

Blind Spot

By

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FADE IN

TITLE CARD: JAY

TITLE CARD: 2013

EXT. KOSLO'S HOUSE

LOOKING UP AT

the back patio of a not-so-typical suburban home. The house is built into a cliff, and the wide patio extends over the it, standing on columns that have been drilled into the rock. Thus looking up at the house from the edge of the downward sloping yard creates a dizzying perspective.

INT. KOSLOS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOW ANGLE, HANDHELD

The point of view of a six-year old boy, BRIAN. Looking up at the adult world.

WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE. The living room has windows on three sides, one of them also holds the screen door that leads to the back patio.

Brian pulls the screen door open and steps out onto the patio and into a gorgeous late summer/early fall day.

EXT. KOSLO'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - DAY

The cliff underneath the house falls away into rugged, sloped terrain with trees that ends in a lake. The patio is thus at the level of the tree tops.

The space is set up with a long wooden table with chairs around it. Two Adirondack-style rocking chairs complete the seating arrangements. One BRIGHTLY COLORED CHILD-SIZED CHAIR stands out in the adult-sized furniture.

Manning the grill is JAY KOSLO, Brian's father, a trim man in his late 30s, or early 40s. Sitting in the rocking chairs is his neighbor, KEVIN MASTERSON.

The adults take no notice of Brian. He watches as Jay puts burgers on the grill and as Kevin stands up to check out the action over Jay's shoulder.

Brian walks along the edge of the patio, to its far side. At his height, he can look through the bars of the railing, onto a PLAYGROUND with a SWING SET.

(CONTINUED)

He ambles to Jay and Kevin. Jay notices him and reaches out to ruffle his hair. He motions for Brian to back off (probably to get farther away from the hot grill).

Focused entirely on his conversation with Jay, Kevin ignores Brian. From Brian's perspective, we see the adults talking, but WE DON'T HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

INT. KOSLO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

BRIAN'S POV

Brian walks into the kitchen.

CAITLIN KOSLO, his mother, and JEN MASTERSON, her friend, are preparing side dishes in the kitchen. They are both in their early 40s, though Caitlin carries her years better than Jen.

Brian approaches the counter. Reaches for a chocolate-smearred spoon that lies in a bowl that's placed dangerously close to the counter's edge.

Caitlin notices him and moves the spoon out of his reach.

Brian moves out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

BRIAN'S POV

Brian ambles down the hallway. He stops in the middle of it and his eye catches something to his left.

LONG SHOT - BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Looking up at Brian.

Brian looks in the direction of the patio, hesitates, then takes the first step.

This is the first time we see him. He is a brown-haired boy with bangs dressed in a bright red T-shirt and khaki shorts.

EXT. PATIO

Later. Caitlin and Jen are setting the table.

LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE

Caitlin places a pitcher of iced tea on the table, then walks around the table, so she is facing away from the playground.

(CONTINUED)

In the BACKGROUND, Brian ambles down the path and reaches the playground. He hops on the swings.

Further in the background is a road that leads past the playground. A CAR drives down the road, VERY SLOWLY.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Brian is swinging away. He's the only child on the playground (or person for that matter).

The house and the patio are visible in the background, but mostly shaded by the heavy foliage.

EXT. STREET/PLAYGROUND

POV of DRIVER.

Looking straight ahead through the windshield. Slowly drives past the houses.

A side-glance through the passenger window reveals the playground rolling by.

Car stops. Reverses.

Brian swinging away in the background comes into view again.

Car stops.

EXT. PATIO

Jay takes all the burgers off the grill, save for one, which is to be well done. He puts them on a platter and puts the platter on the table.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

The empty swing set sways in the breeze.

EXT. PATIO

Caitlin, Kevin and Jen take their seats around the table. Jay looks at BRIAN'S CHAIR.

He stands up and walks toward the patio doors when his phone vibrates. He takes it out of his pocket.

SMARTPHONE SCREEN

A picture text message. Jay clicks it open. Picture of Brian. His red T-shirt makes him immediately identifiable, even though his head is not visible, being covered by a black HOOD.

(CONTINUED)

MESSAGE

"I guess I'm not the only one you're ignoring".

Jay looks like he's been punched in the stomach.

Caitlin jumps up. Kevin and Jen are frozen with shock.

Jay runs into the living room, almost taking the screen door with him.

INT. JAY'S STUDY

The neat study of a tech-savvy person. Computer screens and hard drives everywhere. Lacking any clutter, or personal touch.

Jay frantically searches around in the drawers, until he finds a BLACK DEVICE. He slaps it on the desk and hooks up his phone to it. The device's screen comes alive.

COMPUTER SCREEN - SEARCHING LOCATION

While the screen is blinking, Jay pulls a METAL BOX from a drawer. It's the type with a combination lock on it. Frantically, he flips the numbers and rips the box open.

BOX - CLOSE UP

Jay pulls out a HANDGUN. A DETECTIVE'S BADGE becomes visible in the box.

CLOSE UP - BADGE - DETECTIVE JAY KOSLO

CLOSE UP - GADGET SCREEN

The screen blinks a few times, driving Jay mad. A map jumps up. Looks like a google-type map. "Quarry Road" is highlighted.

Jay grabs his phone and runs out of the study, leaving his badge behind. He nearly bowls over Caitlin.

They exchange a horrified glance.

He runs out of the house.

Caitlin dials 911 on her cell phone.

EXT. PATIO - GRILL

The last hamburger burns to a crisp.

EXT. QUARRY ROAD - DAY

Desolate stretch of road that winds its way through the woods.

Jay's Camaro rounds the curve and comes to a screeching halt next to what looks like an opening in the woods, a hilly meadow that's really a tucked-away park.

INT. JAY'S CAR

Jay checks his phone. There are two dots on the screen, one represents Jay's location, the other the kidnapper's. They are very close together.

EXT. MEADOW

Jay jumps out of the car and cuts through the woods to the meadow (the path is too narrow for a car). He races across the meadow until he reaches a chain-link fence.

There's a HOLE, where the fence has been cut and peeled back over itself.

He runs to it and forces his way through the hole.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY

The fence is to keep people out of the rock quarry. A large rock valley, it has been closed for a long time. The bottom of it is flat. This is where construction crews used to cut and transport the stone.

Jay is on the top part. The drop is steep and deadly. The ground is pure rock, here and there overgrown with scarce trees that have been able to gain a foothold in the hostile environment.

Jay is frantically running across the top of the quarry, checking his phone to see if he's getting closer to the kidnapper.

JAY
Brian! Brian! Brian!

The words bounce off the rocks, and since Jay is on the move, the echo sounds like it's coming from twenty different directions.

ON BRIAN

(CONTINUED)

He lies on his side, under a bush, hooded and with his hands tied behind his backs. The kidnapper kneels next to him, with his back to us, looking out for Jay.

On hearing his father's voice, Brian struggles to his feet.

LONG SHOT

A small, HOODED FIGURE darts out from the bushes.

KIDNAPPER'S POV

Brian is running away from him. Kidnapper reaches out to grab him, but Brian is too quick. Kidnapper gets up to run after him, but...

ON JAY

...then he would expose himself to Jay. Jay's back is turned to away from Brian, who is running toward the cliff in the background.

BRIAN

Brian is running toward his father's voice. Or to where he perceives his father's voice to be coming from.

Jay turns, sees his son, starts to run toward him.

Brian is running straight toward the cliff.

JAY

Brian! STOP!

KIDNAPPER'S POV

Brian is running straight for the cliff.

JAY'S POV

Brian runs off the cliff and falls, seemingly forever and hits the bottom with a dead thump.

Jay is stunned for a second, not believing his eyes, then comes back to life and runs to the edge of the cliff.

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE GORGE

Brian's unmoving body.

All other concern gone, Jay's entire being is focused on getting to the bottom of the cliff and to his son. It's treacherous going. Climbing down slowly and carefully would be difficult and Jay is neither slow, nor careful.

(CONTINUED)

He loses his footing a few times, but is able to clutch onto a branch every time. In this suicidal fashion, he makes it down ten feet.

That's when his blind luck runs out. He grabs a branch which gives way and there is no other one to grab onto.

He tumbles and falls backwards. The only reason he doesn't share his son's fate, is because he lands, not on the bottom of the quarry, but a ledge about twenty feet from the top.

He falls flat on his back and it's not certain how badly he's hurt.

JAY'S FACE

His eyes are slightly open, focused on nothing in particular, he closes them, opens them again.

TOP OF THE QUARRY - LOOKING DOWN AT JAY

Police and ambulance SIRENS. Distant, coming closer.

The back of the kidnapper's head comes into view. He's looking down at Jay for a split second, then moves out of the frame.

KIDNAPPER'S POV

Running away from the cliff.

LONG SHOT - KIDNAPPER RUNNING

Sirens coming closer.

TOP OF QUARRY - LOOKING DOWN AT JAY

Jay's body is not moving. His phone, which landed next to him RINGS.

PHONE SCREEN

Caitlin.

JAY'S FACE

His eyes are closed.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: Victim 6 - Brian

DISSOLVE TO SURVEILLANCE SCREEN

The screen is divided into many smaller surveillance monitors showing different angles of GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL. Two of the screens goes black and two words appear on them respectively.

BLIND SPOT

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Distorted colors, not realistic.

Brian is running toward the cliff. Jay is running toward him and intercepts him a split-second before Brian goes over the edge.

Jay hugs his son tight.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jay opens his eyes. His head is bandaged.

Voices filter from the edge of the room. Two NURSES are prepping the bed next to Jay's.

NURSE 1

I can't imagine anything worse.
Losing your child like that.

NURSE 2

Do you think it was the same maniac
who killed the others?

NURSE 1

Who else? His son makes Number 6.

NURSE 1

Jesus Christ.

Feebly, Jay struggles against his almost full body cast.

NURSE 2

I think he's awake.

NURSE 1

Not with all the sedatives they've
pumped into him. You ask me, the
longer he stays out, the better.

The nurses leave the room.

Dazed and lost, Jay looks around to get his bearings.

(CONTINUED)

FLASH CUT

Rapid montage (at the speed of frenzied thoughts) of photographs of dead bodies, Victim 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, ALL CHILDREN ending on Brian (Victim 6) falling into the cliff.

At the final image, Jay comes alive. Or tries to. He sits up and grimaces in pain. His body is encased in an almost full-body cast. What skin is exposed is badly bruised.

He is literally trapped in his bed. He tries to scream, but only a GARGLING SOUND comes from his throat. He keeps straining against his cast despite the pain it causes him.

Jay's VITAL SIGNS MONITOR gives out a long BEEP.

NURSE 1 rushes in and injects a sedative into his IV.

JAYS' POV

Time and reality is mixed up like a salad; faces swim in and out of consciousness.

Caitlin. Concerned, she puts a hand on his forehead.

CHIEF OF DETECTIVES BYRNE sits at the edge of Jay's bed, looking concerned.

Nurse. Injects pain killers into his IV drip. Jay falls into a dream.

Caitlin wipes his forehead with a cloth.

BREAK POV SHOTS - OBJECTIVE VIEW

Caitlin wipes perspiration off Jay's forehead. Jay WHISPERS something, Caitlin leans closer to her, puts her ear to his mouth.

JAY

Brian?

Caitlin's eyes fill with tears, which is all the answer Jay needs. She hesitates, uncertain.

CAITLIN

There was nothing anyone could do after that fall.

Jay cries, closes his eyes. Caitlin wipes away his tears.

With a feeble arm (the one not in a cast), he reaches for her hand.

He unfolds her fingers and puts her palm against his bruised cheek.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A trial is in progress. Caitlin sits at the defense counsel's table, next to her client, 24-year old CHRISTOPHER ALVAREZ.

The PROSECUTOR is standing. He is addressing the JUDGE, a HISPANIC MAN in his 60s.

Caitlin looks like she hasn't slept in days and she is zoned out, barely paying attention to the proceedings.

The words of the prosecutor are filtered through Caitlin's numbed senses, they sound far off and insignificant.

PROSECUTOR

It is true that no one saw the defendant enter the convenience store, however we have the surveillance footage from that night, which irrefutably puts Mr. Alvarez at the scene of the crime.

The prosecutor sits. Alvarez looks at Caitlin, waiting for her objection.

So is the judge. But Caitlin is in another world, completely zoned out.

INT. KOSLOS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -DAY

Caitlin unlocks the door and turns off the alarm. She is wearing the attire from court. She holds a stack of mail. It's daytime, she probably came home early from work.

She puts her handbag down and takes off her shoes. She starts going through the mail.

MAIL STACK

Mostly business letters. She shuffles through it. Stops at a postcard, which is really a reminder for a dental appointment.

Brian's dental appointment. It shows a CARTOON TOOTH holding a brush. The tagline:

Brian, don't give your next appointment the brush off!

Scarsdale Dental Arts, Dr. Gordon Hays, DDS.

Hit hard by the reminder, Caitlin shuffles past the postcard.

KOSLO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Caitlin opens a door in the hallway, which contains the paper recycling bin. She throws the stack of letters into it.

She freezes, leans her forehead against the wall.

Behind her, the door to Brian's bedroom. It's ajar. She turns around and closes it firmly.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

Door opens, Caitlin walks in.

Standing at the foot of Jay's bed is Chief of Detectives EDWIN BYRNE. He is in his mid-sixties, neatly dressed and trim. Caitlin stands behind the Chief, a hard-to-read expression on her face. She looks pale and tired.

Jay's eyes focus on the Chief. He struggles to speak. The Chief leans over him.

CHIEF

Doc says you have a long recovery ahead of you, but you'll be just fine, Jay.

Jay doesn't respond. The Chief sits down on a chair next to the bed.

CHIEF

Don't worry about anything. I've put a guard outside.

His words take a moment to sink in.

JAY

A guard?

CHIEF

Just in case.

JAY

The only reason the Pied Piper would come after me is if he thinks I saw his face.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

Did you?

JAY'S FACE

Lost in thought.

FLASHBACK - QUARRY

JAY'S POV.

Looking up from the bottom of the quarry. The kidnapper is standing at the edge of the cliff, looking down at Jay. Everything is BLURRY.

HOSPITAL

Back in Jay's hospital room.

