

A DISH SERVED COLD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT

Miserable winter evening, drizzle hanging in the air. THREE YOUTHS, all scruffy, saunter cockily through a deserted alley. One is black, one white, and one hispanic. At the other end of the alley is a busy, brightly lit street, made noisier by tires ploughing through puddles. Little clouds of breath blow in front of them before dissipating in the crisp night air.

They shudder to a halt at the unexpected sight of a silhouetted figure, dressed in a long, dark trench-coat, hands in his pockets, wide-brimmed hat tilted forward to conceal his face. It is the VIGILANTE.

This is not their first rodeo. Silently, with only the briefest of glances at each other, their stance becomes more aggressive. Their expressions betray the anticipated gratification of what is to follow.

Without missing a beat, the Vigilante continues towards them, hugging the shadows until he is within range. The Youths look at each other in disbelief at his foolhardiness. Together, they deftly pull out their knives, which audibly FLICK open.

BLACK YOUTH

Yo, man. Give us yo' fuckin' wallet.

The Vigilante stops, motionless and silent. The White Youth advances a step, slashing the air threateningly with his knife.

WHITE YOUTH

Are you fuckin' stupid, man?

The Youths wait expectantly, but the Vigilante doesn't move.

HISPANIC YOUTH

(laughing)

Este loco tiene cojones.

BLACK YOUTH

Don't fuckin' mess wi' us, motherfucker. I don't give a shit if we get yer money dead or alive. So get the fucker out now, or...

The Vigilante shrugs, and slowly starts to pull his hands out of his pockets. The Youths tense up and move their knives closer. The Vigilante's voice is hoarse and muffled by a scarf over his mouth.

VIGILANTE

Easy, easy.

HISPANIC YOUTH
(looking nervously up and
down the alley)
Grab it, Shaq. Let's get the fuck
outta here.

We see the action from a distance. We no longer hear the voices because of the SOUNDTRACK. The Vigilante pulls his hands out of his pockets. They are holding pistols with silencers attached. Before they know what has hit them, there is the sound of two muffled SHOTS and the Black and Hispanic Youths fall to the ground.

The White Youth is momentarily stunned. He shouts out the names of his fallen comrades. Recovering his composure, he lunges wildly at the Vigilante with his knife. He CRIES OUT in agony as the knife recoils on impact, pushed backwards out of his grip, falling to the ground. Blood pours from his wounded hand.

The Vigilante calmly covers the knife with his foot. He puts the left pistol back in his pocket, and trains the other one on the White Youth, struggling to staunch the bleeding. He orders him to stop moving, and gestures with his gun for the White Youth to fall to his knees.

The White Youth hesitates. He looks around for alternatives. There are none. He complies, starts CRYING.

The Vigilante takes off his hat, and calmly shakes some of the rain off. He is wearing a black ski-mask. The White Youth is petrified. From behind, we see the Vigilante pull off his ski-mask.

ANGLE ON WHITE YOUTH

The White Youth's face changes from tearful, to recognition, to disdain, then outright fear. He mouths "No! No!" There is a MUFFLED SHOT, and a bullet wound appears in his left thigh. He doubles over in pain, clutching the wound, before rolling over onto his back. There is another MUFFLED SHOT. A second wound appears in his other thigh. By now he is SCREAMING in pain, begging for mercy.

Calmly, the Vigilante approaches the youth trying vainly to crawl away. He says something. Another MUFFLED SHOT, right between the eyes. The Vigilante puts the gun back in his pocket, bends down and picks up one of the knives. He is wearing what looks like surgical gloves. He moves to the bodies and bends over them.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante walks down the brightly lit street, dodging the puddles. He is wearing his hat again. There are some dogs tied outside a bookstore.

He tosses 2 small objects to them which they catch with their mouths, chew and swallow. Without breaking his stride, he carefully takes off the surgical gloves and throws them into a trash can.

INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

A midtown church choir is practicing, arranged in an arc, in front of an over-enthusiastic CONDUCTOR. HELEN MACLEAN, late 30s, dressed for winter, with an overgenerous woolen scarf that comes down to both knees, is off to one side. On the opposite side, FRANK, overweight, middle-aged, flirts quietly with her. She gives a reluctant smile.

A disheveled ROBBER, dressed all in black with a backpack, sneaks in and props a chair against the door. When they finish the song, he bursts out and puts a gun to the conductor's head. He is very agitated, clearly an addict.

ROBBER

Nobody fuckin' move. No fuckin' heroics, okay?

Everyone freezes.

MACLEAN

(muttering to herself)
Jesus. Is nothing sacred?

The robber looks angrily in her direction, but isn't clear what he heard.

ROBBER

Good. Now separate, like they do in the soldier movies.

They look puzzled. He gets mad. He presses the gun hard against the conductor's head, then, with a sigh, sticks his arm out to distance himself from his hostage.

ROBBER

Like this, motherfuckers. Don't fuck with me.

Fear in their faces, they all shuffle one arm's length from their neighbor.

ROBBER

That's better. Now this stick-waver guy is gonna collect all your shit - wallets, phones, jewelry. Whatever shit you got, okay?

He thrusts the backpack into the conductor's hand and gestures for him to go along the line. MacLean watches intently as her friends nervously drop their valuables into the backpack.

When he gets to MacLean, the conductor looks increasingly anxious as she just stands motionless.

CONDUCTOR
(pleadingly)
Helen, please.

Puzzled, the robber brusquely pushes the conductor aside.

ROBBER
Come on, grandma. Hand it over.

She looks at him in a conspiratorial manner and turns slightly away from the other choristers.

MACLEAN
I'm guessing you need a fix, right?

The robber is taken aback.

MACLEAN
(whispering)
Look. I've got some coke in my bag.
Give this stuff back and it's all
yours.

ROBBER
How much?

MacLean makes a gesture of about 2 inches with her hand. She nods towards her handbag under a chair by the wall. His eyes widen. He fidgets nervously from one foot to the other.

ROBBER
(menacingly)
Quick.

He follows her to the side, nervously checking no one tries anything. She grabs the handle of her umbrella as if to steady herself as she bends down to pick up her handbag. Transferring the bag to the umbrella hand, she pulls out half a bottle of Coca Cola and tosses it to him.

Instinctively, he tries to catch it but fumbles. In this instant, with a smooth swinging motion, MacLean knocks the gun out of his hand with the umbrella, and then strikes him to the ground with the return swing.

ROBBER
What the fuck!

In a flash, she kicks the gun away, jumps on top of him and holds his head to the ground with the umbrella.

MACLEAN
(to herself)
Nobody calls me grandma, asshole.
(out loud)
(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Someone call 911. Tell them it's a
10-31. Inspector MacLean in
attendance.

She unwraps her scarf and ties the robber up with it.

MACLEAN

Frank. Could you do the honors?

She gestures for him to sit on the robber.

FRANK

Wow! I thought she was an insurance
broker.

INT. CHURCH HALL - NIGHT

The rest of the choir are recovering their belongings from
the backpack and giving statements to other officers. JOE
FAGIN, 40s, a lifelong New Yorker, returns MacLean's scarf to
her.

MACLEAN

Guess my cover's blown now.

Fagin smiles, the world-weary smile of a man who's seen
everything.

FAGIN

Didn't know you were God Squad.

MACLEAN

Just the singing - it relaxes me.
My family sang a lot.

FAGIN

The only Singer in my family was a
sewing machine.

The robber, by now very distressed and suffering from
withdrawals symptoms, has been handcuffed. MacLean touches
his sleeve.

MACLEAN

Get some help, son. Life's too
short to piss it away like this.

She nods to a policeman. They take him away.

MACLEAN

What are you doing here? This isn't
a homicide.

FAGIN

Heard on the radio you'd got
yourself into a spot of bother.
Typical, I thought.

(MORE)

FAGIN (CONT'D)

First day back and I gotta bail her out... again. Why didn't you just shoot him?

MACLEAN

Thought about it. Figured he wasn't worth a bullet.

FAGIN

Or all the paperwork.

MacLean smiles.

FAGIN

Anyway, I was on my way to... not sure what. Seeing as you're back in the saddle, thought you might like to join us.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- LATER

The alley, now sealed off, is illuminated by the flashing lights of police cars and ambulances. Fagin parks to the side.

FAGIN

And that took all day?!

MACLEAN

Yup. You know the Mothership. Hanging around for different meetings. I swear some of them weren't sure who I was, or why I was there. And, of course, the pen pushers in HR have to dot the "T"s and cross the "I"s.

Fagin smiles, and nods knowingly.

FAGIN

Look on the bright side: nice easy way to start back. And they even PAY you for doing nothing!

A police photographer and MEDICAL EXAMINER are doing their "stuff". The two homicide detectives walk up to a uniformed POLICEMAN.

FAGIN

So, what've we got?

MacLean and Fagin walk about, putting on gloves and surveying the scene, as they question the Policeman.

POLICEMAN

Three youths. All shot at close range.

(MORE)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
(turning to MacLean)
Good to see you back, Ma'am.

MacLean nods appreciatively.

FAGIN
Who found them?

POLICEMAN
That couple over there.
(looks at his watch)
About an hour ago. They were
walking their dog down the alley.
Didn't see anything. Called it in
about 8:30.

MACLEAN
Time of death?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Dunno yet. Bodies are already cold,
but so's the weather. Probably not
that long before the call.

FAGIN
I assume they didn't die of
hypothermia.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I don't know why I bothered going
to medical school. If I had to
guess, I'd probably go for the
bullet holes - one each in those
two, three in this guy. But I'm
sure Dr Fagin here would be better
placed to judge that.

MACLEAN
IDs?

POLICEMAN
Nothing. No drivers licenses, no
credit cards. Hardly enough cash to
buy a burger.

FAGIN
No way this was a mugging gone
wrong. Firstly, three of them.
Secondly, talk of wasted effort.
You might as well rob a trash can.

MACLEAN
(smiling)
Glad to see you're still the Master
of the bleedin' obvious.

He acknowledges this with the faintest of bows of his head.

FAGIN

Whatever. They were still probably up to no good. Look at those flick-knives over there.

(to Medical Examiner)

Any indication they were in a gang?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No obvious membership cards, if that's what you mean? A few random tattoos, nothing else.

They split up and examine the scene thoroughly.

MACLEAN

Something doesn't stack up here, Joe.

FAGIN

I agree. If they WERE ambushed by another gang, their bodies would be like sieves now, and there'd be casings everywhere.

MACLEAN

That's what doesn't make sense. It looks for all the world like a professional hit. But why would anyone go to such trouble to whack these bums?

FAGIN

Maybe they didn't. Maybe they got the wrong guys.

MACLEAN

If there ever was any useful evidence here, it's been washed away by this damn rain.

Fagin gingerly picks up one of the knives lying in a reddish pool. He shields it from the drizzle, and turns it over.

FAGIN

Maybe not all. It's still got blood on the under side. Maybe they managed to wound one of the killers.

He bags the knife.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

One thing you should know is this guy's got a cross carved into his forehead, and it's fresh. The other two don't.

Puzzled, MacLean and Fagin take a closer look at the White Youth.

MACLEAN

Wait a minute, I know this guy - Kowolski. Kevin Kowolski. A total lowlife, rap sheet as long as your arm, but hardly big time.

POLICEMAN 2 has been speaking on his car radio. He comes up to them urgently.

POLICEMAN 2

Sir, ma'am. Another homicide. Greenwich Village.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - STREET -- NIGHT -- LATER

Fagin heads the car towards the flashing lights of police cars and ambulances.

FAGIN

Busy night. Bet you missed this.

MacLean smiles weakly as they get out.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

A small, dark, nondescript studio apartment. A body lies face down in the middle of the floor. A police photographer takes pictures. Forensics are just arriving and setting up. POLICEMAN 3 stands by the door, talking with MacLean and Fagin as they put on rubber gloves and shoe covers.

POLICEMAN 3

It's all like I found it. I ain't touched nothin'.

Fagin flicks the light switch.

FAGIN

Light ain't gonna hurt none, now is it? What have we got?

POLICEMAN 3

Janna Rabinowitz.

MacLean and Fagin shrug at one another.

POLICEMAN 3

Works on Wall Street, according to the neighbor. Could be Citibank.

Policeman 3 points at stationary on the desk with the Citibank logo.

MACLEAN

Could be. Who reported it?

POLICEMAN 3

The neighbor. Saw the door open. Music was playing. Came in to say hi.

FAGIN

Right neighborly of him. Did he touch anything?

POLICEMAN 3

No. Saw the hole where the woman's brain used to be and ran. Got shit-scared.

MACLEAN

Anything else?

POLICEMAN 3

As far as I can see, one bullet between the eyes.

FAGIN

And no one heard the shot?

POLICEMAN 3

We haven't got round everyone yet. Oh, and someone's cut a cross into her forehead.

MACLEAN

Oh, shit!

MacLean bends down and looks at the face. Fagin joins her.

FAGIN

Oh, shit!

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

INSERT CAPTION: **Tuesday**

MacLean strides in with two coffees. The grunts straighten up when they see her. She notices one cop with his feet on the desk. Without a word, she gestures with an upward tilt of her head and his feet fly back to the floor. She continues to her office.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Fagin is sitting in a swivel chair, reading a case file. He spots MacLean approaching, and immediately whisks his feet off the desk.

Behind him is a map of the 5 boroughs with two colored pins stuck in it. Fagin gently sways to the jazz MUSIC coming from a portable speaker.

MacLean hands a cup to Fagin, tosses her bag into the corner, and slumps into her chair.

MACLEAN

Bon giorno. So, what we got?

Fagin skims the report.

FAGIN

Grazie. Notta mucho.
No ballistics yet, but, gotta say,
hard to believe it ain't the same
guy - or guys. He's good. All
victims, one bullet, except your
friend Kowolski. He toyed with him
first. Shot in both legs before the
fatal shot in the head. Hmmm. Why?
Could be personal?

MACLEAN

Yes. Or no. Depends.

FAGIN

Useful.

Fagin looks up at her. He notices how rough she looks.

FAGIN

You kids today. Always partying.

MACLEAN

Yea, right. I'd kill for a good
night's sleep. Have tried
everything. Thank God for coffee -
best legal drug known to man.

Fagin raises his cup to that. He returns to the file.

FAGIN

No witnesses. No one heard a shot.
Probably used a silencer. Two of
the victims had crosses on the
forehead.

MACLEAN

God Squad fanatic?

FAGIN

Could be. Whoa! Fuck me!

Fagin jerks bolt upright. He puts down the file and looks at MacLean.

MACLEAN

What?

INT. POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM -- LATER

The room is full with about 12 policemen and 4 policewomen of different ranks. At the front, with MacLean and Fagin, stands CAPTAIN DAVID WALKER, late 50s, immaculate, slightly overweight. He is every inch the true professional.

