THE SCREEN.
- The cursor clicks a file labeled "A. MACINTOSH MP UPDATE" and an article appears "DAUGHTER OF WIDOWED COP STILL MISSING".
- The page scrolls as three pictures appear: A file photo of Molly Macintosh, A file photo of a car crash site, a file photo of Alexa Macintosh.

DOWD(O.S.) (CONT'D)
Detective!

BACK TO SCENE

Reid jumps back.

DOWD (CONT'D)
Sorry. You OK?

REID
No. Fine.

DOWD
Look. I hate throwing you on this Nemesis thing.

REID
No. I get it, Cap.

DOWD
Just watch his back. Try keeping
him out of trouble for two weeks.

REID
I'll do what I can.

DOWD
I know you will.

Dowd goes to leave.

REID
Captain.

Dowd stops and turns.

DOWD
I almost made it out the door.

REID
I was searching for a Nemesis link
in Mac's arrest logs.
(Beat)
And...

DOWD
And you got snagged.

REID
Right.

DOWD
We all did.

REID
His daughter was never found?

DOWD
You get into that. You'll never get
out.

REID
Too late.
(Beat)
Come on.

Dowd closes the door, sighs, and sits.

DOWD
Mac was the best cop I had. He came
up through the ranks. He knew the
law. He was well-liked. He was
married back then.

He and his wife Molly had a two-year-old. Alexa. Scarlet red hair like her mother. Cute as a bug. They were on a summer camping trip to celebrate Mac's promotion to Detective. Molly and Alexa went to a little store in town. Mac stayed behind. They never got back.

REID
What happened?

MONTAGE

DOWD (O.S.)
We never found out.

- It's raining. Molly and Alexa sing in the car.

DOWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Molly lost control of the car.
Maybe something spooked her.

- Molly skids to a stop in front of a figure standing in the street. Obscured by the rain and the headlights, it could be REBECCA FISHER.

DOWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The car went over the embankment.

- A car with headlights on careens over an embankment.

DOWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It was two days before we found it hidden in the trees.

- A SEARCH AND RESCUE OFFICER repels down a steep embankment.

DOWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The buzzards led us to it.

- The SEARCH AND RESCUE OFFICER looks into the car's windows.

DOWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Molly was dead. Alexa was gone.

- Pan of the car interior - Molly's body - an empty car seat.

BACK TO SCENE

REID
Any leads?

DOWD

Nothing. There wasn't a track. No hair, fiber, nothing. Just skid marks on the pavement.

REID

You must have had theories?

DOWD

Dozens. Molly swerved to avoid something and went over the edge. She was forced to stop and the car was pushed into the ravine. The car...

REID

Pushed?

DOWD

Molly's body was pretty banged up. But, there wasn't a drop of Alexa's blood anywhere.

REID

You think she's alive?

DOWD

An adorable two-year-old has a lot of predator appeal.

REID

Jesus.

DOWD

Jesus had nothing to do with it.

Dowd rises and goes to the door.

Reid rises.

DOWD (CONT'D)

Twenty years later, it's still an open case, but it's gone cold for everyone but Mac. It's never out of his mind.

REID

My God. I can't imagine.

DOWD

Don't try.

REID

But, we have new forensics. DNA matching. Genealogy studies.

DOWD

Sure. Now. Twenty years ago might as well have been the stone age. DNA was being debated in the courts. Crime scenes were being trampled on. I mean, where would you start?

REID

It's just...

Dowd opens the door.

DOWD

Look. The best thing you can do for Mac now, is to keep IA off his ass so we can send him on his way with a decent pension.

REID

Right.

Dowd points at Reid's PC.

DOWD

So. Close that file and move on.

REID

Yes, Sir.

Dowd smiles and leaves.

Reid sits, looks at the door, then returns to reading Mac's personnel file.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The atmosphere is old-world. Dim chandeliers turn the air gold warming the white tablecloths and pressed tin ceiling tiles. Waiters speak in hushed voices.

Dinner has been consumed and the wine has been free-flowing.

WAITERS clear plates and crumbs and refill wine glasses.

TAN

So. Your first sale. To the Encounter.

MICHELLE

I'm very proud of you, Stanley.
Now, you can buy your own paints.

STANLEY

I keep telling you, it's not about
the money.

TAN

Art is first. I like that.

MICHELLE

Mr. Tan. It doesn't bother you that
critics call Stanley's work
demented and macabre?

TAN

Controversy is value. The more
notorious the better.

STANLEY

What if the Encounter was a fluke?

MICHELLE

Fans don't follow flukes, Stanley.

STANLEY

What if my next piece is shit?
Those same fans will be all over
me. You know how they are.

The room begins to notice raised voices.

MICHELLE

Stanley. Can't you just enjoy the
evening?

STANLEY

No. I'm serious. What if it was
just a one-off?

MICHELLE

Stanley. Please.

TAN

An artist's most ruthless
competitor is himself. You must
know that the search for
inspiration is both your gift and
your curse.

STANLEY

I could stare at the canvas for hours and never feel that fire, again.

MICHELLE

You can't expect to witness an assault every week, Stanley. Now, can you?

STANLEY

There you go. Goadng me, again.

TAN

You have sought fame and success. Now, you must master it before it masters you.

STANLEY

You may be a great philosopher, but try picking up a brush sometime.

The room has gone silent. All eyes are on Stanley.

MICHELLE

Stanley. Not here.

Stanley stands, and leaves.

Murmurs spread through the room.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Mr. Tan. I am so sorry.

TAN

He did not seem to have trouble finding the fire tonight. Did he?

INT. BAR - LATER

Mac sits studying a printout of "*THE ENCOUNTER*".

Sweetening Mac's glass, Eddy looks at the printout.

INSERT- "*THE ENCOUNTER*" printout

The printout laying on the bar.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddy considers the printout.

EDDY
Not a bad likeness.

Mac empties his glass.

MAC
You're not the only one who thinks
so.

EDDY
I'm sure the brass loved it.

MAC
Nothing but flowers and chocolate.

A LOWLIFE, (30's), enters and stands at the near end of the
bar.

EDDY
I'm sure.

Eddy moves to serve the Lowlife.

EDDY (CONT'D)
What will it be?

The Lowlife recognizes Mac.

LOWLIFE
Well, well, well. It's Detective
excessive force.

Mac goes to stand.

EDDY
Stay put, Mac.
(Beat)
Tommy.

LOWLIFE
I see. Backup. You're not much
without a broken bottle. Are you
Mac?

Tommy grabs the Lowlife by the hair and leads him, protesting
and shouting, out the back door.

LOWLIFE (CONT'D)
OK. OK. OK. Let go of me. I'm
going!

Eddy pours a healthy shot into Mac's glass.

EDDY
Old friend?

MAC
A drunk and disorderly. Last year.
(Beat)
Word travels fast.

EDDY
Like shit through a goose.

Mac smirks.

MAC
Things will settle down.

EDDY
Not as long as that painting is out
there.

MAC
How long is long?

EDDY
Forever. Unless the artist takes it
offline. Even then.
(Beat)
No. He didn't do you any favors.

MAC
I wish you'd stop trying to cheer
me up.

Eddy shrugs.

EXT. GALLERY - DAY

Mac closes his car door and walks toward the Gallery.
In the daylight, the gallery canopy is bright and garish.
The graphic style implies only the wealthy need enter.
The vertical blinds are drawn. A note on the door says "BACK
IN AN HOUR".
Mac tries the door. It's unlocked. He enters.

INT. GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

The salon is lit only by the light seeping through the blinds
and spilling from a back hallway.

A silhouette catches Mac's eye.

MAC
Someone there?

Mac's flashlight cuts the dimness.

A form crosses the beam.

MAC (CONT'D)
Hold up, there.

Another movement to Mac's right.

MAC (CONT'D)
I said stop!

Mac sprints and tackles.

MAC (CONT'D)
Now!

Stanley yelps and drops to the ground. There's a scuffle as Mac drags Stanley into the brighter hallway.

STANLEY
Let me up! Help! Stop! Help me!

MAC
Shut up. Relax.

Mac straddles Stanley.

Stanley yelps.

Mac pants.

STANLEY
Are you crazy? Help! Stop! You're hurting me!

Mac reaches for Stanley's arm.

MAC
I said shut up. Show me your hands.

STANLEY
I said you're hurting me!

MAC
I'll break it off.

STANLEY
OK. OK. OK.

Mac cuffs Stanley's wrist.

MAC
Give me your other hand.

STANLEY
I am! God!

Mac cuffs Stanley's other wrist.

Mac leans back on his knees.

MAC
OK. OK. Sit up. Sit up. Relax.
Relax, now.

Stanley sits up.

Mac pants.

STANLEY
Fuck!

Mac pants.

MAC
Just sit there.

STANLEY
Where am I going?

Mac sighs and stands.

MAC
All right. Good. Let's go. Get up.
Up.

Mac pulls Stanley to his feet by his BACKPACK.

STANLEY
I'm up. I'm up.

Stanley stands.

MAC
That's better.

Mac frisks him.

MAC (CONT'D)
You got a gun? You holding? Am I
going to get stuck?

STANLEY
Gun? Stuck? No. No.

MAC
What's in the pack?

Mac turns Stanley and opens the pack.

STANLEY
Nothing. My painting supplies.

MAC
Just stand there.

Mac reaches and finds the light switch.

He turns Stanley to face him.

Mac is red and sweaty.

STANLEY
Oh. It's you.

Mac turns and looks in Brody's office.

INT. BRODY'S OFFICE

Ryan Brody sits at his desk. Eyes open. A letter opener has been driven into his forehead. A slight trickle of blood streams down his face. He is obviously dead.

INT. HALLWAY

Mac looks at Stanley.

MAC
You've been busy.

STANLEY
I didn't do that. He was like that
when I got here.

Mac holds up a Cross Pein Hammer.

MAC
Try again.

Stanley looks confused.

MONTAGE

- Podcaster video

PODCASTER

Get this. Ryan Brody is dead. D E A
dead. If all you paint is fridge
art, you know that Brody was a loud
and cynical voice in the art
criticism world.

- TV News broadcast with Brody headshot and Crawl: "ART
CRITIC MURDERED"

TELEVISION REPORTER

According to a source familiar with
the case, a Stanley Tobias was
taken into custody by Detective Mac
Macintosh soon after the
controversial detective discovered
Brody's body earlier today.

