

DRIVEN

Screenplay by

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based on a story by

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CLOSE ON -

A photo of a happy young woman at the beach. Her candid expression suggests that she did not know she was being photographed.

TRACK -- Off the picture, revealing that it is one of many photographs of the same woman pasted onto a wall in something of a collage of photos, newspaper clippings, hand-written letters, and notes as well as eclectic personal items (postcards, match books, birthday cards, etc.).

The collage appears to be lit by candlelight.

In each photo she is either alone or the others in the photograph have been roughly cut from the frame with scissors. Though the woman appears attractive and happy, there is something disturbing about the haphazard pasting and cutting of the pictures.

As the frame tracks, glimpsed headlines read:

INQUIRY CLEARS AGENT OF NEGLIGENCE, INDEFINITE  
LEAVE BEGINS; CHARRED REMAINS IDENTIFIED,  
LINKED TO SERIAL KILLER; DEATH TOLL CLIMBS TO  
NINETEEN.

The frame tracks over crime scene photos -- a burned out house surrounded by police and emergency vehicles; a shot inside the same house (blackened walls and furniture); a shot of a white sheet standing out in the middle of the room; a closer shot of the same sheet, a human form underneath; the sheet pulled back exposing a badly burned body.

The frame has traveled full circle around the collage and comes to rest again on the first picture of the young woman.

With startling effect, a man's hand enters frame and caresses the woman's cheek.

-BLACK-

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT

The low moon illuminates the quiet lake. The beautiful Chicago skyline glimmers in the distance. All is still until-

From behind the skyline a WHIRRING mass of rotor blades appears gradually closing in our position. Soon, three F.B.I. helicopters BOOM past and continue on, sweeping low across the water.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A dozen police vehicles scream through the streets of Chicago.

Two motorcycle cops have blocked cross traffic and the convoy races through the light.

When the convoy passes, the two motorcycles race back past the convoy, ready to block the next intersection.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Spirited CUBAN MUSIC fills this expensively decorated and trendy loft.

Windows compromise one whole wall of the room offering a stunning view over the lake.

DAVID ALLEN GRIFFIN (35, handsome; despite his apparent good mood, he has an eerie presence) suddenly dances into frame.

He whirls and steps unselfconsciously to the feisty rhythms, holding a heavy black automatic pistol in one hand.

Mid-twirl he turns and addresses someone off camera.

GRIFFIN

Ooh. This song is faboo. Do you feel that? The rhythm? It's alive.

He dances, humming along with the song and occasionally turning to look playfully at his image in a large three-pane mirror as if he were flirting with an unseen partner.

INT. F.B.I. COMMAND HELICOPTER: CONTINUOUS

The helicopter moves low and fast over a desolate expanse of water.

Behind the COMMAND PILOT, several FEDERAL AGENTS gaze soberly toward their destination.

ON THE COMMAND PILOT: His profile taut in the florescent glow of his monitor.

The lights of Chicago disappear in the distance.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Griffin continues to dance for a moment before winding his motion down gracefully as the song fades.

In the absence of music we hear for the first time the sound of a WOMAN in the room quietly crying and whimpering nearby.

The next SONG suddenly jumps to life on the CD player and Griffin launches into another dance number, again humming along.

EXT. COMMAND HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

HOVERING FOR A MOMENT high above the glittering water, they PLUNGE toward their target.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Police vans and patrol cars screech to a lurching halt in front of the warehouse.

The rear doors of the vans burst open and one after another, COPS in riot gear pour out onto the pavement.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

On the rooftop of a nearby building, there is a tremendous build-up of police personnel.

A S.W.A.T. COMMANDER motions for his men to clear the way as the three helicopters rise over the rooftop's ledge and land in unison.

The federal agents duck the churning blade as they rush into the nearest stairwell. Dozens of helmeted cops line the roof's ledge.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON high-powered rifles, trained on the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - CONTINUOUS

As a song ends, Griffin addresses someone off camera.

GRIFFIN

I don't know how you can just  
sit there with music like this.  
Such a waste.

INT. WAREHOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A small army pours into the building through every ground floor entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A metal door crashes open as waves of S.W.A.T. officers storm the darkened basement. As they advance, their red-laser sights tracing a maze of pipes through the cavernous basement.