CAITLIN

I think that's enough for today. It hasn't even been a week--

JAY

It's all right, honey.
(to the Chief)
Last thing I remember is climbing down to get to--

Uncomfortable silence. The Chief seems very concerned for Jay. The way he interacts with him seems to go beyond a Superior/Subordinate relationship.

JAY

I know that look, Chief. What's bothering you?

CHIEF

Caitlin is right. It's too early to talk about all this.

JAY

Chief. What is it?

CHIEF

Why would he do this? It's not his usual--

JAY

It wasn't part of his plan. And he was always lousy at improvising.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF
But why--?

The Chief searches to end his sentence.

JAY
He didn't mean to kill Brian. He
wanted a bargaining chip to get me
back on the case.

Caitlin turns her head, trying to hide her tears.

CAITLIN
Let him rest, Ed.

The Chief stands up.

CHIEF
You're right.
(to Jay)
Just take it easy. And if you
remember anything--

Caitlin ushers the Chief out of the room. Jay closes his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR

POV

Standing in the elevator with doctors and visitors. A look down reveals a white coat, so presumably we're looking at the world through the eyes of a doctor.

Elevator door opens.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Moving out of the elevator. Rounding a corner.

It's Jay's hallway. There is a UNIFORMED COP sitting in front of Jay's door, reading a paperback.

As the person gets closer to Jay's room, he slows his pace. Sideways glance through the window in the door.

END OF POV

Through the window, Jay is visible, sleeping in his bed.

INT. KOSLO'S HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caitlin turns on the light. She is wearing a white bathrobe and she is holding a glass of milk.

The living room is bathed in soft light. She walks to the corner of the living room to turn on the standing lamp.

Or attempts to. She steps on something, cries out in pain and drops the glass of milk, which SHATTERS on the wooden floor.

She falls onto the sofa. She rubs her injured foot. Bends down to see what she stepped on.

BRIAN'S WOODEN SPIN TOP

She picks it up and throws it against the patio door, where it makes a sharp CLING.

Caitlin cries, impossible to tell whether from physical pain, or the loss of her son, or both.

In the foreground, the dining room, dark and abandoned.

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jay, Caitlin and Brian are eating dinner. Brian has not touched his food.

JAY

You're not hungry?

CAITLIN

Maybe the banana split ruined his appetite.

JAY

For Christ's sake's. I was trying to make it up to him.

CAITLIN

Please don't raise your voice in front of Brian. He's been through enough today.

Jay throws down his fork in anger. His phone RINGS. Jay checks the number.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

Jay is in a daze. Some time has passed, as only one of his legs is in a cast and his face is no longer bandaged.

Dressed in professional work attire, Caitlin stands next to the bed.

The tray which normally holds Jay's food has a pile of paper-clipped pages on it.

CAITLIN

Aren't you going to say anything?

JAY

Like what?

CAITLIN

Anything, but this stone-cold silence.

JAY

It hasn't even been two months. I should've known you would abandon me at the first sign of trouble.

CAITLIN

First sign?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

The nurse walks out a room in the middle of the hallway and enters the room right next to Jay's.

The cop sitting in front of the door stops reading his book and listens to the conversation filtering through the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

CAITLIN

We have a prenup, so it should be simple. I just want out.

JAY

Once a lawyer, always a lawyer.

CAITLIN

(quietly)

Once a bad parent.

JAY

(softening)

Don't blame yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CAITLIN

I wasn't talking about me.

Jay takes a moment to recover from this below-the-belt blow.

JAY

Before you give yourself the Mother of the Year Award, remember who had to cover for you when you chose work over his birthdays.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

The nurse stops in front of Jay's door. Sounds of the argument filter through the door.

The cop shakes his head, as if to say "Not now".

The nurse decides to skip the room in favor of the one across the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

JAY

At least I was putting criminals away instead of getting them off.

Caitlin doesn't respond. She is staring out of the window.

JAY

Look at the upside. We can avoid an ugly custody battle.

Caitlin wipes away a tear.

A polite KNOCK at the door.

JAY

Come in.

The nurse enters. She looks from husband to wife nervously. They didn't cover this in nursing school.

NURSE

I'm sorry, Mrs. Koslo. Visiting hours are over.

CAITLIN

That's all right. We're all done here.

She walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Good night, Mrs. Koslo.

CAITLIN

It's Caitlin. Good night.

She opens the door and leaves.

The nurse walks to Jay's bed, a concerned look on her face.

JAY

I know. I should avoid excitement
of any kind.

The nurse takes the papers, taking in the "Divorce Proceedings" stamped on it. She puts them out of sight underneath the night table.

NURSE

Would you like a sedative?

JAY

I took one already.

NURSE

How many is it today?

JAY

I lost count.

NURSE

I'll check on you in an hour. I'm
sorry about your wife.

Jay stares out of the window.

ON WINDOW

The crown of a tree, topped by barren, blue sky, much like
in the rock quarry.

JAY

Would you mind closing the blinds
before you leave?

She closes the blinds. Jay leans back in his bed.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Gorgeous day. Sun is out in full force. Zoom in on Jay's window. It is CURTAINED.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

Jay swings his legs out and sits up on the edge of the bed. His legs are no longer in a cast. He puts his feet on the ground.

JAY'S FACE

Nervous.

JAY'S POV - HIS FEET

The floor underneath Jay's feet changes to the cliff from which he fell.

JAY'S FACE

He closes his eyes, opens them again.

JAY'S POV

The ground is the hospital floor again.

He reaches for his crutches and leaning on them, he pulls himself to a standing position.

He crutches over to the window and reaches for the curtain as if he's going to pull them apart, then stops.

A few moments later, the nurse walks in, carrying what looks like a GREETING CARD in a colored envelope.

NURSE

It's a nice day. You should take a walk around the courtyard.

JAY

You mean a hop. Not interested.

NURSE

You better become interested.
You're out in less than a month.

JAY

Don't sound so excited.

Nurse gives him a look and ignores his comment. She hands him a letter.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

This came for you.

JAY

More lawyering?

NURSE

No. Reception sent it up.

Jay's demeanor changes. She leaves. Jay sits down on his bed and looks at the envelope.

ENVELOPE

"Jay Koslo" is printed on it in generic printer font. Jay pulls the card out of the envelope.

It's a 6th Birthday card. Jay puts it down for a moment, trying to compose himself. He opens it.

CARD

As Jay sees the card, he hears it read out loud in a flat, affectless voice, which is the result of a machine distortion meant to disguise a person's real voice.

VOICE OVER

Believe me when I say that I wish I could take back what happened at the quarry. I suppose this is what I get for being impulsive. I've made a mess of things. As close as we are, perhaps we got a little too close to each other that day? In a way, it's irrelevant. My work must continue. Don't you think it's interesting that we don't have an appropriate word to describe work that is motivated by true passion? It cheapens it somehow.

Until next time,

Your Old Friend

Nervous, Jay puts the card on the bottom of the pile.

He reaches for his crutches.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Jay opens his door and steps outside.

The hallway is deserted. The chair on which the cop sat is vacant, as well.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM

Jay paces as much as his crutches allow.

The nurse enters.

JAY

What happened to the guard?

NURSE

A Detective pulled him off duty yesterday. I forget his name. He's Spanish.

JAY

Robles.

NURSE

Yes. What's the matter? You don't think you're in any danger, do you?

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The parking garage under the hospital. A BLACK LINCOLN TOWNCAR pulls up to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - PARKING GARAGE

JAY'S POV

He struggles to push the heavy metal door open. A blinding WHITE LIGHT fills the screen, even though the garage is dark.

Jay blinks to clear his vision, tries to compose himself. Looks around nervously. He is carrying a duffel bag. He motions the car to pull up more. The DRIVER is annoyed, but pulls up a bit more.

Jay looks up at the surveillance camera that's mounted on a column. The way the car is parked now, it's in the camera's blind spot. Jay gets in the back seat.

INT. TOWN CAR

Jay is clearly in pain, not ready to be traveling at this point. He takes out a vial of prescription meds and takes two pills.

The driver turns around.

DRIVER

This ain't none of my bi'ness,
mister, but you don't look like
you're ready to check out just yet.

JAY

You're right. It's none of your
bi'ness.

Jay hands the driver a ten-dollar bill.

The driver shrugs his shoulders, puts the car in gear and pulls out of the garage.

Jay moves away from the window and keeps looking behind him to see if anyone is following them.

DRIVER

Where to?

JAY

Lower East Side.

TITLE CARD: 2015

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - CONCOURSE - DAY

East Balcony, overlooking the grand concourse. The clock tower over the information booth in the middle says 8:35. The height of rush hour, with commuters hurrying to get to work by nine.

Jumble of bodies criss-crossing the concourse, barely missing each other. It is impossible to make out individual faces.

Slow push in/zoom in to the crowd.

ISOLATE

One face in a crowd of faces. A MAN IN HIS MID-TO-LATE 30S, haunted look. Vacant stare that nevertheless scans the crowd.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The last shot dissolves into a shot of the grand concourse, as seen on a surveillance monitor.

PULL OUT to reveal a huge surveillance screen divided into several smaller ones. Looks like the surface of a chess board, with the squares representing individual screens, each showing a different angle of Grand Central. The concourse, tracks, lower level and so on.

On the first screen, the grand concourse has been turned into a crime scene. Yellow police tape has been pulled around the Information booth.

As the camera pulls out, a non-uniformed MTA POLICE OFFICER (identifiable by his ID tag) becomes visible. He is working the controls, bringing up different images on the screen.

Door to the control room opens, Robles steps in. He hands a cup of coffee to the MTA Officer.

ROBLES

Did you go through it?

MTA COP

Most of the angles, yes.

ROBLES

And?

MTA COP

Nothing. Nothing out of the ordinary, I mean.

Robles points to several black screens.

ROBLES

What about these?

MTA COP

Cameras that are out.

ROBLES

Blind spots.

MTA COP

Exactly.

ROBLES

This many? How is that possible?

(CONTINUED)

MTA COP
Maybe you should bring it up at the
next MTA budget meeting.

Robles give him a "you're-an-asshole" look.

MTA COP
How are the interviews going?

ROBLES
We did 24 so far. Nothing yet.

MTA COP
Someone must've seen something.

Robles looks doubtful. He studies the different screens.

ROBLES
Christ. How can you make out
anything in this mess?

MTA COP
Needle in the haystack, as the
saying goes.

Robles is annoyed by the MTA Cop's nonchalance.

ROBLES
You know who got popped, don't you?

MTA COP
No one tells me anything.

ROBLES
The perv who was behind those child
murders a few years back.

The MTA Cop whistles to show his amazement.

INT. NYC APARTMENT - DAY

Nondescript New York City apartment. The curtains are drawn
and the lighting is very low, so little detail is visible.

A covered computer sits on table in the corner of the living
room. The BUZZER in the hallway/foyer comes to life. It
buzzes with what seems like a predetermined design, one
short, two long and one short.

Jay walks to the intercom. At first glance, his appearance
is shocking. His hair is longish and matted and he has an
unkempt beard. He wears a tattered black bathrobe. He looks
like a cross between the Unabomber and a mad-genius
mathematician.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up the intercom phone.

JAY
Miguel?

INTERCOM

MIGUEL
Yes, sir.

Jay buzzes the door open. He leaves the frame, then returns, holding what looks like a full trash bag.

When he hears footsteps on the other side, he looks through the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Miguel, the Hispanic grocery delivery boy, patiently waits for Jay to open the door. His face says he's been through this before.

Jay opens the door a tiny fraction. Miguel pushes a bag of groceries through the opening. Jay hands him a ten-dollar bill and his trash.

MIGUEL
Thank you, sir.

JAY
How come they sent someone else last week?

MIGUEL
My wife just had a baby.

JAY
Congratulations. You must be very happy.

MIGUEL
Thank you. Have a nice day.

His footsteps recede. Jay closes the door.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Miguel comes out of the building and throws Jay's garbage in one of the cans that's lined up next to the front door.

INT. NYC APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Typical undersized NYC kitchen. Jay is putting away the groceries. They are all non-solid, vegetarian items like granola, yogurt, cereal and the like.

The phone RINGS. Jay is startled back to reality.

LIVING ROOM

Jay walks to the desk with the computer on it. He picks up the phone.

JAY

Hello?

CHIEF

(through phone)

Jay. Good Afternoon.

Jay looks toward the window, but since it's curtained, it's impossible to say what time it is.

CHIEF

Two-thirty in case you're wondering. When was the last time you went out--

JAY

I don't remember.

CHIEF

I suppose it's too much to expect you to keep up with the news.

Jay is silent. The Chief takes a deep breath on the other end.

CHIEF

There's been a homicide at Grand Central Terminal two days ago. We can't tell anything looking at the cameras. It was Rush Hour, eight thirty in the morning. The MTA cops detained everyone and video interviewed them all. But no one saw the shooter...

JAY

Where did it happen? The restroom?

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF

That's the strange thing. He was shot in the middle of the concourse.

JAY

Who?

Chief takes a deep breath.

CHIEF

Stanley Midlof.

JAY

Midlof's the shooter?

CHIEF

No, the victim.

Jay sits down.

JAY

Pied Piper.

CHIEF

Hold on a second. We thought Midlof was his accomplice. Why get rid of him in the busiest place in New York City?

JAY

He wants to prove he can get away with anything anywhere.

CHIEF

Midlof was a child molester. Every parent in New York City had a motive to kill him.

JAY

Except that Midlof wasn't the one killing the kids. Don't you see? Midlof had something on the Pied Piper, so he had to be gotten rid of. Now that Midlof's out of the way, I'm the only person who can stop the Piper from starting up again.

CHIEF

And you know this how?

(CONTINUED)

JAY

(ignoring the Chief)

Which means he'll come after me.
Remember the greeting card he sent
me in the hospital? In here, I'm
safe.

CHIEF

That's your plan? You're going to
spend the rest of your life in this
apartment?

JAY

Yes.

(reluctant)

Eye witnesses?

CHIEF

Nothing useable. It might as well
happened at Yankee Stadium in the
middle of a game.

Jay is silent. Stares off into space.