Behind them is Fagin's map of the city.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So, have we got ourselves a serial killer, or what?

MACLEAN

Too early to say, Dave, but it doesn't look good. Let's recap what we know so far. Four bodies, all killed within about two hours last night in different parts of the city.

Fagin puts up photos of the bodies next to their mugshots.

FAGIN

Brooklyn. Three bodies. Kevin Kowolski, real low-life. Shaquille Coombes and Jaime Rodriguez - minor hoodlums - car theft, etc. All frequent guests of this fair city since they were kids.

OFFICER MIKE HARRIS, 28, enthusiastic, brightens up.

HARRIS

Good riddance, then.

CAPTAIN WALKER

That is NOT the attitude, Harris, do you hear me?

Harris bows his head in embarrassment.

MacLean puts up a photocopy enlargement of a scrap of paper. The handwriting on it is almost childlike.

MACLEAN

Kowolski had this note in his pocket. It shows the time and location of his death.

FAGIN

Forensics are checking to confirm whose handwriting it is, but it looks like they had an appointment with the killer.

MACLEAN

In Greenwich, we have Janna Rabinowitz. A bank officer. No obvious connection between the victims, as far as we can tell.

FAGIN

Rabinowitz was investigated last year for money-laundering, huge amounts, but, as always, nothing ever sticks to these guys. A slap on the wrist and a modest fine.

CAPTAIN WALKER

These bums were clearly not in her league - they couldn't afford a pair of her shoes.

MACLEAN

Indeed. Robbery wasn't the motive either - the apartment wasn't touched, and the victims still had their wallets.

FAGIN

Coombes and Rodriguez were shot in the chest while standing up. The others were shot in the forehead from above - they were either kneeling or on the ground - and had crosses cut into their foreheads.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Religious nut? Any forensic evidence?

FAGIN

Nothing yet. No finger prints. They're still looking for DNA. This guy is careful. Or "guys" - it coulda been more than one, especially in the alley.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Which was first - Brooklyn or Greenwich?

FAGIN

We dunno for sure - they were very close. At this stage, Forensics think Greenwich was probably killed first. Still, early days.

MACLEAN

Almost certainly the same guys, so how'd they get around? Check CCTV within a 5 block radius of both sites and see if the same vehicle turns up.

FAGIN

If they went by road, it'd have to be by motorcycle. The traffic yesterday, with that weather...

MACLEAN

Could have been the subway.

FAGIN

Very possible. Harris, you check out the surveillance cameras at all the stations near the murders. See if the same guy crops up.

HARRIS

(to himself)

Fuck. That'll take forever.

Captain Walker looks over to LAURIE O'NEAL, an attractive uniformed policewoman, late 20s / early 30s, with her hair tied back in an austere pony tail.

CAPTAIN WALKER

You wanna add something, O'Neal?

(aside to MacLean)

Laurie O'Neal. Moved here a month ago from upstate.

MacLean nods.

O'NEAL

Coombes and Rodriguez look like collateral damage. The killer went to town on the other two. They were motivated, personal. Very hard to shoot someone right in the face.

FAGIN

You don't know the half of it, boys and girls. O'Neal could be on the right track here. Our friend shot Kowolski in the trademark forehead. And then...

Fagin looks around the room. He is relishing the suspense.

FAGIN

... he cut off his balls.

All the men wince at the thought.

HARRIS
Souvenir collector?

MacLean shrugs.

MACLEAN
We never found the balls.

INT. POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

As everyone files out, MacLean catches O'Neal's attention.

MACLEAN
O'Neal, isn't it? That was a good
point you made.

O'Neal visibly rises at the praise.

MACLEAN
I need you to do background checks
on all the victims. Scour the
internet, especially social media
and Google. There really aren't any
secrets in this world anymore -
everything's on the web! There has
to be some overlap somewhere. Check
EVERYTHING. Did they go to the same
school? Do they use the same
hairdresser? Support the same
baseball team? Drink the same beer?

O'NEAL
Oh. I was promised I'd be in the
field, and...

MACLEAN
Sorry, O'Neal, but it's all hands
on deck. Check Kowolski's cellphone
records - and landline, if anyone
still uses them. That note looks
rushed, like you'd make during a
phone call. Check all calls in and
out.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

It is late. O'Neal is glued to her computer. She rubs her
tired eyes. MacLean comes up behind carrying a coffee for
her. Suddenly, O'Neal thumps the machine in frustration.

O'NEAL
Shit! Shit, shit, shit.

Without stopping, MacLean grimaces, puts the cup down on the
desk behind her and leaves. The phone RINGS.

O'NEAL
 (aggressively)
 O'Neal.

MACLEAN (O.S.)
 Coffee... behind you.

O'Neal turns and sees the coffee. She is about to thank her, but she's hung up.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean puts down the phone. It RINGS immediately.

MACLEAN
 MacLean.

FAGIN
 What the fuck are you doin' there?

MACLEAN
 Aah!

FAGIN
 Aah, indeed. Get yer fuckin' ass round here now, or I'm toast.

INT. FAGIN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

SALLY FAGIN, motherly woman with a friendly demeanor, welcomes MacLean at the door. MacLean kisses the three small kids, SUSAN, TOM, and JIM, who rush up to greet her.

MACLEAN
 Honest, Sal. Joe did tell me. My fault. I just forgot.

SALLY
 Helen, stop covering for the old fool. I tell you, if his brains were dynamite he wouldn't have enough to blow his hair off.

She ruffles his hair playfully, as he ambles up.

FAGIN
 See what you done? No oats tonight.

JIM
 I thought we were having hamburgers.

INT. FAGIN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

It is a cozy middle class apartment. Tidiness is a battle lost long ago to small kids. The adults are sitting in the den nursing coffees. Fagin and Sally are slouched together snugly on the couch. The kids shuffle off to bed.

MACLEAN

Great kids, Sal.

SALLY

Thanks. We do our best. No matter how hard you try to lose 'em, they still keep coming back.

MACLEAN

Dinner was great... as always.

SALLY

It's good to cook for someone who appreciates it, for a change. Not like this lunk.

With a smile, Sally grabs Fagin's arm playfully.

SALLY

I'm just sorry it took so long. We shoulda done this before.

MACLEAN

No, no, no.

SALLY

(nervously)

How're you coping, Helen? I mean...

Fagin looks alarmed at his wife. She recoils slightly. To their surprise, MacLean smiles.

MACLEAN

Jesus! You know, I've been back a few days, and you're the first person to get to the point. Ever since Alex... you know,... everyone's been so ultra-nice, trying desperately to dance around...

(making air-quotes)

... "the subject". Even lunk here hasn't mentioned it once!

Sally looks at Fagin with a mixture of surprise and disappointment. Fagin's expression says "What?"

MACLEAN

I'm fine. Really. It's been over a year now, so...

(shrugs)

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Must be honest, the department's been really good to me. I got time off, then they sent me to Interpol for a few months. Come on - we're talking Paris here! Every cloud...

FAGIN

You know the Captain fixed that for you, right?

MACLEAN

Really? He's never said a word.

FAGIN

Are you surprised?

SALLY

Aah, Paris. Cliché I know, but I've always wanted to see Paris in the Spring. Joe promised to take me there. I guess I shoulda been more specific. We went to Texas.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MacLean tosses and turns in her Kingsize Bed. She only occupies a sliver on one side.

MACLEAN

(with anguish)

No! No! No!

She jolts awake, sweaty, dread written into her face.

After a moment, she relaxes. She checks the bedside clock. 3:05 am. She slumps.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean skims a magazine, waiting for the kettle to boil. She knocks back a couple of pills.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The room is in darkness, save for a lamp over MacLean perched comfortably in a high-backed armchair by the window. She is cocooned in blankets, feet tucked up, reading a book, nursing her cup of tea.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Wednesday**

MacLean puts two coffees on the desk and removes her trench-coat. Fagin is engrossed in files.

MACLEAN

Hi, Joe. Great evening, thanks. You know you don't deserve her.

FAGIN

Yea. One day, she's gonna figure that out for herself.

She hands a cup to Fagin.

FAGIN

Cheers.

He looks up and sees her wearing sunglasses. He looks out of the window. A miserable rainy day.

FAGIN

You're gonna drop dead at this rate, Helen.

MACLEAN

I'm fine. So, what's new?

Fagin hesitates before returning to the files.

FAGIN

I dunno if this is good news or bad. Two different guns. Coombes was killed with a different one.

MACLEAN

So we might have two killers.

FAGIN

Looks like it. Otherwise, both sites absolutely clean.

MACLEAN

Still no obvious connection between Rabinowitz and the others?

O'Neal walks in.

FAGIN

You'd better be bringing us something good, O'Neal.

O'NEAL

All the usual suspects drew a blank.

MACLEAN

(shrugging)

That would have been too easy. Thanks.

Fagin waits for O'Neal to leave.

FAGIN

Look, Helen, I'm just gonna say this, then I'm gonna shut up, I promise. Are you sure you're okay with all this? Sometimes you look like death warmed up.

MACLEAN

I just need to get back into the groove, okay? Don't fuss. Please.

Fagin puts his hands up in mock surrender.

FAGIN

Okay. If you want my opinion - and I know you don't - I really don't think you should be doing this kinda work anymore. You know, after what happened to Alex. There! I've said it.

MACLEAN

You want me to go on traffic duty?

FAGIN

No. No, of course not.

MACLEAN

Then leave me be. I'm okay.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- EVENING

MacLean and Fagin are in their office. They are sitting behind huge piles of files. They look tired.

MACLEAN

(rubbing her eyes)

I think our murderer's definitely an equal opportunity killer. Any race, any sex, any age, any class.

CARL WOODWARD, a journalist, pops his head through the door.

WOODWARD

Joe, any leads?

FAGIN

Carl! What're you doing here? You can't just barge in like that.

WOODWARD

Yea, yea, but it's late. I got a deadline in a few minutes. You don't wanna miss tomorrow's paper, do ya, Joe?

FAGIN

Deadline? Paper? Are you still living in a movie, Carl? We do know you post online.

WOODWARD

I'm old school, Joe. Ink's in my blood. D'ya still think the killer's using the subway between kills?

FAGIN

Who told you that?

WOODWARD

Come on. You know better than that. Whaddya got?

Fagin gets up and puts on his coat.

FAGIN

And YOU know better than that. Come on. Buy me a drink and I won't charge you with trespass.

Fagin gently guides Woodward out of the office.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- LATER

O'Neal looks in as MacLean is sitting back in her chair with her eyes closed.

O'NEAL

Ah, sorry. Thought you'd forgotten the lights.

MacLean is startled. She sits up and shuffles some papers.

MACLEAN

(embarrassed)

Concentrating on the case.

O'Neal struggles not to show her disbelief. She picks up a picture frame with various pictures of Helen and Alex.

O'NEAL

I didn't know you were married.

MACLEAN

(smiles weakly)

Not any more. Do you like Rachmaninov?

MacLean starts a CD with the remote control.

MACLEAN

Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor.

O'NEAL
"Brief Encounter", right?

MACLEAN
My God! You know that film?

O'NEAL
Sure. Great movie.

MACLEAN
I am... surprised. Let's go for a drink. You can tell me about yourself - like what's a nice kid like you doing in a place like this?

Without looking, MacLean reaches back, retrieves her long, dark trench-coat and throws it over her arm.

INT. POLICE STATION - MACLEAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Thursday**

MacLean, deep in thought, twiddling a pen, as she pores over the forensic reports. Captain Walker bursts in.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Have you seen this shit in the paper?

Captain Walker thrusts the paper into MacLean's face. He is brandishing it so agitatedly that MacLean has to gently take it off him to read it.

CAPTAIN WALKER
"The Subway Killer". What shit is that? The Mayor's Office's been up my ass all morning. Sounds like people are dying like flies on the subway.

MACLEAN
A bit random, isn't it?

CAPTAIN WALKER
Random!? RANDOM!? The internet's plastering this around the world. D'you have any idea what that does to tourism? The mayor's goin' totally fuckin' apeshit.

MACLEAN
Our killer hasn't touched anyone on the subway, or gone anywhere near tourists.

CAPTAIN WALKER

I know that. You know that. But how many morons read beyond the headline? We gotta find this guy fast, or he'll bust the whole fuckin' tourist industry. Un-fucking-believable.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

A cavernous warehouse, clearly unused for years. One corner has been made comfortable with the most basic of furniture and amenities. Light comes from ceiling windows.

The Vigilante straightens his ski mask. He is wearing surgical gloves. Everything he does is with extreme care. This is a perfectionist.

He is wearing a light bullet-proof vest. He opens the closet and takes out a dark blue Burberry trench-coat, still in the wrapping from the Dry Cleaners. With a flourish, he puts it on, and walks to the bathroom.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

From a ziplock bag, he removes a small Swiss army knife, still in its original box. He puts it in his left pocket.

He picks up a small box of bullets. Holding the box at arms length, he carefully takes out 12 bullets, and lays them on a disposable cloth. One by one, he wipes them with a cloth doused in disinfectant, and loads two identical guns. He puts one gun in each pocket.

He takes the 2 cloths and flushes them down the toilet.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Carefully he puts on a hat and looks in the freestanding full-length mirror. He takes a deep breath. He kisses the crucifix around his neck then tucks it in. He looks around briefly.

As he leaves, we see how bleak the place is. There are several oil drums and crates at one end. In the domesticated area, there is a PC on a table, but we can't make out the screen. On a larger table in the middle of the room there is a shoe box whose contents are hidden from view. Next to it is an open book of newspaper clippings. MacLean's picture is in two of the clippings:

"Cop's Husband Killed"

"Cop slams Courts in rape case"

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

This is a very nice Park Avenue apartment, with very expensive furnishings. MUSIC plays from a top end player.

ANGELA, mid-40s, is reading on her iPad as she eats. She looks annoyed as the DOORBELL RINGS. With a SIGH, she puts down the fork and heads for the door.

ANGELA
Siri, stop music.

The music stops. She looks through the spy hole in the door. She is surprised and hesitates. Then she opens the door with a weak smile.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Angela is lying face down on the floor in the middle of the living room. We see the bullet wound and cross on her forehead.

MacLean is standing over the body, gun in hand. Cagily, she moves around the apartment to ensure it is clear.

Fagin and O'Neal BURST into the apartment. Instinctively, they all swivel towards each other, guns raised.

ALL
Police!

O'Neal FIRES a warning shot. MacLean dives to the floor and is about to fire back when she recognizes the cops.

MACLEAN
Holy shit, O'Neal, what the hell are you doing? You could've got someone killed.

O'NEAL
Sorry, ma'am.

MACLEAN
Sorry!?

FAGIN
Helen! What the fuck are you doin' here?

MACLEAN
Joe!

O'NEAL
I couldn't get you on your cellphone.

FAGIN

Nor me.

