

TITLES EXPLODE FROM WHITE and then we see...

NEW YORK CITY AT NIGHT

Manhattan, the one tourists see on postcards. Central Park West, Times Square, 42nd Street, China Town...and then we move on to --

OTHER STREETS

Back streets. Slums and smashed cars. People standing in groups in the corners. Bleak.

Streets and alleys so different you wouldn't even know you were still in the United States...while the sun sinks toward the Hudson.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

On the platform, waiting for the outbound...It's a Dr. Suess rhyme; Punks, drunks, addicts and feeb. Actors, creeps, artists and hebes.

Car pulls up, they all board. It shoots off into a blackness which envelops us until we are now --

SOMEWHERE UNDER THE CITY

in an unused tunnel siding - coming from "nowhere" - going to "nowhere." The narrow BEAM of a flashlight slices through the damp air.

Meet Detective Sergeant JACK FARRELL, maybe 35, though the eyes are much older, set in an exhausted but good-looking face.

He sidesteps the wasteland of puddles, condoms and hypodermics. An abandoned train car, ravaged by graffiti and arson, sits in silent decay.

He holds his weapon in the two-handed Isocoles position, index finger OFF the trigger. Old Colt model 1911 .45 service pistol. Not exactly Department issue.

A phone jangles as his face goes tight, a mixture of surprise and anger. He yanks out his cell phone.

VOICE (PHONE)

Any contact?

FARRELL

(hisses)

I told you no calls!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A gaggle of detectives, swat team members, television and newspaper reporters watch -- MARCUS BRAND, mid 40's, trim, with dark full hair. Deputy Chief of Police.

BRAND

(evenly)

No, I do the telling Farrell.
Remember? I need to know where to
position SWAT.

Everyone waits expectantly.

FARRELL (PHONE)

Position 'em up your ass if you want!
Just stay, the fuck, off this phone!

Line goes dead. Brand's expression never betrays any emotion. Glass. Heads back to the group.

You notice his walk, somewhere between a stroll and a strut. Like saying this space is important because Marcus Brand is passing through it.

BRAND

(phone still to his ear)

Good work. I'll move SWAT there now.

He snaps the cell phone shut, his eyes seethe.

INT. UNUSED SIDING - NIGHT

Farrell does a 360. Alone. Phone rings jangles again. His eyes burn.

FARRELL

What!

A MAN'S VOICE: Electronically disguised, distorted.

MAN'S VOICE

You've been talking with your
superior.

FARRELL

(stalls)

No. Just you and me. That was the
deal, right?

MAN'S VOICE

Are you carrying your weapon?

Longer beat.

FARRELL

No, I --

MAN'S VOICE

(clucks his tongue)

I sense a lack of conviction in your voice, Detective Farrell.

Farrell is visibly shaken. Clucks the area again. Nobody.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Probably just as well. You may need it.

FARRELL

What am I here to negotiate with you? Exactly?

MAN'S VOICE

Well, it was going to be someone's life. But now you've breached our agreement.

FARRELL

Wait, I told him no calls --!

MAN'S VOICE

Too late.

Line goes dead.

FARRELL

Jesus.

He looks around, then he sees it --

A SMALL IRON DOOR

He holds the .45 in front of him, finger on the trigger, opens the door.

INT. TOOL ROOM - NIGHT

Farrell moves quickly inside...and is suddenly drenched in fluid. Gasps for breath. Stagger, blinded, choked by heavy gas fumes. Gazes through burning eyes.

A red gasoline can hangs by a thin wire above the door - a booby trap. And he walked right into it.

Quickly pulls a handkerchief, wipes his eyes and face. 180's the room. Nothing. Then he spots another DOOR, leading to a small storage room.

The "voice" in his gut screams, but he ignores it. Sprints full tilt, slams through the rusted door --

INSIDE

He tucks, rolls and then upright in one smooth motion, .45 aimed, ready. Darker in here. Two steps and his foot strikes something, a tool box, old, dust covered.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a FIGURE across the room. He moves, slowly. Deliberately, his eyes covering everything. Closer, it's --

A WOMAN

bound, crucifixion-style, to a steel girder. Mouth gagged with duct tape. Breathing ragged, labored. He continues closer...