CHIEF

We do have all the surveillance
footage, of course. And tons of
civilian stuff, cell phone footage,
video cameras, still pictures from
tourists. But it's all useless
until someone puts it
together. I'll have the hard drive
with footage dropped off at your
apartment.

JAY

You haven't given out my address to
anyone, have you?

CHIEF

Of course not.

JAY

I'm not up to it. You have to be
sharp to do this kind of work and
I'm lucky if I can manage a full
minute of concentration.

CHIEF

Look, if it's him, we can finally
catch him. And you can move on with
your--

(CONTINUED)

JAY
(interrupting)
And if it's not him?

CHIEF
Then you can chalk it up as your
service to New York City.
(beat)
Besides, do you have anything
better to do?

Jay ponders and looks toward the window, which is covered with a heavy curtain.

JAY
I'll take a look at it.

CHIEF
Good. I'll set it up with the
delivery service myself. I'll call
you in two days.
(beat)
I'm really sorry about you and
Caitlin--

Jay hangs up. He stands up and pulls the cover off the computer.

He turns it on, waits for it to warm up, staring into space.

WIFI

Jay clicks the "activate wifi" button.

The "Goggle" search engine comes up. He types in Stanley Midlof's name.

Slew of articles comes up, headlines with Stanley Midlof, Grand Central killing in many different permutations. Jay clicks on one from the New York Star.

SCREEN

Article about the Grand Central Murder and Stanley Midlof. Jay scans the article, then clicks on the accompanying picture.

It shows a man in his late 30s. Same man who was standing by the clock in Grand Central Station. The news camera caught him off guard with its flash, his expression is one of shock and anger.

PICTURE CAPTION

(CONTINUED)

"Stanley Midlof at the time of his arrest three years ago, May 6, 2012, following the discovery of Victim 4. Midlof was questioned in connection with, but never charged with the Piped Piper killings".

TITLE CARD: 2010

INT. TRENDY CAFE - DAY

Some years ago. Jay is clean-cut, well groomed. He sits across from SHARON JANOWITZ, a 25-year old woman JOURNALIST. She is eager and attractive. A copy of PIXEL magazine sits by Sharon's elbow. She is interviewing Jay for an article.

The cafe gives off a hipster vibe, musician types with piercings drink lattes out of mason jars.

Jay has his laptop open.

SHARON

I can't believe it only took two days to set up this interview. The NYPD is never this fast.

JAY

We could use good publicity. Show the city that in addition to harassing minorities, we also solve crimes.

SHARON

Touche. I thought about a million questions to ask you, but I think it would be best for our readers if you take me through a case.

JAY

Prospect Park?

Sharon nods.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jay opens a UPS box at the dining room table. He pulls out an external HARD DRIVE with the NYPD logo on it.

He plugs it in the back of his computer, then shakes the mouse to wake the computer.

Jay clicks a program open.

SCREEN

Program opening logo. SPLICE, an editing software.

INT. TRENDY CAFE

Jay nudges his laptop awake and pushes the screen toward Sharon.

JAY

Let's start with what we know.

SHARON

Stentz's body was found by the boathouse.

JAY

Killed on scene, dead for about four hours.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Photo of the crime scene. Body is not visible.

SHARON

Someone must've seen Stentz walking through the park.

JAY

Maybe. Problem is, even if we turn up an eye witness, they tend to be unreliable.

JAY'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Jay is looking through folders of footage.

Footage is organized in bins and folders. He clicks through them, some of them are labeled GRAND CONCOURSE, CAM 1, CAM 2 and so on. One bin is labeled "Interviews". These are interviews the NYPD conducted right after the murder with all the eye witnesses they could lay their hands on.

Jay opens the one labeled "Interview". It contains separate video files for every interview.

Jay clicks one labeled "Goodwin". Goodwin is a middle-aged man from the Midwest. He is filmed against a white background, the interviewer is not visible. He comes across as slightly feminine.

GOODWIN

I read the crime statistics before I came to New York. Crime is supposed to be waaaay down.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER

Did you see the shooter, Mr. Goodwin?

GOODWIN

Yes. I saw a woman with a Gucci purse, at least I think it was a Gucci purse--

CLICK ON "DUBOIS" FOLDER.

MR. DUBOIS

I do not know--, wait, perhaps, there was a woman.

INTERVIEWER

Let me guess. She had a Gucci bag.

CLICK ON "GREENE" FOLDER.

Homeboy from the Bronx.

HOMEBOY

Nah, nah, I know where these questions are goin'. You're trying to pin this on me, 'cause I'm black. I want my lawyer!

INTERVIEWER

You're not a suspect, Mr. Greene.

HOMEBOY

A black man is always a suspect.

BACK TO GOODWIN

INTERVIEWER

Try to focus, Mr. Goodwin.

GOODWIN

It was either the woman with the Gucci purse, or the man with the umbrella.

INTERVIEWER

What man?

CUT TO AN ELDERLY WOMAN

ELDERLY WOMAN

He was kind of tall, well dressed, but rough looking.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. DUBOIS

Long, dirty jacket. Perhaps he was homeless?

HOMEBOY

Creepy looking white lady in an ugly red dress.

BACK TO DUBOIS

INTERVIEWER

Did you see who killed Stanley Midlof?

MRS. DUBOIS

No.

MR. DUBOIS

Perhaps a terrorist?

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Greene, you were crossing the main terminal on your way to Vanderbilt street, is that correct?

HOMEBOY

Yeah.

INTERVIEWER

Then you must have passed the victim. Stanley Midlof.

HOMEBOY

There was some goofy-lookin' white dude standing by the Information Booth, I remember him 'cause he was one of the only people who wasn't pushing his way through the crowd. He wast just zoned out, nah mean? I passed him and that is it--.

Rest of the interview is in the same vein. Jay clicks through each one, soundbites which tell him that no one really saw a thing.

INT. TRENDY CAFE

Jay turns the laptop screen toward Sharon and moves from his seat next to her, so they can both see it.

JAY

So, we have to take the initiative. Check entry points around the time

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY (cont'd)
Stentz is likely to have entered
the park.

SCREEN

The surveillance angles from the different entrances to
Prospect Park flash on the screen.

JAY
Here he is at 4:20. And not alone,
either.

SCREEN

Surveillance footage of a middle-aged man and a woman in a
summer dress, wearing a wide-brimmed hat. Her face is not
visible.

JAY
A camera in the park picks them up
ten minutes later. After that
nothing. But, we know how the story
ends, let's work backwards and find
the beginning.

SCREEN

Surveillance footage runs backwards, at some point, Stentz
and the woman separate.

JAY
They did not travel together. Not
all subway cars have cameras, but
all stations do.

SCREEN

Fast shots of different subway stations.

Stentz gets on the a subway.

JAY
He got on at 86th street.

SHARON
Hardly a surprise, since he lives
there.

SCREEN

Woman in wide-brimmed hat.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Maybe we have better luck with the woman. Her hat makes a good tracking device.

Jay and Sharon are watching the computer screen.

SCREEN

SHARON

She got on at 125th.

Jay shakes his head.

JAY

That's not her. Look closely. It's another woman. Her hat is similar, but not as big, nor with the same shape.

SHARON

Wow. How can you tell with all this grain and pixels?

JAY

Long hours staring at small screens.

Sharon points at the screen.

SHARON

They just look like a bunch of faces to me. And they go by so fast.

JAY

You have to know where to look.
(getting back to footage)
She gets on at 163rd street in the Bronx. At this point, we have to get our hands dirty, because surveillance coverage is spotty. Physical stakeout. She breaks within two hours of being picked up. She's a call girl who's been seeing, servicing Stentz on and off. She cooked up a story about needing money and asked him to meet her at Prospect Park.

Jay leans back. Sharon looks troubled.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

Wait a minute. Why not just keep milking him for his money? It doesn't make sense to kill him.

Jay leans back with a frown. Clearly he's heard this question before.

JAY

That's not my department. I'm interested in the how, not the why.

SHARON

Where did you receive your surveillance training?

JAY

It's the other way around. I was in surveillance before I became a cop. The Chief of Detectives recruited me personally.

JANOWITZ

I see. Still--

JAY

You doubt. But the proof is in the pudding, as they say. Or the hot dog, in your case.

SHARON

You lost me.

Jay taps his computer.

JAY

You got on the 5 train in Brooklyn at the Nevin stop at 7:32 this morning. You ran for the 7:24 but missed it. Got off on Union Square just before 8.

SCREEN

Shots of Sharon on his way to work. He is flabbergasted.

JAY

Lunch at a hog dog stand on 6th Avenue. Which is strange, because I remember you telling me you were a vegetarian.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

Most of the time. But today was very stres--.

JAY

I'm observing, not judging.

The WAITRESS brings the check. Sharon hands her a credit card, but before the waitress can take it, Jay puts his card in her hands.

SHARON

You don't have to be a gentleman. It's on the magazine's tab.

JAY

That's not the point.

He nods to the waitress, who walks away with his card.

SHARON

Thanks. I have a few more questions. But before I get to them, let me make sure I got this quote right.

JAY

Shoot.

SHARON

As 21st century crime fighters, we are interested in the "how", not the "why".

Jay nods his head and drains his tea.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - PRESENT - DAY

Jay pours himself a whisky and uses it to wash down a few pills.

He clicks on a folder labeled "Civilian Footage".

Sub folders are labeled "Cell Phones", "Still Cameras", "Video". Jay clicks open "Cell Phones". Four different files. Jay clicks one open at random.

CELL PHONE FOOTAGE

Vertigo-inducing shaky cell phone footage taken at the West Balcony Stairs.

Jay clicks on another.

(CONTINUED)

More shaky footage, this time the other side of Grand Central Concourse.

CLOSE UP - STANLEY

The haunted-looking man in his 30s. Jay pauses the footage for a second.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay watches surveillance footage. He watches a MAN WITH A FEDORA, then a WOMAN IN A SHAWL. Then, a YOUNG MAN with A BASEBALL CAP.

A man who at this distance looks like DETECTIVE ROBLES.

Finally, A MAN WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED BILLED NEWSBOY CAP.

TITLE CARD: 2012

TITLE CARD: Gordon

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN

An upscale home, the kind that is so generically decorated that it tells nothing of the owners.

A WOMAN IN HER LATE THIRTIES is stirring a pot on the stove. Her eyes however, are not on her work, but on a NEWSPAPER, which is laid out on the counter, FRONT PAGE up.

Stanley's face under the headlines. Caught in a startled gaze by the photographer's harsh flash.

HEADLINE - MEDICAL TRANSPORT DRIVER QUESTIONED IN 4TH PIED PIPER MURDER.

Date on the article: May 6, 2012

The woman stares at the paper, a worried look on her face.

Sounds of the front door opening. The woman folds up the newspaper and puts it on a shelf.

In walks DR. GORDON HAYS (though we don't know this yet), dentist to the upper middle classes. It's the man with the golf cap we have seen in the surveillance footage Jay was looking through.

Gordon is the kind of man who does not attract any attention. Average height, average build, sparse, graying hair. If you look up the word "nondescript" in the dictionary, there is a picture of him.

(CONTINUED)

He takes off his golf cap and kisses his wife on the cheek.

GORDON

Hi Beth.

BETHANY

You're home early.

GORDON

Last patient canceled. Good thing, too. It would have been a root canal.

(looks at stove)

Something smells awful yummy.

Gordon heads out of the kitchen, toward the foyer.

BETHANY

Have you seen the news?

Gordon stops. Turned away from Bethany, his face betrays his annoyance.

He turns around and his facial expression is sweet as pie.

GORDON

No. What happened?

He waits for her to continue.

BETHANY

It can wait until dinner. You look like you could use some basement time.

Gordon smiles and blows her a kiss. He walks out of the kitchen.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Gordon walks down the hallway. He opens the door leading down to the basement, clicks the light on and disappears down the steps.

STAIRS

Going down into the darkness.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bethany stirs the pot, lost in thought. Glances at the shelf, where she has put the newspaper.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - FOYER - FRONT DOOR

Bethany walks up the door. She is WEARING A DIFFERENT OUTFIT, so this is a flashback.

Whoever is on the other side of the door keeps ringing the BELL like a madman. She opens the door.

Stanley stands on the door step. He is a disheveled mess, his hair is uncombed and his shirt is untucked and wrinkled. His puffy eyes speak of sleepless nights. He is holding a rolled up NEWSPAPER.

In contrast, Bethany is dressed at the height of conservative fashion.

STANLEY

I need to see Gordon.

BETHANY

And you are?

STANLEY

(remembering his manners)

I'm Stanley. You must be Mrs. Hays.

Stanley holds out his hand, she shakes it reluctantly.

BETHANY

Are you one of his patients?

STANLEY

No.

BETHANY

Then--

STANLEY

Lady, I mean Mrs. Hays, it's very important that I talk to Gordon.

BETHANY

He's not home.

STANLEY

When will he be?

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY

I'm not sure. He's been working late these last couple of days.

STANLEY

I bet. Do you have any children, Mrs. Hays?

BETHANY

I'm afraid that's none of your business. What is this about?

Stanley looks forlorn, he's at a loss as to what to do.

BETHANY

Do you want to leave a message, Stanley?

STANLEY

No, that's all right. I'll try him later.

Before Bethany can respond, he walks down the steps and away from the house.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bethany stops stirring the pot and turns off the stove.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Under a table-mounted magnifying glass, Gordon is cleaning a very small tooth with a brush.

He wears a WHITE APRON. Portrait of the artist as a dentist. Pure bliss on his face.

TITLE CARD: 2010

EXT. SUBURBAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Gordon sits at a table, drinking coffee from a paper cup and reading his iPad. Typical suburban, weekend clientele, Soccer Moms stopping to fill up on coffee, families buying bagels.

He is reading the online version of PIXEL, the magazine, wherein Jay gave his interview. There are supplemental pictures of Prospect Park. The headline is RIDING THE DIGITAL CRIME WAVE.

Gordon reads the last line of the article, the quote:

QUOTE

(CONTINUED)

"As 21st century crime fighters, we are interested in the "how", not the "why".

Gordon gives an amused smile. He looks around the coffee shop. A MIDDLE AGED woman gets up from her table and walks up to the counter. She has left her SMARTPHONE behind.