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

A crowd of paparazzi swirl around Dowd as he silently enters
Police HQ.

PAPARAZZI 1

Captain Dowd. What was Detective
Macintosh doing at the gallery?

PAPARAZZI 2

Is that Macintosh in the Nemesis
painting?

PAPARAZZI 3

Is Tobias Nemesis, Captain?

PAPARAZZI 1

What's the connection between
Tobias and Macintosh?

PAPARAZZI 2

Captain, is your man out of control
again?

INT. DOWD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dowd is on the phone.

Reid is sitting.

Mac is pacing.

DOWD
Right. Fine. Thanks' Doc. Keep me posted.

Dowd hangs up.

DOWD (CONT'D)
NCIS? AFIS?

REID
Nothing.

DOWD
The backpack was clean. A few brushes, that hammer, and an art supply catalog. The letter opener came from a pen set on the vic's desk. The note on the front door matches a pad also on the vic's desk. That's it. There swabbing and sweeping, now.

(Beat)
Nothing on his phone.

(Beat)
The ME thinks Brody died one to two hours before you found him. They'll pin it down as they complete the post.

REID
So, why did Tobias hang around?

MAC
I'll be sure to ask him.

DOWD
Detective. Can you give us a minute.

REID
Call me if you need me.

Dowd waits for Reid to leave.

MAC
What's this?

DOWD
Mac. I need to let Reid take the lead on this.

MAC
And why the fuck is that?

DOWD
Because it looks like you've got it
in for the guy.

MAC
I don't have shit.

DOWD
Look. You're in that painting.
Tobias painted it. Then, you track
him right to Brody's body.

MAC
I didn't track shit.

DOWD
No. But, that's what it looks like.

MAC
Well, it ain't what it looks like.

DOWD
Let's not give them anything to
chew on.

MAC
I've got something they can fucking
chew on.

Mac leaves.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

VIRGIL HICKMAN (20's), built like a front loader with a head,
leaves the store with a bag of groceries. Approaching his
battered pickup he stops.

INSERT - Broken driver's side window

The driver's side window is shattered and the driver's door
is ajar.

BACK TO SCENE

Hickman drops the bag which explodes onto the pavement.

HICKMAN
Mother fucker.

He wrenches open the door and rummages frantically about the interior of the cab.

HICKMAN (CONT'D)
No. God damn it. Fuck. Fuck!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Reid stands at the one-way mirror watching Stanley in the observing room. He is cuffed and fidgety.

Dowd enters.

DOWD
He say anything?

REID
Lawyer.

DOWD
He's on his way.

STANLEY
Don't just leave me sitting here!

DOWD
You OK with this.

REID
I'm good.

DOWD
Go slow.

Reid enters reading a folder.

REID
Stanley Tobias. I'm Detective Reid.
Or, should I call you Nemesis?

Stanley holds up his cuffed wrists.

STANLEY
Take these off.

REID
That won't get it done.

STANLEY
Look. They're hurting me.

REID
Be nice. Then, maybe.

STANLEY
Call me Mr. Tobias.

REID
Right.

STANLEY
Where's my lawyer?

REID
He's on his way. In the meantime,
can we clear up a few things?

STANLEY
I don't have a rank and serial
number.

REID
Tell me about the hammer.

Stanley looks at the observation mirror.

STANLEY
I size canvases. It's always in my
pack.

REID
You knew Brody?

STANLEY
Who didn't?

REID
I gather he didn't much like your
paintings.

STANLEY
Oh. Good. You can read.

REID
Tell me about killing Brody.

STANLEY
Like I told Detective Incredible...

Shouting at the observation mirror.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
He was like that when I got there.

REID
And you went to the gallery...

STANLEY

To get him to lay off. He had it in for me.

REID

But why kill him? Next time you might get a good review.

STANLEY

Exactly. You're not very good at this. Are you?

REID

Why did you run?

STANLEY

It was dark. I had just seen a dead guy. I thought I might be next.

Shouting at the observation mirror.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

That cop dragged me across the floor. The filthy, fucking floor.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER opens the door. STANLEY'S LAWYER (40's), enters. He looks like a package of dinner rolls in a cheap suit.

LAWYER

Shut up, Stanley.

INT. DOWD'S OFFICE - LATER

DOWD

What? I haven't shot below an 18 handicap in ten years. What? Right. Call me when you get your green jacket.

Mac enters. He is fuming.

DOWD (CONT'D)

Look. I'll see you Sunday.

Dowd hangs up.

MAC

You cut him loose?

DOWD
What was I going to hold him on?
Being in the wrong place at the
wrong time?

MAC
I had the guy!

DOWD
We have nothing on him! Google
Miranda for me, just once!

MAC
I don't fucking Google!

Mac leaves slamming the door behind him.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Reid looks through the contents of an open evidence box
marked "MACINTOSH, ALEXA MP - OPEN". A STACK OF FOLDERS sit
on her desk.

Mac enters.

MAC
Our motto should be greet 'em and
street 'em.

Mac sees the box.

Reid looks like she swallowed a worm.

MAC (CONT'D)
What the fuck you doing with that?
First Dowd. Now you. Have I become
invisible around here?

REID
I just wanted to...

Mac begins putting the folders back into the box. Handling
them like they were precious relics.

MAC
This has nothing to do with you.
You have no right...

REID
I know. I know. But...

MAC
But, what?

REID
No. Your right. Your right.

MAC
You can't just open a box and start rummaging...
(Beat)
I mean...
(Beat.)
Who do you think you are?

REID
I just thought fresh eyes... Maybe I'd find something somebody missed.

MAC
I missed nothing! I've scoured surveillance footage for a five hundred mile radius. I search the Adoption and Foster Care Reporting System and the National Child Abuse and Neglect Database constantly! I send bulletins to State Child Welfare Officials so often they beg me to stop. You have no fucking idea what I have had to do to keep this case alive.

REID
I know. But, she didn't just disappear into thin air!

MAC
I'm the last person you need to remind of that!

They catch their breath.

MAC (CONT'D)
The case is cold. They all gave up.
(Beat)
Why would you be any different?

REID
Because I won't give up.

Mac stops packing.

MAC
I don't know...

REID
We're wasting time.

MAC
Time. That's what you lose. You
know.

REID
I know.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanley is cleaning brushes.
His easel is covered with a black drape.
Michelle enters from outside.

MICHELLE
No burses, I see.

STANLEY
No thanks to you.

MICHELLE
Did I know you'd go back to the
gallery? No. Did I tell you to lay
off Brody? Yes.

Stanley cleans a brush.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You've been working.

Stanley cleans a brush.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Let's see it.

STANLEY
Not yet.

MICHELLE
Why not?

STANLEY
I'm waiting.

MICHELLE
For what. The Guggenheim to call.

STANLEY
And you call yourself a fan.

MICHELLE
I am. So, show me.

STANLEY
When I'm ready.

MICHELLE
And when will that be?

The doorbell rings.

STANLEY
Any minute, now.

Stanley opens the door.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Tan.

MICHELLE
Mr. Tan.
(Beat)
Hello.

TAN
Stanley.
(Beat)
The beautiful Michelle.

STANLEY
It's late. I know.

TAN
But not too late for art.

STANLEY
Let me show you.

Stanley leads Tan past Michelle to his easel.

MICHELLE
I'll just close the door.

STANLEY
Ready.

TAN
Please.

Stanley unveils the painting with a flourish.

INSERT - "THE CRITIC" on Stanley's easel

The painting is a gruesome depiction of the Brody crime scene. Ryan Brody sits at his desk. He is smiling and staring into the distance. A letter opener protrudes from his forehead like a horn.

His arms, extending out to the sides of his body, are held in place by a brass gallery rod which has been threaded through one sleeve across his shoulders and out the other sleeve. The drape of the sleeves looks like wings.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Oh my God.

BACK TO SCENE

STANLEY

I call it "The Critic".

TAN

Yes.

(Beat)

Brody would find it crude and tasteless.

(Beat)

I will take it.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Read is on her PC.

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

An art review Website - An image of "The Critic" and the caption "The Critic by Nemesis" dominates the page.

- The cursor clicks a "MORE" button and likes and accolades stream down the page.

BACK TO SCENE

Mac enters.

RIED

Mac. Good. You got my message.

MAC

I'm here because..?

REID

You see Tobias' latest?

MAC

I was there. Remember?

REID

The fan mail is just scary.
(Reading)

"The Critic" is original, volatile,
and deeply satisfying.

MAC
If you're a sociopath.

REID
Stanley must be loving the
attention.

MAC
Why not. His only critic is dead.

REID
It doesn't take much to make some
people happy.

MAC
Just a dead guy.
(Beat)
Here comes our next contestant,
now.

REID
Mac. Stop.

MAC
He want's love. Get a dog.

Dowd enters.

DOWD
What?

MAC
What?

REID
You see Tobias'...

DOWD
Sometimes the first amendment is a
pain in the ass.

MAC
You on my side, now?

DOWD
Every second. So. Brody's killer.
Where are we?

REID
You killed Brody. OK?

MAC

OK.

REID

Did you know him?

MAC

I knew of him, anyway.

REID

Do you know Stanley?

MAC

Of him too, most likely.

REID

Does Stanley know you?

MAC

Hard to say.

REID

Are you another painter?

MAC

Not likely. Why kill Brody to help Stanley?

REID

OK. Why did you kill Brody?

MAC

He was bringing Stanley bad PR.

REID

So. You're a fan, then. An admirer?

DOWD

We need a list of his customers, likes, and followers.

REID

Fame is money. Have you got a stake in Nemesis art? Are you a buyer?

MAC

Maybe. He is trending. And selling.

DOWD

We'll need financial records, bank accounts, savings, etcetera.

REID
Did you know Stanley would find
Brody's body?

MAC
Good question.

REID
Did Stanley boast. Tell someone.
Anyone? Did he post it somewhere
dark?

DOWD
So bring in everybody he knows and
read everything on the net.
(Beat)
Shit.

EXT. POLICE HQ ROOF - LATER

Mac smokes a cigar. He finds a bottle squirreled away behind
a ventilation shaft. He takes a long draw.

Mac hears a door creek then close.