THE DULL SODIUM LIGHT

illuminates her face against the grim blackness. Wet hair clinging in long streaks. Jack Farrell stops dead in his tracks. He looks like he's been slugged.

FARRELL
(finds his voice)

Amy...?

She screams. A silent scream. Shaking her head wildly.

MEMORY FLASH:

The woman strapped to the girder, is the same woman who's making love to Jack Farrell. They roll, intertwined and passionate in their lover's embrace. Her picture sits on his dresser. Amy Goldwyn. The woman he's engaged to marry!

BACK - FARRELL

searches frantically, in the shadows -- is that another shape? Someone watching? He realizes her clothes are drenched.

Gasoline drips from the hem into a shallow pool beneath her twisted legs. A small INCENDIARY DEVICE sits in the middle of the pool.

Farrell, .45 in one hand, flashlight in the other as he turns it on. Amy turns her eyes away from the harsh light. He lowers the beam.

When he speaks, his voice is calm and soft. But we sense the fear beneath his words.

FARRELL
Amy, it's okay, I'm here. I'll get you out. Don't move.

Amy shakes her head violently, struggling against the heavy chains that bind her. Tries to shout through the gag but it's muffled, unintelligible.

Farrell squints into the shadows beyond.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

It's over asshole! Come out!

Silence. Amy squirms, struggles, crying behind the gag. Farrell mouths the word "where?" She can only shake her head frantically. And then --

TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL:

...Farrell takes one step...another...

...Amy's eyes scream silently...

...his next step snags a concealed wire which simultaneously trips the incendiary device...!

...a flash as the gasoline erupts in a wall of orange flame..!

...Amy's soaked body is engulfed -- human torch in two fifths of a second..!

...Farrell recoils, throws his arms up against the scorching blaze, falls to the ground and scuttles back from the intense heat...

...Amy burns, twisting slowly, silently screaming...

...tears of rage and helplessness fill Farrell's eyes, he turns away, can't look, overwhelmed with anguish...

...Amy's agonizing screams burst out as the tape melts...

...a half-charred figure now, her face distorted in a silent scream...

...the neck snaps like burning wood, the head falls on one shoulder, then her entire charred body collapses into the fire...

...Farrell cries at the horror, then the thought comes, he must extinguish her misery the only way he can, raises the Colt and fires, the .45 explodes, the blast becoming --

AN ALARM CLOCK

blaring as a hand fumbles for it -- Jack Farrell's hand. But it's not the alarm he's after.

Pats around, finds a half-empty bottle of TYLENOL CODEINE. Shakes out four, swallows without water.

TITLE CARD: Two Years Later

The alarm continues to scream. Farrell pulls himself up to his elbows, blinks. Reaches over, shuts it off. Blessed silence...

EXT. BATTERY PARK JOGGING PATH - EARLY MORNING

Farrell sweats. Pushes himself. Sun breaking on the waves of the river. He looks neither right nor left. This is his ritual. People, other joggers, bikers all pass. They're invisible to him.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Plain, brown-wrapper New York police office. Neat, tidy. Farrell holds coffee, the Daily News as he enters.

NORA DAVIDSON, arms full of files, looks up. Late 20's with plain features offset by quick, intelligent eyes. His assistant.

Nora

Want some actual nutrition to go with the coffee?

FARRELL

What did you have in mind?

He flips open the paper, scans the headlines then turns to the sports page.

NORA

Something from one of the four food groups maybe?

FARRELL

What are they again?

NORA

Meats, vegetables, grains and fruits.

FARRELL

Sirloin, smothered in onions, baked potato, apple pie.

NORA

Gee, all four. I'm impressed.

(re: files)

China Town murders. Came in this morning.

FARRELL
 (never looks up)
 Terrific.

NORA
 And a decapitated body the 117th
 fished out of the East river.

FARRELL
 Man or woman?

NORA
 Woman. No ID. Captain Dancy's
 screaming that he wants your report
 before noon this time - or else.