Gordon packs up his iPad and walks toward the exit, detouring by the woman's table. With a slick movement, he swipes the Smartphone off the counter.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

The parking lot of a typical strip mall, of which the coffee shop is part. Gordon walks to his car, a brand-new Mercedes and gets in.

He takes a headpiece from his glove compartment and plugs it into the phone. The phone lights up.

PHONE SCREEN

Enable Location Scrambler?

Gordon hits the "Yes" button. Next question: Enable voice-alteration? Gordon hits "Yes" again. Gordon dials a number.

DISPATCH
(through phone)
NYPD, Detective Division.

GORDON
Please connect me with Detective
Jay Koslo.

Gordon's voice sounds mechanical, but not completely distorted, it's warped just enough to be unidentifiable.

DISPATCH
Detective Koslo is off duty. May I
connect you with another Detective?

GORDON
I have important information
regarding a case. It can't wait,
I'm afraid.

DISPATCH
I'll forward the call.

EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND - DAY

Suburban park, with a playground on it. Jay is sitting on a bench, working on his laptop. Brian is playing in the background, but Jay is not paying much attention to him.

His PHONE rings. It's his official one with the Property of the NYPD on the back.

PHONE SCREEN

Unknown number. Jay picks up the phone.

JAY
Detective Koslo.

GORDON
Good afternoon, Detective. I'm calling to congratulate you on the Pixel article. Fascinating, but I can't help but wonder if digital crime fighting really is so straight-forward. That all you have to do is connect a few surveillance shots and voila, you have your man.

JAY
Who am I speaking with?

GORDON
Of course, most criminals are not very bright. The majority of homicides are solved, I'm sure you know that. But not because the cops are so smart, but because most criminals have the foresight of a gambling addict.

JAY
Who is this?

GORDON
Be that as it may, our world is becoming more and more competitive. Which means that no matter how good you think you are, you eventually meet someone who is even better.

JAY
Do you have information regarding a case?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

I do, Detective Koslo. I most certainly do. But it's not for a crime that has already happened. It's for one that is about to be committed.

JAY

What do you mean?

GORDON

You'll be hearing from me soon. Or seeing from me, is a better way to put it.

INT. GORDON'S CAR

Gordon chuckles, then hangs up. He unplugs the headset and puts it away. He wipes down the stolen phone and gets out of the car.

He drops the phone and steps on it, smashing it. He picks it up and walks to a garbage can and tosses it.

Through the coffee shop window, Gordon sees the woman whose phone he stole yelling at the hapless clerk. She keeps pointing to the table where she sat, so it's not hard to guess what she's screaming about.

Gordon smiles. His attention turns to a GARBAGE MAN collecting the trash. It catches his eye for some reason.

EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND - DAY

Jay connects his phone to his laptop and runs the number. It comes up Daphne Sweeney, Bronxville, NY. He runs the location unscramblers, but all different locations come up, all of them bogus.

Jay closes his laptop and stares off into space.

EXT. MARCUS GARVEY PARK - NIGHT

Marcus Garvey Park is in Harlem. Typical city park with steps leading to a cobble-stoned area with benches and a playground.

Gordon is dressed in the drab brown uniform of the New York City Park Services. He is pulling a large garbage can on wheels behind him. He is at street level, nearing the steps which lead deeper into the park. His task is to bring the garbage can down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

Step by step, bump by bump. He whistles a low tune as he does so. He almost reaches the bottom, when the garbage can tilts and almost topples over. Its cover falls off and goes rolling.

Gordon curses. AN OLD, BLACK MAN, sitting on a bench in a shadow, chuckles.

OLD MAN

They don't make them like they used to.

Gordon takes the cover from him and very quickly covers the garbage can.

GORDON

(smiling)

No, they don't.

TITLE CARD: Jamal - Victim 2

INT. POLICE STATION - JAY'S DESK - NIGHT

Definitely not your typical cop's desk. There are screens everywhere. It's more of a makeshift CONTROL ROOM.

Jay is cleaning a COMPUTER HARD DRIVE that looks like it was pulled out of a fire. He wipes it down carefully with a rag.

He is clean-shaven and dressed in a white button-down shirt and a tie. The station is buzzing with activity around him.

His phone rings. He picks it up.

JAY

Yes, Chief.

CHIEF

A photo was e-mailed to the info inbox. Community relations forwarded it to me. Could be the sickest joke ever, or it could be a follow up to the Bushwick thing. Victim number 2.

Jay clicks his e-mail open.

E-MAIL

Subject line: Where am I?

Jay clicks it open. The e-mail is blank, one photo attachment. Jay clicks on the attachment.

(CONTINUED)

Picture opens. The body of a child sprawled underneath a tree. Could be a forest, or a park.

JAY

Shit.

CHIEF

Find out where it was taken.

JAY

I'm on it.

Jay clicks a program open. He drags the picture into it.

SCREEN

Extract EXIF data.

Jay clicks "Yes". The icon starts spinning, indicating the computer is pulling the data.

Set of coordinates comes up. Jay imports it into a navigational software and a precise location on a map, not unlike google maps pops up.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Robles, flanked by two uniformed cops, is closing in on a weeping willow tree. The tree's trunk is not visible because the dense leaves touch the ground.

Robles has a GPS DEVICE in his hands.

ROBLES

Should be right under that tree.

The Uniforms are clearly nervous. Robles pulls his service revolver and aims it at the tree.

UNIFORM 1

I don't think that's necessary.

Uniform 2 pulls his gun. Uniform 1 follows suit.

Parting its leaves, Robles steps under the willow tree.

EXT. UNDER THE WILLOW TREE

Nothing. Robles walks around it to make sure. He finds a NOTE tacked to the tree. He yanks on a rubber glove and pulls the note off the tree.

NOTE

(CONTINUED)

Typed script: Did you really think I would make it this easy?

Robles spits.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAY'S DESK - NIGHT

Jay sits at his desk. He is the only one at the station. He is wearing the same clothes as in the previous scene, but has loosened his tie. He has a five o'clock shadow.

The photograph of the body is blown up and tacked to a board behind him. He stares at it.

His phone BEEPS with an incoming message. He picks it up.

PHONE SCREEN

Message: Caitlin - Any headway?

Jay types.

Jay's message: No. Leaving soon.

PHONE

Smiley face, sent by Caitlin.

He puts on his jacket. One last glance at the photograph. Something catches his eye. He grabs a magnifying glass and steps close to it. He inches the glass over the picture. Stops.

ECU - PHOTO

Sparse grass protruding from the rocky soil. Almost hidden by the grass is a flower with a dark blue petal. As Jay moves the magnifying glass over across the body, he finds another flower. Then another one on the far side. They are small, so very difficult to pick up from the rest of the background.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Pharr, botanist, is on the phone. He is a man in his 60s. A microscope and large posters of flowers and their anatomy provides the backdrop.

Cross-cut between him and Jay, who is at the police station.

DR. PHARR

It is not common at all. In fact,
it's a non-native species,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. PHARR (cont'd)
introduced in the late 19th
century, because it's one of the
few flower species that not only
looks good, but can grow in rocky
soil. Interestingly--

JAY
(cutting him off)
Where would I find it in the City?
Which parks, I mean?

DR. PHARR
The ones with the worst conditions
for plant life.

EXT. MARCUS GARVEY PARK - NIGHT

Jay walks past the Marcus Garvey Park sign. Unknowingly, he
walks the same path Gordon traveled in the previous scene.
He walks down the steps on which Gordon dragged the body. In
the background, the BRIGHT LIGHTS of a crime scene.

EXT. MARCUS GARVEY PARK - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

The paramedics zip up the body bag. Heavy duty construction
lights illuminate the scene like a gruesome stage.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a quick shot of the body bag. He turns
to sneak away and is stopped by the heavy hand of Robles.

Quicker than the eye, he grabs the camera and pops out the
SD card. He hands the camera back to the photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey! Freedom of the press.

ROBLES
I'm with you. You can pick up the
card at the precinct tomorrow.

He hands the photographer his business card.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(muttering)
Fascist.

The photog takes the card and slinks away.

Jay waves hello to a PARAMEDIC he knows.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Let me look at your report when you're through, Wally.

WALLY

Sure. Be done in five.

Jay joins Detective Robles, who is none too happy to see Jay.

ROBLES

(by way of hello)

What's the matter? Can't wait until we e-mail you the photos? Or are there no cameras around this park for you to watch?

JAY

I wanted a closer look.

ROBLES

If you want to get your hands dirty, my crime scene isn't the place to do it.

JAY

(indicating the body)

It's the second in a series. Garrett Sheffield in Bushwick last year is Victim 1.

ROBLES

Tell me something I don't know.

JAY

The perp lives either in Westchester, or the Bronx.

ROBLES

Well, hello, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. And all this without looking at a single computer screen.

JAY

Assuming that Victim 2 was not killed on-site, like the first one, the killer would have to transport them. That means a car. After dumping the bodies, he has to get home. He wouldn't risk crossing a bridge, or go through a tunnel. He would avoid all tolls because of the cameras.

(CONTINUED)

ROBLES

What about bridges without tolls?
Like the Queensboro?

JAY

Still too risky. He'd be caught in
a funnel.

ROBLES

Maybe he lives in Manhattan.

Jay is silent. Robles senses something and steps to Jay's
face.

ROBLES

Just because you're the Chief's pet
geek doesn't mean you get to hold
back info.

JAY

I got a call last week.

ROBLES

From?

JAY

A prank call, I thought at the
time. But maybe it was him.

ROBLES

What'd he say?

JAY

That I'd be seeing from him.

ROBLES

Trace?

JAY

Stolen phone. Owner's from
Bronxville. Maybe that's where he
swiped it. That's why the
Westchester guess.

ROBLES

It's a prank call. Why would he
call you and not a real detective?

He walks away. Wally steps to Jay.

WALLY

Don't sweat it, Jay. Most artists
are not appreciated in their
lifetime.

(CONTINUED)

He hands Jay a clipboard.

TITLE CARD: CAITLIN

TITLE CARD: 2014

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Gordon is walking down the platform of the Harlem line which runs from Grand Central to Westchester County, with a stop in Scarsdale. As always, he is wearing the billed golf cap. His fellow commuters are getting on the train all around him, eager to begin the ride home.

He is not boarding but keeps bending down from time to time to be able to look through the window into the train car. Clearly, he is looking for someone.

Passing another car, he bends, looks then stops. He backtracks and gets on that car. Looking in from the outside, we see him take a seat diagonally behind a woman, whose head is not visible.

INT. TRAIN CAR

Train is in motion. Gordon sits behind Caitlin in the other aisle. He has a newspaper open, but keeps glancing at her. Sensing that someone is looking at her, Caitlin turns around.

He gives her a disarming smile.

GORDON

Mrs. Koslo. It is you.

Caitlin looks at him, clearly not recognizing him. Then, the penny drops.

CAITLIN

Dr. Hays? I didn't recognize you with that hat.

GORDON

Can't wear it in the practice, you know.

Suddenly, Gordon looks forlorn, tries searching for the right words.

GORDON

I read about what happened. How tragic. Right in our backyard, too.

(CONTINUED)

The YUPPIE sitting next to Caitlin decides he has had enough.

YUPPIE
(to Gordon)
Do you want to switch seats?

GORDON
Thanks, very kind of you to offer.

The yuppie and Gordon switch seats.

GORDON
I can't imagine what you went through.

CAITLIN
I'm still going through it.

GORDON
Of course. If there's anything I can do--

CAITLIN
What were you doing in the City?

GORDON
Work.

CAITLIN
Conference?

GORDON
No, I have a practice there. In addition to the one in Scarsdale where B--, your son was a patient.

CAITLIN
I'm impressed.

GORDON
First half of the week I'm in Scarsdale, the rest in New York.

CAITLIN
I didn't know you were that good.

GORDON
Just a question of experience.
(beat)
And your husband? How is he holding up?

(CONTINUED)

CAITLIN

I wouldn't know. We're divorced.

GORDON

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

CAITLIN

It's fine. It's not your fault.
Wherever he is, he has a lot of
healing to do. I wish him the best.

GORDON

So do I.

EXT. SCARSDALE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Train pulls out of the station in the background. Gordon walks to his Mercedes. Watches Caitlin walk to her car, what used to be Jay's BMW.

They wave each other good bye.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay is editing the Grand Central footage. He stops and rubs his eyes. Stares off into space.

He starts to drift off. His eyes close, then open again. They close.

EXT. JAY'S HOUSE

In Jay's dream, little Brian is making his way down the steps to the playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND

He gets on the swing set, starts to swing.

FREEZE FRAME

The footage reverses, Brian swings backwards, the swing stops and he gets off. Walking backwards, he leaves the playground and retreats back up the path.

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - STEPS

Brian walks up the steps, but backwards.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM

Brian backs into his room and the door closes him in. He sits down and starts to play with his trucks.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Jay snaps awake. Gropes for a pill, takes one, chases it with a whisky.

A figure catches his eye. This is a person wearing a BLACK HOODED SWEATSHIRT. Jay plays around with the angles, trying to find where he came from.

TITLE CARD: 2012

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

A corner of the basement is transformed into a work bench with a strong lamp and a large magnifying glass. Continuation of the basement scene when he first came home.

He finishes cleaning the tooth.

Gordon is bent over the mold of a mouth. He is wearing a WHITE APRON. The mold is a set of gums, rather, upper and lower. They are laid out separately. Gordon is concerned only with the lower. It is toothless, save for three perfect white teeth that are carefully laid into it, side-by-side.

Very carefully, Gordon places the FOURTH tooth in the mold, next to the other three.

He admires his handiwork. In this moment, he is less a craftsman than an artist. The four teeth are perfect specimens, they look like they came from the same person who happens to have the most perfect teeth in the world. Gordon seems alive with a never-before-seen passion.

BETHANY
(calling from upstairs)
Dinner's ready!

All passion goes out of Gordon. He is startled back to reality. He puts the mold in a safe that is underneath the work bench and turns off the lights. He walks up the stairs.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Gordon sits down for dinner. Like the rest of the house, the dining room is neat, but has no distinctive touches.

Bethany spoons beef stew onto a plate and puts it in front of Gordon.