Mac returns the bottle to its cranny and walks to the edge of
the roof. A puff of smoke rises above his head.

Reid walks up carrying a flier.

REID
There's a knack to smoking one of
those, isn't there?

MAC
There's an art to it. For sure.

Smoke drifts above Mac's head.

REID
My dad smoked Hampton straights. No
filter. He called them coffin
nails.

MAC
He was right.
(Beat)
Somewhere out there is a patron of
the arts who killed a guy because
he threw shade on his favorite
painter. Where do you find a guy
like that? It's not like they run
in packs.

REID
You'd be surprised.

MAC
What have you got, there?

Reid hands him a flyer.

REID
What have you got going tonight?

MAC
What have you got in mind?

REID
Want to go to a glittery, kinky,
haute couture costume party? It's
for a good cause?

MAC
Which is?

REID
Tolerance and free speech.

MAC
You've been misinformed.

Mac looks at the flyer.

INSERT - Flyer

- Headline - "FREAKSHOW FRIDAY BALL", COLLAGE OF FETISH-
COSTUMED REVELERS, Subhead - "NOT TO BE MISSED", "THE EVENT
OF THE YEAR", "COME ONE - COME ALL" - "HAVE A GAY OLD TIME
AND COME!"

MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Freakshow Friday.

REID (O.S.)
Your favorite painter will be
there.

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
OH, goody. I've got the perfect
gown.

Mac sends a billowing puff of smoke into the air.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - LATER - EVENING

The rust-belt era brick and glass building stands back from the road.

A LASER LIGHT SHOW bathes the façade, the abandoned water tower, and smokestack with augmented reality projections of spectacular landscape, movie action sequences, geometric shapes, and kinky art imagery. Music blares faintly from within its decaying bowels.

A LARGE BANNER proclaiming "WELCOME TO FREAKSHOW FRIDAY" hangs above an open overhead steel door.

SPOTLIGHTS SLASH ACROSS ATTENDEES - A raucous mixed masquerade of lashes, latex, and leashes streaming toward the building from a fenced-in parking lot.

PODCASTER (O.S.)

Hey guys. Remember to subscribe to keep tabs on all things art. Liberated painter Stanley Tobias AKA Nemesis is celebrating the sale of "The Critic" to, you guessed it, Li Tan, Curators International for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The pricey painting will be unveiled tonight at Freak Show Friday. The annual fund-raiser supporting, of course, tolerance and free speech.

Mac and Reid approach the doorway blocked by TWO TRANSFORMER-SIZE DOORMEN/TICKET TAKERS/ENFORCERS.

DOORMAN

Name?

Mac produces his shield and holds it a little too close to the Doorman's face.

MAC

Badge.

The Doorman scans a tablet computer.

DOORMAN

Let's see. Badge. Badge. Nope. Not on the list.

Mac leans in toward the Doorman.

Reid shoulders Mac aside.

REID
Ignore my dad. Are these on the
list?

Reid raises her top to reveal a smiling emoji painted on her
breasts. It's eyes line up perfectly...

The doorman smiles, nods to his partner, and the two part.

DOORMAN
Have a nice evening.

Reid leads Mac into the abyss.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

A blast of music hits Mac and Reid in the face.

The space is cavernous and smells of oil, burnt paper, and
pigeon shit. A variety of aged metal fabrication machines,
turbines, gearboxes, and conveyer belts spot the floor.

Portable spotlights, colored strobes, and fog machines
distort and mask the scene replete with furies, fetishists,
and freaks.

Above, another banner, like the first, hangs from an overhead
catwalk.

SEVERAL NUDE WOMEN IN BODY PAINT holding BOTA BAGS above
their heads circulate through the crowd.

One Woman shoves a plastic tube leading to her bag into Mac's
face.

WOMAN
Suck?

MAC
Not even on my death bed.

The woman frowns and moves on.

Reid spies a BUNNY with an ID lanyard moving through a gorge
between TWO ROWS OF SIDESHOW-LIKE BOOTHS funneling the crowd
into the center of the building.

The booths present a series of artistically graphic tableau
representing multiple forms of human sexual orientation and
behavior.

REID
This way.

MAC
Not without backup.

Mac follows Reid following the Bunny into the tightly packed menagerie.

A glitter-laden partygoer, looking like a cross between BIGFOOT and the TOOTH FAIRY, steps in front of Mac.

TOOTH FAIRY
Where's your costume, man? Oh. I
get it. You're dressed to look
mean.

MAC
And you're dressed to get punched
in the face.

A shoulder block and Mac barrels past the reveler.

TOOTH FAIRY
Ouch. That hurt.

Mac and Reid follow the Bunny out of the gorge.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The large open expanse is packed for pleasure - a decadent display of dancers, druggies, and drinkers stippled by the colors streaming from a mirror ball and shaken by pounding music reverberating from stacks of large speakers.

At the center of the large room is a small platform lit by spotlight for effect. At its center stands an easel on which leans "The Critic" draped with a gold "SOLD" banner.

The music ends and the revelers applaud.

Li Tan, Bo Jie, and Michelle stand together encircled by a bevy of fans and admirers.

As the lights dim, slow dance music begins, and revelers begin dancing.

Michelle sees and approaches Mac.

MICHELLE
You're Detective Macintosh.

MAC
Sorry. I don't dance.

MICHELLE

Haha.

Tan and Jie approach.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Detective Macintosh. This is Mister
Tan and Miss Jie.

MAC

Hi, ya.

TAN

Detective. Are you an art lover?

MICHELLE

The Detective is more of an art
scrounger.

(To Mac)

Your boys find my trash
interesting, Detective?

MAC

Captivating. Creams never work on
stretch marks. I'd have thought
you'd know that.

REID

Mac...

MICHELLE

Let me ask you a question.

MAC

Shoot.

Stanley joins the mix and faces Mac.

STANLEY

Good idea. Maybe later.

MAC

Now's, good.

Michelle tugs on Stanley's sleeve pulling him to safety.

MICHELLE

Shut up, Stanley. I'm curious,
Detective. When does a person of
interest become a target of
harassment?

MAC
When there's a dead body.
(To Reid)
I'll take this.

REID
Be my guest.

Revelers dance.

Mac works his way to the center of the room and stands in front of the platform. The spotlight slants across his face.

MAC
May I have your attention.
(Beat)
Hello.
(Beat)
Hay!

The music abruptly stops.

Reid has moved over to the DJ table and pulled the power from the audio board.

The crowd groans and mumbles.

REID
(To the DJ)
Lights.
(Flashing her shield)
Please.

The DJ slides up a knob on the mixing board.

The room brightens.

The crowd murmurs.

MAC
Thank you.

Mac retrieves a morgue photo of Brody's body from his shirt pocket and holds it above his head.

MAC (CONT'D)
Before he was an object d'art, Ryan Brody was a living, breathing human being. Not unlike some of you.

A groan moves through the crowd.

MAC (CONT'D)

Then, someone drove a letter opener into his brain. That is not art. That is murder. We'd like your help finding the twisted fuck that killed him.

Another murmur moves through the crowd.

REID

Any information would be greatly appreciated.

Mac returns the picture to his pocket.

TOOTH FAIRY

Is that picture for sale?

Raucous laughter from the crowd.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Reid's office is the only one lit. She sits reading Mac's personnel file.

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

- The cursor clicks and a folder labeled "MEDIA" and a LIST OF IMAGE FILES SCROLL DOWN THE SCREEN.

- The cursor clicks on a video labeled "DAYCARE MEMORIAL". It begins playing. The camera pans bouquets of flowers, lit candles, and stuffed toys sitting on the stoop of the daycare.

NEWS READER (O.S.)

Its a sad day for Toddler Town and those who protected and cared for Alexa. This modest memorial is a testament to how much that little girl will be missed.

- The cursor clicks the "CLOSE" button.

BACK TO SCENE

Reid sits back and sighs.

INT. BAR - LATER

Mac is at the bar eating a sandwich and drinking a whiskey on the rocks.

Eddy is taking inventory. He spots glitter on Mac's shoulder.

Eddy Brushes Mac's shoulder.

BEDDY
What's on your jacket.

MAC
Oh. Fairy Dust

EDDY
I won't ask.

MAC
'appreciat it.

Eddy sweetens Mac's glass.

EDDY
Quiet night.

Mac's phone rings.

MAC
Until you jinxed it.

EDDY
Sorry. It's a knack.

Mac takes the call.

MAC
Yea?

He stands.

MAC (CONT'D)
Meet me there.

Mac leaves the bar.

EDDY
Night.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The alley is dark and dank from the recent rain. The lights from FIRE and EMT vehicles glint off of the walls and puddles. A mob has already gathered.

Mac makes his way to the front of the crowd and approaches FRANK ABIOYE, MEDICAL EXAMINER (50's), standing over a charred and contorted body covered by a police blanket.

A PHOTOGRAPHER and a LAB TECH work the scene.

The smoldering remains of a cardboard carton and blanket lie nearby.

ABIOYE

Mac.

MAC

Frank. Thanks' for the call. What have we got?

ABIOYE

Male. In his fifties. From what I can tell.

MAC

What do you know, so far?

ABIOYE

(Pointing)

Seems he'd been living in a cardboard carton for some time until the perp doused him with lighter fluid and set him ablaze. Lit them both up.

MAC

Where's the doer.

ABIOYE

They found him a block away.

MAC

He alive?

ABIOYE

Barely. A passer-by saw him and called it in.

MAC

He see anybody else?

ABIOYE

Not a soul.

MAC

He have a phone?

ABIOYE

Not on him. Or between here and there.

Abioyo points at the debris.

ABIOYE (CONT'D)
If he did have one, it's likely in
there. We'll sift and save but
don't get your hopes up.

MAC
You think the doer is my guy?

ABIOYE
The officer on scene said he kept
muttering something about the
inspired artist. So, I called you.

MAC
Inspired artist?

ABIOYE
You want to talk to him you better
hurry.

INT. ICU BAY - DAY

Mac enters the ICU Bay. A semi-circle of curtained cubicles
hiding a myriad of surgical, medical, and palliative
patients.

Mac walks to a curtained cubicle guarded by a UNIFORMED
OFFICER.

Dr. AASHI MISHRA (30's), appears from inside the cubicle.

MAC
Doctor?

MISHRA
Yes.

Mac shows his shield.