MacLean looks surprised. As she gets up, she takes out her cellphone and looks at it. O'Neal scouts the apartment.

MACLEAN

Damn battery's gone again.

FAGIN

Okay, but why are you HERE?

MACLEAN

I got a call from Angela Pitt to meet her here. She said she had some information on the case. Either an amazing coincidence, or the killer forced her to make the call.

FAGIN

How'd she get you if your phone's dead?

MACLEAN

She called me at the station. I was working late.

FAGIN

And you came without backup?

MACLEAN

Joe! Do you really think I needed backup with Angela? She's a psychologist, not a psychopath!

Fagin gestures towards the scene in the room.

FAGIN

Okay, my friend, but... look what's here. Maybe that bullet was meant for you!

O'Neal enters.

O'NEAL

All clear.

Putting their weapons away, they put on gloves and look around the sumptuous apartment. They are even a little intimidated by it - it is another world.

MACLEAN

Fred's moving up scale.

O'NEAL

Fred?

MACLEAN
 (shrugging)
 Why not?

FAGIN
 The Mayor ain't gonna like this one little bit. If Park Avenue isn't safe, the ladies who lunch are gonna be shitting bricks.

MACLEAN
 Is Fred broadening his market?

FAGIN
 Looks like it. Angela Pitt isn't exactly part of the criminal underworld like the others. She's an academic psychologist, for Chrissakes. What harm has she ever done?

O'NEAL
 You know her?

MACLEAN
 Sure. We all do. A lecturer at Columbia. Does a lot of expert witness work in court.

FAGIN
 Okay, let's see what we've got. No forced entry. Victim shot, I'd guess, with a single bullet. Cross carved in the forehead. Execution style killing. Apart from the victim herself, the pattern's exactly the same. Has to be the same guys.

MACLEAN
 Looks that way. No one outside the department knows about the crosses.

Suddenly there is a FLASH. MacLean turns to see Woodward and his photographer at the door.

MACLEAN
 Jesus!

FAGIN
 Get the fuck out of here, Carl.

Woodward strains to look at the body.

WOODWARD
 What's that on her forehead?

MACLEAN

Will you get out of here? This is a restricted area. We'll give you a statement later.

WOODWARD

Come on, MacLean. What's that on her forehead?

MacLean tries to block Woodward's view.

MACLEAN

She fell against the table.

FAGIN

Okay, Carl. Times up. Let's go.

Fagin escorts Woodward out. O'Neal looks at MacLean quizzically.

O'NEAL

Weird, eh? Why did she call you?

MACLEAN

(irritated)
I wish I knew!

POLICEMAN 4 pops his head in.

POLICEMAN 4

Laurie. Possible witness.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BLOCK, CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Policeman 4 introduces O'Neal to Mr BROWN, a successful-looking man, early fifties. He is shaken, but composed.

POLICEMAN 4

Mr Brown lives down the corridor. He thinks he may have seen the killer.

BROWN

Yea. I just got back from the office.

O'NEAL

What time was that?

BROWN

About half an hour ago.

O'Neal looks at her watch to note the time.

BROWN

Well, I got outta the elevator and I saw a man standing at Ms Pitt's door, ringing the bell. She opened it and let him in.

O'NEAL

Did you hear anything? Voices? Accents? Dialog?

BROWN

Sorry, too far away. I could make out Ms Pitt's voice, but the man had his back to me.

O'NEAL

Can you give a description?

BROWN

I would guess he was about 5 foot 10, plus or minus an inch.

O'NEAL

Weight?

BROWN

Sorry, no good at that. Healthy build, I would say. Not fat, not skinny.

O'NEAL

Okay. What was he wearing?

BROWN

A dark blue trench-coat and a hat.

Brown thinks hard for a moment.

BROWN

Oh, and I'm sure he had a scarf on as well. Sorry, I don't think I can remember any more.

O'NEAL

Don't apologize, sir. Every little detail helps. Could you please give your statement to the...

O'Neal sees a sudden change in Brown's expression. The witness looks confused, and takes a step backwards. O'Neal looks around and sees MacLean coming out of the apartment. She is still wearing her trench-coat.

BROWN

I'm sorry, officer. I think I've wasted your time.

(points to MacLean)

I must have seen your colleague.

O'Neal is puzzled.

O'NEAL

Don't worry, sir, we appreciate you coming forward like this. We'll still need your statement, though. Please go with the officer.

Brown and the policeman go off to Brown's apartment.

MACLEAN

Anything?

O'NEAL

(pensively)
Probably not. You?

MACLEAN

Nope. This has certainly upped the ante.

O'NEAL

How did you get in the apartment?

MACLEAN

Door was open. I knocked, called her name, then went in. The killer must have left the door open when he left.

INT. POLICE STATION - SPARE OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Friday**

Psychiatrist DR MONICA BIANCHI carefully eyes up MacLean sitting in front of her. MacLean appears calm, but unnaturally stiff, as she self-consciously tries to avoid giving anything away accidentally.

DR BIANCHI

Looking good, Helen. How's the first week been?

MACLEAN

Got off to a flying start. Held up at gunpoint - in a church! - and we had four murders. A quiet day.

Bianchi smiles.

DR BIANCHI

Good. You wouldn't want to rush things.

MacLean relaxes a little.

DR BIANCHI

How are the nights? Still the same?

MACLEAN

(uncomfortable)

Yea. I'm going to need another prescription.

DR BIANCHI

Maybe you shoulda stayed off some more?

MACLEAN

No. Trust me. This takes my mind off... things. Just give me more pills. I'll be fine.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Fagin, O'Neal and Harris are sitting around a conference table with psychologist DR LLOYD, an impossibly handsome NYU professor in his early forties. He is tall, tanned, fit, and expensively dressed. He exudes success, so must be good.

MacLean enters and notices all the papers, photos, coffee cups and plates strewn all over the table. She nods to Fagin.

MACLEAN

My apologies. Any conclusions yet?

LLOYD

I think I've got all I need. I should be able to give you a profile of the killer by tomorrow.

FAGIN

Okay, Doc, but what about an initial heads up?

LLOYD

(reluctantly)

Well, I think we've got a very disciplined individual here.

FAGIN

One guy?

LLOYD

Yes. I think so.

O'NEAL

But there are two different guns?

LLOYD

I know. But he is so careful. Precise. Just one bullet.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Much better to work alone. The
crime scenes - they are so clean.

FAGIN

Yea. This month's Good Housekeeping
Murderer of the Month Award
definitely goes to our Fred.

LLOYD

He has an almost obsessive
attention to detail. The coolness
of the executions shows a very high
degree of self-control.

HARRIS

Executions?

LLOYD

I'll come to that in a moment.

O'NEAL

Could he be military?

Lloyd's phrasing is very carefully worded.

LLOYD

The discipline and shooting skill
would be consistent with that. He
seems to know his way around, and
to know some or all of the victims
personally, so that would suggest
he lives here, or is from here.
Could also be a cop. Possibly a
member of a shooting club.

MACLEAN

Okay, but WHY?

LLOYD

That would be premature, right now.
You haven't given me much to go on.
There doesn't seem to be any common
thread that links the victims -
some were criminals, but then
there's poor Angela. I really can't
understand...

Lloyd chokes momentarily at the mention of Angela Pitt. He
composes himself again.

LLOYD

I must say I find Kowloon, or
whatever his name was,...

O'NEAL

Kowolski.

LLOYD

Yes. Him. I find his castration...
intriguing.

MACLEAN

Intriguing?

LLOYD

Look at the pattern we do have.
Usually a single clean shot in the
forehead. That also supports the
soldier/cop hypothesis - so used to
death, he has no problem with
execution-style murder. My guess
is, in most cases, he talked to
them before they died.

FAGIN

He wanted them to know why they
were going to die?

LLOYD

A nice sadistic touch.

FAGIN

Back to Kowolski's balls.

LLOYD

Oh, yes. This is the one major
deviation in style, if I may use
that word in this context. We
assume it's the same killer,
because its always the same two
guns. So why change his method for
this one alone? The other two in
the alley weren't touched. He
needed extra time, out in the open.
By touching the body, more risk of
contamination. There may be
something in Kowwotsisname's
background that provoked this.

MACLEAN

Kowolski was a rapist -
unconvicted, but definitely guilty.

LLOYD

Really? Interesting. Interesting.
Of course, it could be a deliberate
distraction to throw you off the
scent.

FAGIN

You're not giving us much here,
doc.

LLOYD
 (impatiently)
 I'm sorry, but I can only work with
 what you give me. I will say,
 though, that this does not feel
 like a serial killer to me.

HARRIS
 (surprised)
 Why's that?

MACLEAN
 Serial killer victims tend to be
 random, more spread out. The killer
 is usually looking for publicity.
 He likes to goad the cops.

LLOYD
 Exactly. But don't underestimate -
 what did you call him? - Fred. His
 methods show he is clearly not mad.
 He is choosing and executing his
 victims with great care. Outwardly,
 he will appear a perfectly normal
 sane person...

FAGIN
 Well, that narrows the field in New
 York!

LLOYD
 (smiles indulgently)
 I hate to say it, ladies and
 gentlemen, but I think you've
 probably got a vigilante on your
 hands.

EXT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT BLOCK -- LATE MORNING

MacLean, holding an umbrella against the rain with one hand,
 buys a bagel from a mobile stand that is about to shut for
 the day. A car pulls up and Harris gets out.

MACLEAN
 (impatiently)
 What kept you?

HARRIS
 Traffic's a bitch. What's up?

MACLEAN
 Tip off.
 (making air-quotes)
 "Jaime Ledesma can help you with
 your case".

Harris' demeanor slumps.

HARRIS

We get thousands of these calls.
What's so special about this one?
Do you know him?

MACLEAN

Yea. Dealer. Mostly drugs, but also
iffy art and jewelry. Clever creep,
made of teflon - always manages to
insulate himself from any risk.
Maybe he was doing business with
Kowolski.

MacLean shakes the rain off her umbrella outside, before entering the lobby of a white-glove apartment block.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT BLOCK LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

A tall, slim, pretty girl, early twenties, sits quietly in the lobby. It is EMMA FONTEYN. She is dressed conservatively, in a baggy sweater. All in all, she has a shy demeanor. Harris smiles at her. She looks away.

MacLean becomes aware of Harris' wandering attention, follows his gaze, and notices the girl. She momentarily hesitates and looks uneasy.

MACLEAN

(to herself)

Yikes. The Ghosts of Christmas
Past.

Steeling herself, with a warm but uncomfortable smile, she heads for the young girl.

MACLEAN

Emma, how are you? Remember me?

EMMA

(shyly)

Inspector. Yes, of course I do.

They shake hands politely.

MACLEAN

Harris, Emma Fonteyn.

Harris and Emma shake hands. There is an awkward pause. MacLean looks at her expectantly, but she doesn't say any more.

MACLEAN

Well, nice to see you again. Say
hello to your father for me.

The elevator PINGS, and a man gets out with four large highly groomed dogs on leashes. The dogs are eager to get out.

EMMA
 (nodding towards the
 elevator)
 You can tell him yourself.

BRUCE FONTEYN stops momentarily when he sees the policemen.
 His expression changes to one of icy coldness.

MACLEAN
 Hi, Bruce. Good to see you. What
 are you doing here?

BRUCE
 We're walking the dogs.

MACLEAN
 Right. Of course. Well, gotta go.
 Have a nice day.

She tries to shake Bruce's hand, but it is full of leashes,
 so she awkwardly waves and smiles.

MacLean and Harris go into the elevator.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT BLOCK ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

As the doors close, they see Bruce struggling with the dogs.
 Emma grabs the leashes and brings the dogs under control.
 Bruce gives her two and puts his arm around her shoulder.

Harris presses the button for the 25th Floor.

HARRIS
 Could that have been more awkward?

MACLEAN
 An old case. They didn't get
 justice. Tragedy, really. Now,
 let's see if we can do this without
 shooting up the place.

The elevator stops at the 25th Floor.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT BLOCK CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

MacLean and Harris put their hands on their guns and head for
 Apartment 25C. The name LEDESMA is stuck above the bell.
 Harris RINGS the bell, and KNOCKS loudly on the door. No
 answer. Harris repeats the action.

MACLEAN
 Come on, Jaime. We know you're in
 there.

HARRIS
(sotto voce)
Do we?

MacLean shrugs. There is no noise from the apartment.

HARRIS
Whaddya reckon? Kick it down?

MACLEAN
Jesus, Harris. I just said... Never
mind. Go ask the Concierge for the
key.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT BLOCK CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

The Concierge opens the door, and steps back quickly. MacLean and Harris are both carrying their guns at the ready.

They burst into the room. Harris rolls on the floor before jumping to his feet, gun pointing this way and that. MacLean rolls her eyes.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Carefully, they search the apartment one room at a time, until they get to the master bedroom.

HARRIS
Fuck! Another one. Right under our
fuckin' noses.

They drop their guns. Harris goes over to the large windows.

HARRIS
Willya look at that view? There's
the UN, the MetLife Building. And
that's Shittybank. Don'tya just
love this city?

MacLean joins him at the window, as they don gloves.

MACLEAN
This guy must've made serious
money.

HARRIS
Yea. This ain't no rent control.

MacLean goes back to the body. There is a bullet wound between the eyes, and a cross on the forehead. Instinctively, she checks for a pulse, but quickly realises it's a waste of time and drops the wrist.

MACLEAN

Call for an ambulance and back up.
He's dead, but still warm. Seal off
the building - NOW. Probably long
gone, but better follow procedure.

Harris calls up the station. MacLean inspects the scene. An
air of weariness and frustration envelopes her.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- EARLY MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Saturday**

O'Neal is jogging when she sees MacLean.

O'NEAL

You're up early.

MacLean shrugs.

O'NEAL

You should jog. Helps get rid of
that excess energy.

MACLEAN

I'd rather poke my eyes out!

Fagin comes up with coffees, and hands them out. O'Neal,
surprised there's one for her, gratefully takes a swig.

O'NEAL

Thanks. Don't need to be a
detective to figure out this is no
coincidence.

FAGIN

We need you to do a deeper dive.
Can't wait until Monday, not at the
rate this guy's killing people.

O'NEAL

I checked the phone records of the
Alley Cats. In the 24 hours
beforehand, there was just one
call, from a burner phone, that
afternoon. We're checking where it
was bought, but don't expect much.

FAGIN

I bet that was Fred, making the
appointment. Probably promised them
a sweet drug deal.

MACLEAN

It makes sense. Fred is extremely
meticulous.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

The others all lived alone, but the Alley Cats shared an apartment. I'm guessing he didn't want to give them home advantage, so he lured them to a place and time of his choosing.

FAGIN

He's good - really good.

O'NEAL

So, what do you want me to do?

MACLEAN

Focus on Angela Pitt.

O'NEAL

Why her? She's not a crook - as far as we know.