FARRELL
 He actually said "this time or else?"

NORA
 No.
 (he looks up now)
 He actually said, "tell Farrell I
 want the reports on my desk by noon
 or he'll have two assholes."

FARRELL
 (back to the paper)
 Has a way with words doesn't he?

NORA
 What do I tell him?

FARRELL
 That the Mets lost again.

She tosses the folder, walks out. Farrell sips his coffee.

INT. CLOSED SUBWAY TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

Stygian darkness. Sodden "clicking" sounds. A shaft of
 light reveals a mosaic of skittering cockroaches. FEET
 part the "Red Sea" of insects like an malevolent Moses.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

We never see the KILLER as he walks through the crypt-like
 space. A subway train rumbles somewhere.

He sits at a work bench, his GLOVED HAND holding a manila
 envelope. He extracts three B&W photos. We see the top
 photo, a blonde, late 20's, pretty smile.

The gloved finger taps the picture. A match strikes, then
 a cloud of blue-gray smoke exhales, obscuring the photo.

EXT. MANHATTAN - SUNSET (ESTABLISHING)

The sun dips to the horizon. City lights wink to life inside the towering concrete and steel behemoths. Night creeps in. And with it, the predators.

INT. FARRELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Farrell sits in the gathering darkness. Phone rings. He looks at it like it were some alien appendage. Another ring. Picks up.

DELAVEGA (PHONE)

Hey Jack. Sittin' in dark drinkin' again?

The voice is strong, masculine, with soft Puerto Rican inflections.

FARRELL

You writing a book?

DELAVEGA (PHONE)

You are, aren't you?

FARRELL

What do you want Alex?

DELAVEGA (PHONE)

Let me in.

FARRELL

Where are you?

DELAVEGA (PHONE)

Outside your door.

FARRELL

You called me on the phone and you're outside my door?

Farrell can't believe it, gets up, opens the door on --

LT. ALEX DELAVEGA

a ruffled suit with a man attached. Late 40's, heavy-set, deep wrinkles surround an irresistible smile. He walks in, snaps on the light.

DELAVEGA

You're gonna' turn into a vampire.

FARRELL

You think?

DELAVEGA
So, how's the new job in Purgatory?

FARRELL
Evidence?

DELAVEGA
Same thing. Between heaven and hell.

FARRELL
Never picked you as the religious type.

DELAVEGA
Altar boy. Three years.

FARRELL
Bet the Priest loved you.

DELAVEGA
That's what Priest's do, it's their job. Love everybody.

FARRELL
Yeah, been reading about that.

DELAVEGA
Not the "pervs"...the regular ones.

Delavega wanders the small apartment checking it out.

FARRELL
Something I can help you find?

DELAVEGA
Naw. Just lookin'. Been awhile since I was here.

FARRELL
Nearly two years.

DELAVEGA
You're really likin' evidence, huh?

FARRELL
It's easy. Not dangerous. I don't even have to carry a weapon off-duty.

DELAVEGA
And nobody tries to shoot you.

FARRELL
And nobody tries to shoot me.

DELAVEGA
You still packin' a .45?

FARRELL

Yeah.

DELAVEGA

When you gonna' start obeying the department weapons regulations?

FARRELL

I'll let you know. Wanna' beer?

DELAVEGA

Gotta' go, just dropped by to see how you were doin'.

FARRELL

Thirty minutes out of your way just to see how I'm doing? You're the greatest, you know that?

DELAVEGA

That's me.

FARRELL

You lying sack of shit.

DELAVEGA

I come by to say hello and this is how you talk to me?

Delevega fishes out a crumpled pack of unfiltered Luckies, stuffs one in his mouth. Lights it. Smoke curls up.

DELAVEGA (CONT'D)

You don't mind if I smoke do ya'?

FARRELL

Would it matter?

DELAVEGA

I'll put it out.

FARRELL

It's okay.

DELAVEGA

No, I'll put it out. Swear on my mother's grave. I'm quittin' anyway.

FARRELL

Right.

Farrell goes to the kitchen, reappears with an ash tray from the Ramada.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

For our guests who smoke.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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