S.W.A.T. OFFICER

(into his headset)  
Basement's clear.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The agent in charge, MIKE IBBY (44, African American), and several other AGENTS approach the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

A team of S.W.A.T. officers thunder up the metal fire stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE (DIFFERENT) STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

A second S.W.A.T. team races up a different stairwell.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Another S.W.A.T. team kicks open a door to a loft, scaring the hell out of COUPLE watching TV.

INT. WAREHOUSE, THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A SECOND S.W.A.T. Officer hustles three terrified PEOPLE down a dark hallway.

SECOND S.W.A.T. OFFICER  
Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

INT. WAREHOUSE, FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

S.W.A.T. officers storm the hallway on the fifth floor gathering at a door. The LEAD OFFICER nods and two officers stand and ram the door down with a battering ram.

FREEZE THE IMAGE. A voice is heard.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)  
It's never that easy. You go through the door and they're never just sitting there waiting for you, a welcoming smile on their face.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

JOEL CAMPBELL (late 30s, weary, scraggy, full beard, baggy chords, a baseball cap) sits across from his psychiatrist POLLY BEILMAN (37, attractive, poised).

CAMPBELL

The best we can do is hope they  
fuck up and do what we can to be  
there when they do.

POLLY

Do you blame yourself for the  
killings?

CAMPBELL

No, I blame the asshole who did  
them.

Polly almost cracks a smile.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

No. I don't blame myself for  
not catching him, if that's what  
you mean. This isn't a guy  
whose been in and out of an  
institution his whole life...

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET CORNER - DAY

A black and white cruiser has pulled over an older model  
station wagon. TWO COPS walk up on either side of the  
car.

As he approaches the driver, Cop #1 suddenly draws his  
weapon. Cop #2 follows his lead.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

...whose brain finally pops and  
he slaughters five people then  
drives around in the family  
station wagon till a cop sees  
him run a red light.

The DRIVER raises his hands. Blood covers his face and  
arms.

BLOODY GUY

Is there a problem, officer?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the office.

CAMPBELL

This is a man whose whole life is about killing. He studies it. He knows forensics.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

He understands police procedure. He prepares methodically so as not to leave any evidence at the scene.

INT. CORNER MARKET - EVENING

SHARON (attractive, 27) strolls through a local deli/market with a hand basket full of groceries.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

He brings a kit with tools and props. Duct tape, hand cuffs, a weapon. Everything he'll need for control, pleasure and murder.

Anonymous POV of Sharon picking through a stack of onions.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

He may watch her for weeks.

EXT. SHARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sharon gets out of her parked car and walks, alone, down the mostly deserted street in a middle-class neighborhood.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Learn her routine. When she comes home, when she goes to sleep.

A car drives slowly down the street past her and pulls into a space. The lights go off.

EXT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

POV from outside the window looking in: Sharon prepares herself breakfast in a very revealing outfit.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

In the morning, before the sun comes up, he can walk right up next to her.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

POLLY

Why the morning?

CAMPBELL

Even though the sun's still down, nobody perceives it as night. Women that are very careful at one a.m., will walk around half naked four hours later.

Polly makes a quick note on her notepad. Her expression suggests that it's a note to herself to take care in the mornings.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Finally, he'd pick a day.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Again a CU of a man's feet walking down a long corridor. CU on man's hands as he first puts on a pair of latex gloves, slips pair of cotton gloves over them, and then picks the lock of an old doorknob.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

He'd let himself into her apartment.

The lock clicks open and he pushes the door open.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sharon approaches her apartment door. She fumbles around in her purse for her keys for a long time. After a minute she gives up and starts to head back down the hallway.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

That night she'd get home, go about her business, unaware that he was in the house.

She gets a few steps away and suddenly stops in her tracks. She found the keys. She turns and lets herself in.

INT. SHARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door swings open, spilling light from the hallway across the small living room. She closes the door behind her and for a few seconds the apartment is totally black. Her footsteps can be heard then BANG! YELP!

She clicks on a light and rubs her shin. She bumped the coffee table in the dark. She sets down her purse and keys and heads down the dark hallway.