MACLEAN

Exactly. So, why was she singled out? Check all the cases she gave evidence on. See if there are any connections with the other victims.

FAGIN

If our guy's a vigilante, check where her evidence got the defendant off. Fred might be pissed at her for something. Could be...

Fagin looks over to the running track. MacLean & O'Neal follow his gaze. There are a lot of morning joggers. In their midst, we see Bruce and Emma Fonteyn running in our direction.

FAGIN

Helen. Isn't that...?

MACLEAN

Yea. Fonteyn and his daughter.

By now, the Fonteyns are close. Their shirts are soaking with sweat. They are clearly serious joggers.

FAGIN

Jesus, she's turned out quite something!

MacLean turns on an awkward smile.

MACLEAN

Hi, Bruce, Emma. You following me?

The Fonteyns ignore them. They continue running.

FAGIN
 (sarcastically)
 Yea, thanks for asking. You have a
 nice day as well, you hear?

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is sitting at a computer, MacLean at her side.

O'NEAL
 Angela's been in dozens of cases.
 (checking her notes)
 38 to be precise. In New York. Plus
 several outside.

MACLEAN
 How's her record?

O'NEAL
 Of the 38 cases, she sided with the
 defendant 26 times. Either unfit to
 stand trial, or committed crime
 because of some psychological
 trauma, usually in childhood.

MACLEAN
 The FPT defense - forced potty
 training?

O'NEAL
 Yea. That got about half of them
 reduced or suspended sentences,
 including...
 (proudly)
 Kevin Kowolski and his compadres.

MACLEAN
 Bingo. That's good enough for me.
 Now we're getting somewhere... I
 think. Not sure what it means yet,
 but at least there's *something*.
 Check all the others she helped.

MacLean gets up to go. O'Neal opens her email.

O'NEAL
 Ma'am, you'd better look at this.

MacLean plonks down next to her again.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

There is an email:

"From: Themis

To: NYPD

Subject: The Subway Killer

I sense you are not making much progress in your search for the Subway Killer. Could that be because you don't want to?"

O'NEAL

Themis?

MACLEAN

The Greek goddess of Justice.
Probably a hoax, but check it out,
just in case.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

MacLean walks up to O'Neal's workstation

MACLEAN

Anything?

O'NEAL

Could be our man. He opened this
hotmail address today, along with a
Facebook account. Of course, all
the registration info is crap. In
his profile, for hobbies, he put
"spring cleaning"!

MacLean allows herself a wry smile.

O'NEAL

See if we can trace the IP address
and machine it came from.

INT. FEDEX STORE -- LATER

MacLean drums the counter impatiently with her fingers. Behind her, the store is full of policemen. Staff and customers are being interviewed. Forensics are checking three internet stations for fingerprints.

MACLEAN

(frustrated)

Round the corner from my own
apartment!

O'NEAL

There's still a chance. The store's
got surveillance cameras. We know
the time of the email.

INT. FEDEX STORE, BACK OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean, O'Neal and the Store Manager are watching the surveillance video. INTERCUT the scene with the video.

O'NEAL

Look! A guy in a trench-coat! He's wearing a wide-brimmed hat.

The store is full of customers. The man goes to one of the internet stations.

MACLEAN

Doesn't he need to pay you or something?

STORE MANAGER

No, he can do it with a credit card.

MACLEAN

What!?

O'NEAL

Look, he's putting in a credit card!

The man works quickly on the PC. MacLean fast forwards.

MACLEAN

Can we see his face?

The man gets up. MacLean slows the tape down to normal speed. The man is keeping his head tilted down.

MACLEAN

Shit. He knows where the cameras are.

O'NEAL

The asshole. Look, he's waving to us!

The figure on the screen, head still tilted forward, has stopped and is waving discreetly with his right hand in the direction of the camera. He turns and leaves the store. MacLean stops the tape.

MACLEAN

As cool as a mountain stream.

O'NEAL

I'll get the credit card details.

MACLEAN

Go ahead, but don't hold your breath.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

MacLean and Fagin are having a drink with Carl Woodward in a dark Irish Pub. Woodward is at the bar getting the drinks.

FAGIN

You gotta admire the nerve of the guy!

MACLEAN

So cool.

MacLean's phone BEEPS. She takes it out and reads it.

MACLEAN

Hah! Thought so. The credit card was Ledesma's.

FAGIN

Witnesses?

MACLEAN

The store was packed. No one remembers seeing anything.

Woodward puts the drinks on the table.

WOODWARD

Guinness for you, and a Stella for you. So, what's the story with the Subway Killer?

MACLEAN

We're only talking with you because you've got to change that tag. You know it isn't true.

FAGIN

The mayor's spittin' blood.

WOODWARD

It's got a good ring to it. You're gonna have to give me something juicy if you want my Editor to change it now. So, whaddya got?

FAGIN

How much do you know already?

WOODWARD

Careful, aren't you? Not much, so far. Looks like a vigilante - not the Charles Bronson type, but someone more selective. People think he's a hero - cleaning up your mess.

MACLEAN

Nice to see the moral nuances are not lost on the great American public.

WOODWARD

They're not altogether wrong though, are they? None of those bastards were worth a damn.

MACLEAN

What about Angela Pitt?

WOODWARD

(rubbing his chin)
Yea, okay, that's a tough one.

MACLEAN

It's the road to anarchy, if people set themselves up as Judge, Jury and Executioner. What's to stop some Ku Klux Klan moron deciding to enact his own form of justice? Or Al-Qaeda? The law has to apply to all. You can't have shades of grey.

WOODWARD

I've seen nearly all the victims in Court. First time that's ever happened. Most of them were real scumbags who got off, even when they were clearly as guilty as shit - sometimes thanks to Pitt.

FAGIN

If I recall, Ledesma got off because YOUR reporting made it impossible for him to have a fair trial. Weren't you fined for contempt of court? So, let's not get holier than thou about the legal system, eh, Carl?

WOODWARD

The public's right to know...

MACLEAN

Bullshit, Carl. And you know it.

FAGIN

You're right about the miscarriages of justice. But consider this. Your report on Ledesma might have been his death warrant.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET -- NIGHT

It is raining lightly. People rush about, hunched up against the cold and wet. A man in a burberry coat and hat comes into view. In contrast to the other pedestrians, he is walking calmly.

The Vigilante stops in front of a brownstone, and looks up. Only one window is lit. He looks at the names on the board and presses the button for JUAN VELASCO, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

VELASCO (O.S.)

Si?

The Vigilante's voice is muffled again by the ski mask under the hat.

VIGILANTE

Sr Velasco?

VELASCO (O.S.)

Si.

VIGILANTE

It's Murphy. We have an appointment.

VELASCO (O.S.)

Okay, come up.

The door BUZZES, and the Vigilante enters.

INT. VELASCO'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

The office is fairly small and untidy, but expensively decorated and fitted out. There are piles of legal dossiers sitting on the floor.

The Vigilante enters. His features are hidden by his hat.

VELASCO, 55, is a hyperactive overweight lawyer. His somewhat scruffy appearance and office reflect his disorganized character. He continues writing, and doesn't look up.

VELASCO

Come in, Mr Murphy. Take a seat.
I'll be with you in a moment.

The Vigilante sits down. He takes a gun out of his pocket, and lays it on his lap. It has a silencer on it.

VELASCO

(looking up)
Now, Mr Murphy, how can I help...?

He is momentarily startled by the threatening figure in front of him.

From behind, we see the Vigilante remove the ski mask. After a few seconds, recognition flickers across Velasco's face, then annoyance. Then he sees the gun. His expression turns to fear. He fidgets. He looks around for an escape.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Sunday**

O'Neal is at her computer. Fagin is sitting next to her. It is Sunday, so they are casually dressed.

FAGIN

Hey, this Velasco - I know him.
I've faced him many times in court.
Slimy bastard. He was a master at
playing the system to get his
guilty clients off.
Hmm. That's odd.

O'NEAL

What is?

FAGIN

Not sure yet. I'll get back to you.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY -- MORNING

The next sequence is played to background music "Once Upon A Time In the West" by Dire Straits. Only the sound effects are heard over the music.

The Vigilante, in his customary trench-coat and hat, stands bolt upright on the deck, watching the Statue of Liberty as the Staten Island ferry sails by.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT BLOCK -- LATER

A rundown street. There are children and dogs playing. The Vigilante walks up and presses a BELL. The door BUZZES. The Vigilante enters.

INT. STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante is in the kitchen of the apartment. He wears surgical gloves. He picks up a knife. He sharpens it in an electric sharpener, and tests it on an apple. Almost without pressure it slices through the fruit. He returns to the Living Room.

INT. STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A youth lies on the floor, a single bullet wound and cross on his forehead. The Vigilante bends over the body.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND APARTMENT BLOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

The Vigilante exits the building. As he walks along the street, he tosses first one, then another, small object to the dogs. They jump up, catch them and swallow.

End of music sequence.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

MacLean pores over files when a grumpy Fagin flounces in, shaking his wet coat everywhere.

FAGIN

Another fuckin' Sunday pissed away.
At least you didn't have to go all
the way to fuckin' Staten Island.

MACLEAN

I was about to go to the theater.

FAGIN

My heart bleeds!

Captain Walker, also dressed in civvies, marches in, waving a file.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Seriously. Is that all we've got,
after a week? His limited wardrobe?

FAGIN

He's like the fuckin' Phantom
Shadow. We seek him here. We seek
him there.

MACLEAN

Wasn't that the...?

FAGIN

Whatever. Some kids saw a man with
a hat in a dark blue Humphrey
Bogart raincoat around the time of
the killing.

MACLEAN

I suppose we'll have to put out an
appeal for anyone who saw a man in
a raincoat at the times of the
killings.

(sarcastically)

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

As if anyone would be wearing a raincoat when - wait - it's pissing with rain!

FAGIN

Not just any old raincoat, Helen. It was clearly a trench-coat, like your Burberry. If we call it a Burberry-style raincoat, that should help.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Are you crazy? We're in enough trouble with the Mayor's office as it is. We'll get our asses sued if we use their name. We'll just have to sift the calls.

FAGIN

There are people out there with information who don't wanna come forward 'cos they think this guy's a hero.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Between us, sometimes I fantasize about giving him a couple of names before we catch him.

FAGIN

Maybe he does requests.

They all CHUCKLE.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Even the bad guys are getting nervous. They're actually complaining about police incompetence! I mean, how surreal can you get?

O'Neal bursts into the room.

O'NEAL

Sorry to interrupt, sir, but today's victim was Dave Simpson.

MACLEAN

I remember him. He...

O'NEAL

(excitedly)

He was another castration.

FAGIN

Is that like a Taurus, or Gemini?

Everyone looks at him.

FAGIN

Sorry. Carry on.

O'NEAL

Simpson was castrated, like Kowolski. And there's a connection. They were both tried for rape, same case, and got off.

MACLEAN

As I was trying to say, he was one of those animals who raped the Fonteyn women.

An expression of epiphany comes across Fagin.

FAGIN

Fuck! It can't be.

MACLEAN

Would you blame him? Not short of motive. Shit. We even saw him in Ledesma's building.

FAGIN

Fuck me. He's been under our fuckin' noses the whole time.

MACLEAN

Velasco defended them - Kowolsi and Simpson and... there was another one. It'll come to me in a minute.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Why kill Ledesma? And the others?

FAGIN

Put us off the scent? Fuckin' clever.

MACLEAN

(hesitantly)

I'm not so sure. He dotes on his daughter. Why risk being sent away for decades, or worse?

FAGIN

What're you talking about? Everything fits. He must be laughing his head off - yet more police incompetence.

CAPTAIN WALKER

(relieved)

It's the best lead we've got so far. Helen, Joe, go pick him up.

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bruce Fonteyn stands, unintimidated, in his comfortable Upper East Side apartment. MacLean and Fagin's body language is much more formal than before.

BRUCE
What's this all about?

MACLEAN
Did you know Kevin Kowolski was killed recently?

BRUCE
Yea, it was on the news. Got what he deserved.

MACLEAN
What about Dave Simpson?

BRUCE
What about him?

FAGIN
Come on, Bruce. Don't act dumb. He was bumped off today as well.

Bruce is clearly delighted by the news.

BRUCE
Great. That means only one of those assholes left to go.

MACLEAN
Where were you between 9 and 11 this morning?

BRUCE
What?! You can't be serious. You think it's me?

FAGIN
Answer the question.

BRUCE
I don't believe this. Someone finally gives those punks what they deserve, and you come for me.

MACLEAN
Nobody's "coming" for you. We just want you to help us with our enquiries. Where were you this morning?

BRUCE
Here. In the apartment.

FAGIN
Any witnesses?

BRUCE
No.

MACLEAN
What about Emma?

BRUCE
No. She was visiting her Aunt.

Fagin looks at MacLean triumphantly.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

MacLean and Fagin face off with Bruce at a table. On it is a recording device, with the red light showing it is already running. O'Neal is sitting at the back of the room. A uniformed policeman is standing by the door.

FAGIN
You're entitled to an attorney. You know that?

BRUCE
Of course I know that. I don't need an attorney. I haven't done anything.

MACLEAN
(talking to the recorder)
Let the record show the suspect declined the assistance of an attorney.
(turning back to Bruce)
Be careful, Bruce. You're under suspicion for multiple murders.

BRUCE
(with real bitterness)
Well, charge me then. If you damn idiots take me to Court I know I'll get off - even if I confess!

MacLean and Fagin look at one another embarrassed.

FAGIN
You know we did what we could. The Lab fucked up with the specimens. We were as pissed as you were, and...

BRUCE
Oh, I don't think so.

MACLEAN

Cut the crap, Bruce, we're...

BRUCE

Ah, wait a minute. I nearly forgot -
you DO know now what it's like,
don't you, Inspector?

MacLean stares at him dumbfounded. O'Neal's attention is piqued. Fagin looks uncomfortable.

BRUCE

Coked up teenager, wasn't it? Drove
over your husband on the sidewalk.
What did the Courts say? Diminished
responsibility, wasn't it?

(with venom)

Asshole lawyers.

MacLean is visibly upset. She is fighting to control all manner of repressed feelings.

FAGIN

Shut the fuck up, Bruce.

BRUCE

Don't you just wish you could get
five minutes alone with that piece
of shit? Peter Walsh, wasn't it?

MACLEAN

(between clenched teeth)

Patrick... fucking... Walsh.

BRUCE

I bet you fantasize every single
day about him dying a slow painful
death.

MacLean leaps up, struggling to control her emotions. She storms out of the room.

FAGIN

Time out.

He switches off the recorder and goes after her, followed by O'Neal. Fonteyn sits calmly, but there is no air of satisfaction in his victory.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

MacLean paces up and down, trying to control her emotions. Then she slumps into a chair and holds her head in her hands. Fagin and O'Neal stand by the door, watching, concerned.