MAC
Detective Macintosh. You've got a
burn victim...?

MISHRA
Gerard Sorenson.

MAC
I'd like...

MISHRA
To speak to him.

MAC
Right?

MISHRA
Not possible.

MAC
Why not. It's...

Mishra pulls back the curtain behind her.

CLOSE ON - GERARD SORENSON

The ICU cubicle - The curtain reveals GERARD SORENSON (20's), lying unconscious on a burn bed.

His face, arms, and hands are wrapped with coarse-mesh gauze dressings. A tangle of wire leads connects to IV pumps and monitors. A trachea leads to the ventilator rhythmically hissing and gasping.

MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
OH. My.

MISHRA (O.S.)
He was burned over ninety percent of his body.

BACK TO SCENE

MISHRA (CONT'D)
Mostly third degree. His lungs are scorched and he's in renal failure. We're pushing fluids, but he's leaking like a sieve. The prognosis is not good.

MAC
How did you ID him.

MISHRA
ID bracelet. He's diabetic.

MAC
Any family show up. Anybody call.

MISHRA
Not a soul. He lived in a group home. Social Services has the case. They may know more.

MAC
Right. Who was the admitting?

MISHRA

I was.

MAC

He say anything?

MISHRA

Nothing that made sense.

MAC

Anything at all.

MISHRA

He told me to be sure things were right for the inspired artist.

MAC

You sure he said inspired artist?

The cardiac monitor alarm sounds.

MISHRA

You have to go.

Mac steps aside.

Mishra moves past Mac and looks up at the cubical camera while pushing the mic button.

MISHRA (CONT'D)

Code blue cube eight. Code blue cube eight.

An alarm sounds throughout the bay. A VOICE blares over the PA and repeats.

VOICE

Code blue. ICU

Mac slowly walks out of the ICU Bay as medical personnel scramble past him.

INT. TODDLER TOWN - LATER

Reid walks down a corridor with MARGARET GIBBONS, DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS (60's).

GIBBONS

I remember Alexa. A rambunctious little girl. We were all stunned when she went missing.

REID
Anyone in particular seem upset?

GIBBONS
Not that I recall. With forty children to keep track of, you have to move on.

REID
You spoke with the police?

GIBBONS
We all did. Several times. They were here for days.

REID
Sure. Right.

They pass a LARGE MURAL DEPICTING CHILDREN ROMPING IN THE WOODS.

Reid points at the mural.

REID (CONT'D)
That's quite the mural.

GIBBONS
Yes. It is. One of our teachers painted that. Rebecca Fisher. Very much a free spirit. Crystals have power. We all have a destiny to fulfill. You know.

INSERT - The mural

CLOSE ON a RED-HEADED CHILD resembling Alexa romping in the tall grass.

REID (O.S.)
She was here when Alexa went missing?

GIBBONS (O.S.)
That seems about right. Yes

BACK TO SCENE

REID
Would you have an address?

GIBBONS
I'd have to check to be sure. That
long ago.

REID
It's worth a try.

GIBBONS
Is this official business?
(Beat)
I should ask.

REID
It could be.

GIBBONS
He's still looking. Isn't he?

REID
Yes, ma'am.

Reid follows Gibbons down the hall.

INT. POLICE MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Dowd enters.

Mac is heaving in a stall.

Dowd stops to listen.

Mac leaves the stall.

DOWD
How you holding up?

Mac washes his face.

MAC
Are you asking if I am sober?

DOWD
No.

MAC
Good.

DOWD
I heard about the boy. Sorry.

MAC
Didn't have enough sense to throw a
match.

UNIFORMED OFFICER, RANDALL ATWOOD (20's), enters.

ATWOOD
Captain Dowd. There you are.

DOWD
Officer.

ATWOOD
I'm from the evidence cage.

DOWD
If you're missing another ten pounds of blow, I don't have it.

ATWOOD
No. Oh God, That was something. Hu? We found it. Filing error.

DOWD
I regret mentioning it.

ATWOOD
What? Oh. Sorry. Anyway.

DOWD
Please.

ATWOOD
I was logging electronics from a B and E bust. You know matching phones to owners.

DOWD
Still waiting.

ATWOOD
What? Oh. Anyway, I came across one with an encrypted messaging app talking about an inspired artist. Lieutenant said I should run the info down here to you.

MAC
You have a phone with encrypted text talking about an inspired artist.

ATWOOD
Correct.

DOWD
You got a name and address.

Atwood reaches for his note pad.

ATWOOD
Got it right here.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Stanley steps away from his easel.

Insert - "THE CRITIC" on Stanley's easel

THE "SIZZLE" PAINTING - A man sits serenely in a lotus pose, surrounded by flames, inside a painter's shipping crate. The skin of the man's face and the inner-walls of the crate curl like the peels of an orange. Stenciled across the image is the word PERISHABLES. The style of the piece is reminiscent of that of a WPA fruit crate label.

EXT. RV - SUNSET

A POLICE TACTICAL UNIT approaches a dilapidated RV parked alongside a truck garden. The tires are flat. The windows are masked with newspapers. A battered pickup with a broken driver-side window is in the gravel drive. The yard is cluttered with a rusty, vine-covered car, 50-gallon drums, and assorted bags of trash.

Splitting into two squads, the Unit covers the front and rear both.

Glass breaks at the front end of the trailer.

A stun grenade explodes. Smoke belches out of the broken window. A battering ram breaches the door.

POLICE VOICES
This is a warrant. Show your hands!
Show your hands!

Hickman stumbles from the rear door clad only in his underwear. Dropping to the ground he is smothered by shouting police.

INT. POLICE HQ CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mac is walking down the corridor holding a folder.

Dowd comes up fast from behind.

DOWD
Mac.

MAC

Take me off of the case or let me
do my job.

DOWD

Listen, Mac. We can't lose this
one.

MAC

After twenty years you don't think
I know what I'm doing?

DOWD

I didn't say that.

MAC

Then what?

(Beat)

What?

DOWD

The DA doesn't want you questioning
suspects. You're too close.
Whatever you get, we could lose on
appeal.

MAC

That's bullshit.

DOWD

Look, you're less than two weeks
out. Let it be.

MAC

You trying to save me or the case?

DOWD

Both. God damn it!

MAC

Cap.

(Beat)

This is my last chance.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Hickman, wearing a police jumpsuit, is seated and quiet. His
hair is tousled. His face smudged with flash-bang smoke.

Mac enters with the folder and sits across from Hickman.

MAC

Virgil, I'm Detective Macintosh.

HICKMAN
Fine. Why am I here? Why the bust?

MAC
You lost your phone.

HICKMAN
A while back. Yea. You swatted me
for a lost phone?

Mac retrieves a piece of paper from the folder and slides it
across the table.

SUPER - SMS TEXT BOX

- "INSPIRED ARTIST SEEKS DECEASED POSER. REMOTE LOCATION IS
BEST. ADD YOUR TROPHY TO MY PORTFOLIO. BE CREATIVE. SEND GPS
TODAY. WILL PAY IN CRYPTO."

MAC (O.S.)
Inspired artist seeks deceased
poser. Remote location is best. Add
your trophy to my portfolio. Be
creative. Send GPS today. Will pay
in Crypto.

DELETE TEXT BOX.

HICKMAN
What about it.

MAC
We found that on your phone.

HICKMAN
A lot of people got that.

Mac opens the folder, and spreads out several sheets of paper
in front of Hickman.

MAC
Tell me about Ryan Brody.

HICKMAN
Who?

Mac slides a crime scene photo of Ryan Brody's body across
the table and turns it to face Hickman.

INSERT - Photo

- Ryan Brody crime scene

HICKMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Damn! Didn't know him.

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
Never met him?

HICKMAN
Nope.

MAC
Tell me about this guy?

Mac slides a crime scene photo of the charred body in the alley across the table and turns it to face Hickman.

INSERT - Photo

- Charred body in the alley

HICKMAN (O. S.)
Holy crap. What's left to tell?

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
What about Stanley Tobias.

Mac slides a mug shot of Stanley across the table and turns it to face Hickman.

INSERT - Photo

- Stanley Tobias mug shot

HICKMAN (O.S.)
(Chuckling)
Kind a geekey. Isn't he?

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
Ever meet him?

HICKMAN
Nope.

Mac collects the printouts and closes the folder.

Mac takes a moment to just look at Hickman.

HICKMAN (CONT'D)

You think I had something to do with those murders and that crazy fucking artist. Don't you?

MAC

The thought did cross my mind.

HICKMAN

I'm sure it did.

(Beat)

Here's how I see it. I live a simple life. I grow vegetables for a living. I sell a little killer weed. I love my dog.

(Beat)

You, however, see trailer trash. A derelict. A marginalized human being that must be hiding something.

(Beat)

I didn't kill anybody. But I wouldn't expect a cynical, burnt out gin hound like you to believe anything I say. So. You get on with your Dick Tracy shit? Take your best shot. Check your databases and files, and warrants. Search everywhere. Swab up my ass, if you like. You won't find zip. And when you're done. You'll let me go.

(Beat)

Oh, yea. I want a lawyer.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mac enters from the Interrogation Room to join Reid and Dowd.

MAC

That went well.

REID

We just got spanked.

MAC

No. I get it. Sorenson got the same text message.

DOWD
Add your trophy to my portfolio.

REID
Stanley is recruiting doers using
an anonymous chat app and paying
them in funny money?

MAC
The fucking perps have all the fun
toys. I'm getting out just in time.

DOWD
You still like Stanley for the
Brody murder?

MAC
I do. You watch. He'll post a
painting of the cooker in the ally
any minute, now.

DOWD
He does, you get him back in here.
And push this time.

MAC
Finally, we agree on something.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOME - DAY

BLANCH SANDBURG (70's), sweeps the porch of the gentrified Victorian two-story. A cigarette dangles from her lips. Her smoker's cough is aggravated by the dust. A bench rests against the wall.

Reid stands on the steps.

Sandburg points to a property management sign attached to the façade of the building.

SANDBURG
They don't let me smoke inside.
When Walter died I sold the place
on the condition I could stay here
till I die or whatever. I don't
think they expected it would take
this long.

REID
You said you remembered Rebecca
Fisher?

SANDBURG

Back then, we let rooms. They came and went. Some for a night. Some for months. Souls in transition. Walter said. I just called 'em lost souls.