BETHANY
Hungarian goulash.

GORDON
My favorite.

Bethany seems calm, but is clearly ill-at-ease. Keeps stealing glances at Gordon, as if preparing for something.

GORDON
So, which country are we invading today?

BETHANY
Pardon?

GORDON
You asked me if I've seen the news.

BETHANY
Oh.

She reaches for the paper and shows him the front page.

Gordon takes the paper and studies Stanley's picture.

The mood shifts, almost imperceptibly. He spoons his goulash more slowly.

BETHANY
Told you there was something off about him.

GORDON
My goodness. Are you sure it's the same guy?

BETHANY
Yes.

GORDON
Then it's a good thing we didn't hire him to build the sunroom.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY

Are you sure that's what he is? A contractor?

GORDON

That's what Manny said. He's the one who recommended him, remember? Although now I'm thinking he must not know him very well--

BETHANY

It says here he was a driver for a medical transport company.

GORDON

People like that bounce from job to job.

He puts his spoon down.

BETHANY

I didn't mean to ruin your appetite. Sorry.

Gordon continues eating. So does Bethany.

BETHANY

He didn't come to the house again, did he?

ON GORDON

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Gordon and Stanley. Gordon is dressed in his Sunday casuals, (jeans and a sweatshirt), Stanley is a disheveled mess. The garage is empty of cars.

The garage door starts to roll open, even though neither Gordon or Stanley hit the switch.

Gordon ushers Stanley out the side door and starts going through a box of screws.

The garage door opens all the way. Bethany's car rolls into the it, slowly.

Gordon waves to her.

INT.GORDON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

GORDON
No. Of course not.

More silence.

BETHANY
The agency is doing the background
check right now. A very thorough
one.

GORDON
Then it's a good thing we have
nothing to hide.
(beat)
Although--

Bethany stiffens. She stops eating and looks at Gordon, who
looks deadly serious.

GORDON
I got a parking ticket yesterday.

He winks at Bethany and laughs. She joins in the nervous
laughter.

BETHANY
You're not having second thoughts
about it are you? The adoption, I
mean.

GORDON
No. But it's complicated. I always
wanted one of my own. One of our
own.

BETHANY
You were adopted.

GORDON
Maybe that's why.

BETHANY
You were given opportunities that
you wouldn't have had otherwise. We
can do the same for a child who
really deserves it.

GORDON
True. But I always wondered, why
me? And what would my life had been
like if my mother had decided to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
raise me herself? Would I be a
different person?

Bethany pats him on his arm.

BETHANY
You couldn't be a different person
if you tried.

Gordon smiles.

TITLE CARD: STANLEY

TITLE CARD: 2011

INT. BROTHEL - ROOM - NIGHT

STANLEY MIDLOF, (recognizable from the newspaper photo Jay saw online), opens the door and steps into an over-decorated, underlit and gaudy room. He is a nervous, wiry man in his late 30s. Oozes a lack of self-assuredness.

Standing next to the double bed is an older, but still sexy prostitute. Stanley is uncomfortable watching her, he puts money on the dresser. She counts it.

PROSTITUTE
This is good for a regular fuck.
Nothing kinky. How do you like it?

STANLEY
What do you mean?

PROSTITUTE
Missionary, me on top, you from
behind...come on, make up your
mind, I don't have all day.

LATER
The prostitute is naked on all
fours on top of the bed. Stanley is
behind her, ready to do her doggy
style.

He takes in her fine ass, her long hair.

All desire goes out of him.

PROSTITUTE
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Nothing. Just gimme a minute.

PROSTITUTE

Don't you like me?

STANLEY

It's not that.

She turns around and starts to stroke him.

PROSTITUTE

I can jump start anyone's engine,
baby.

Alas, not Stanley's. She is annoyed, taking this as a professional failure. She cups her breasts.

PROSTITUTE

Too much for you, huh? You
should've told Frizzy you liked
boys.

He slaps her across the mouth. With surprising agility, he clasps his hand over her mouth, so she can't scream.

STANLEY

Don't you ever say that!

She is scared, tries to say something, but he won't let go. With his free hand, he reaches for his pants and pulls some bills out of it and stuffs it in her hand.

STANLEY

Don't scream! Here's another
hundred. I'm sorry I hit you.

He takes his hand from her mouth. She is stunned, but does not scream. She stares at him wild-eyed.

He yanks on his pants and runs out of the room like a scared child.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - 5TH AVENUE - DAY

A gorgeous fall day on Manhattan's 5th avenue. A medical transport van pulls up to the curb.

The sign on the side says LOVING HANDS MEDICAL TRANSPORT, Delivering Care Since 1977. The logo is the unstylish rendering of two cupped hands.

(CONTINUED)

Stanley Midlof gets out of the driver's side. Furtive and nervous as ever. He walks down to the passenger door and slides it open.

Sitting in the passenger bay is VISHAL DADLANI, a seven-year old Indian kid. Sweet-looking, there is something angelic about him. Wears a Yankee baseball cap.

STANLEY
Out you go, buddy.

He unbuckles him and helps him out of the bus.

STANLEY
You're not nervous, are ya?

VISHAL
A little. I hope I don't have any cavities.

STANLEY
Cavities? A super-duper brusher like you? You gotta be kidding.

Stanley has an easy rapport with him. When he speaks to Vishal, Stanley is a completely different person. He is self-confident and charismatic. The change is so drastic, that it's almost scary.

STANLEY
Slide through those doors, and submit your beautiful choppers for inspection. I'll be back before you can say "dental floss".

VISHAL
Can't you stay in the waiting room?

STANLEY
I have many more lucky kids to drive. It's my job and I take it very seriously. Now, go on in.

He pats the boy on the head. Vishal crosses the sidewalk and goes through the narrow doors. The gold plaque on the door says "Metropolitan Dental Arts", Dr. Gordon Hays, Dr. Sidney Levine.

Stanley looks after Vishal with something like longing. The type of look you give when you know you shouldn't be looking.

Stanley gets in the van and slams the door.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Vishal is tilted back in Dr. Hay's examination room. He looks tiny in the adult-sized chair. Gordon leans over him. He is wearing a surgical mask and gloves. Unlike most dentists, he does not have an assistant.

GORDON

I need you to open wide. Like you're about to swallow an entire cow.

Vishal laughs in spite of himself.

GORDON

(fake stern)

I didn't say, laugh. I said open your mouth.

Vishal can't stop laughing.

GORDON

Something tells me we're going to get along just fine, Vishal.

The boy gets his laughing under control and opens his mouth. Gordon bends over it with an instrument and starts to methodically examine Vishal's teeth.

He goes through the upper teeth, then moves on to the lower, when something catches his eye. Gordon's whole demeanor changes, it is as if he is transfixed by something.

Vishal senses the difference.

VISHAL

What is it? Do I have a cavity? I've been brushing, it can't be.

GORDON

It's not a cavity. Looks like this one is about to come out. I can feel the permanent one behind it.

VISHAL

It doesn't feel loose.

GORDON

It will. I'd say it's coming out in 12 days.

(CONTINUED)

VISHAL

How can you be so sure?

GORDON

(smiling)

Do you know how long I've been
doing this, Little Man?

He puts his instrument down and reaches over to a wall calendar. He picks up a pencil.

CALENDAR

2011 calendar. Gordon's pencil moves as he counts the days from today (October 20th). It stops at November 2. Gordon draws an X underneath the date.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - FRONT DESK/WAITING ROOM

Gordon walks out of the examination room and approaches the receptionist's desk from the back. Vishal follows him out.

The front door opens and in walks Stanley.

STANLEY

(to Vishal)

There he is!

(to Gordon)

Dr. Hays, how are you?

GORDON

Better since Tuesday night. Looks like the Yankees are back on top where they belong.

STANLEY

You must be the only doctor who is not a Mets fan. It's refreshing.

VISHAL

I left my backpack in the room.

STANLEY

Then you better go get it, buddy.
On the double, I'm parked
illegally.

Vishal goes back into the examination room.

STANLEY

Dr. Hays, I just want to tell you
how much I respect you for doing
pro bono work.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

It's the least I can do. Imagine how boring my life would be if all I did was cap the teeth of the middle class. Besides, it's a nice tax write off.

Stanley laughs. He notices the row of medical files behind the receptionist.

STANLEY

I have a friend who just got a job at a company that keeps digital medical records.

Gordon gives Stanley a puzzled look. Vishal returns with his backpack.

GORDON

I'm glad, but what does this have to do with the price of tea in Chinatown?

STANLEY

You must be the only dentist in New York City who keeps manual records.

GORDON

I guess I'm an analog man at heart.

Stanley walks out with Vishal.

Gordon files away paper work. He is about to walk back into the examination room when something catches his eye.

It's Vishal's baseball cap hanging on the coat hook.

EXT. DENTIST OFFICE - SIDEWALK

Gordon runs out of his office. He's in luck. The van is still parked parallel to the curb, the passenger side facing the sidewalk.

No one's in the driver's seat. The SLIDING DOOR to the passenger compartment is pulled shut, but not all the way.

Gordon slides it open with a forceful motion.

GORDON

Tell me, Vishal, how are the Yankees going to win the World Series if their Number 1 fan is not wearing his lucky hat?

(CONTINUED)

The scene he finds deflates his words. Vishal is in his seat and Stanley kneels in front of him, as if he is about to put seatbelt him in. But...

...Vishal's pants are halfway down his thigh.

Frantic, Stanley attempts to close the latch on Vishal's seat belt. It makes loud, abortive CLICKING noises, as he can't get it to catch.

He gives up. Gordon and Stanley exchange an extra long glance.

OTHER SIDE OF VAN

A TRAFFIC COP stops and starts to write a ticket.

Stanley notices the traffic cop through the van's window. So does Gordon. A long glance, then Gordon steps to the front of the van.

GORDON

Officer. I wonder if I could have a word.

TRAFFIC COP

Is this your vehicle?

GORDON

No.

TRAFFIC COP

Then you have nothing to worry about.

He writes the ticket and puts in on the windshield.

GORDON

Well, that's just it. Even though it's not my van, it's my fault the driver got a ticket.

The traffic cop looks Gordon up and down, takes in the doctor's scrubs.

GORDON

I'm Dr. Hays. This gentleman over here...

He points to Stanley who appears shyly from behind the van.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Was dropping off one of my patients, young Vishal over there.

Vishal steps out from behind the van, now fully dressed.

GORDON

I work for the City on an initiative to provide dental care to families who can't afford it. I asked Mr. Midlof to park illegally for a moment, because I forgot to him Vishal's medicine. You see, it's all my fault.

TRAFFIC COP

If you feel guilty, you should give him a hundred and fifty dollars.

GORDON

It's not that simple. A ticket will go on his driving record. I would appreciate it if you canceled it.

TRAFFIC COP

Canceled it? What do you think this is, a dinner reservation?

GORDON

No. It's much more serious than that. You'd be doing our city a service.

The traffic cop studies Gordon, glances at Stanley, then Vishal. He takes the ticket off the windshield and rips it up.

He walks away, grumbling under his breath. Gordon turns to Stanley.

STANLEY

Thanks.

GORDON

I think we better have a talk, Stanley.

STANLEY

I have to drive Vishal home.

Gordon checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

I have one last appointment.
There's a wine bar on 64th and Lex.
Meet me there in an hour.

He doesn't wait for Stanley to answer and walks back inside.

EXT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon walks out of his office and locks the door. He is wearing a trench coat and his usual golf cap.

A MAN in a BLACK HOODED SWEATSHIRT watches him from across the street. He is carrying what looks like a sports bag. The light is green, he is about to cross the street, then stops as he notices Gordon walking down 5th Avenue.

He follows Gordon.

EXT. 64TH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE - NIGHT

The man in the hooded sweater approaches the Cafe and looks through the windows.

EXT./INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Gordon and Stanley are seated at a back table, leaning close together, talking very intimately.

INT. WINE BAR

Underlit, with more candles than a Catholic church. Sitting in a dimly lit corner are Stanley and Gordon, looking very conspiratorial.

Stanley looks frightened, he doesn't know what to expect from Gordon. Stanley has a steaming mug in front of him, Gordon has a glass of white wine which he sips delicately.

STANLEY

It's not what it looks like. Vishal
was frightened and upset--

GORDON

I agree. Let's put it behind us.
I'm not one to judge. We all have
our reasons for doing things.

STANLEY

You won't tell anyone, Doc?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Of course not. Just to be safe, though, I think you should erase any trace that you were at my office today. And Vishal. In case the boy starts to tell fantastic stories. Today was his first time at my practice, so it should be a simple matter of erasing the transport from your files.

Stanley drinks his tea.

STANLEY

The company is disorganized as it is. They'll never notice.

GORDON

What do you say we get out of here and grab a real drink? It's been a long day.

STANLEY

I have to get home. My mother can't fall asleep until I'm home.

GORDON

Of course. I understand.

Gordon sips his Pinot Grigio.

TITLE CARD: Early 2015

INT.COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Gordon sips coffee from a travel mug.

He is sitting next to Caitlin. Judging from the way they are dressed, they are commuting to work. They are dressed for winter.

Gordon is wearing his golf cap, as usual.

GORDON

I used to think book clubs were strictly for geeks, but I gotta tell you, it's been real fun--

Caitlin's phone RINGS. She fishes it out of her purse and answers it, shooting an apologetic glance at Gordon.

(CONTINUED)

CAITLIN

(on phone)

Fine. If he can't make it at 5,
schedule him for 6, but make sure
we can still get the deposition to
Judge Rhines in the morning.

(remembering something)

Oh, I completely forgot. He did?
Okay, I'll go to Jay's at seven,
then. No, no, it has to be today.

Gordon hangs on her every word.

CAITLIN

Sorry. I hate it when people are on
their phones on the train.

GORDON

The way of the world.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay is editing at his computer.

TIMELINE

Labeled "First twenty seconds". Jay clicks the Play button.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MANHATTAN - DAY

Caitlin comes out of the building. There is a rush of people
leaving after work.

She takes the steps down into the SUBWAY.

Gordon follows her.

EXT. STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Caitlin walks up the steps from the subway. Gordon comes up
behind her at a distance.