O'NEAL

I thought her husband died. He was killed?

FAGIN

Fuckin' cokehead, ran a light in his SUV, swerved oncoming traffic, and piled right into her husband on the sidewalk. Didn't stand a chance.

O'NEAL

Jesus.

FAGIN

Devastated, she was. But, the fuckin' trial. What a joke! Juvy court.

O'NEAL

(incredulous)

Juvy?! What was he doing driving?

FAGIN

Exactly. One month before his 16th birthday. No license, obviously. But, you know the drill by now. Rich white kid. Clever lawyer.

INT. COURT ROOM -- DAY

FLASHBACK

WALSH, now sixteen, immaculately dressed, with a humble, contrite posture, stands up for the verdict. MacLean sits nervously in the gallery, with Fagin and Sally by her side.

FAGIN (V.O.)

"Good" family, no previous, testimonials from everyone from the Pope down.

The JUDGE, well passed his sell by date, announces his verdict.

JUDGE

You have been found guilty of manslaughter and driving without a license. These are very serious offenses, young man, and deserving of severe punishment.

Walsh, suitably contrite, bows his head some more. He nervously twitches his hands.

JUDGE

I have taken on board the testimonials and character references I have received, and given this case substantial consideration. It is the view of this court that this conduct was an aberration, a youthful mistake that should not irretrievably ruin his life forever.

A MURMUR fills the court. The judge BANGS his gavel.

JUDGE

The defendant will pay a fine of \$10,000 for dangerous driving, and driving without a license. Furthermore, he is banned from driving before his 25th birthday. He will also spend a minimum of 6 months community service, and undergo rehabilitation for his drug problem.

OUTRAGE fills the court. MacLean sits stunned in disbelief. Sally comforts her. Fagin is on his feet, furious.

O'NEAL (V.O.)

What?!?

Walsh nods submissively to the judge. His lawyer pats his shoulder, nodding.

MacLean stares intently at Walsh as he turns round towards his family sitting behind him. His expression turns from the meek, submissive pose of the trial to a really smug, victorious, Master-of-the-Universe smirk. He looks up and sees MacLean. He sneers and nods at her triumphantly.

FAGIN (V.O)

But the worst thing was the smug, victorious look on his face after the verdict. I can see it now.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Fagin shakes his head despondently.

FAGIN

Ah, fuck it. Some days, you wonder what's the point.

O'NEAL

Jesus!

FAGIN

Look, don't tell her I said anything, okay? She hates people fussing about.

O'Neal nods.

FAGIN

That was when the Captain decided to send her away, for her own good.
(sighs)
She should never have come back - at least, not here. Something like this was bound to happen eventually.

He gestures back towards the interview room.

FAGIN

Don't you find it odd how cool this guy is? He looks really confident we're gonna have to let him go.

MacLean has regained her composure. She rejoins them. She looks at O'Neal embarrassed, then at Fagin.

MACLEAN

Sorry about that, Joe. I really need to get some sleep. I should never have...

Fagin smiles weakly, shakes his head, and gestures with his hands for her to stop there. She nods back. They return to the interrogation room.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

They are seated once again. Fagin takes out the previous tape and puts it in his pocket. He puts a new one in the machine and starts again.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Endless coffee cups are strewn over the table. It has been some time.

BRUCE

Get serious, Fagin. I never killed those punks. I've sure as hell WANTED to, many times. And, as far as I'm aware, thoughts are still not a crime in America.

MACLEAN

Bruce. It isn't looking good. You can't give us a decent alibi for any of the murders.

BRUCE

I'm guilty because I lead a quiet life? You guys are desperate. Pin this on me, and your miserable batting average shoots up.

FAGIN

Cut the crap, Bruce. What the fuck were you up to? Why kill all those people?

BRUCE

Inspector, am I talking to myself?
(with emphasis)
I.. NEVER... KILLED... ANYONE. I can't say it any clearer than that. Yes, I'm glad they're dead. All of them. But I never did it. They were the dregs of humanity. Every now and then, the gene pool needs a little chlorine.

FAGIN

That's what the police are for...

He realizes what he just said and shakes his head.

FAGIN

You know what I mean.

BRUCE

We all know these animals attacked and raped my family. You've seen the result.

(tears appear in his eyes)
My dear wife committed suicide. My daughter, my beautiful daughter, a straight 'A' student, with everything to live for, she went virtually catatonic.

MACLEAN

But...

BRUCE

And what happens? Everyone knows they're 200% guilty, but their morally deviant lawyer gets them off on some stupid technicality.

There is now real anger in Fonteyn's voice. He gets up and paces about as he speaks.

BRUCE

What sort of justice is that? They destroyed our lives, and they're still free to walk the streets. Degenerates like that break Society's laws with total disregard, but if they get caught, they're the first to use the system to get themselves off the hook. That is not justice, Inspector. These...

(spits the word out)
"men" have forfeited their right to protection by the state.

Fagin turns to MacLean

FAGIN

Did I miss something? Did he just confess?

BRUCE

(snorting with derision)
I used to believe in the system. But the law set them free. That was too much for my poor wife.

He breaks down. O'Neal hands him a tissue. Regaining his composure, he turns to MacLean

BRUCE

YOU know exactly what I'm talking about, don't you?

MacLean looks uncomfortable but says nothing.

O'NEAL

But that's a recipe for anarchy.

BRUCE

Still the idealist? Wake up! Wake up! The bad guys are running rings around you because you're fighting with one arm tied behind your back. They don't care about any "rules". How is THAT not anarchy already?

O'Neal doesn't know what to say.

MACLEAN

You can't take the law into your own hands, Bruce.

BRUCE

Don't put words in my mouth, MacLean - I never said I took the law into my own hands. Huh. Wonderful, isn't it?

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Here you are, working flat out, to get "justice" for criminals.

FAGIN

We understand your anger, Bruce.

BRUCE

Understand? Understand?! Don't give me that psycho-babble bullshit, Fagin. You've got no idea how I feel. And, quite frankly, I don't care any more.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Bruce is led away by the uniformed policeman.

FAGIN

I ask again: did I miss something? Did he confess, or not?

MACLEAN

At the very least, it was a cogent rationale for doing it.

O'NEAL

He's certainly angry enough.

MACLEAN

Can you blame him? Think about it. If we book him and get a conviction, he's in jail for life. While...

FAGIN

While scuzzballs like Kowolski and Simpson walked free.

O'NEAL

So, do we book him?

MACLEAN

We've still got some time. We'd better make sure he gets a lawyer first. The ultimate irony if he gets off because we screwed up in the process! We've got strong suspicion and motive, but no actual evidence.

FAGIN

He's a clever motherfucker, I'll give him that. He's not gonna crack easily.

O'NEAL

What about his daughter?

FAGIN

God, yes. She became a real basket case. She went to pieces.

MACLEAN

O'Neal, come with me. We'd better go and tell her what's happening.

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

MacLean and O'Neal are standing at the door RINGING the bell. No answer. As they turn to leave, there is a PING, and Emma exits the elevator, with her dog, Gandalf. She looks surprised.

EMMA

What? Has something happened?
Where's my father? Oh, my God.
What's happened?

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

They are all sitting in the living room. Emma is visibly upset, hugging Gandalf for comfort. She looks lost and helpless. O'Neal gives her a glass of water.

EMMA

My father's not a killer,
Inspector. You know that.

O'NEAL

He has motive.

EMMA

That doesn't make him a killer.

MACLEAN

He also has no alibi.

EMMA

I was with him.

MACLEAN

When?

EMMA

Whenever.

MACLEAN

Don't play around, Emma. This is serious.

Emma starts to shake.

O'NEAL

Can I get you anything?

MacLean's cellphone RINGS.

MACLEAN

What? Jesus. I'm on my way.

O'NEAL

What is it?

MACLEAN

I'll tell you in the car. Emma, go talk to your father. If you want to help him, get him an attorney. He won't get one for himself.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

An unmarked car with a police siren on top races along Lexington Avenue towards the Waldorf Astoria.

MACLEAN (O.S.)

There's been another murder.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Yet another crime scene. The forensic team are already there. Fagin arrives just after MacLean and O'Neal. The corpse is lying face down, naked, but for a pair of boxers around his ankles. As usual, there is a bullet wound and cross on the forehead. A photographer is taking pictures of the scene.

They carefully walk around the crime scene.

O'NEAL

Looks like a honey trap.

FAGIN

Fuck me! It's Carl Woodward!

They look closely at the reporter's body.

MACLEAN

Bet he doesn't think the Subway Killer's a hero now.

FAGIN

Looks like he was expecting to get humped, not bumped.

MacLean picks up on O'Neal being shocked at their humor.

MACLEAN

Look, dear. We see the worst of humanity, every single day. If you don't develop an escape valve, a way to detach yourself, you'll go nuts, I promise you.

O'Neal nods, only half-convinced. Fagin says something to the Medical Examiner.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Sure.

(turning to photographer)

You got what you need?

The Medical Examiner carefully moves the body around the hips and checks between his legs.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

He's whole. Been dead several hours. I'll let you know more when I have it.

FAGIN

Hang on a minute - what's that red thing under his cheek.

The Medical Examiner gently raises the head and pulls a red object free.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It's a fish.

Confused, they stare at it for a moment, until that light bulb moment hits MacLean.

MACLEAN

Jesus. It's a herring. A damn red herring.

FAGIN

Fred is really fucking with us!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

INSERT CAPTION: **Monday**

MacLean and Fagin sit as Captain Walker flicks through the report.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Looks like the same gun, yadda, yadda yadda.

FAGIN

Time of death inconclusive - could be just before we picked up Fonteyn or just after.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Fonteyn was negative for GSR on his hands.

FAGIN
He coulda worn gloves.

CAPTAIN WALKER
So, what d'ya reckon? Should we
book him?

Fagin raises his hand.

FAGIN
My vote is yes.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Helen...?

MacLean looks pensive.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EVENING

Bruce is being given back his belongings. Emma is with him.
MacLean and O'Neal stand by.

BRUCE
You guys couldn't catch a cold in a
blizzard. Come on, Emma. Let's get
out of this cesspit.

Bruce and Emma march out.

O'NEAL
That went well, I thought.

MACLEAN
(pensively)
Yea.

O'NEAL
What?

MACLEAN
I was thinking about what he said.
Can you imagine if HE was the one
that ended up in jail after all he
suffered? I'm not sure I could do
it, you know.

O'NEAL
But he's still a suspect. Nothing
rules him out.

MACLEAN
He didn't do it, O'Neal.

O'NEAL
How can you be so sure? He's still
got motive and no alibi.

MACLEAN

That's the point. No alibi is just too sloppy. Fred wouldn't make that mistake. He didn't do it. I just know.

O'NEAL

If you say so. Hey, it's late. Wanna lift home?

INT. O'NEAL'S CAR -- LATER

O'NEAL

Don't you have a car?

MACLEAN

Nowhere to park. You know something? We're approaching this all wrong. We're letting Fred lead us by the horns. He's toying with us. He pointed the finger at Bruce, then got him off. Why?

O'NEAL

No idea. You?

MACLEAN

Not a clue. Did you arrange police protection for Kyle Watson?

O'NEAL

The third rapist? Yea, but he declined.

MACLEAN

He's such a moron! So paranoid, he probably thinks we want to spy on him - as if we really care about his nickel and dime criminality.

They arrive outside MacLean's building. There is a nervous pause. MacLean's body language is awkward. She feels obliged.

MACLEAN

Er, would you like a quick drink, or a cuppa, perhaps?

O'Neal LAUGHS.

O'NEAL

"Cuppa"? You really went native in Europe, didn't you? Thanks, but no thanks. Rain check?

MacLean nods with a relieved smile, and exits the car.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Tuesday**

MacLean lets Fagin in.

MACLEAN
You're a bit late this morning.

FAGIN
Doctor's appointment.

MACLEAN
Everything okay?

FAGIN
Check up. Let's just say there were surgical gloves involved. Just as well I gave everything an extra polish this morning.

MacLean smiles.

FAGIN
Don't look too happy. O'Neal just called - it was definitely the same gun, and almost certainly while we were questioning Bruce.

MacLean's shoulders slump.

MACLEAN
Back to square one.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- DAY

MacLean & Fagin are sitting opposite Captain Walker. VENABLES, a very dour man in his mid-thirties, is also there.

MACLEAN
Why are Internal Affairs here?

CAPTAIN WALKER
Looks like Fonteyn and the Mayor both roll up their trouser legs in the same Lodge.

FAGIN
What a shocker!

VENABLES
The Mayor's Office has asked us to look into this case - why there's no progress.

FAGIN

If we didn't have to waste time on meetings like...

CAPTAIN WALKER

Don't, Joe. You know how it works. City Hall is breathing down my neck. We really aren't getting anywhere. We keep ending up down blind alleys. They want to bring in a new team.

FAGIN

We'll get him, Dave.

VENABLES

People are starting to say the police don't want to catch this guy. They're saying you can't get convictions in court, so you're happy to see them thinned out on the streets. They're saying...

MACLEAN

Who exactly are "they", Venables? "They" are saying an awful lot.

VENABLES

There are a lot of people out there who believe the killer might even be a cop. I'd bet most of the people in this building are rooting for him.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Of course not.

VENABLES

Look who's getting killed. This is not a random serial killer. This is a vigilante, and he's focussed.

MACLEAN

We know. The one consistent thread is miscarriages of justice - but not by us, for a change.

VENABLES

That's as may be, but they weren't all...

FAGIN

Maybe not directly, but they'd all gone over to the Dark Side.

MACLEAN

There are a lot of bottom-feeders
making a decent living, keeping
these shits out of jail.

Harris enters.

HARRIS

Shoot out in the Village.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- LATER

Fagin's car pulls up behind several police cars blocking the road. There is a stand off. Policemen are taking cover behind their cars. A SHOT rings out, grazing a policeman's arm. Everyone instinctively ducks lower.

MacLean & Fagin join a policeman crouching behind the nearest car.

OFFICER

Four men, we think, originally.
Only one left. That building over
there. Dunno what it's all about.
Drugs probably. Usually is.

A SHOT rings out from a building behind them. They all duck again. The policeman's radio CRACKLES.

OFFICER

The marksman says he's got him.

INT. THE VILLAGE - APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean and Fagin follow the SWAT team as they warily comb the apartment. There are five bodies on the floor.

MacLean kicks an open briefcase full of cocaine.

MACLEAN

(disapprovingly)
Quelle surprise.

FAGIN

It's not our guy. We should leave
this to the Drug Squ...

There is a SHOT. Within a fraction of a second, everyone reflexively ducks - except Fagin. MacLean dives to grab her partner. Blood starts to pour from Fagin's chest. They fall to the floor.

MACLEAN

Joe!