REID

And Rebecca.

SANDBURG

She was a cheerful girl. Young. Burnt a lot of incense. Played weird music. But, losing that baby took a toll on her. Sometimes I would hear her crying late into the night.

REID

Her baby died?

Sandburg sits.

SANDBURG

Miscarried. Eleven weeks. A shame.

REID

When was this?

SANDBURG

Before Easter, anyway. I remember thinking how sad it was to have a child die when all those toddlers are running around on sugar highs. But she bounced back fairly fast.

REID

Is that so?

SANDBURG

She went right back to work. She babysat and worked daycare. I couldn't do that. But what was she to do? Where's she gonna go? No husband. Alone.

REID

No other family.

SANDBURG

She never said. They all had stories. None of them happy.

REID

Do you remember when she left?

SANDBURG

Around Christmas as I recall. One day she was helping me hang garlands. The next day she was gone. They were all like that.

REID

Any idea where she might have gone.

SANDBURG

Not a clue. She didn't leave a forwarding. They never did.

REID

You've been a great help. Thank you for your time.

Reid turns to leave.

SANDBURG

I believe things worked out for her in the end, though.

REID

How's that?

SANDBURG

Years later, I saw her at the foodmart.

(Beat)

Yes. She had a little girl with her. A beautiful red-headed mop-top.

FLASHBACK

Shopping Day - FOODMART.

Sandburg recognizes REBECCA FISHER (30's), in the check-out line, accompanied by a young girl.

Sandburg approaches Fisher.

SANDBURG (CONT'D)

Why, Rebecca? Is that you? Look at you. How have you been?

REBECCA FISHER

Ms. Sandburg. I didn't...

SANDBURG

And who is this beautiful thing? Is this your daughter? What's your name?

CRYSTAL (Alexa Macintosh) (8), answers.

CRYSTAL

Crystal.

Rebecca Fisher tugs on the young girl's arm.

REBECCA FISHER

Crystal! Stop that.

(Beat)

She's not to speak to strangers. She knows that.

SANDBURG

I'm not a stranger. Am I, Crystal?

CRYSTAL

I don't know.

SANDBURG

Aren't you sweet.

The line moves.

REBECCA FISHER

Crystal!

(Beat)

We should talk later.

Rebecca Fisher moves forward, tugging Crystal along with her.

SANDBURG

Sure. Right. Let's catch up. You look just great, dear.

REBECCA FISHER

Yes. Some other time. Good-by.

END FLASHBACK

REID

How old was Crystal?

SANDBURG

Couldn't have been more than eight or nine. Cute as a button.

REID

And you never saw her again?

SANDBURG

Never did.

REID

Thanks, again.

SANDBURG

Take care, now.

Reid walks away as Sandburg lights another cigarette inducing another coughing jag.

MONTAGE

- TV News broadcast with OTS: blurred inset of "SIZZLE", LTS: "HOMELESS HOMICIDE"

TELEVISION REPORTER

Social media is in meltdown over the posting of gore artist Nemesis new work. Titled "Sizzle", the piece, too graphic to show here, depicts a homeless man ablaze inside a large appliance carton. It has already sold for more than half a million dollars.

- Podcaster

PODCASTER

Did Nemesis order the killing of a homeless man? Has he been shadow banned by big tech? Have his followers banished him to the forbidden zone? Looks like three yeses to me.

- Political Panel

PANELIST ONE

The similarities between Nemesis' recent work and a murder ordered via a popular chat app will surely have authorities asking what is art and what is evidence.

END MONTAGE

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Mac watches Stanley and his lawyer from the observation mirror.

Reid enters.

MAC
Where's cap?

REID
Still wrestling with the press.

MAC
Blood suckers.

REID
He seems calm enough.

MAC
He knows we don't have shit on him.

REID
Maybe so. But he's alone, now. You don't want to read his e-mail. Celebrity worship has turned into loathing and trolling.

MAC
Don't those people have lives? The power goes out they're all fucked.

REID
Welcome to Social Media.

MAC
You worried?

REID
Not for a minute.

MAC
Thanks' for that.
(Beat)
You wouldn't have a scotch rocks on ya, would you?

REID
Fresh out.

MAC
Figures.
(Beat)
God. I hope this isn't a bust. We don't shut him down, he'll bag his limit.

REID
Go on. Go catch the bad guy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Mac enters holding several printouts.

MAC
Stanley. Counselor.

LAWYER
Your not even pretending you've got
probable cause to hold my client.
Are you, Detective?

MAC
Don't you bet on it.
(Beat)
Sorenson is dead, Stanley. He's
toast. Just like the guy in the
alley.

LAWYER
Do you have questions for my
client? If not...

MAC
I do.
(Beat)
Bad reviews. Dead bodies. Have you
noticed your luck has turned,
Stanley boy.

STANLEY
Luck has nothing to do with it.

LAWYER
Stanley.

MAC
Sure it does. Or your guilty of
murder.

LAWYER
I'll ask again. Do you have
questions...

MAC
First. You catch me near the
gallery.

Mac lays a printout of "The Encounter" on the table.

INSERT - *"THE ENCOUNTER" PRINTOUT*

BACK TO SCENE

MAC (CONT'D)
Then, you simply stumble onto
Brody's dead body.

Mac lays a printout of "The Critic" on the table.

INSERT - *"THE CRITIC"* printout

BACK TO SCENE

MAC (CONT'D)
And finally, you just happened to
be in the neighborhood to witness
the torching of that poor bastard
smoldering in the alley.

Mac lays a printout of "Sizzle" on the table.

INSERT - *"SIZZLE"* printout

BACK TO SCENE

MAC (CONT'D)
I'd say you've been remarkably,
extremely, even miraculously lucky.
Wouldn't you say that, Counselor?

LAWYER
For the record. Are you an expert
in the mathematical averages of
luck, Detective?

MAC
I'm an expert in murder.

STANLEY
I told you, luck has nothing to do
with it.

MAC
I'm starting to believe you.

Mac recites from memory

MAC (CONT'D)
Inspired artist seeks deceased
poser. Remote location is best.
Will pay in Crypto.

STANLEY
I didn't write that.

MAC

No. But, you can read. Can't you?
You just wait for the location of
the body and off you go brush in
hand.

STANLEY

I told you...

LAWYER

Be quiet, Stanley.

(Beat)

This is all conjecture.

MAC

Death is fame and fame is money.
Right Stanley? You're getting rich.
Aren't you, Stanley?

LAWYER

Don't answer that.

STANLEY

What do you consider rich?

MAC

You're just a grave robber. Making
money off of the dead. Now, that is
lucky!

STANLEY

I'm a painter. I just paint! I get
an address and I paint what I see!

MAC

Tell that to your former
fans!

LAWYER

I said shut up, Stanley!

MAC (CONT'D)

Aiding and abetting, conspiracy
before, during, and after!

LAWYER

Stanley. Do not respond. You can't
prove my client killed anyone!

Mac glares at Stanley.

MAC

I can prove that I will be on his
ass every second of every minute of
every day until I catch him with
blood on his hands!

LAWYER

Unless you have more questions...

MAC

I can prove that I will not let
some half-crazy art fanatic fuck up
my short time.

LAWYER

Stanley. Do not respond.

Dowd appears at the door.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Control your man, Captain.

DOWD

Mac.

MAC

I can prove that my only goal in
life is to haunt you until you
crack and beg me to put your black
fucking soul out of its black
fucking misery.

Stanley stands.

STANLEY

Stop goading me!

Mac pulls back his right arm and clinches a fist.

MAC

Give me a reason motherfucker

DOWD

Mac!

LAWYER

Well, Captain. Just how many civil
rights violations should I mention
in my complaint?

DOWD

Let's go. Mac. Come on.

MAC

What about Brody and the guy in the
alley? What about their civil
rights? You fucking bottom feeder.

Dowd waits for Mac then follows him out.

The door closes.

DOWD
Confiscate his phone. Again. And
have a team camp under his window.

REID
Right.

MAC
You're not going to hold him?

DOWD
For what? Failure to report a
crime? He'd be out in an hour.

MAC
Give me five more minutes.

DOWD
Sorry, Mac. But, we're oh for two
until we get solid forensics.

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

Tan is on his phone

TAN
I have three. Net fifteen million.
Possibly more.
(Beat)
Because tragedy is art. Van Gough
was nothing until he cut off his
ear.
(Beat)
You worry about moving the
merchandise. I will worry about
moving the money.
(Beat)
See you then.

INT. POLICE DATA & SURVEILLANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

TECH OFFICER, RANDY HART (30's), sits at a three-screen array displaying a grid of street surveillance views, network sign on screen, and database telemetry.

Reid sits nearby holding a blue folder.

REID
You're nice to do this. My leads
have all vaporized.

HART
This inquiry is case critical.
Right?

REID
That's right. Yes.

HART
And you will follow up with the
prerequisite forms as time allows.

REID
Of course.

HART
Good.

Hart types.

HART (CONT'D)
I checked the SSDI for Rebecca
Fisher with the approximate age,
dates, and locations you provided.

REID
Go on.

INSERT - THE CENTER COMPUTER SCREEN

- DEATH INDEX DATA streams down the page.

HART (O.S.)
I found her.

REID (O.S.)
Really?

BACK TO SCENE

Heart reads.

HART
But, she's deceased.

REID
Oh. OK.

HART
Died in hospice. Info is sparse. No
driver's license, work history,
priors, or property. That's it.

REID

She didn't leave much of a trail.
Did she? Who buried her?

HART

The State.

REID

Lost soul is right.

HART

What's that?

REID

Just an observation from a wise
elder.

(Beat)

OK. Here is what we know. Alexa was
family. Detectives were everywhere.
Mac was all over the case like a
bad rash.

HART

Granted.

REID

Follow me on this. Rebecca Fisher
miscarries in the spring. She goes
to work at Toddler Town. Alexa goes
missing later that summer. In
December Fisher disappears into the
mist only to reappear a years later
with Alexa.

HART

With a toddler with red hair.

REID

With a toddler similar in age and
appearance to Alexa Macintosh.

HART

Agreed.

REID

Like I said. Investigators were on
the case for months. So...

HART

So. Where would you hide a kid for
a year?

REID

Right.

Hart types.