On Gordon

He watches Caitlin cross the street.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay is editing. Plays the footage.

The usual suspects:

Gordon in his billed newsboy cap.

(CONTINUED)

The man in the black hooded sweatshirt.

And...a WOMAN, thin and furtive looking.

Could it be Bethany?

The surveillance shot he is looking at is too far away to be of any use. He tries to get a closer angle and clicks through the various amateur videographer angles.

The FIRE ALARM goes off. It's a loud, shrill sound, which frightens Jay. He looks about, unsure as what to do.

He rushes to the front door.

PEEPHOLE

Jay's neighbors are evacuating the building. Most of them have a coat over their pajamas. Sleepy-eyed and terrified, they shuffle down the steps.

He rushes to the WINDOW and pulls apart the curtains just enough to see through.

INT./EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Empty street.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Jay opens the closet and ransacks it. Finally, he pulls out a jacket and yanks it on. He is about to open the door, but pauses, trying to gather his inner strength.

He takes a deep breath and opens the door.

JAY'S POV

In his mind, the staircase has been transformed into a hybrid cliff/staircase. The top of his visual field is the staircase, but the bottom half is not the descending staircase, but the quarry cliff, which drops away into an abyss.

Jay closes the door. He rushes to the window and draws the curtain apart just enough to be able to see the street.

INT./EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - STREET

A fire truck screeches to a halt next to the building. FIRE FIGHTERS jump out and grab their gear. They rush into the building.

PEEPHOLE

Four fire fighters rush up the stairs and run past Jay's floor and climb the stairs to the next level.

A FIFTH FIREMAN walks behind them, but does not seem to be in a hurry. He bangs on the door farthest from Jay's.

FIFTH FIREMAN
(muffled voice)
Everyone evacuate!

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

When the fireman turns to walk to the next door, his face is hidden by a gas mask. He bangs on the next door and repeats his instruction.

He approaches Jay's door.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Jay stands hidden in the living room, clutching a HANDGUN.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT

The firefighters who ran to the top floor are walking down. Casually, like there's no hurry.

FIFTH FIREMAN
There's someone in there. I just
know it.

FIRST FIREMAN
Don't worry about it. We're clear.
Some asshole on the third floor
doesn't know how to put out a
cigarette.

The firemen grumble and walk down the steps to the first floor.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT

Jay puts the gun down and tries to calm down. He walks back to his desk and takes another pill.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - DAY

ON GORDON

A reddish light, like a fire plays on his face.

REVERSE

Not a fire, but the red neon of a sign that spells "J's Hair Studio."

ON BUILDING

Through the window, Gordon sees Caitlin talking to the receptionist. Behind her, a man with frosted blond hair waves to her. Presumably J., the hair dresser.

Pissed off, Gordon walks away.

TITLE CARD: 2011

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Cold November day. Winter's right around the corner.

Gordon is driving his old car down a narrow street in the South Bronx. Not the best of neighborhoods. Ramshackle two-story row houses.

Gordon is scanning the streets, clearly looking for someone. Nearing an intersection, he spots Vishal Dadlani. Gordon pulls up to the curb and rolls down his window.

GORDON

Vishal!

The boy recognizes him and walks up the car.

VISHAL

Dr. Hays?

GORDON

What a coincidence. I was just driving through the neighborhood. Hop in, I'll give you a ride.

(CONTINUED)

VISHAL
It's okay. I don't live far.

GORDON
Don't be silly. This isn't the best neighborhood. You shouldn't be out by yourself. Besides, it's really cold.

INT. GORDON'S CAR

Vishal gets in the car. After all, there's nothing to fear. It's just the friendly Dr. Hays. Gordon doesn't pull away, just keeps staring at Vishal.

VISHAL
What?

GORDON
Aren't you forgetting something?

Vishal puts on his seat belt.

GORDON
Good man. Better safe than sorry.

He pulls away from the curb.

VISHAL
Dr. Hays?

GORDON
Yes?

VISHAL
Why are you wearing gloves?

It's true. Gordon is wearing rubber surgical gloves, the kind he wears at the office when he's working on a patient. Gordon gives the boy a reassuring smile.

GORDON
Oops. I'm so forgetful sometimes.

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA ON POLE

It's pointed at Gordon's car.

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FROM THE FRONT

Smashed and broken. Gordon's jalopy drives away, untracked.

TITLE CARD: Vishal - Victim 3

INT. POLICE STATION - JAY'S DESK - DAY

Jay is on the phone. A UNIFORMED COP walks to his desk and drops Jay's mail on his desk. Jay nods to him. He hangs up and goes through his mail.

One of them is a full-sized manila envelope. No return address, just "Jay Koslo" scrawled in magic markers. Jay opens it and slides out a photo. His demeanor changes instantly.

All SOUNDS fade away.

The photo is of Vishal, lying face-down next to a wall. It could be in any urban neighborhood. The only distinguishing feature is the shadow that it cast on most of the wall's surface.

Jay puts his head in his hands.

TITLE CARD: 2015

EXT. WOODS - JOGGING TRAIL - DAY

Jogging trail which terminates in a gravel parking lot. Spring time, though the trees are still bare and it's chilly.

Caitlin and Gordon are jogging side by side. They reach the parking lot. Caitlin begins to stretch, Gordon is too busy trying to catch his breath. Caitlin's BMW is parked next to Gordon's Mercedes.

Caitlin is finishing her story.

CAITLIN

He was unpredictable, not dangerous.

GORDON

Is there a difference?

CAITLIN

He was really good at his job.

GORDON

The curse of creativity. Makes you good at your job, and bad at almost everything else.

CAITLIN

There's something to be said for being average.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Surely, you don't mean that.

She reaches into her car and hands Gordon a bottle of water and a gift-wrapped box.

GORDON

What's this?

CAITLIN

I really appreciate your friendship, Gordon. It helps me to talk about things with someone. I tend to keep things bottled up sometimes.

Gordon looks at his bottle of water and smiles at the pun. His attention turns to the gift box.

CAITLIN

Happy birthday.

GORDON

How did you know?

CAITLIN

Beth told me.

GORDON

I'm touched.

He opens the box and pulls out what looks like a watch.

CAITLIN

It tracks the number of steps you walk. Or run.

Gordon seems genuinely touched. He gives Caitlin a long hug.

GORDON

I can still give you lessons if you're interested. I taught Bethany and that was a challenge, let me tell you.

Caitlin stares, not understanding. Gordon points his finger away from Caitlin and mimics a gun being fired.

CAITLIN

Thanks, but I realized the creepy sounds are just the branches tapping against the window.

Caitlin starts to walk toward her BMW.

GORDON
You don't think--

Caitlin stops and turns around and gives him a look that says she knows what's coming.

GORDON
I just can't help thinking that you should be more concerned. I mean, he was very angry about the divorce. You said he's mentally unstable.

CAITLIN
Like I said, he was never dangerous. Jay would never hurt me physically.

GORDON
They all say that. You don't even know where he lives.

CAITLIN
He's in New York City.

GORDON
He contacted you?

CAITLIN
He called once. I hung up.

Caitlin walks to her car.

GORDON
Forearmed is forewarned. That's all I'm saying.

CAITLIN
You sound like the NRA.

Gordon laughs.

GORDON
Even paranoiacs have enemies.

Caitlin smiles and gets in her car. Gordon gets in his.

TITLE CARD: 2012

EXT./INT. - JAY'S BMW - NIGHT

Jay is driving on the highway. Passes a sign that says "Westchester County".

His phone RINGS. He activates the car's speaker system.

JAY

Hi, honey. You wouldn't believe the day I had.

CAITLIN

(on phone)

How was Brian's appointment?

Jay is silent, racking his brains as to what she could be talking about.

CAITLIN

His dental appointment, Jay. You were supposed to pick him up at five-thirty.

Jay glances at the on-board clock. It flashes 6:15.

JAY

I'm on my way now.

CAITLIN

Typical.

A loud BLIP as she hangs up.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Jay pulls up in front of a two-level office building, the kind that houses professional offices like doctor, dentist, C.P.A.

Brian is sitting on the steps, looking dejected. He notices his father. He walks to the car and gets in.

INT. JAY'S CAR

Jay waits until Brian puts on his seat belt and then he pulls away from the curb.

JAY

Hey, champ. Sorry I'm late. You wouldn't believe what happened--

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
You're always late.

JAY
I'm working on a big case. It's
very important that we catch this
man. A very bad man. Sometimes I
lose track of the time.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DENTIST OFFICE

Jay's car executes a U-turn. At the same time, Gordon steps
out of his office and proceeds to lock the door.

He turns and follows the passing car with his gaze.

INT. JAY'S CAR

BRIAN
The man who kills children?

JAY
Who told you that?

BRIAN
Mr. Kaplan was talking about it
with another teacher.

Jay ruffles Brian's hair.

JAY
Mr. Kaplan doesn't know what he's
talking about. Better leave this
one to the professionals, champ.
Whadoyou say we go get some ice
cream?

BRIAN
I don't want ice cream.

JAY
Oh, yeah? Come watch me eat four
scoops by myself, then.

No response.

JAY
Banana split. Reese's pieces
topping, maybe a little hot fudge,
Or maybe caramel. Seems like a
caramel kind of night. Chocolate
sprinkles...

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jay, Caitlin and Brian are sitting down to dinner. Brian has not touched his food.

JAY
You're not hungry?

CAITLIN
Maybe the banana split ruined his appetite.

JAY
For Christ's sake's. I was trying to make it up to him.

CAITLIN
Please don't raise your voice in front of Brian. He's been through enough today.

Jay throws down his fork in anger.

His phone RINGS. It's lying on the table, next to his plate. Jay glances at it.

JAY'S PHONE

Caller ID: "Chief"

Caitlin notices Jay ignoring the call, but her facial expression is neutral.

CAITLIN
This is the second time Dr. Hays had to wait for you to show up. I'm so embarrassed.

JAY
I'll call him tomorrow to apologize. Anyways, I think he was working late anyway.

CAITLIN
How do you know?

JAY
He was locking up as we drove away. He didn't seem like he was in a rush.

Caitlin just shakes her head.

JAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

(CONTINUED)

Jay is loading the dishwasher. He is alone.

His phone rings again. He looks around, sees that no one is around and walks to the dining room.

JAY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Jay picks up the phone from the table and answers the call.

JAY

Chief?

He listens.

JAY

Victim 4? It can't be? He didn't contact me.

(beat)

The Dam? The Westchester Dam? I'll be right there. Chief? Don't let them take away the body until I get there.

He hangs up.

INT. KOSLO'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S ROOM

Jay pushes the door open. Caitlin is reading a bed-time story to Brian. Jay stays in the doorway.

JAY

I have to go out for a while.

Caitlin turns her attention back to the book. Jay hesitates, then closes the door. Caitlin continues reading to Brian.

EXT. WESTCHESTER DAM - NIGHT

Jay drives by the Westchester Dam, the water reservoir in Valhalla, NY, which houses the drinking water for New York City.

Gets on a two-lane road, and pulls over behind a black Impala. The crime scene, this time, is a large overflow sewer pipe with a grating on it. Everyone has left already.

The Chief is the only one standing in the weeds, watching the police tape flutter in the breeze. He is wearing a trench coat over a tuxedo. Jay walks up behind him.

CHIEF

(without turning around)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF (cont'd)
Kid's name is Chris Jensen of
Bronxville. Found by a jogger four
hours ago.

JAY
You let them take away the body?

The Chief turns around.

CHIEF
This isn't New York City. I don't
call the shots.

JAY
I need to be in on everything. You
could've called in a favor.

The Chief shines a FLASHLIGHT in Jay's face. The lack of
sleep and stress have taken their toll on him.

CHIEF
I'm pulling you from the case. You
need a break.

JAY
You can't. I'm getting close.

CHIEF
No, he's getting close.

JAY
Don't you see? This one is a
complete departure from his M.O.
Which means there is something that
ties the first three murders
together. He's trying to draw our
attention away from them.

Chief is silent.

JAY
I'll get him. Just a matter of
time. Remember Prospect Park.

CHIEF
How long did it take you to solve
that one?

JAY
Five days.

CHIEF

Exactly. That's because you were not involved in it. Logical, cool surveillance data expert. That's what the department needs. That's what I need. You're no good if you turn into just other high-strung detective.

JAY

He keeps contacting me. The only reason he didn't this time is because someone stumbled on the body before he could.

CHIEF

If he does, you will pass on any information to Robles.

JAY

I've got a new device that can trace a phone call or text within 10 seconds. It can bypass any scrambler.

CHIEF

Great. Show Robles how to use it.

The Chief gets into his Impala and drives away.

Leftover POLICE tape winds its way around Jay's ankle. He kicks it away.

TITLE CARD: Chris - Victim 4

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jay has returned home. He looks in the master bedroom.

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Caitlin has fallen asleep in her work clothes. Work papers are spread out everywhere. Jay walks to her and pulls the papers to the side and covers her with a blanket as best as he can.

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - BRIAN'S BEDROOM

Jay checks on Brian. The boy is sleeping peacefully.

INT. JAY'S HOUSE - JAY'S STUDY

Messy, there are papers, files and gadgets everywhere.

He fires up the computer and opens a Data Clustering program. The data on the first three victims has been compiled and cross-tabulated. Jay stares at it, as if by looking at it, the connection will reveal itself.

He looks at a report he ran a year ago, which compares the first 3 victims. Date: November 5, 2011

SCREEN

Similarities are: 1 and 2 went to a charter school, 3 did not. Medical provider for all three was Alliance for Family Health, but the branches operate independently of each other.

No eye witnesses, surveillance cameras not functional.

1 and 2 were Special Ed students, 3 was not.

Out of frustration, Jay runs a clustering report again.

SCREEN

This time, all 3 come back as Special Education. Designation: Spatial-visual orientation.

Jay sits up.

DOS-based program. Types in "Vishal Dadlani".

Date of Vishal's death: November 4, 2011.

Designation: Special Education. Date: February 15, 2012.

EXT. EAST RIVER ESPLANADE - DAY

Dawn. The Chief hooks a bait and casts his fishing line over the iron railing and into the East River. At this hour, the only people out are the Chief and a few dedicated joggers.