There is a second SHOT, as one of the SWAT team FIRES at the HOODLUM, lying on the ground, hitting him in the arm. The crook's gun goes flying across the room. There is a YELP of pain.

MacLean is oblivious to what is going on. She and another policeman grab Fagin, and try to staunch the blood loss.

Anger builds up in her face. She sees the hoodlum, with multiple wounds, propped up against the wall. Fighting back tears, she leaves the policeman tending to Fagin's wound, picks up her gun, and strides over to the hoodlum.

MACLEAN
You fucking scumbag.

HOODLUM
Fuck you!

She raises the gun and points it right at the hoodlum's head. She cocks the gun.

HOODLUM
Go ahead. Pull the trigger.

MacLean's arm shakes. Her face is red with rage. Her eyes are wild, and her nose is flared. She glances around. The policeman by the door looks at her for a moment, nods almost imperceptibly, and turns away.

MACLEAN
You fucking piece of shit!

She is struggling with herself. She is shaking. Emotions run riot throughout her very being.

After a few moments, she lowers the gun, tears running down her cheek.

She walks up to the hoodlum, and gives him a resounding kick in the nuts. The hoodlum GROANS.

MACLEAN
Foot slipped.

She regains her balance, then raises her leg to kick him again. She is seething. She closes her eyes and drops her foot back on the ground. Her shoulders slump.

HOODLUM
(weakly)
Police brutality!

MACLEAN
Don't fucking tempt me, you lowlife piece of shit. I should shoot you here and now, but you're gonna rot in jail.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

And a pretty boy like you - you'd better be good at sucking old, wrinkled dicks.

MacLean turns and shuffles back to Fagin.

The hoodlum slowly puts his hand in his pocket and starts to pull it out. A SHOT rings out as the policeman by the door shoots the hoodlum in the head. The body slumps, and his hand falls out of the pocket... holding a handkerchief.

MacLean spins round. She nods in gratitude to the policeman.

EXT/INT. NEW YORK - FAGIN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

MacLean has got back into the passenger seat of Fagin's car. The rage subsides. She finally cracks and WEEPS.

MACLEAN

I don't think I can do this any more.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY & NIGHT

MONTAGE - HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM & PATIENT'S ROOM

SAD MUSIC.

- MacLean comforts Sally Fagin as they wait with Walker and several other colleagues.

- An exhausted surgeon enters. They all crowd around her apprehensively. A huge sigh of relief and hugs when they learn he's survived.

- MacLean and Sally watch over Fagin, and the array of machines and tubes he's attached to.

END MONTAGE

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Monday**

Harris is talking with Captain Walker. Harris is clearly ill-at-ease.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Still no leads? What have you been doing? Fred hasn't struck for almost a week, not since before Joe... you know. That's the longest gap so far. Why?

HARRIS
Coincidence?

CAPTAIN WALKER
What? You're not suggesting Joe...

HARRIS
No. Course not. But he told me something a few hours before he got shot and...

Harris hesitates.

CAPTAIN WALKER
What is it, man? Speak.

HARRIS
I...

CAPTAIN WALKER
For fuck's sake, Harris, spit it out. We'll figure out afterwards if it's important.

HARRIS
Well, he mentioned to me - I think he was joking - I dunno. You know what he's like.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Will you get on with it?

HARRIS
He said... MacLean's got the same type coat as Fred.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Big deal. We know that. So what?

HARRIS
I dunno. But he did say MacLean's got - now, how'd he put it? - oh, yea, she's got the means, the motive and the outfit. But then he laughed. So did I. I thought he was joking.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Why're you bringing this up now?

Harris looks uneasily at the floor for a moment.

HARRIS
Well, after Joe got shot, I thought I'd better check anyway, in case he told anyone else. I thought it would be easy to prove he was joking. The thing is...

CAPTAIN WALKER

What? Come on, man!

HARRIS

The thing is... it doesn't look good. The murders started soon after MacLean came back to work. She knew most of the victims. I don't know if she's got alibis, but the timing of the murders would be consistent with her schedule - I checked the station log. And she lives alone, which would make it easier for her to...

CAPTAIN WALKER

I live alone, Harris. Does that make me a suspect? You can't be serious. So, she's got a dark blue raincoat. So what? Get real. Yea, she lost her husband to a crazed drugee, but she's not a murderer. She coulda killed the fucker who shot Joe but she didn't.

HARRIS

Too public? I'm just playing Devil's Advocate here, chief. And don't forget, her husband's killer also got away with it.

CAPTAIN WALKER

That's shit, Harris.

HARRIS

You said yourself we're not getting anywhere. Fred clearly knows what he's doing to avoid detection.

CAPTAIN WALKER

So does everyone who watches CSI on television.

HARRIS

Dr Lloyd said it could be a cop. And she was very quick to pin the blame on Fonteyn.

CAPTAIN WALKER

But she pushed to let him go. Why would she do that?

HARRIS

Smokescreen?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Enough, already. Enough. I'm sure, if Joe suspected MacLean, he would have told me, not you.

HARRIS

Maybe he didn't want to shop her.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Joe's a great cop. He woulda done what's right.

HARRIS

They're partners.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Then why mention it all? Why DID he tell you? Come on, Harris. He was just jerking you around. Now, get back to work.

Harris shrugs and leaves. Captain Walker stands still for a moment, deep in thought. He looks worried. He presses a number on the phone.

CAPTAIN WALKER

O'Neal? My office. Now.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is on the computer. MacLean brings her a coffee. O'Neal instantly minimizes the windows on the screen.

MACLEAN

What're you working on?

O'NEAL

(cagily)

Something for the Captain.

MACLEAN

Why the mystery, Laurie? I thought we were all supposed to be on the same side here.

O'Neal says nothing.

MACLEAN

Aah, forget it!

O'Neal watches her go. She is ill at ease.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- LATER

O'Neal walks in, closes the door, and starts talking without waiting for an invitation.

O'NEAL

You were right. There was one common thread we overlooked.

CAPTAIN WALKER

All the victims were somehow involved in cases handled by MacLean.

O'NEAL

You already know?

CAPTAIN WALKER

...and the bad guy got away.

O'NEAL

Yea.

(defensively)

But she never made out she didn't know them.

Captain Walker shakes his head. They both look gutted.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

MacLean is sitting on the sofa, reading a book. Classical music is playing. The door bell RINGS. Her brow furrows as she looks at her watch. She looks through the spy hole and sees the Captain. As she opens the door...

MACLEAN

Dave, what are you doing here at...?

The door is brusquely pushed open, and several policemen force their way in. Captain Walker follows them in, holding up a warrant. His face is grim. O'Neal enters last. She looks dejected.

MACLEAN

What the hell's going on here?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Helen, I must caution you. Anything you say...

MACLEAN

What?! Have you taken leave of your senses?

Captain Walker walks past her into the room. He SHOUTS to the policemen who have started searching everywhere.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Don't wreck the place, okay? We owe her that much.

Venables from Internal Affairs walks in.

MACLEAN
What's he doing here?

No one answers.

MacLean sees O'Neal.

MACLEAN
Laurie. What's this all about?

O'Neal averts her gaze.

A policeman emerges from the closet holding up a dark blue trenchcoat with his gloved hand. MacLean turns to Captain Walker.

MACLEAN
You're not serious?!

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Captain Walker, Venables and a uniformed policeman sit opposite MacLean. She looks very tired. The table is strewn with empty cups.

MACLEAN
I never thought I'd end up on this side of the table.

CAPTAIN WALKER
(sympathetically)
Helen, tell us what happened. Everyone will understand, you know, after what happened with Alex.

MACLEAN
(exasperated)
Dave. How many times do I have to tell you? You're barking up the wrong damn tree. You don't have a case. You haven't got a murder weapon. You haven't got any evidence other than, coincidentally, a coat which may or may not match that of the killer.

VENABLES
Come on, MacLean. You've got motive. You've got no alibi. You're too smart to keep the weapon at home. The coat matches the description. It's not a bad start, is it?

MacLean shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL -- EVENING

MacLean is lying on the bed. The door opens. O'Neal comes in with a book and 2 coffees. After checking the side of the cups, she hands her one.

MACLEAN

Thanks. You've got no idea how crappy the coffee is in here.

O'NEAL

Actually I do. I work here, remember?

She hands MacLean the book.

MACLEAN

(looking at the title)
Agatha Christie Collection. Very drole!

O'NEAL

Thought you might like to keep your hand in.

MacLean takes a sip, making a "cheers" gesture with the cup.

MACLEAN

Does this mean you think I'm innocent?

O'NEAL

Yea. I feel so bad...

MACLEAN

Don't, kid. You had to follow through. You know, after what happened to Alex, and then Joe getting shot, I thought my life just couldn't get any worse. And now...

She gestures at her cell.

O'NEAL

There must be something that'll clear you. Think!

MACLEAN

Laurie, I live alone. I don't go out much. I'll tell you one thing, though. I have far more sympathy now for people who can't remember where they were at particular times, days or weeks beforehand. It isn't easy.

O'NEAL

That's not gonna help you.

MACLEAN

I know. But this is a tough case. Like Lloyd said, Fred is very clinical and very clever.

O'NEAL

Do you think Fred's framing you?

MACLEAN

What do you think? If there's one thing we know, he's very meticulous. Hard to believe the coincidences are accidental.

O'NEAL

Yea. But how? Someone in the Department?

MacLean shrugs.

MACLEAN

I hear I owe my current lodgings to your wizardry on the computer.

O'Neal goes bright red with embarrassment. For a brief moment, she looks as though she's going to get emotional. MacLean spots this and pats her hand reassuringly.

MACLEAN

Hey, it's okay. You're a cop. You've got to do the right thing.

O'NEAL

I can't believe you're so calm. If there's anything you need...

MACLEAN

Be careful what you promise! We need to get back to basics. Can you bring the victim profiles in tomorrow, help me go through them again? If Walker will allow it.

O'NEAL

He might. I don't think he's really convinced either, but he's got Internal Affairs on his back.

MACLEAN

He's got to do it by the book, Laurie.

MacLean scratches her chin.

MACLEAN

Strange, isn't it? I've always tried to take the moral high road, and here, for the first time in my life, I'm hoping a murderer will strike again!

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Tuesday**

Harris hands Captain Walker a forensic report.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Okay, Harris, I'm busy. Words of one syllable - what does it say?

HARRIS

It's MacLean's coat. They found fibers from Angela Pitt's house and Ledesma's apartment on it.

CAPTAIN WALKER

And?

HARRIS

Sir?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Are you saying MacLean's the murderer then?

HARRIS

(hesitantly)

Well, sir...

CAPTAIN WALKER

What's the matter with you, Harris? Of course, she was there. We know she was fucking there. She was investigating, remember? Proves nothing. Anything else?

Harris looks in the report again.

HARRIS

No, sir.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Right. Get out and find me some real evidence, either way. Okay?

Harris and O'Neal cross at the door as she rushes in.

O'NEAL

Sir, looks like Fred has struck again.

They look at each other, not sure whether to be shocked, or happy because it exonerates MacLean.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Let's go and check it out.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

INSERT CAPTION: **Wednesday**

O'Neal, Harris, and two other policemen are sitting in Captain Walker's office.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Another rapist, single bullet,
cross in the forehead. Still got
his balls though.

O'NEAL
Ballistics say it's the other gun,
from the alley, not the one that
killed all the rest. What are you
gonna do about MacLean?

CAPTAIN WALKER
I can't just release her without
any evidence - the Press'll crucify
me. Not to mention Internal
Affairs.

O'NEAL
I thought we had to have evidence
to HOLD people, sir.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Don't get cute, O'Neal.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL -- LATER

MACLEAN
Fred's good! Very good! The other
gun - brilliant!

O'NEAL
Harris thinks your accomplice did
it.

MACLEAN
Harris is not the brightest bulb in
the box, Laurie.

O'NEAL
Aren't you worried?

MACLEAN

I'm innocent, O'Neal. I still have some residual faith in the system... despite everything!

O'NEAL

I'm fast losing mine! Captain Walker thinks it might be someone in the department trying to get you off.

MACLEAN

If there was anyone who would ever do that for me, it'd be Joe, but he's fighting for his life in Intensive Care, bless him. Has he come round yet?

O'NEAL

They're keeping him sedated. Gives Mrs Fagin the chance to remove all the chocolate he's been getting.

MacLean CHUCKLES.

MACLEAN

He's got the sweetest tooth I know. No, it has to be Fred. Who else could it be?

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN WALKER'S OFFICE -- LATER

MacLean is standing in front of the Captain.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Look, Helen. I HOPE you didn't do all this, I really do.

MACLEAN

But you still think I might have?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Give me a break. This is hard enough as it is. I can't hold you any longer on suspicion, but I can't just let things go back to normal. We'll keep your badge and gun. You're on indefinite leave, okay? Keep your nose clean.

INT. MACLEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

MacLean lets O'Neal in, then walks over to the window. There is a plain car opposite with two men in it. MacLean shakes her head.

MACLEAN

What amateurs! So obvious! And what a waste of manpower!

She opens the window and waves to them.

MACLEAN

Hey, guys. Wanna cup of coffee?

The driver looks up embarrassed. He starts the car and drives off.

O'NEAL

Fred has been very careful. So far, no pattern, no clues, except what he wants us to find.

MACLEAN

Yea. First he pointed us at Fonteyn.

O'NEAL

Then at you. Deflection?

MACLEAN

Probably. I think Lloyd was on to something with Kowolski's balls. We've also got Simpson's balls. There were three who raped the Fonteyns. That just leaves Kyle Watson. He ought to be shitting bricks right now.

O'NEAL

He's still refusing police protection. He actually complained because we posted a car in his street.

MACLEAN

Cramping his style!?! Bruce Fonteyn might not have shot Woodward, but the answer to this riddle is somewhere around him.

O'NEAL

But why shoot Woodward? I've read his pieces in the paper. They're okay. A bit sensational sometimes. Nothing to put him in the same league as the others.

MACLEAN

Right. Woodward. That's been bothering me as well.

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

He reported on a lot of high-profile cases, exaggerated sometimes, upped the moral outrage, but he didn't make heroes of the bastards. But he was overzealous. He got Ledesma off, the guy with the great view, remember?

O'NEAL

How?

MACLEAN

His reporting in the paper made it impossible to have a...

(air-quotes)

"fair" trial. The judge ordered the jury to acquit.

O'NEAL

He was also very vicious in the Fonteyn case. He tore into police and D.A. incompetence.

MACLEAN

Justifiably, I'm afraid.

O'NEAL

It was Forensics who got the samples mixed up.

MACLEAN

Maybe so, but that wasn't all. It was a catalog of disasters, from start to finish. The crime scene wasn't secured properly - it got contaminated. The expert witnesses were idiots. Not our finest moment, believe me.

MacLean shakes her head in embarrassed disbelief.