HART
I used to hide my pot in my mom's
basement.

INSERT - The center computer screen

- CENSUS RECORDS appear.

BACK TO SCENE

REID
But Fisher had no next of kin.

HART
That's according to her death
certificate.

Hart types.

HART (CONT'D)
Fisher came of age between census
counts. As a minor, she would be
listed in her parent's household.

REID
You're killing me, here.

Hart strikes a key.

INSERT - The center computer screen

- A LIST OF NAMES appears.

- The cursor clicks and the name "MYRTLE BELL FISHER".

BACK TO SCENE

HART
A Myrtle Bell Fisher had a
daughter. Rebecca Fisher.

REID
She's dead. Remember?

HART
But Myrtle Bell is alive. Old, but
alive.

REID
Alive? Where is she?

Hart types.

HART
Her last known address is on it's
way to your printer.

REID
That's great.

HART
See, the internet isn't all bad.

REID
I could kiss you.

HART
No, you won't. I just had a facial.

Reid pats Hart on the back as she stands.

EXT/INT. STANLEY'S HIGH-RISE - DAY

TWO PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICERS, one in the driver's seat of an unmarked car, one leaning against the front fender smoking, watch Stanley' building.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley is placing slabs of raw meat on A LIVE MODEL and slathering her with fake blood. His hands are soaked.

The Model is not happy.

MICHELLE
That's better. Right. Like that.

STANLEY
This is too thin. It's going
everywhere.

Stanley spreads more fake blood.

MICHELLE
Then use a brush. Paint it on.

STANLEY
And this is not going to work. God
damn it! It's like Halloween. I'll
be the next punch line.

MICHELLE
You haven't given it time.

STANLEY
Time to what. Rot?

MICHELLE
If that's what it takes!

STANLEY
Stop goading me!.

Paint, brushes, and chunks of raw meat fly. The model flees.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Stop it!

Stanley escapes to the rear of the loft.

INT. MAC'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Mac watches scratchy convenience store surveillance footage and drinks. The cat sleeps nearby.

EXT/INT. STANLEY'S HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Stanley exits from the vestibule of the building next door and slips down the street into the night.

MONTAGE

- Stanley mingles with the gawkers at a car accident.
- He loiters inside a hospital ambulance entrance.
- He lingers on the street at a murder scene.
- He watches cock fights.
- He approaches the side door of the abandoned factory.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Absent the laser lights, and exterior projections, the decaying building looks dark and defeated.

Stanley quietly slips into a side door.

The few working shop lights illuminate the metal fabrication machines standing as grotesque monuments to a once world-altering revolution.

Nothing remains of the weekend festivities save scattered party litter, a discarded torn banner, and a few helium balloons. Their string tails dragging the glitter laden floor.

Distant shouting is heard.

Stanley walks a short distance. A large agitated crowd has gathered at the center of the large open expanse.

Two fighters face off at the center of a ring. Men shouting and screaming goad and prod the combatants.

Lingering back, Stanley watches from behind a spool of rusted steel and begins to sketch in a sketchbook.

He hears the LOOKOUT (20's), behind him and turns.

LOOKOUT
What the fuck.

STANLEY
I was just...

The Lookout jerks Stanley off of the spool by his shoulders.

LOOKOUT
Shut up and come here.

STANLEY
Wait!

The Lookout grabs Stanley by his shirt and drags into a back room.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing. Stop!

INT. BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LOOKOUT
Look what I found peeping in back.

A tattooed and sweaty THUG turns to Stanley.

THUG
Really. Got a watcher, do we? Sit him down.

The Lookout slams Stanley into a chair. Stanley groans as a crowd gathers.

THUG
Big sweaty boys beating the shit
out of each other?

STANLEY
What? No.

THUG
OK.
(Beat)
Then, who sent you? You lie. You
die.

STANLEY
Sent me? No one.

The Lookout smacks Stanley on the other ear.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
No. I mean it. I'm alone. I don't
know anybody.

The Thug thumbs through Stanley's sketch pad.

THUG
You say you sketch.

STANLEY
Yes.

THUG
What.

STANLEY
I said yes.

THUG
No. You dumb shit.

The crowd laughs.

THUG (CONT'D)
What do you sketch?

More laughing.

STANLEY
You know.

The Thug grabs Stanley by the hair.

THUG
No. I don't know!

Stanley flinches and speaks under his breath.

STANLEY
People and things.

The Thug jerks Stanley's head by his hair for emphasis.

THUG
What?

STANLEY
People! People and things!

THUG
What people! What things?

STANLEY
The losers! I sketch the losers!

Jeers and groans.

THUG
He likes the losers.

Another jerk of Stanley's hair.

THUG (CONT'D)
How'd you know we were here?

STANLEY
I asked around.

The Thug lifts and shakes Stanley's chair.

THUG
Around where? Dick wad!

STANLEY
The cockfights. A guy at the cock
fights told me!

Laughter

THUG
The cockfights?

More laughter, jeers, and mawking chicken calls.

THUG (CONT'D)
Now, there's an idea.

The Thug approaches Stanley unbuckling his belt.

THUG (CONT'D)
Let's have a little cock fight.

The crowd goes wild.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michelle is on the phone and pacing.

MICHELLE
I got back and he was gone. I've
called everyone. You're the last.
(Beat)
You know things haven't been good.
I mean, he's spiraling.
(Beat)
I know.
(Beat)
Please have Mr. Tan call as soon as
he can. Thank you. Yes. I will.
Thank you.

Michelle begins to cry.

Suddenly, Stanley bursts through the door. His face is
battered. His clothes are disheveled. He collapses to the
floor.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Stanley! Oh my God!

Stanley groans and tries to stand.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You're bleeding. Let me call...

STANLEY
No. Don't call anyone.

Michelle takes Stanley's arm.

MICHELLE
Let me help you. Where have you
been?

STANLEY
I got out. You crawl across the
roof those fuckers can't see you.

Stanley sits up.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
I was sketching.

MICHELLE
Sketching?

STANLEY
What he did...

Stanley starts to cry.

Michelle's phone rings.

MICHELLE
What? Who, Stanley?

STANLEY
I had to...

Michelle's phone rings.

MICHELLE
That's probably Mr. Tan.

Michelle goes to her phone.

STANLEY
Don't answer it!

Stanley stands and lunges toward the balcony door.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
I know what he wants!

Stanley is on the balcony.

He leans out over the balcony rail and shouts into the night.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
I know what everybody wants!

Stanley teeters over the balcony rail.

INSERT - STREET

The two Plain Clothes Officers looking up at the balcony jump from their unmarked car.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHELLE
Stanley!

Michelle races to Stanley. Grabbing him around the waist, she drags him down from the ledge.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Get down!

Stanley collapses onto the deck crying.

Michelle leans over the rail.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He's OK. We're fine. Just horsing
around. Thank you.

INSERT - STREET

The two Officers return to their car.

BACK TO SCENE

Michelle cradles Stanley.

STANLEY

Where did everybody go?

MICHELLE

I don't know. I'm sorry, Stanley.

STANLEY

It was better being unknown than
ignored.

MICHELLE

Give it time. They'll forget.

STANLEY

That's what I'm afraid of.

(Beat)

Mother was right. I'm broken and I
can't be fixed.

MICHELLE

Don't say that. We'll think of
something.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Reid stands as MYRTLE BELL FISHER (80's), is wheeled into the
sunroom by a NURSES AIDE, SABINE RASHAD (20's). Fisher is
awake but appears lost in thought.

RASHAD

Good morning.

REID

Good morning.

RASHAD
She has good days and bad days.
Just go slow.

REID
Will do. Thank you.

RASHAD
Myrtle Bell. This is Officer Kate
Reid.

FISHER
Oh. Are you here for lunch?

Reid sits.

Rashad leaves.

REID
I thought we would just visit a
while.

FISHER
I've never seen you before.

REID
That's right. Do you mind if we
talk?

FISHER
Sure. You start.

REID
All right. I will.
(Beat)
Do you like it here?

FISHER
It's fine. I sleep mostly.

REID
Have you been here long?

FISHER
For some time, now. Maybe a week.
Seems like longer.

REID
Time goes by fast. Doesn't it?

FISHER
Not any more.

REID
How is the food?

FISHER
The cake is good. The potatoes not
so much.

REID
I like cake too.

FISHER
Do you want some? They bring me
cake a lot. Becca loves it.

REID
You mean Rebecca?

FISHER
I've always called her Becca. She
should be here soon. You'll like
her.

REID
When was the last time you saw
Becca?

FISHER
Why, Just... There's my sweet
daughter, now.

Reid turns to see GAIL FISHER (ALEXA MACINTOSH) standing in
the doorway - green eyes, pearl skin, glowing scarlet hair
and all.

Gail locks eyes with Reid before she bolts.

Reid follows, trailing Gail down the corridor. Gail looks
terrified. She bursts out of an exit door.

FLASHBACK

Shopping Day - City Bus Interior.

The air brakes burst and hiss.

Rebecca Fisher moves down the center isle tugging Gail along
behind.

REBECCA FISHER
You sit there and stay still.

She swings Gail into an empty seat.

REBECCA FISHER (CONT'D)
What have I told you? Over and over. You don't talk to people. They will take you away. You must never forget that. They will take you away forever.

END FLASHBACK

It's a memory garden surrounded by a high security fence. Gail sees there is no way out.

REID
Gail. Please, stop.

GAIL
What? My name is Crystal. Crystal Fisher. What do you want. Why are you after me?

REID
Crystal. I'm detective Reid. I just want to talk.

GAIL
Why? About what?

REID
Its complicated. But, I promise. No one is after you.
(Beat)
Five minutes.
(Beat)
Please.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Lite traffic on the cross-town highway.

INT. SEMI CAB - MOMENTS LATER

A SEMI DRIVER (40's), listens to C&W music on the radio. Looking down, into the car below, he sees a DRIVER 20's), AND PASSENGER (20's), wearing Van Gogh masks.

Semi driver POV - The passenger inserts a banana clip into an AR-15.

The semi driver quickly looks away and reaches for his CB mic.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The semi slows and pulls in behind the car.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The radio is blaring.

The driver watches the passenger check an action camera mounted to a headband.

DRIVER

We hit the street you hit record.

PASSENGER

I'm ready.