INT. SHARON'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps into the bathroom and flips on the light.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

She might spend her last moments  
alive in this world taking a  
piss or feeding her cat.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon pushes open her bedroom door and flips on the light and heads towards the closet, pulling her shirt off as she walks.

Griffin stands behind the bedroom door, calmly. She doesn't see him. She opens the closet door and begins to rummage through her clothes.

Griffin pushes the bedroom door closed with a just audible CLICK. Sharon slowly turns and sees Griffin standing inside the closed bedroom door.

She yelps, covers herself with her hands and tries to run but there's nowhere to go. She runs headlong into her tiny closet, pulling down a bunch of her clothes, literally trying to climb the walls.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sharon sits whimpering loudly on the sofa. She has duct tape across her mouth and her feet are bound together with her own stockings. Griffin stands nearby at a CD rack browsing through her CDs. He takes out a CD and puts it in.

GRIFFIN

Oh. Here we go. Shall we dance?

Ballroom dance music suddenly pours out of the stereo. He holds out his hand. Sharon sits, still totally immobilized with fear. She begins to whimper a little louder.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Oh, don't play hard to get.  
This'll be fun! Shhhhhhh.  
Shhhhhhh.

He dances over to her and tries to pick her up but she wails and her body goes limp, slipping out of his arms.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Shhhhhhh. Shhhhhhh.  
(suddenly enraged)  
I said SHUT UP!

She does.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAMPBELL

The torture would last hours.  
Unimaginable terror.

Campbell notices that Polly looks uncomfortable.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you, I just-

POLLY

(snapping out of it)  
No, no. Don't be sorry. This is important for you, it's just difficult sometimes.

CAMPBELL  
Yeah, tell me about it.  
(points to clock)  
You're off the hook anyway.

She looks at the clock on her desk.

POLLY  
(still composing  
herself)  
Yeah. I guess so. Okay, so  
I'll see you next week.

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Campbell lets himself into his apartment, a dark unfriendly place. Books and magazines fill every conceivable corner, making the place seem even smaller than it is.

He tosses a hand-full of mail into a basket of similarly unopened mail. The camera lingers on an unopened FEDERAL EXPRESS envelope.

He tosses his jacket carelessly on the couch and crosses the room to the bathroom.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Campbell enters and washes his face, pulling his shirt tail out. He opens a drawer and pulls out several bottles of prescription medication, opens each one and shakes out a couple pills.

He tosses them all into his mouth and takes a drink from the faucet, swallowing them.

INT. CAMPBELL'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Campbell walks into the kitchen looking for food. All he can find is a browning apple which he grabs and heads back into:

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

He picks up his keys (which have a Swiss army knife on them) and a Victoria's Secret catalogue that came in the

mail and sits on the couch. He opens the knife and begins peeling the apple and opens the catalogue, obviously only half-interested in its contents.

The apple skin comes off in one long, spiral piece. He sets it on the table and takes a bite of the apple.

He loses interest in the catalogue all together and tosses it on the coffee table. He leans back and stares toward the window, lost in thought.

TIME LAPSE - The light behind the window shade gradually fades. Campbell still stares at the window until long after dark.

INT. SHARON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Griffin stands in front of the mirror covered in blood and sweat, exhausted from the ordeal of murder.

As he methodically cleans himself up, he addresses himself in the mirror, though he seems to be talking to someone else, the way one might speak to a deceased loved one.

GRIFFIN

Where did you go? I wonder what happened to you that night? Why was it so different from the other times? I don't know why you were there, how you got so close to me that night.

He bends over and washes his face.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

But I remember clearly what I felt when I heard your footsteps falling behind me... Pride. For me it was our finest hour. I thought it would keep us together forever. I can still see the flames...

EXT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Deep black smoke pours from several broken windows. The orange flicker of fire light can be seen behind several other windows.

Campbell (younger) gun in hand, sprints down a dark, deserted alley toward the house. Though he runs as hard as he can, in dreamlike fashion he doesn't seem to making very much progress.

CUT TO:

Campbell running up the back staircase and into the back door, immediately ducking away from the rush of flames and heat.