MACLEAN

In the Fonteyn case, Woodward reported the miscarriage of justice - he didn't cause it. I can't see a relevant link to the Fonteyn rapes.

O'NEAL

But, Helen, *most* of the victims have absolutely NO connection with the Fonteyn case. They're more connected to you.

MACLEAN

Fred's the master of distraction. Can you look some more into the Fonteyns?

(MORE)

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Find out what they've been doing the last couple of years, since the case. I'm going for a walk - I need to stretch my legs.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

O'Neal is sitting at the computer terminal, sipping her coffee. There is a picture of Bruce Fonteyn on the screen. She scrolls through newspaper reports. A picture of a younger Emma comes up on the screen. Then a picture of Emma's mother. O'Neal reads the report of her suicide. The report was written by Carl Woodward. She is visibly upset by the report.

Captain Walker finds O'Neal at the computer.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Found anything?

O'NEAL

Oh, man. What a story! Bruce Fonteyn was Captain fuckin' America. Champion athlete at school and college. Decorated for bravery in the marines. Married his high school sweetheart. Worked as a security consultant after the marines, before becoming a senior exec at a telephone company. Made a ton of money from stock options in the telecoms boom.

CAPTAIN WALKER

He quit work after the attack. He didn't wanna leave his family alone.

O'NEAL

You know them, sir?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Rotary Club. He's been easing his daughter back into the real world as a dog walker, to rebuild her confidence.

O'NEAL

It says here Emma was hospitalized for a while.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Nervous breakdown.

EXT. MANHATTAN -- DAY

MacLean is walking the streets, enjoying the day. Her phone RINGS.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

O'Neal is on the phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

O'NEAL

Yea. Top notch clinic in Jersey.
Poor thing. She only got out a few
months ago. Maybe someone there
feels sorry for her.

MACLEAN

Could be. Send me the address. I'll
check it out. Got nothing better to
do.

O'NEAL

You've been... never mind.

She writes a message on her phone. PING

O'NEAL

Done. When I've finished up here,
I'll give Kyle another shove.

INT. CAR HIRE OFFICE - DAY

MacLean takes the keys and drives off.

EXT. MACLEAN'S CAR -- DAY

MacLean drives through the front gates of a residential
hospital in New Jersey. It is a peaceful, idyllic place.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION -- DAY

MacLean walks confidently up to the young RECEPTIONIST and
turns on the charm.

MACLEAN

Hi. Inspector MacLean. Here to see
Dr Ramirez.

RECEPTIONIST

ID, please?

MacLean makes a show of fumbling in her bag.

MACLEAN

Shoot. I think I've left it in my other coat.

The receptionist is at a loss.

RECEPTIONIST

Is Dr. Ramirez expecting you?

MACLEAN

Should be. The station called to set this up.

The receptionist dials a number.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, Sue. Is Dr Ramirez expecting the police? Hang on.

(she turns to MacLean)

Your name again?

MACLEAN

Chief Inspector Helen MacLean.

RECEPTIONIST

(to the phone)

Got that? Ok, I'll hold.

(to MacLean)

Please take a seat.

MacLean heads for an armchair when she spots the name tag on DOCTOR RAMIREZ as he walks by. He is an earnest looking man in his early forties.

MACLEAN

Dr Ramirez! So kind of you to meet me here personally. You really didn't have to.

Dr Ramirez and the Receptionist are both surprised. Before he can say anything, MacLean guides him by the arm towards the stairs.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

They enter a luxurious office, with mahogany and leather furniture. It could be straight out of a Ralph Lauren Catalog. Books fill the whole wall behind the desk.

Dr Ramirez gestures to MacLean to sit down. Her hands trail lovingly over the superb quality leather.

MACLEAN

I'm so sorry, Doctor. I understood that my sergeant had already confirmed our meeting. Thank you for being so flexible.

DOCTOR

You realize, of course, I can't talk about my patient's medical history.

MACLEAN

Naturally. You probably know there's been a string of vigilante murders in New...

DOCTOR

The Subway Killer?

MACLEAN

Not our preferred name, but, yes. As it happens, two of the victims were Emma's attackers, plus the lawyer who got them off. That's too much of a coincidence.

DOCTOR

Wow! I didn't know that.

MACLEAN

We too keep our secrets, doctor. We have to check all angles. Was anyone here very close to Emma? Someone who might have become infatuated with her? She's a beautiful girl.

DOCTOR

Not that I know of. She was very introverted. She kept herself to herself. Did a lot of exercise. Spent a lot of time in the gym, running, that sort of thing. She's quite an athlete. And strong. She beat me at arm-wrestling.

MACLEAN

She kept fit, then. What else?

DOCTOR

Solitary things, mostly. Spent a lot of time in the library and on the internet. Her father was here nearly every day. He worked so hard to help her. Wonderful man. We developed a program to rebuild her, physically and mentally.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

O'Neal clears her desk. As she walks passed Captain Walker's office, she pops her head in.

O'NEAL

Gonna try again to get Kyle Watson to see sense. Ciao.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

MacLean smiles kindly to keep the good doctor at ease.

DOCTOR

He taught her karate, or judo, or nintendo, or whatever it's called. I dunno. They're all Greek to me. He also took her to a local sports club where they would play golf, squash and shoot. He tried to take her mind...

MACLEAN

Shoot? What, you mean with guns?

DOCTOR

Yea, a rifle club.

MACLEAN

And she was allowed...

DOCTOR

Officer MacLean. This is not a prison, and my patients are not "crazies". Miss Fonteyn is an exceptional young woman, but she will always be scarred by the tragedy. To boost her confidence, a lot of the program was centered on self-defense, so she would feel safer out on her own.

MACLEAN

Was she good?

DOCTOR

Excellent. At everything. Her father was very proud of her.

MacLean pauses, deep in thought.

DOCTOR

Is there anything else I can help you with? I should be getting back to my patients.

MACLEAN

Thank you, Doctor. I appreciate your time. One thing. What would you say is her present state of mind?

DOCTOR

You're getting close to medical matters, Officer. I can't...

MACLEAN

No, of course not. I wouldn't want to put you in a difficult position. But we are concerned for her well-being.

DOCTOR

Why? What's happened?

MACLEAN

We're not sure if someone is homing in on the Fonteyn family.

DOCTOR

Oh, my God. That's terrible. Poor Emma. After all she's been through.

MACLEAN

Why did you let her go?

DOCTOR

(sighing)

Officer! She was not a prisoner. This is a voluntary establishment. She left when her father and I agreed she was capable of facing the world again.

MACLEAN

And, is she?

DOCTOR

My dear, madam. Miss Fonteyn is one tough woman now. She can look after herself.

INT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

KYLE WATSON is lounging on his sofa smoking a joint, his feet up on the coffee table. The apartment is squalid, with dirty dishes, discarded clothes, and empty beer cans scattered all over. There is a visible veneer of dust everywhere.

The doorbell RINGS.

KYLE

For fuck's sake, Dave. Can't you remember your fuckin' key?

There is a POUNDING on the door.

KYLE

Fuck off. Whaddya want?

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

MacLean jolts upright. All her forced bonhomie has vanished.

MACLEAN

I'm sorry. Say that again.

DOCTOR

What? She can look after herself?

MACLEAN

No - "she's tough".

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

O'Neal rides the train to Brooklyn.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

MacLean paces up and down, deep in thought. She smacks her head. Dr Ramirez isn't sure what to say or do.

She closes her eyes and thinks back...

INT. FONTEYN APARTMENT - DAY

FLASHBACK to when Fagin and MacLean pick up Bruce Fonteyn.

MACLEAN

What about Emma?

BRUCE

She's visiting her Aunt.

Back to...

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

MACLEAN

Holy shit!

She shakes her head in disbelief.

MACLEAN

They don't have any family. Fuck!
How the hell did I miss that?

She grabs her bag to leave, stops, and shakes Dr Ramirez' hand.

MACLEAN

Thank you, doctor. You've been
brilliant.

She runs out at full speed.

DOCTOR
I have?

INT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

The doorbell RINGS again.

Annoyed, Kyle jumps up and throws the joint at the closed window behind the sofa. In his haste to get to the bathroom, he doesn't notice it bounce back in.

KYLE
Just a minute.

He sprays the room with air freshener. He sees the window closed. He rushes over, opens it wide, and waves fumes out.

He heads towards the door, then stops, realizing something. He rushes back to the window, finds the joint, takes one last drag and throws it out. He holds the puff for a few seconds, then blows that out the window as well.

He relaxes, smooths himself down, and goes to the door. He looks through the spy hole.

He is surprised. Confused and nervous, he opens the door.

KYLE
What do you want?

EXT. MACLEAN'S CAR -- DAY

MacLean is driving like a maniac back to New York. She gets out her cellphone and dials impatiently. She puts it to her ear.

MACLEAN
Come on, O'Neal. Pick up.

EXT. BROOKLYN SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

O'Neal emerges to street level.

EXT. MACLEAN'S CAR -- DAY

MacLean impatiently hits the HORN as the traffic slows down to enter the Lincoln Tunnel.

MACLEAN
Come on! Come on!

She looks around the car - pointlessly.

MACLEAN
 (frustrated)
 You never have a siren when you
 need one.

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

O'Neal walks briskly past a white van parked in the street. She enters the ground floor foyer, looks for apartment 102, and BANGS on the door.

EXT. MANHATTAN SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

Frustrated with the traffic, MacLean abandons the car and dives down into the subway.

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

O'Neal RINGS the doorbell.

O'NEAL
 Come on, Kyle. Open up.

As the door opens, her cellphone RINGS.

O'NEAL
 What now?

Momentarily distracted, she fumbles in her pocket for her phone. She notices Kyle, lying on the floor, out cold. Her training kicks in, and she goes for her gun.

From behind the door, a dark figure with a hat brings a handkerchief over her mouth with one fluid movement. She drops her phone as she fights off her assailant. She punches back with her elbow into the chest of the attacker. The Vigilante is winded, and pulls O'Neal down onto the floor with him. They scuffle some more, but the Vigilante manages to get the chloroform-doused handkerchief back over her mouth. O'Neal passes out.

EXT. BROOKLYN SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

MacLean leaps up the stairs, three at a time, and runs down the street. She frantically calls on her phone.

MACLEAN
 Dave. Get a car to Watson's place.
 He's the next target. O'Neal's on
 her way. She isn't picking up. She
 needs back-up!

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

The Vigilante drags O'Neal into the apartment and closes the door. After securing O'Neal's restraints, he picks up the unconscious Kyle, carrying him under the arm as if supporting a drunk.

With a drunken, swaying movement, and slurred singing, he carries Kyle out to the white van parked in front. A couple of pedestrians look disapprovingly at them, cross to the other side of the road, and walk on quickly by. The Vigilante bundles Kyle into the back, then climbs into the driving seat - just in time to see MacLean slinking into the street.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET -- DAY

MacLean takes cover behind various cars as she inches towards Kyle's building. The white van drives away.

She carefully scrutinizes the terrain. Nothing. Gingerly, she edges forward. She checks her watch.

MACLEAN
(to herself)
Where the hell are they?

INT/EXT. KYLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- DAY

Cautiously, MacLean enters the building and goes to Kyle's apartment. She sees the door ajar. She goes for her gun but, of course, she no longer has one. Her frustration shows!

MACLEAN
(cautiously)
Kyle? Are you there, Kyle?

Gently, she pushes the door open. Her heart almost stops when she sees O'Neal on the floor.

MACLEAN
Oh, my god.

She rushes to O'Neal's aid. She's alive. MacLean's pulls out her phone. She calls Harris at the police station.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MACLEAN
Yea, she's fine. Look, I saw a white van leave. Check the hire companies.

HARRIS
But, you're suspended.

MACLEAN

Do it, or YOUR balls will be next
in the souvenir jar. Capeesh?

A police SIREN can be heard approaching.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET -- DAY

MacLean is standing with two PATROL COPS when a DRONING ambulance pulls up. Her phone RINGS.

MACLEAN

Yes. What? Great! Check the CCTV cameras leaving this area, and tell me where it goes.

MacLean turns to the policemen.

MACLEAN

You stay with her and make sure she's okay. Give me your vest and keys.

PATROL COP

I can't do that, ma'am.

MACLEAN

Yes you fucking can, and, yes, you fucking will! Now do it, or there'll be hell to pay.

He reluctantly hands over his vest, with the bodycam attached to the front.

MACLEAN

I'll need a gun.

PATROL COP

There's one in the dash.

She hastily puts on the vest and, without securing it properly, she jumps into the car and speeds off, just as an ambulance heaves into the street. She returns Harris' call.

MACLEAN

Okay, Harris. Speak to me.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

With siren WAILING, MacLean speeds through the traffic with one hand, while her other hand struggles to secure the vest properly. Racing through a red light, she has to swerve to avoid knocking down a pedestrian.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY

MacLean stops the car, hyperventilating. Hands clenching the wheel, she recomposes herself.

MACLEAN
Anything but that.

Her phone RINGS. She sees on the screen it's the captain.

CAPTAIN WALKER
I've sent you a link. You'd better
check it out.

MACLEAN
Later. I'm following...

CAPTAIN WALKER
Now.

Surprised and curious, she hangs up and clicks the link.

POV MACLEAN

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

STREAMED VIDEO

Kyle lies gagged and unconscious, on top of a table in the middle of the room. His arms and legs are bound to the four corners of the table. Emma circles him, followed by her dog.

She is in very good spirits, savoring this moment. She is dressed no nonsense: black slacks, black T-shirt. Her outfit shows off her toned body. She puts down a small ghetto blaster and starts a CD of opera arias. She inspects Kyle on the table. She prods him. No reaction. She slaps him across the face.

EMMA
Wake up, Kyle. I don't have all
day.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY

MacLean's jaw drops. She slams her foot down on the gas and the car skids back onto the road. She calls Harris.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Harris sits in front of a bank of screens.

HARRIS

The van went down Blake Street.
It's a dead end. A couple of
disused warehouses.

MACLEAN

Are you sure it's the same one?

HARRIS

As sure as we can be.

MACLEAN

Call back up. A LOT of it. This
could get nasty.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Emma notices Kyle becoming conscious again. A harsh look of
total disdain flashes across her face.

EMMA

Welcome back to the land of the
living, Mr Watson.

She calmly picks up a knife sharpener, and starts to sharpen
a kitchen knife, inches from his face. She playfully flips
his hair with the blade. Kyle flinches, utterly terrorized.

She points towards a GoPro on a tripod.

EMMA

This is all being streamed online.
I'm sure this is not how you would
have chosen your 15 minutes of
fame, but I want the world to know
why I've done what I've done.

She looks directly into the camera and makes pointing
gestures.

EMMA

Click these links to get the full
story.

She turns back to Kyle.