The passenger slips on the headband before he inserts a banana clip into a second AR-15.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Reid enters with a blue folder.

REID

Got a minute. I have something for you.

Mac's phone rings.

He raises a hand to check Reid.

MAC

Hold that thought.

Mac answers the phone.

MAC (CONT'D)

Macintosh.

Mac stands.

MAC (CONT'D)

Your shitting me? No fucking way?

Mac ends the call and heads for the door.

MAC (CONT'D)

Let's go.

REID

What?

MAC
Long guns and Van Gogh masks on the
crosstown.

REID
Your shitting me.

HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER - VARIOUS SHOTS

The semi follows the car onto the boulevard.

The car slows and turns into a Shopping Mall parking lot.

The semi follows.

The car heads for the mall entrance - the armed and masked
gunman exit the car.

The semi sideswipes the car blocking the mall entrance - the
automatic doors open.

INT. SEMI CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The semi driver crouches down.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The shooters open fire shattering the semi's windshield and
peppering it with bullets.

Sirens wail in the background.

The shooters circle the semi front and back running to the
mall side of the semi.

INT. SEMI CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The semi driver retrieves a handgun and slips to the ground.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The front shooter looks around - no driver.

The semi driver bursts through the automatic doors pistol
blazing - a shooter goes down.

Sirens scream as the sound of screeching tires come to a
stop.

The remaining shooter sprays the semi driver in the legs - he drops wailing.

SWAT arrives in droves.

The shooter circles back behind the semi.

Reid crouches behind the squad car door.

Mac stands against the side of the semi.

The shooter appears.

MAC fires.

The shooter's head explodes and he drops.

Reid stands.

MAC
Likes and money. Likes and money.
Fucking Wannabe's.

MAC holsters his weapon.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - LATER

Read types on her keyboard.

Mac enters in a chipper mood.

MAC
Hey.

REID
Hey back.

Reid looks at the blue folder on her desk.

INSERT - Blue folder on Reid's desk.

A blue folder rests on her desk labeled "MACINTOSH, ALEXA MP - CLOSED".

BACK TO SCENE

REID (CONT'D)
Listen.
(Beat)
Have you got a minute?

MAC
Sorry. Game night. How 'bout first
thing in the morning.

REID
Sure.

MAC
Great. Night.

Mac leaves.

Reid pauses then looks at her computer screen and types.

INSERT - Reid's computer screen

- Reid types: "Li Tan" populates the search field.

- The cursor clicks the "SEARCH" Button and a list of search citations scrolls down the page: "THE ENCOUNTER" LANDS NEMESIS' FIRST SALE", "LI TAN: CURATORS INTERNATIONAL POUNCES AGAIN", "THE CRITIC: ANOTHER LI TAN ACQUISITION", "LI TAN: AND SIZLE MAKES IT THREE!", "THE LI TAN NEMESIS CONNECTION".

- The cursor clicks the last citation and the page refreshes; Headline - "THE LI TAN NEMESIS CONNECTION", Subhead - "GOOD LUCK OR BAD BUSINES?" - BODY COPY - The purchase of Li Tan's acquisitions of Nemesis paintings is nothing short of suspicious... The body copy flows down the page.

BACK TO SCENE

Reid stands, pulls her coat from the back of her chair, and leaves.

INT. BAR - LATER

Mac watches the game on TV.

Eddy sweetens his glass.

EDDY
Good work today, Detective.

MAC
Too much paperwork.

EDDY
Spoken like a true hero.

MAC
No medals. Just money.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DUSK

Reid knocks on the door.

Tan answers.

REID
Mr. Tan? Detective Reid.

TAN
Yes, Detective. Come in. This way.

INT. BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Reid follows Tan down a narrow hallway.

TAN
As I said on the phone, I could
have come down to the station
tomorrow.

REID
I only had a few questions. I
thought I would keep it informal.
Wrap it up before the end of the
day.

TAN
In here.

The hallway opens up into a large room. Two pieces of luggage and three wooden art shipping crates stand at the center of the room. Each crate is stamped with a NAME and the standard RED AND BLACK STENCILS - "FRAGILE" - "UP" - "DO NOT STACK" - "EXPRESS SHIPMENT".

CLOSE ON - SHIPPING CRATES

Three SHIPPING CRATES stenciled "THE ENCOUNTER" - "THE CRITIC" - "SIZZLE".

BACK TO SCENE

REID
You were one of the last people to
see Ryan Brody on the day he died.
Is that correct"

(Looking at the crates)
OH. Your on your way...

Tan turns.

TAN
It would have been best had you not
been so persistent.

Tan fires a Beretta hitting Reid in the neck. She gasps and drops.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michelle enters from the front door.

MICHELLE
I'm here!

The studio is lit by a single lamp.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Stanley?
(Beat)
Stanley?
(Alarmed)
Stanley!

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mac leaves the bar and makes his way unsteadily to his car.
He pauses to glance at the gallery across the street.

INT. MAC'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mac enters and starts his car.

Jie sits quietly in the back seat.

Mac puts the car in gear.

Jie presses the muzzle of her Beretta to the back of Mac's head.

JIE
Hello, Detective.

Mac stops the car and freezes.

Mac sees Jie in his rearview mirror.

MAC

Bo Jie.

JIE

Your phone, please.

Mac retrieves his phone and hands it back to Jie.

Jie opens a window and drops the phone to the ground.

JIE (CONT'D)

Now, Drive. Keep both hands on the wheel.

MAC

To where?

Jie holds up a PHONE RUNNING A MAP APP.

JIE

Drive and listen.

Mac drives.

MAP APP

Proceed north 150 feet and turn right.

MAC

Why are you doing this?

JIE

Mr. Tan is of the opinion that you are distracting an inspired artist.

MAC

Inspired artist. Where have I heard that?

(Beat)

Tan sent the texts.

JIE

An artists inspiration must be nourished.

MAP APP

Turn right. Stay on this road for three miles.

MAC

So he starts by killing Brody.

JIE

Mr. Tan is a buyer, Detective. Not a killer. Mr. Tan does not know who killed Brody. But he is thankful the killing served to encourage Stanley to paint.

MAC

How does kidnapping me inspire Stanley?

JIE

We shall soon see.

(Beat)

Stanley has fire, but not heat. Suffering warms him up. Some artists paint sunsets. Stanley paints brutality. And, he is quite good at it.

(Beat)

Keeping Stanley inspired is good business.

MAP APP

In 100 feet and turn left.

MAC

So, it's just business.

JIE

Exactly.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Mac's car stops before the rolling steel door.

INT. MAC'S CAR

JIE

Keys.

Mac passes the key back to Jie.

JIE (CONT'D)

If you fail to follow my instructions precisely, I will kill you, Detective. Tell me that you understand that.

MAC

OH. I got it.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Jie exits the car first, then Mac.

Jie holds Mac at gunpoint as she motions Mac to the side door.

They enter the building.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Tan stands in a pool of light close to Stanley.

Stanley sits at a chair alongside an easel and canvas. He looks dazed. A table cluttered with paints and jars of brushes is within reach.

Jie moves to one side holding Mac at gunpoint.

MAC

Hello, Stanley. How you holding up?

STANLEY

What's going on?

TAN

Please, be quiet, Stanley.

MAC

I think Bo Jie is going to kill me.

STANLEY

What?

Jie gestures for Mac to move closer to Stanley.

JIE

Get over there. Move.

TAN

I asked you not to speak. I will not ask again.

MAC

Listen to him, Stanley. You'll be fine.

TAN

Yes. Follow instructions and all will be well.

JIE

Go on. Next to him.

Mac moves closer to Stanley.

Tan moves to the table.

Stanley stares motionless.

Jie gestures to a length of chain and shackle.

JIE (CONT'D)
Put that on.

Mac obliges putting the shackle around his ankle.

MAC
This is going to ruin my shoes.

Tan picks up a lock and tosses it to Mac.

TAN
You will need this.

JIE
Lock it.

Mac obliges.

JIE (CONT'D)
Shake it.

Mac obliges.

JIE (CONT'D)
Hard.

Mac obliges.

Jie nods to Tan.

TAN
Now, we may begin.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands by the open door.

Michelle sits on the couch distraught.

Dowd is speaking quietly to the two Plain Clothes Officers.

MICHELLE
I told you he sneaked out over the
roof.

Dowd ends his conversation and the Plain Clothes Officers leave.

A second UNIFORMED OFFICER enters the room and approaches Dowd.

DOWD
They check the bar?

OFFICER
Yes, Sir. They found his phone in the parking lot.

DOWD
God Damn it! Reid report in?

OFFICER
No, Sir.

DOWD
Her phone?

OFFICER
It must be off.

DOWD
What the fuck is going on? Stay on it. Anything. You call me.

OFFICER
Yes, Sir.

The officer leaves.

Dowd and Michelle look at one another.

INT. INDUSTRIAL MACHINE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley is at the table holding a palette knife and palette on which Tan has placed a number of pigment mother puddles for mixing.

Mac is silent.

Jie still holds the Beretta.

TAN
Are you pleased with the palette, Stanley?

STANLEY
What am I doing? Why am I doing this?

TAN
Look around. Are those machines to
your liking?

STANLEY
What?

INSERT - PAN ROOM AND MACHINES

Light slashes across each machine giving it a distorted,
menacing look.

- Angle Roller, Drill Press, Dishing Press, Shearing Blade,
Plasma Cutter.

TAN (O.S.)
Does one appeal to you more than
the others.

STANLEY (O.S.)
I don't know. They're machines.

TAN (O.S.)
Yes. I am asking you to select one.

STANLEY (O.S.)
Select one. Why.

BACK TO SCENE

TAN
It will be the machine on which you
will kill the Detective.

STANLEY
What?

MAC
I was wrong, Stanley. You are going
to kill me.

TAN
You try my patience.
(Beat)
So. Choose a machine, Stanley.

TAN (CONT'D)
Find one that arouses you. Your
favorite.

STANLEY
I can't do that.

MAC
Sure you can. Give it a shot.

TAN
You must be quiet.
(Beat)
Choose. Now, Stanley.

STANLEY
No. I've never killed anyone. I
can't...

TAN
Then you must learn. What was it
your sister said. You don't expect
to witness an assault every week.
Do you?

STANLEY
I don't want to kill him.

MAC
But you will.

STANLEY
I won't.