He covers his mouth with his arm and pushes into the back hallway.

INT. BURNING HOUSE, BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

A WOMAN'S hideous SCREAMS of agony and fear. Campbell pushes further down the crumbling hallway, dodging burning debris that falls around him. His progress is impeded by thick smoke that blurs what's happening. He can just make out the image of a woman sitting in a chair in a room at the end of the hallway.

She SCREAMS again, a long piercing howl.

The camera focuses in on a wall of flames until it fills the entire frame.

Images of horrible prime scenes begin to appear superimposed over the flames: horribly mutilated bodies, pools of blood, bloody clothes, murder weapons. The scream continues throughout until-

-CAMPBELL WAKES WITH A JOLT IN

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

He bolts up right on the couch, covered in sweat, his face distorted with pain. His moves are frantic and jerky.

He grips his hands over his eyes and stumbles towards the bathroom but can't keep his feet.

HIS POV: the room blurs and the floor seems to buckle as he CRASHES onto the hard wood.

He writhes in agony, kicking the walls and pressing both hands against his temples as if to stem the pain.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

He finally gets it together enough to make it to the bathroom, frantically dumping out drawers and throwing open cabinets.

Campbell slumps into the floor. HIS DISTORTED POV: as he paws at a pile of drugs and toiletries that lay sprawled across the floor. His hand finds a pharmaceutical carton and he tears it open with his teeth.

He pulls the rubber protective tip from a small syringe and plunges into his thigh (which is badly marked and scarred from many similar occasions).

He pulls out a second syringe and repeats the process.

He drags himself the rest of the way into the bathroom and throws up violently into the toilet.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Again, it's night time. Campbell stirs awake. He's been on the floor the whole day. He stands up and washes his mouth out.

INT. CAMPBELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Campbell enters the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. Nothing. He slams it closed and checks the cupboard but the cupboard's dry. He closes it as well.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Campbell walks out his front door and down the street toward a Chinese Restaurant across the street. He looks haggard. We follow from an ANONYMOUS POV.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Campbell sits in the middle of the mostly empty restaurant near the front window, eating his dinner with

chopsticks. He does not notice several police cruisers that pass the front of the restaurant with their lights on.

Again someone watches from across the street. Campbell seems miserable and very much alone.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell steps out of the restaurant and is surprised by the sight of an active crime scene in front of his building. Campbell walks up and stands with a CROWD of onlookers. COPS and PARAMEDICS pass this way and that. After a moment, Campbell ducks the police tape and slips unnoticed into the front door of the building.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell ducks another line of tape and into the hallway.

LIEUTENANT HOLLIS MACKIE (33, Southern twang and a bad haircut) stands in the hallway talking to some COPS. He sees Campbell.

HOLLIS

Hi. Welcome to my crime scene.  
Can help you or are you just  
looking?

CAMPBELL

(pointing at the  
stairwell)  
I just live here.

HOLLIS

(stepping in his path)  
Did you not see the bright  
yellow tape that said 'Do Not  
Cross' on it?

Campbell holds up his wallet, showing Hollis his ID.

CAMPBELL

(weary)  
Can I just go upstairs? I don't  
feel like arguing with you.

Hollis looks at the ID for a moment then shouts down the hallway.

HOLLIS

Emelda!

Hollis calls her over with a quick nod.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Got a picture?

EMELDA (a young Hispanic cop) hands it over. Hollis hands the picture of Sharon to Campbell.

The photo (probably found in Sharon's apartment) is taken at her high school graduation.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Do you know this woman?

CAMPBELL

Never seen her. What happened?  
She dead?

HOLLIS

(suddenly very suspicious)  
We didn't say anything about a  
homicide... Mister...

(looking at the ID)  
Campbell. Now why would you  
jump to that conclusion?

CAMPBELL

Oh, I'm just real insightful.  
You got half the block taped off  
and there's a dozen cops in my  
lobby. What conclusion should I  
jump to, that someone stole her  
stereo?

Campbell heads toward the stairs.

HOLLIS

Wait. Call me if you think of  
anything?