EMMA

The law truly is an ass. There's a
whole industry, an underbelly of
bottom-feeders who live off
perverting justice to get the
guilty-as-hell off, and back onto
the streets. Just like you, eh,
Kyle?

KYLE

Fuck off, bitch.

EMMA

Do you really want your mother to
hear you talking like that?

EXT/INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE - FRONT BAY -- DAY

MacLean pulls up outside the warehouse. She checks the screen again. She grabs a handful of zip-ties and a couple of guns from the dash. She scans the area.

MACLEAN

Where's the cavalry when you need
it?

She runs to the nearest wall. Warily, she heads for the door. Checking her surroundings are clear, she grabs the handle and turns it as quietly as possible.

A gun BLAST blows a hole in the door, just missing her. The flying splinters cut her face. She drops to the floor. Bracing herself, she kicks the door wide open, and falls back out of range. Another BLAST whizzes over her head.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Emma hears the SHOOTING. She turns to a laptop and watches.

EXT/INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE - FRONT BAY -- DAY

MacLean grabs her phone, puts it on selfie mode, and pokes the camera ever so slightly into the doorway so she can survey the scene. In the gloom, she sees a man with a rifle by the far wall, pacing nervously up and down. He edges towards her.

When he is half way, MacLean puts her phone down. She steels herself. Taking a deep breath, she rolls along the floor outside the door and fires several shots at the gunman.

She hits him.

He SCREAMS. His gun goes off, hitting the ceiling and dropping debris onto him. He falls to the ground.

MACLEAN

I'm too old for this shit.

Quickly, MacLean jumps to her feet, gun poised. She checks her assailant is alone, then runs to kick the rifle away as the gunman gropes for it. He writhes on the floor GROANING.

MACLEAN

Who the hell are you?

She sees he has been hit in the arm. She tries to kick him over, but he grabs her leg and upends her. She drops the gun. They both scramble for it. After an intense struggle, MacLean pushes him away, grabs the gun, and rolls away. She gets to her knees and points the gun at him.

MACLEAN
Freeze, asshole.

He turns round to face her, scowling. She recoils in shock.

MACLEAN
Walsh!! What the...?!

Walsh goes white as a sheet. He looks petrified.

MacLean, on the other hand, goes bright red with rage. She cannot contain her anger.

MACLEAN
You piece of shit.

She trains the gun on him. She is consumed with hatred and fury. She fires a shot just a couple of inches to one side of his head.

WALSH
No. No. Don't. Please don't.

MACLEAN
What are you doing here?

WALSH
Some bitch promised me 2 kilos of crack if I stand guard for an hour.

MACLEAN
Where is she?

Walsh notices a piece of wood nearby that has fallen from the ceiling. He tries to grab it. MacLean shoots him in the hand and kicks away the stick. He WHIMPERS.

MACLEAN
Pretty stupid, Walsh. Assaulting a police officer.

She moves in closer. She presses the gun into his face. He starts CRYING. His beige pants turn dark as he pisses himself.

MACLEAN
I should blow your addled brains out right now.

She looks at him with increasing disgust. She relaxes the gun.

EMMA (O.S.)

Do it.

INTERCUT DISUSED WAREHOUSE AND FRONT BAY -- DAY

MacLean crouches down and swings around towards the voice. She sees the CCTV camera on the wall.

EMMA

Relax. It's a speaker. Shoot him. He killed your husband. I know you want to.

MACLEAN

(speaking with emotion)
You're right. I've had countless sleepless nights imagining this bastard's excruciating death, in a million different ways.

EMMA

I knew it! Well, here's your chance. Look at him. He's human garbage.

MacLean looks at Walsh with utter disgust. He is pathetic.

MACLEAN

Sure, I'd get a momentary rush of... elation, relief, even righteousness, but then what? It's the beginning of a slippery slope, the loss of my soul. HE would turn ME into a monster.

EMMA

Bullshit. Finish him off.

MACLEAN

He's not worth it. He's beyond contempt. I see that now. Let him rot in jail. He'll be very popular in the showers. His daddy's going to have a tough job getting him off this time.

EMMA

He doesn't deserve to live.

MacLean looks calm, at peace.

MACLEAN

I should thank you.

EMMA

What?!

MACLEAN

I assume you set this up
deliberately.

EMMA

He's my gift to you, to make up for
all the trouble I put you through.

MACLEAN

For the first time since my
husband's death, I feel a great
burden has been lifted from me. I
have finally found a... sense of
inner peace.

Emma suddenly enters. She shoots Walsh in the head. A perfect
shot.

EMMA

Bullshit.

MacLean is startled. She raises her gun.

MACLEAN

Put the gun...

Before she can finish, she is grabbed from behind by Bruce
Fonteyn, and tied with one of her own zip-ties. She struggles
to free herself, but to no avail.

MACLEAN

Has this spree given YOU any peace,
Emma?

EMMA

(snorting)

I don't want peace. I want justice.

MACLEAN

This isn't justice.

EMMA

Oh, yes it is.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

MacLean is tied to a chair. Emma is circling Kyle, waving a
knife in the air.

MACLEAN

Don't do anything stupid, Emma.
Killing a policeman...

EMMA

Don't flatter yourself, inspector.
I'm not going to kill you.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Besides, after what I've done, what difference would it make? You can't be hanged twice!

MACLEAN

Why am I here then?

EMMA

I gave you your chance to kill Patrick Walsh.

The dog comes up beside her. She strokes it gently.

EMMA

I must be honest, you surprised me there. Never mind. I'm glad you've joined us. This is my *pièce de resistance*. This specimen is my crowning glory.

MACLEAN

But why kill those people you had no quarrel with?

EMMA

They were ALL scum, in their own way. No moral compass, any of them. Besides, it helped keep you off the scent. Did you like the coat and the cross? Nice touches, I thought.

No answer. Emma shrugs.

MACLEAN

You called Kowolski to the alley, didn't you?

Emma nods. She is savoring her moment of triumph.

MACLEAN

How did you get the others to open the door for you?

EMMA

Would you feel threatened if a girl like me knocked on your door?

MACLEAN

Why the banker? She had no relation to any of this.

EMMA

Huh! Just because she didn't pull a trigger, doesn't mean she was any less guilty. She kept the drug dealers in business by laundering their money. So respectable. Went to all the big charity functions.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Guilty conscience? I figured her out in no time - why couldn't you?

MACLEAN

Why didn't you go for the drug lords then?

EMMA

I may be good, but they're surrounded by an army. Besides, I kill the boss, there's a new one in place before the body's even cold. Hurt them in the wallet - that's the only thing they care about.

MACLEAN

They can replace bankers as well.

EMMA

True, but that takes a lot longer. Besides, you guys never even noticed I made her transfer \$12m of *their* money to various drug-related charities. I bet someone got wasted for that.

MACLEAN

Why the reporter? He gave us hell over your case. He was on your side.

EMMA

(angrily)

No, he wasn't. Don't you remember his first articles. It was OUR fault we were raped. He was sloppy, and didn't care who he hurt. How many trials were shut down because of his reporting?

MACLEAN

You took huge risks, Emma.

EMMA

I didn't care. So long as I got at least some of them. I also gambled that the police would secretly be cheering me on. Were you, Inspector?

MACLEAN

Nonsense.

EMMA

Sure it is.

INT. SQUAD CAR -- DAY

Captain Walker stares at the live stream on his phone, as a posse of squad cars hurtle through the streets, making a tremendous RACKET with their sirens.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Come on, man. Put your foot down.

INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Emma returns to Kyle and, as she talks, starts to cut the clothes off him. Kyle struggles in vain. He SOBS.

MacLean struggles with her restraints, but no chance. She looks around for something, anything, to buy time.

MACLEAN

I've got to say, you had us all fooled.

Emma stops for a moment, and looks at MacLean. A momentary flicker of pride flashes across her face.

MACLEAN

Yes, indeedy. I've fought my whole career against the macho culture of the NYPD and - guess what! - I'm just as guilty of Groupthink as the rest of them.

EMMA

How so?

MACLEAN

It never occurred to me the killer could be a woman.

EMMA

You took your time, but I was sure you would be the one to figure it out eventually.

MACLEAN

Let the police handle this, Emma.

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA

Like they did before, Inspector?

MACLEAN

An eye for an eye leaves everybody blind. There has to be a better way than this...

EMMA

Name it. If I let you both go now, what would you do? Well, you'd arrest me, I know that. But what would you do with him?

MacLean looks at her. She doesn't know what to say.

EMMA

There you go. Proved my point.

MACLEAN

You know we'll hunt you down.

EMMA

So what? This piece of filth is the last one. He was the ringleader. He pinned me down and cheered them on as they took turns. I saved him to last because I wanted him to be scared shitless after Kowolski and Simpson died - but he was too stupid or too stoned to put two and two together. But then, it took you long enough, didn't it, Inspector?

MacLean is about to protest, but changes her mind.

EMMA

Honestly, if I die now, I'll die fulfilled, and with a clear conscience.

MACLEAN

No one needs to die here, Emma.

EMMA

Wanna bet?

Emma takes a pair of surgical gloves out of her pocket. By now Kyle is wearing only his underpants. Kyle flinches as Emma cuts them off with the knife.

MACLEAN

What're you doing, Emma? Stop, for pity's sake.

EMMA

Pity!? You're kidding, right? I'm going to remove his gag now because I want to hear him scream and beg, just like he heard me and my mother scream and beg.

With that, she RIPS the gag off, with no pretense to spare his pain. It hurts!

The dog is alarmed. She strokes it gently on the head.

EMMA

Sit, boy.

Emma returns to Kyle, and lifts his penis. A look of sheer horror crosses Kyle's face. Emma lays it to one side, then raises his scrotum with her left hand. She brings the knife to the base...

Kyle lets out a blood curdling SCREAM, and a stream of profanities.

The dog looks startled, backs off a step, but doesn't run away. MacLean winces.

MACLEAN

Holy Mother of God. Stop it, Emma.
Please.

Emma's expression is one of total serenity. She is oblivious to the SCREAMS and writhing of Kyle in front of her. She has found an inner peace. She puts the knife down.

ANGLE ON EMMA FROM BEHIND

We see Emma's right hand stretch out, holding something between her first finger and middle finger. It stretches like a piece of chewing gum until it snaps.

Kyle is SCREAMING.

EMMA

This is what they ought to do with rapists, Inspector. Not cells with color TVs and visitation rights. THIS is justice, pure and simple.

Emma turns, opens her bloody hand towards the GoPro, then tosses the testicle to Gandalf. The dog jumps, catches it in his mouth, chews it and swallows.

EMMA

You know, Mr Watson, I have never heard you, or any of your partners in crime, ever express any remorse for what you did to my family. Not even a simple "I'm sorry".

Kyle is half delirious with pain. He is CRYING like a baby.

KYLE

I'm sorry, man. I'm fuckin' sorry.

EMMA

Sure you are now! You'll forgive me if I doubt your sincerity. You don't really mean it, do you?

KYLE

I do. I do. I swear.

EMMA

Sure you do.

Emma goes back to Kyle's scrotum and repeats the process with the other testicle.

Kyle SCREAMS and CURSES again, then passes out.

The dog swallows the second testicle without even chewing.

MacLean has seen a lot in her time in the police force, but now she is overcome with nausea.

Emma reapplies duct tape to Kyle's mouth, and lays a tarpaulin over him.

MACLEAN

What're you gonna do now?

EMMA

Of course, this scum has to die.

MacLean gestures towards the GoPro.

MACLEAN

Don't you think you've made your point already?

EMMA

Are you telling me he deserves to live?

MACLEAN

No one has the right to decide who lives or dies.

EMMA

My mother's dead because of him.

Bruce comes back in and nods to his daughter.

EMMA

Time to wrap things up.

Emma undoes the rope around MacLean's feet. MacLean is puzzled. Is she next?

EMMA

These slimeballs destroyed our lives. For months, I lived every day in fear. I still can't sleep properly. I have terrible nightmares. I don't care about living. If it wasn't for my father, I would've done what my mother did.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

He used to be so full of fun. Now,
he's a shadow of his former self.
Just a shell, like me.

Emma takes a deep breath. She gives the dog a hug, attaches its leash to the collar, and then wraps it around MacLean's wrists.

EMMA

Now, Inspector. All good things
must come to an end. Your friends
will be here shortly, so we must
bid our fond farewells. In return
for your life, I ask one thing -
please look after Gandalf. He's a
good dog. Exercise regularly and
feed once a day.

(smiling weakly)

Today was not his normal diet, I
promise you.

Emma hurries MacLean to the door. The dog reluctantly follows, dragged by the leash. Bruce slides open the door, shows her the GoPro, and slips it into her pocket. Their sense of urgency escalates as they hear the increasing wail of police SIRENS. MacLean turns to speak.

EMMA

(forcefully)

GO, Inspector. NOW. Before I change
my mind. GO.

MacLean almost falls over as Emma shoves her out forcefully.

EXT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

As she regains her footing, MacLean hears the door SLAM behind her, and multiple bolts engaged. She is momentarily blinded by the sunlight. A plain car, a dozen police cars, a fire engine and an ambulance pull up. The police cars spread out around the building, and the policemen pile out, firearms at the ready. Captain Walker jumps out of the plain car.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Helen, thank God you're okay.

MACLEAN

O'Neal?

CAPTAIN WALKER

Hospital. Observation. She'll be
fine. What happened? What's with
the mutt?

MACLEAN

Forget the dog. Get this zip-tie
off me. Emma and Bruce are in there
with Kyle Watson and...

Suddenly, they hear a GUNSHOT. Everyone instinctively hits
the deck, or dives for cover.

There is a loud EXPLOSION, as the whole warehouse blows up in
a monumental fireball. Debris flies everywhere, destroying
the car nearest the building, and damaging the rest.

MACLEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God!

MacLean and the Captain sit up and watch the inferno, as the
firemen snap into action. Walker cuts the zip-tie, and
MacLean grabs the frightened dog before it can run away. She
looks devastated, tears flowing down her cheek.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS AND MUSIC

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- DAY

A beautiful crisp day. MacLean and Sally, sitting on a bench,
and Fagin (in a wheelchair) chat away while the kids play
fetch with Gandalf. MacLean slips treats to the youngest to
give to the dog. He is thrilled.

MacLean puts the leash back on before resuming their saunter
through the park. Sally pushes the wheelchair.

A large group of joggers comes into view. The dog suddenly
barks excitedly and strains at the leash. Its tail wags
furiously. MacLean struggles to control it.

She stands rigid, suddenly wracked with doubt. She and Fagin
do a double-take, then look up at the joggers, but they've
already passed and are disappearing from view. She shakes her
head. They continue walking.

As they walk away, the camera pans to a newspaper left on a
bench. There is a small article at the bottom of the page.
"Philadelphia Police puzzled by latest killing"

FADE OUT.