The Chief enjoys the peace and quiet of the rising sun.

His phone BUZZES three times with three incoming pictures. Annoyed that his peace is shattered, the Chief picks up the phone.

SCREEN

The pictures are surveillance pix taken in front of three different schools. They have one thing in common. The same

(CONTINUED)

medical transport van is parked in front of them. Loving Hands.

Before the Chief has time to process what he has just seen, his phone rings. He clicks on the Speaker phone.

JAY

I told you there was a connection between the first three.

CHIEF

Good morning to you, too.

JAY

Morning. Victims 1, 2 and 3 victims were all Special Education students. We missed it at first, because the Vishal Dadlani's file was updated three months after his death. Good old Department of Education.

CHIEF

I don't follow.

JAY

All three had spatial-visual orientation problems. A fancy way of saying they got lost easily. They had to be driven to their doctor's appointments. On the city's dime, if the appointments were scheduled during school hours.

While Jay is talking, a ragtag MAN stops walking and proceeds to light up a huge joint. He inhales with satisfaction.

CHIEF

And this is important, because?

JAY

Am I back on the case?

CHIEF

Are you blackmailing me, Detective?

JAY

Yes, sir.

The smoker studies the Chief.

SMOKER

You got change, fisherman brother?

The Chief keeps searching around in his pocket. He finally locates what he was looking for.

He flips open his DETECTIVE'S BADGE and shoves it into the smoker's face.

The smoker shakes his head and walks away, taking a disappointed hit off his joint.

CHIEF

(to Jay)

Okay. You're back on the case.

JAY

The first three victims were driven by the same company. Loving Hands Medical Transport. 2 and 3 were driven by the same driver.

(beat)

With a prior.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

CLOSE UP

Stanley. Impossible to tell where he is. He peels off his shirt. Steps out of his boxer shorts. He is naked.

Zoom, or pull out. He is in the interrogation room of a police station.

Standard institutional room with a desk, two facing chairs and a one-way glass.

Stanley is standing buck-naked next to the table. His clothes are in a pile next to him. He turns a sock inside out and drops it on top of the pile.

Detective Robles watches this with nonchalance.

ROBLES

Looks like you're not carrying anything after all.

Stanley reaches for his boxer shorts and is about to put them on.

ROBLES

Whoa! I didn't say put your clothes back on.

Stanley stops, glares at Robles.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF INTERROGATION ROOM

On the other side of the glass, the Chief and Jay are watching the interrogation.

JAY
Is this really necessary?

CHIEF
Robles is the best interrogator we have. Very hands on.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Stanley sits in a hard-backed chair, his hands cuffed behind him. Naked.

ROBLES
You drive both kids and then presto, they turn up dead. You have to admit that's one crazy-ass coincidence. I'm not a statistician, but I think there's a better chance of hitting the Powerball.

STANLEY
I don't know what to tell you.

ROBLES
How about this? You drive them around, became friendly. You molest them, then it dawns on you they might spill the beans, so you kill them to keep them from talking.

STANLEY
I want a lawyer.

Robles walks behind Stanley, glances down at his crotch.

ROBLES
I bet you feel very small right now, Stanley. Maybe you're beginning to understand how those kids felt when you killed them.

STANLEY
I didn't kill anyone.

(CONTINUED)

ROBLES

You only molested them?

STANLEY

I did nothing wrong.

STANLEY

You and Michael Jackson.

Robles paces. Changes tactics. He puts the chair from the other side of the table next to Stanley's. Uncomfortably close. He sits down, but does not look at Stanley, looks straight ahead.

ROBLES

In my mind, a child killer is the worst thing there is.

(whispering)

If it were up to me, I would just take you out back and put two in your head. Make an example out of you.

Stanley doesn't say anything. He is fighting panic.

ROBLES

We know about your history, Stanley.

STANLEY

What history?

ROBLES

The summer camp. You were 17, so the record was sealed. Of course, in a digital age, there's no such thing as sealed.

OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

Chief looks at Jay, who smiles with pride.

INTERROGATION ROOM

STANLEY

That was a misunderstanding. I was a counselor and this 12-year old boy walked in on me while I was getting dressed.

ROBLES

Undressed is more like it. When I smell smoke, Stanley, I start looking for a fire.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

I didn't hurt anyone. I didn't kill anyone. And I want a lawyer. It's my right.

Stanley looks like he's about to cry. Robles gives him some space. Switches gears.

ROBLES

Are you protecting someone? You're no killer, Stanley. I bet you couldn't even step on a cockroach without feeling guilty.

Stanley remains silent.

ROBLES

You're just a screwed up Momma's boy looking for love with all the wrong ages. Who's the killer?

STANLEY

Lawyer.

JAY

Is this some kind of tag team? You molest them, he kills them?

STANLEY

You won't even be a traffic cop after I'm done suing you for violating my civil rights.

Robles stands up and backhands him. Stanley picks up his head, licks blood of his lips and levels a defiant gaze at Robles.

STANLEY

My Mom slaps harder than that.

ROBLES

Why are you protecting him?

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Stanley is standing in front of the garage. The automatic door rolls up.

Gordon is standing on the other side. Stanley steps in and Gordon hits the button. The garage door starts to close.

In the background, typical weekend activities, kids on bicycles, a neighbor trimming the hedges.

INT. GARAGE

The garage doesn't have a car in it. It's neat and tidy, like the rest of the house.

GORDON

I told you never to come to the house. What's wrong with you?

STANLEY

You changed your cell number.

Stanley throws the newspaper at Gordon.

HEADLINE

VICTIM 4 FOUND IN WESTCHESTER. AS PIED PIPER EXPANDS BEYOND NYC, INVESTIGATORS STILL OUT OF LEADS.

STANLEY

You said you'd stop after Vishal.

GORDON

No, I promised I wouldn't take them from Loving Hands. And I didn't.

Stanley's eyes well up.

GORDON

Pull yourself together, Stanley.

STANLEY

How can you kill innocent children?

GORDON

They'll be innocent forever. It's not something I expect you to understand.

STANLEY

You're sick.

GORDON

That's a riot, coming from you. Don't forget, one word from me and you're back under the magnifying glass.

STANLEY

Oh, yeah? What makes you think I won't tell them about Vishal?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

It's your word against mine. Who are they going to believe, a low-life medical transporter with a history, or a, well-respected dentist?

STANLEY

That's what you're holding over me?

GORDON

No.

Gordon pulls out a tiny digital tape recorder from his pocket. He hits the PLAY button. Gordon's voice comes through crackly, but clear.

GORDON

(recording)

What kind of games did he play with you?

VISHAL

(recording)

Dress up games.

GORDON

(recording)

Did he ever touch you?

Silence.

GORDON

(recording)

Vishal, I have to know the truth. Stanley is not who you think he is. He is not a nice man.

VISHAL

(recording)

Dr. Hays?

GORDON

(recording)

What is it, Vishal?

VISHAL

(recording)

Can you make him stop?

GORDON

(recording)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
I can make sure this never happens
to you ever again, Vishal. That's a
promise.

Gordon clicks off the recording. Stanley is shell-shocked.

STANLEY
When did you record this? Before--

GORDON
Yes. In case your conscience got
the better of you.

Stanley puts his head in his hands.

GORDON
So, you see Stanley, we're the
keepers of each other's secrets.

STANLEY
Do you even know what you are?

GORDON
A psychiatrist would classify me as
a homicidal sociopath. But I
dislike labels. They are too
limiting. Plus, they minimize my
accomplishments.

Gordon puts the tape recorder away.

GORDON
Pull yourself together, Stanley.
And don't ever come to my house
again. Under any circumstances. In
fact, it's best that we stay away
from each other altogether. In the
old days, cops were so...limited in
their thinking. You could literally
get away with murder. But the
game's changed. It makes the whole
thing much more exciting.

Gordon seems invigorated by the thought. Stanley watches him
in horror.

The garage door starts to open. The tires of a car become
visible.

Gordon ushers Stanley out the side door which leads outside.

EXT. SIDE OF GORDON'S HOUSE - DAY

The door from the garage leads to the side of the house.
Stanley makes his way to the street.

TITLE CARD: 2012

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Dawn. Jay pulls up in his car.

INT. JAY'S CAR

Jay looks forlorn. He reaches for his laptop that's on the seat next to him. He folds it open.

PHOTOGRAPH - A girl in a school uniform lies facedown next to what looks like the bottom of pylon of a bridge.

Jay hits the ZOOM button, zooming in on the pylon to get a clear picture of the material.

He looks up from the computer, at the pylon. It looks the same as on the picture.

Jay sighs, but does not get out. It's as if he's gathering his strength.

TITLE CARD: Victim 5 - Mariama

He takes a deep breath and gets out of the car. The car door SLAMMING SHUT is loud in the silent morning.

TITLE CARD: 2011

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Flashback of Stanley and Gordon at the wine bar, after Gordon caught Stanley with Vishal.

They are wrapping it up.

STANLEY

I have to get home. My mother can't fall asleep until I'm home.

GORDON

Of course. I understand.

Gordon sips his Pinot Grigio delicately.

EXT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

The black-hooded man watches Gordon and Stanley walk out of the cafe and go their separate ways.

He follows Stanley.

EXT. BRONX RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Stanley walks up to a townhouse on a hilly street full of long townhouses. Looks like the Arthur Avenue section of the Bronx.

Black Sweatshirt is walking behind him.

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

Hey!

Stanley stops and turns around.

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

Who are you?

STANLEY

Who are you?

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

I saw you with Gordon. He was supposed to meet *me*!

Stanley is frightened, doesn't know what to make of this.

STANLEY

Dude. I don't know who you are and I don't care. Gordon and I are just friends.

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

Whatever. I saw you talking in the cafe. You looked like more than friends.

STANLEY

I don't fucking believe this.

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

You better believe it, asshole! Stay away from Gordy. This is your last warning!

Black sweatshirt's keeps raising his voice.

(CONTINUED)

The door to Stanley's house opens. Stanley's MOTHER steps out. She is Polish woman in her late 60s. She speaks with an accent.

STANLEY'S MOTHER

What's all this ruckus? Stanley,
get in the house. Do you have any
idea what time it is?

Stanley and his adversary are taken aback. Stanley's mother notices that Stanley is not alone.

STANLEY'S MOTHER

Who are you?

BLACK SWEATSHIRT

Joel Rickie. Very nice to meet you,
m'am.

STANLEY'S MOTHER

You're not from here, are you?

RICKIE

No, m'am. Brooklyn.

STANLEY'S MOTHER

In this neighborhood, Joel, we
don't stand around and scream in
front of people's houses.
Especially not when the people
inside them are trying to sleep.

RICKIE

I'm terribly sorry.

STANLEY

Joel and I just had a few drinks.
He works at Loving Hands, too.

STANLEY'S MOTHER

I don't care if he works for the
Red Cross. Get in here before I
catch a cold.

Stanley walks in, she closes the door.

Rickie stares after them, his remorseful expression changing to a distinctly hateful one.

TITLE CARD: 2015

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The BOOK CLUB meeting is in full swing. Gordon, Caitlin and Bethany are sitting in a circle with FIVE MIDDLE-AGED AVID READERS.

Joel Rickie is one of the members. He has the floor.

RICKIE

Why can't we read a book that's about the work, and not showing off for an audience?

GORDON

Only a failed artist would say that having an audience is not important.

MAGGIE

I don't see what this has to do with the book.

GORDON

(sadly)

A work of art without an audience might as well not exist.

Rickie is taken in by this "profound" statement.

STEVE, a balding accountant-type checks his Smartphone.

CLOSE UP - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

Date is fully visible, the headline partially: May 17, 2015.

STEVE

They just released the name.

The tone of the book club shifts immediately. The book under discussion is forgotten.

MAGGIE

Who is it?

STEVE

Stanley Midloaf.

BETHANY

(correcting his pronunciation)

Midlof.

GORDON'S REACTION

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Is this name supposed to mean anything to us?

Steve types furiously.

STEVE

Ah. He's the guy they brought in for questioning three years ago in connection with the child murder cases. The Pied Piper. I knew I heard the name before.

MAGGIE

Gosh. I wonder who killed him.

RICKIE

He won't be missed, that's for sure.

ROBERT

Rickie, please.

RICKIE

What? He's a child murderer.

STEVE

Child molester.

RICKIE

Like there's a difference.

Bethany gets up and walks to the kitchen.

Taking her purse, Caitlin follows her.

Maggie is reading the news article on his tablet. She scrolls through the pictures of the previous victims.

MAGGIE

All these kids. Horrible.

GORDON

Children who never have to grow up.

His delivery is strange, the others pick up on it, but don't know what to make of it.

Bethany hurries out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN

Bethany is clearly upset. Tries to lose herself in the routine. Pulls plates from the cupboard. Stops.

FLASHBACK

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Bethany pulls up to the garage in her hybrid car and hits the garage clicker. The garage door begins to open.

INT. BETHANY'S CAR

She is waiting for the garage door to open all the way. Something makes her look in the rear view mirror.

REAR VIEW MIRROR

Stanley crosses behind her. Bethany is shocked at seeing him.

Door is open all the way. Bethany pulls in. Gordon is rummaging around in a box of screws. He waves to her.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Back in the present.

Caitlin comes out of the bathroom and walks toward the living room. She sees Bethany in the kitchen. Something makes her step into the kitchen.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bethany is arranging snacks on plates. She stops, tries to get herself under control. She can't and her tears fall freely onto the snack plate. She starts to wipe them off.

She notices Caitlin and moves even more quickly to wipe away her tears.

CAITLIN

When something is bothering you,
you can always talk to me. Always.

Bethany composes herself.

BETHANY

I know. It's just that--

Caitlin patiently waits for her to finish.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY

You're the right person to talk to about this and you're the wrong person to talk to. Do you know what I mean?

CAITLIN

No.

BETHANY

We finally got a match from the agency.

CAITLIN

Agency?

(getting it)

Oh.

BETHANY

A beautiful baby boy. I was so happy and couldn't wait to tell Gordon yesterday. He acted all cold and today he said it's just not in him to be a father. I wanted to tell you but--

CAITLIN

You thought that because I lost a child, I can't be happy for you having one? You couldn't be more wrong.