Campbell turns back around. Hollis walks over and hands him a card. Campbell turns around and heads up the stairs.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Campbell sits on the bed watching the Home Shopping Network holding a half-glass of Jack Daniels. He looks miserable.

CU on a man's hand holding a faux diamond necklace.

TV SALESMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from the TV)

This cubic zirconium necklace is perfect for her birthday, anniversary, or Christmas present.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Downstairs, a PHOTOGRAPHER flashes shot after shots of Sharon. Off the last flash, the screen flashes entirely white.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

A sweeping vista of Chicago in the first light of day.

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Campbell eats cereal and rifles through an enormous pile of unopened mail. Bills, junk mail, nothing interesting. He gets to a Fed Ex envelope and tears it open and shakes out the contents. A single 8'x 10' black and white photo.

CU a photograph of Sharon, last night's victim, sitting alone in a what appears to be a small restaurant - still alive.

Campbell stands and quickly rummages through an enormous pile of unopened mail and unread newspapers and magazines near the front door, finally pushing the dumping a small table onto the floor. He finds what he's looking for: Another unopened Fed Ex envelope. He rips it open and another black and white photo slips out. It's a picture of a different woman driving alone in a her car. It's taken from a car moving alongside her.

INT. HOLLIS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

ON THE CUT: a cell phone RINGS just as Hollis swerves violently through traffic nearly killing himself and twenty others. He's in pursuit of a Honda Accord that just made a quick left. His police radio SQUABBLES almost as loud as the TIRES of his car.

After he fishtails around the corner and down shifts, quickly gaining his lost ground on the Honda, he answers the phone.

HOLLIS  
(surprisingly calm)  
Lieutenant Mackie.

INTERCUT WITH CAMPBELL'S APARTMENT;

Campbell jerks his head away from the receiver, startled by the SCREAMING tires, engine ROAR, and blaring SIRENS.

CAMPBELL  
(loudly over the  
noise)  
This is Joel Campbell. We met  
last night.

HOLLIS  
(driving insanely)  
Campbell. Sure, sure. Our ex-  
F.B.I. friend from apartment  
805.  
(answering the unasked  
question)  
We did some checking after you  
left last night. What can I do  
for you?

Hollis almost runs down four PEDESTRIANS, locking up all four tires just long enough to miss them, then punching the gas again. He doesn't even flinch. Several police cruisers have joined the chase.

CAMPBELL  
(truly perplexed)  
What are you doing?

HOLLIS  
(still totally calm)  
Some asshole just jacked a Honda  
two blocks from me.

CAMPBELL

Well, shit, do you need to call me back?

HOLLIS

(wrenching the wheel)

No, I'm fine. You got something for me?

CAMPBELL

(still very loud)

When'd she die?

HOLLIS

(still driving insanely)

Monday night. Three days ago. Why?

CAMPBELL

Cause I know who did it.

HOLLIS

And how might you know that?

CAMPBELL

Because he mailed me a picture of her still alive. Got it three days ago. Monday morning.

HOLLIS

(blown away, almost happy)

No shit!?

Several patrol cars suddenly cut off the Honda and it skids to a halt. Two Asian YOUTHS jump out and flee on foot.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Campbell, hold on a sec. Team Honda here's on the run.

Hollis jumps out of his car and chases one of the kids, still holding his cell phone. After a short sprint, Hollis has closed the gap. He tackles the kid, dropping his cell phone, and the two of them skid along the dirty pavement. The phone slides ten feet away. A UNIFORM jumps on the kid and cuffs him.

Hollis walks over and picks up the cell phone

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
(back into the phone)  
Meet me at my office?

INT. DETECTIVE MACKIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hollis looks at a picture of Sharon (which is now in a plastic evidence bag). Campbell sits across the desk.

HOLLIS  
You always open your mail four  
days after you get it?

Campbell tosses Hollis the second picture (also in plastic).

CAMPBELL  
No, sometimes it takes up to two  
weeks.

HOLLIS  
I guess that answers any  
question we might of had whether  
the two cases were related. Oh,  
boy, my first serial.

CAMPBELL  
Glad your having fun with this.

HOLLIS  
(laughing)  
Are you kidding? He's sending  
us pictures, Campbell! Call Bob  
Barker! It's a fucking game  
show.