INSERT - CATWALK

A SQUATTER appears above and behind Tan on an overhead
catwalk. He is disheveled and wrapped in a blanket.

BACKTO SCENE

Mac looks up.

INSERT - SQUATTER

The Squatter pulls his blanket around his shoulders.

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
Come on, Stanley, show us what
you've got.

TAN
Last warning, Detective.
(Beat)
You must choose a device, Stanley.

STANLEY
Why?

TAN
Because I will not be here to
procure for you.
(Beat)
One painting and you go home. You
must kill him. Now!

STANLEY
I can't!

MAC
Stanley!

INSERT - STANLEY

Stanley looks at Mac.

INSERT - MAC

Mac glances up.

INSERT - STANLEY

Stanley looks up.

INSERT - SQUATTER

The Squatter looks down.

Jie, pointing the Beretta, storms toward Mac.

JIE
Now, you die!

Mac dives.

Jie fires striking Mac in the left thigh. Mac yelps.

INSERT - SQUATTER

SQUATTER
Hey! I'm trying to sleep! You all
are disturbing my peace.

BACK TO SCENE

Tan and Jie look up.

TAN
Who...

MAC
Stanley! Now!

STANLEY
Stop goading me!

Stanley drives the palette knife deep into Tan's eye as Mac grasps a length of chain and swings. The chain strikes Jie in the head. She drops as Tan freezes, begins to tremble, then stumbles and falls to the ground dead. Mac dives wrapping the chain around Jie's neck. The Beretta fires indiscriminately. Mac tightens and jerks the chain. Jie's neck snaps and she goes limp dropping the gun.

Mac collapses.

Stanley approaches Tan. Finding his phone he punches nine one one.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Hello?
(Beat)
There's a murder at the old
fabrication plant.
(Beat)
What?
(Beat)
Lie Tan. He owns the Asian art
market.
(Beat)
I did.

Stanley drops the phone as dispatch chatter continues.

Stanley approaches Mac lying on the ground.

Mac fishes for a cigar and lights it as Stanley sits.

MAC
Well. That went well.

Police sirens approach as flickering lights tint the walls.

STANLEY
Do you think they will let me
paint?

MAC
I don't see why not. You're an
inspired artist.

Mac and Stanley react to the sound of the door being rammed and breached.

POLICE VOICES
Show your hands! Show your hands!

Mac and Stanley oblige.

INT. MAC'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER - "Two weeks later".

The room is surprisingly neat.

Mac and his cat doze in the recliner.

A cane leans against the table next to the recliner

The doorbell rings.

Mac rises as the cat scatters.

EXT. FRONT PORCH STOOP - DAY

Dowd waits.

INT. MAC'S HOUSE - DAY

Leaning on the cane, Mac opens the door.

DOWD

Hi, Detective. I mean Mac.

MAC

Cap. I mean Cap.

DOWD

Home from the hospital, I see. Did I catch you napping? How's your leg? May I come in?

MAC

Yes. Not any more. Stiff. And no.

DOWD

I'm sorry. I should have called.

Mac steps aside. Dowd enters.

MAC

My paperwork is done. So. Why are you here?

DOWD

Smells good.

Flynn pops her head out of the kitchen.

FLYNN

Hey Cap.

DOWD

Hey Nan.

Dowd looks around.

DOWD (CONT'D)

Is that a new laptop?

INSERT - TABLE TOP

A can of root beer rests next to an open laptop.

BACK TO SCENE

DOWD (CONT'D)

First-person shooter. Nice.

MAC

You have to start somewhere.

DOWD

And root beer?

FLYNN

Two weeks dry.

DOWD

Am I at the right address.

MAC

Stop casing the place. I'll ask,
again. Why are you here?

Smiling, Dowd holds up a blue folder.

DOWD

I brought this for you. It's
something Kate was working on. You
know? Before...

MAC

She found Brody's killer?

DOWD

Were it true. But, no. Nothing like
that. Just have a look. I think
you'll find it interesting.

MAC
Says you.
(Beat)
That's it?

DOWD
That's it.

MAC
I'll walk you out.

FLYNN
Sorry, Cap. I can't fix everything.

DOWD
No problem. You're not a miracle
worker.

EXT. FRONT WALKWAY - DAY

They walk.

DOWD
I hear you're off to Italy?

MAC
Thought we'd go for the week.

DOWD
I don't have the energy for that.
Of course, you'll be fine. You've
still got it. I mean. The way you
wrestled Stanly to the ground that
night at the gallery was pure...
I... I mean... It was...

Mac stops.

Dowd goes silent.

MAC
How did you..? How could you...know
that?

FLASHBACK - GALLERY - DUSK

MAC (CONT'D)
Someone there?

Mac's flashlight cuts the dimness.

A form crosses the beam.

MAC (CONT'D)
Hold up, there.

INSERT

Dowd slips into the darkness.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

Another movement to Mac's right.

MAC (CONT'D)
I said stop!

Mac sprints and tackles.

MAC (CONT'D)
Now!

Stanley yelps and drops to the ground. There's a scuffle as Mac drags Stanley into the brighter hallway.

STANLEY
Let me up! Help! Stop! Help me!

MAC
Shut up. Relax.

Mac straddles Stanley.

Stanley yelps.

INSERT

Dowd watches from the darkness.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

Mac pants.

STANLEY
Are you crazy? Help! Stop! You're hurting me!

Mac reaches for Stanley's arm.

MAC
I said shut up. Show me your hands.

STANLEY
I said you're hurting me!

MAC
I'll break it off.

STANLEY
OK. OK. OK.

Mac cuffs Stanley's wrist.

MAC
Give me your other hand.

STANLEY
I am! God!

Mac cuffs Stanley's other wrist.

Mac leans back on his knees.

MAC
OK. OK. Sit up. Sit up. Relax.
Relax, now.

Stanley sits up.

Mac pants.

STANLEY
Fuck!

Mac pants.

MAC
Just sit there.

END FLASHBACK

MAC (CONT'D)
God Damn it. Cap. No.

DOWD
Hold on, Mac.

MAC
It was you? You killed Brody?

DOWD
It wasn't like that. I was looking
for Tobias. I just wanted that
painting, but Brody snapped -
started screaming about police
harassment.

FLASHBACK

Brody's Office.

Brody stands. He is screaming.

BRODY
Why would I tell you? You can't
just come in here and take what you
want. We're done!

Brody picks up the phone on his desk.

DOWD
What are you doing? Don't do that!

BRODY
You've got balls. I'll say that.

Brody begins to dial.

DOWD
Stop! I said. Stop!

Dowd grabs the letter opener from its tray on the desk and strikes.

INSERT - BRODY'S HEAD

The letter opener protrudes from Brody's forehead. A surprised look appears on his face.

BACK TO SCENE

Brody falls back into his chair.

Dowd looks terrified.

END FLASHBACK

DOWD (CONT'D)
You were drunk! Remember? You put
that guy in ICU. And then that
painting just took on a life of its
own. The fucking media was
everywhere. I tried to stop it.

MAC
Cap. Oh. Cap.

DOWD
The department was going to go
down, Mac. I was going to go down.
I've got nearly thirty years in.
You fucked up, Mac. You fucked up!

Dowd pulls his revolver.

MAC
Stop, now! Stop.

DOWD
Mac. You know I can't do that.

MAC
No. Don't make it worse, Cap.
Surrender your weapon.

DOWD
Can't do it. No. Now, you move -
toward the car. Go on.

Mac begins to walk slowly towards the driveway.

MAC
Where we going, Cap. What are you
gonna do? Hu? Get hold of yourself.

DOWD
A slip of the tongue and now this.
Fuck!

FLYNN (O.S.)
Please don't move, Cap.

Dowd turns.

INSERT - FRONT PORCH

FLYNN IS POINTING A GLOCK 17 AT DOWD'S CHEST.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Drop it, Cap.
(Beat)
Do it, now.

BACK TO SCENE

DOWD
Fuck!

FLYNN
Calm down, Cap. Be smart.

MAC
Cap. Stop. Please.

DOWD

Fuck!

Dowd flinches.

Flynn fires hitting Dowd in the center of the chest. He drops.

MAC

God Damn it! God Damn it! God Damn
it!

Flynn walks slowly toward Dowd as she lowers her pistol.

Mac sits in place having lost control of his legs.

Sirens begin to build in the background.

EXT. COFFEE SHOPPE - DAY

SUPER - "One week later".

Lite music wafts over the customers sitting on the patio engrossed in conversation, laptops, and pastries.

Mac sits nervously at a small table. He checks his watch. He swirls his coffee.

He looks up to see Alexa slowly approaching.

He picks up a small bouquet of flowers lying on the table and stands.

They smile.

INT. GALLERY - EVENING

Huddled at the center of the gallery, a small group of patrons murmur and sip champagne.

Michelle approaches and the gathering separates to reveal Stanley's new creation.

INSERT - SLOW PUSH ON THE PAINTING

A miniature Li Tan lies over several bundles of One Hundred Dollar Bills stacked on a silver serving tray. A palette knife protrudes from his left eye.

PATRON (O.S.)

What's it called?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Still Life.

BACK TO SCENE

A patron stands next to Michelle.

PATRON
I understand it might be his last.

MICHELLE
Right. You can't expect him to
stumble onto a dead body every
week. Now, can you?

Michelle moves on leaving the Patron looking puzzled. She mingles with other guests, including the Squatter.

EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Mac is in a security guard uniform. He has a slight limp. He approaches and then stops to peer into the now closed and dimly lit gallery.

PODCASTER (O.S.)
Hey guys. Remember to subscribe below to keep tabs on all things art. First up. The eagerly anticipated new painting by radical artist Stanley Tobias, formally known as Nemesis, fetched a whopping six million dollars at an invitation-only auction earlier this evening.

Mac checks the new security grill door. It's locked.

PODCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The painting, entitled Still Life, portrays the death of the one and only international art connoisseur Li Tan who, you may recall, was killed by Tobias when Tan took retired Detective Mac Macintosh and the painter hostage.

Mac walks slowly down the block.

PODCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The reclusive painter is said to have donated the proceeds from the sale of the painting to the fight against Internet addiction syndrome. That's not something I worry about these days. I've got five kids. I don't have time for shit....

The voiceover fades slowly.

FADE OUT.