Caitlin gives her a hug.

BETHANY

Will you talk to him for me? He respects you. He listens to you.

CAITLIN

Of course.

EXT. STREET - STANLEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Elevated tracks in the background. Train is just pulling out of the station. Stanley is walking away from it, presumably he has just gotten off of it.

It's a nice day, though Stanley is oblivious to it. He is the very picture of defeat. Over his slumped shoulder, a green work smock, the type worn by supermarket employees. His name tag is half-visible.

EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Stanley walks up to his house and stops by the MAILBOX that says "Midlof" on it in faded letters.

He opens it and pulls out letters. He sorts through them. One of them catches his eye.

ENVELOPE

Ordinary #10 envelope. "Stanley Midlof" is typed on it with the address below it. No return address. Stanley opens it and pulls out a single sheet of white paper.

LETTER

Typed in the same computer font as the envelope.

"Meet me this Tuesday at Grand Central at the Information Booth. 8:35. Very important. I'm coming from the East Balcony entrance. Don't contact me before then".

No sign-off. Stanley looks off into the distance and sighs. He walks up the steps to the house. His mother opens the door for him. Before she can see it, Stanley crams the letter in his pocket.

INT. KOSLO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Caitlin and Gordon enter. They are wearing jogging clothes.

Caitlin puts her keys on the mantle, walks down the hallway into the study, leaving Gordon standing sheepishly in the living room. He glances around the room, but there is not much to look at.

Caitlin comes back, holding a big coffee table book.

CAITLIN

I found it.

She hands the book to Gordon. It's the 100-year history of GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

GORDON

Looks fascinating.

CAITLIN

You want some tea?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Sure.

CAITLIN

Decaf green tea, two sugars, lemon
and honey.

GORDON

You got it.

Caitlin leaves to go into the kitchen. Gordon sits down and
leafs through the book.

CAITLIN

(from kitchen)

Guess how many murders there've
been in Grand Central?

GORDON

I don't know. How was your
cross-examination? I know it was
three days ago, but you never
really told me.

Caitlin walks in from the kitchen.

CAITLIN

Oh. Fine. She cracked in about ten
minutes. Defense attorneys will
tell you that they know who's
likely to crack and who isn't, but
that's nonsense. You don't know
what someone is made of until you
put them on the stand.

GORDON

I knew you'd do fine.

CAITLIN

Thanks. So, how many?

GORDON

How many what?

CAITLIN

Murders.

GORDON

Four?

CAITLIN

Six. Most of them muggings gone
wrong.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

That's a relief. At least they were not pre-meditated.

CAITLIN

This one might be different.

GORDON

Why would you say that?

CAITLIN

Who mugs someone in the middle of main terminal during rush hour?

GORDON

Good point. However, I think you're profession is getting in the way of your judgment, counselor. Real life is rarely so colorful.

Caitlin notices the blinking RED LIGHT of the answering machine. She is about to press it, when the TEA KETTLE whistles. She walks out into the kitchen.

Gordon stares at the answering machine. Caitlin returns with two steaming mugs of tea and hands one to Gordon.

CAITLIN

No one ever calls the house. I ought to have this thing disconnected.

She presses the button.

JAY

(on phone)

It's me. I tried your cell, but you changed your number. Call me back please. There was a fire alarm in my building yesterday. 646 225 0004.

Caitlin hits the STOP and ERASE button. Gordon puts down his tea.

GORDON

I thought your husband is no longer a cop.

CAITLIN

Ex-husband. And he isn't a cop.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Sounds like he's working the case.

Caitlin is distracted and annoyed.

CAITLIN

He's not working any cases. He's finished. He leaves a message every few weeks with any excuse to get me to call him back. How's your tea?

GORDON

Hot.

TITLE CARD: 2013

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PARK BENCH - DAY

Gordon sits on a park bench. He is reading his iPad, with a satisfied expression on his face.

SCREEN - HEADLINE

VICTIM 5, STILL NO LEADS IN PIED PIPER MURDERS.

The gist is that even though the bodies keep piling up, the police is no closer to solving the case.

He pulls out a phone, plugs in his headset and dials.

INT. KOSLO'S HOUSE - STUDY

Jay is cleaning out his office. He is putting files and loose papers into cardboard boxes. Seemingly without any order or system of any kind.

His phone RINGS. He picks it up and checks it.

UNKNOWN NUMBER

He sighs and picks it up.

JAY

What kind of sociopathic fortune cookie wisdom is it today?

GORDON

(distorted voice)

Victim 5 and all out of leads. You disappoint me, Jay. I thought you would put up a better fight.

Jay doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Although your time in finding the bodies *is* improving. I was especially impressed with how quickly you found Vishal. All you had to go on was a shadow on a wall.

He waits for a response from Jay, who is silent.

GORDON

Be that as it may, as long as you're unwilling to get your hands dirty, you'll never catch me. Sometimes I think Karl Marx was right. Today's man is so far removed from the fruits of his labor that he can never appreciate work that is wrung from his hand. Sometimes I think--

A CLICK as Jay hangs up on him and clicks through his settings, as if he is adjusting something.

He continues to pack up boxes, this time more violently.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PARK BENCH - DAY

Gordon sits in thought. He dials again.

ROBLES

(on phone)

Detective Robles.

Momentarily, Gordon is at a loss for words.

GORDON

(filtered voice)

There must be some mistake. I'm trying to reach Detective Koslo.

ROBLES

He must have forwarded the call.

(suddenly suspicious)

Who is this?

Gordon kills the call and his tranquility is transformed into hate. This is the first time he loses his cool in such a visible manner.

He SMASHES the phone against the bench. A couple walking by stares. Gordon gives them a reassuring "everything under control" smile, but they glance away and hurry away.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - MERCEDES - DAY

Gordon sits in his parked car. Through the windshield, he is looking at Jay's house.

He turns on his engine and drives off.

INT./EXT. GORDON'S MERCEDES

Gordon drives past the playground. Something catches his eye. He stops and backs up.

Through the passenger window, Brian becomes visible, as he swings away in the background.

Gordon is at a loss. He waits. Keeps looking at Brian, then the road. Puts the car in Drive. Moves the car up a foot.

Stops. Puts the car in Park and pops the trunk.

EXT. STREET - GORDON'S MERCEDES - TRUNK

Trunk pops open.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jay is finalizing the video file. He types a title for it. "Midlof Murder".

He hits the EXPORT button.

The progress bar begins to load. 10%. 20%

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Miguel, the same grocery boy who delivered food to Jay before, approaches the front door. He puts the GROCERY BAG down and presses the BUZZER.

Gordon walks up behind him.

GORDON
I can let you in.

He starts rummaging in his bag for keys. Can't find them. Gordon steals a glance at the grocery bag on the ground. The RECEIPT is stapled to the side.

RECEIPT - KOSLO (written in black marker)

(CONTINUED)

JAY
(through intercom)
Miguel?

MIGUEL
Yes.

The buzzer sounds. Helpful Gordon holds the door open for Miguel.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Miguel walks up the stairs. Gordon takes up residence by the MAILBOXES, which are under the first flight of stairs.

Stay on him as Miguel reaches the THIRD FLOOR. Jay's door opens, he exchanges words with Miguel, though we can't hear them. Door closes and Miguel comes down the stairs and walks out of the building.

Gordon sneaks up to the first floor and listens for sounds. Nothing. He climbs the steps to the first floor and comes face-to-face with 3A. He puts on gloves, pulls a set of burglary keys out of his pocket. As he does so, a GUN becomes visible in his waistband.

He inserts the keys into lock, and silently fiddles with it. Hears a NOISE behind him.

Casually leaning against the railing on the bottom of the stairs (second floor landing) is Detective Robles. Gordon turns toward the steps leading to the fourth floor, thinking he may be able to run upstairs.

Another DETECTIVE is standing on the fourth floor landing, looking down at him.

Gordon casts one last glance at the peephole of 3A.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

ON SCREEN

Progress bar hits 100%.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Gordon's hands are handcuffed behind him. Typical room, one table and two more chairs. A one-way mirror runs the length of one wall. Gordon stares at the SURVEILLANCE CAMERA mounted high and aimed straight at him.

INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

The Chief stands on the other side of the one-way glass. There's a monitor set up, showing the overhead shot of Gordon.

Caitlin walks into the room, carrying a briefcase, dressed for lawyering.

CHIEF

Hi. When he asked for you, I thought it must be a mistake.

CAITLIN

We're friends. Whatever you're holding him for, it's a mistake.

CHIEF

He was trying to break into Jay's apartment. With a gun.

CAITLIN

There must be some mistake. That's Dr. Gordon Hays. Brian's dentist.

CHIEF

This just gets better and better. If you know him, you shouldn't represent him.

CAITLIN

Can't hurt to talk to him. Please turn the cameras off. He's entitled to that.

The Chief opens the door and makes a slicing motion to the TECH sitting there.

The monitor goes blank.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Caitlin walks in and sits down across from Gordon. Her back is to the one-way glass.

GORDON

Caitlin. Thank God. You have to get me out of here.

Caitlin sits down across from him.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

This is just a big misunderstanding. I tracked your ex-husband down, yes, but only because I wanted to talk to him. I wanted to tell him to leave you alone.

Caitlin doesn't say anything, which just unnerves Gordon.

GORDON

They got me on attempted Breaking and Entering. I've never been in trouble with the law before--

CAITLIN

I'm afraid it's a lot worse than you think.

She pulls out an iPad mini and puts it in front of Gordon.

INT. OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

The Chief watches Caitlin talking to Gordon. Her back is to him, so he did not see that she put the mini iPad in front of Gordon.

EXT. PARK - PARK BENCH

Caitlin, wearing the same clothes as in previous scene is sitting on the bench. A faraway look in her eyes. SOMEONE walks up and sits down next to her, but we can't see who it is.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Making sure that the camera is looking at the back of the iPad, Caitlin hits the Play button on a video file.

Grand Central Station. Surveillance footage. Hundreds of people are milling around on the Grand Concourse. Commuters, tourists, both foreign and domestic. As the angles keep changing, one person is increasingly singled out.

Gordon. Trench coat and golf cap. He walks toward the information booth, where Stanely Midlof is waiting. Stanley, expecting Gordon to approach from the East Balcony, is not looking in the direction of Gordon.

Gordon walks past him. Couple of blurry inserts show the muzzle of a SILENCED GUN. One caught it firing, a small BURST OF LIGHT, emits from the muzzle. Gordon walks past Stanley, who falls down.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON
That's not what happened!

CAITLIN
Keep watching.

IPAD

Gordon makes his way toward the Vanderbilt exit, the way he does every day. He walks past a window display.

Footage changes, we are looking at a BLACK HOODED SWEATSHIRT reflected in the window. The person wearing the black sweatshirt is clearly filming himself.

Cell phone camera PANS UP to reveal hooded face. One hand holding the camera, he peels back the hood. It's Jay, grizzled beard and hair and all.

He WINKS at his own reflection. Or at Gordon, if you take into account that Gordon is the audience.

In the interrogation room, Gordon is in shock.

GORDON
What the fuck did you do?

He loses control. Rattles against his handcuffs.

Caitlin stands up.

CAITLIN
It's getting harder and harder to get the death penalty these days in New York State. And we know what happens to child murderers in jail.

She stares at him with undisguised hatred. When she turns around, her face is entirely composed, neutral even.

INT. OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Caitlin stops to speak to the Chief.

CAITLIN
You're right. I can't defend him.

She walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

Caitlin is walking down a long hallway. She is trying to keep it together, but it's too much. Emotions suppressed beyond reason bubble to the surface.

She keeps walking, wiping away tears.

EXT. PARK - PARK BENCH

Caitlin turns to the person sitting next to her.

It's Jay. He is clearly ill-at-ease being outside.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

INT. HOSPITAL - JAY'S ROOM/HALLWAY

Caitlin looks out onto the hallway through the window in Jay's door.

CAITLIN'S POV

The officer guarding Jay's door is reading his paperback. In the distance, the nurse is making her way down the hallway.

Caitlin turns away from the door and walks to Jay's bed.

She takes his hand. He nods.

She takes the DIVORCE PAPERS out of her briefcase and places them on Jay's tray.

Caitlin's features go from soft to hostile in the space of a second.

CAITLIN
Aren't you going to say anything?

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

Caitlin is already seated with a few other commuters, ready to ride back to Westchester. In the MIRROR of her compact, she watches people getting on.

She sees Gordon get on. Puts away her compact and goes back to reading.

EXT. NYC - 5TH AVENUE - DAY

Caitlin drops a letter into the mailbox. Typed on the cover is Stanley Midlof and address.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL - 42ND AND VANDERBILT

Busy intersection. Wearing his hooded black shirt, Jay is crossing the street. The crosswalk is packed with people crossing in both directions.

Caitlin is walking toward Jay. As he passes her, he hands her a small gift bag.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - GORDON'S BEDROOM

Caitlin sneaks into Gordon's bedroom and pulls out a metal box from under the nightstand. She reaches into her waistband and pulls out a GUN. It's the same gun as in the Grand Central footage that "framed" Gordon.

She places it in the box and slides the box back.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Caitlin closes the door to Gordon's bedroom and walks toward the camera. She stops when she sees Bethany in the kitchen.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY - BOTTOM

Jay lies on his back, on the quarry's ledge, where he landed.

His POV. Blurry. Gordon's face comes into view. It snaps into focus for a split-second, then goes blurry again, then everything goes black.

EXT. PARK - PARK BENCH

CAITLIN

They're searching his house right now. They've matched his gun to the Midlof murder.

Uncomfortable silence.

JAY

Why couldn't we meet at my apartment?

CAITLIN

(beat)

You should get out more.

(CONTINUED)

He doesn't say anything, but she can tell how uncomfortable he feels. She takes squeezes his hand.

JAY

What now?

Caitlin doesn't look at him, her eyes are fixed straight ahead.

Jay follows her gaze.

FROM BEHIND THEM

She is watching a playground.

Kids are on the swings, climbing, doing what kids do.

RACK FOCUS, OR ZOOM

From Caitlin and Jay to the kids playing.

FADE OUT

Hold on the SOUNDS of children playing.