CAMPBELL  
(moving on)  
Strangled with piano wire?  
Victim was partially unclothed  
but the swabs all came back  
negative?

HOLLIS  
Exactly. No touchy, no feely.  
What's going on?

CAMPBELL  
His last known alias is David  
Allen Griffin. We attribute at

least 11 homicides to him. I worked him for three and half years. In L.A. All I ever got was a cast on a pair of nine and half Nikes.

HOLLIS

In L.A.? What the hell's he doing in Chicago?

CAMPBELL

Killing people, looks like.

HOLLIS

(holding up the picture)

He ever come after you before?

CAMPBELL

No, he's never sent pictures or contacted me directly before.

HOLLIS

So it's not necessarily the same guy?

CAMPBELL

Are you seri-? He sent me a picture and then killed her in my own fucking building.

(snapping in his face)

Try to keep the pace, man, this is serious.

HOLLIS

(whistles)

Three and half and a pair of Nikes, huh?

(Campbell stands)

Bureau's involved now, I assume?

CAMPBELL

Safe assumption.

Campbell stands up.

F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Campbell walks down a long corridor led by MIKE IBBY (44, African American).

IBBY

I just got off the phone with your ex-boss in L.A. He sends his best.

Campbell doesn't respond.

IBBY (CONT'D)

He told me you were a good agent. Great instincts. Told me you know this animal better than anyone else.

CAMPBELL

It's not my job anymore.

IBBY

He and I both think maybe it should be. We're setting up a task force with Chicago P.D. I'd like you to lead it from our end. We can reactivate-

CAMPBELL

(stopping in his tracks)

The field office in L.A. has the relevant files. I can't tell you anything that's not in them. Have a nice day.

Campbell turns to walk away just as AGENT MITCH CASPER (young, almost boyish-looking) exits his office.

MITCH

(ignoring Campbell, to Iby)

We got several sets of prints from the Fed-Ex envelope.

Campbell half turns around as he walks out.

CAMPBELL

You can run 'em but you're going to get the delivery boy, the receptionist, three guys from the warehouse, Santa Clause, everyone but him. You're going to have to do much better than that.

Ibby and Mitch look at Campbell, vaguely annoyed at his comment. Campbell turns and walks out.

INT. SNAP! 1HR. PHOTO - AFTERNOON

Snap! 1HR. PHOTO is a small store in a very busy indoor shopping mall, though the store itself is deserted.

ELLIE (24, mousy), sits behind the counter making faces into a Sony Digital Video camera that broadcasts her image onto several monitors in the store.

She sticks out her tongue; blows a bubble; makes a fish face, etc., clearly bored.

INT. FOX PAVILION SHOPPING MALL - AFTERNOON

Dozens of shoppers cross this way and that, no one paying attention to the others. After a moment, we see Griffin, making his way toward Snap.

INT. SNAP! 1HR. PHOTO - AFTERNOON

Griffin walks in and catches Ellie making faces. She smiles apologetically.

ELLIE

Sorry.

GRIFFIN

That's quite alright. You looked adorable.

Ellie blushes. Griffin walks up to a display and pulls a roll of Kodak film off the rack.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

This new Kodak film stock, it says it's for exterior sunshine, but how's it handle fluorescents?

Ellie shrugs and throws up her hands.

ELLIE  
(laughing at herself)  
I'm sorry, I have no idea what  
you're talking about.  
(shrugs again)  
I just work here.

Griffin smiles at her and looks up at the ceiling:  
Fluorescent lighting.

GRIFFIN  
Do you guys process here, as  
well?

ELLIE  
Yeah. One hour.

Griffin tears open the film and picks up a display camera  
on the counter. He opens the back of the camera.

GRIFFIN  
May I?

ELLIE  
Sure, but what are you doing?

Once the film is loaded, he raises the camera and points  
it at Ellie.

GRIFFIN  
I'm going to test it out.

He clicks a picture of her. She laughs.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
I'll shoot a few pictures and  
you can process them for me.

He clicks another picture of her. She laughs again, this  
time making a face at his camera. He clicks another.  
She's clearly enjoying the attention. He clicks several  
more.

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Campbell, looking more and more haggard and distraught  
each time we see him, sits across from Polly in her posh  
office.

POLLY

You're a young man, do you plan  
to live on disability your whole  
life?

Campbell holds out his arms and surveys himself,  
implicitly inviting her to do the same.

CAMPBELL

I take 150 milligrams of seconal  
so I can sleep two and half  
hours a night. You want lives  
in my hands? Acebutolol and  
benazepril for blood pressure, I  
self inject migrainol and  
imitrex for migraine -

POLLY

You're simply afraid-

CAMPBELL

I go places and forget why I'm  
there. I miss exits on the  
freeway. You want lives in my  
hands? I'm lucky to find my way  
home from the grocery store.

POLLY

You're simply afraid that you'll  
make another bad judgment that  
you won't forgive yourself for  
and you're avoid-

CAMPBELL

(almost shouting)

Absolutely! I'm avoiding that  
situation. No, I don't trust  
myself. Would you?

POLLY

Then why do you come here?  
What's the point of these  
sessions? Are you trying to get  
well so you can get out on the  
golf course next spring?

CAMPBELL

If the next picture that arrives  
were of your daughter would you  
really want me to be the one  
looking for her? Would you  
really?

POLLY

(thinks for a beat)

Yes. Yes I would.

He stands up, unwilling to listen, and heads for the door.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Don't walk out now. This is  
exactly what you want. You have  
to admit that. Right now is the  
time.

He slams the door in her face. She throws her note down in exasperation.

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Campbell sits watching footage of the crime scene on the late news. A reporter stands outside Ellie's house.

FEMALE REPORTER

The harrowing search came to a  
tragic end at about 9:20 p.m.  
when police discovered the body  
of Ellie Buchner at her Wicker  
Park home.

Campbell punches the remote and the screen goes to black.

EXT. GRAY COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Campbell (younger, clean-shaven) walks up to the front porch of the house, careful not to be seen or heard.

He peers under the blinds into a window. Through the thick leaded glass his POV is distorted. A figure moves in the living room.

Several candles provide the only light in the room. Campbell pulls away and looks through another window, trying to get a better idea of what's happening.



Campbell follows. Griffin grins.

GRIFFIN

Are you following me?

CAMPBELL

I could ask you the same question.

They share a small laugh and keep heading down the hallway soon arriving at Polly's door.

Campbell slows and for instant it seems as if Griffin is going to stop too but he doesn't. He walks down the hall and Campbell ducks inside.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - LATER

Campbell sits fidgeting in a chair across from Polly.

CAMPBELL

I don't have time to be here but I appreciate what you said last week and didn't want you to think that I was walking away for the wrong reason.

POLLY

(she smiles)

How have the headaches been?

CAMPBELL

About the same.

POLLY

Are you sleeping?

CAMPBELL

Some.

POLLY

How's work?

CAMPBELL

It's great. I'm getting so popular, I've got murders requesting me by name.

POLLY

Let's talk about that. How are you making sense of this man following you here? Is it a vendetta?

CAMPBELL

(after a moment)

I don't think vengeance has anything to do with it. There's a story, a ritual, in this, that he follows. Over the years, I became part of the story. It didn't make sense without me.

POLLY

In other words, he missed you.

CAMPBELL

Odd isn't it?

POLLY

I don't know. Did you miss him?

CAMPBELL

What do you mean?

POLLY

Well the description you just gave could apply to you, don't you think?

Campbell is taken aback, unsure if he's ready to concede her this point. After a moment, his phone rings.

CAMPBELL

Excuse me.

(into the phone)

Campbell.

MITCH (O.S.)

Got a match on the prints.

CAMPBELL

I'll be right there.

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Campbell, Iby, and Mitch sit in Campbell's office. Campbell reads from a file folder. Mitch looks wrecked. He's been here all night.

CAMPBELL

Norton Inglert. Vagrancy 1987.  
Vagrancy 1991. I.Q. estimated  
at below eight zero which makes  
him officially... not Griffin.

IBBY

Let's pick him up. You got a  
last known address?

CAMPBELL

Yeah, a by-the-hour-motel where  
he stayed eight years ago.  
Mitch get some sleep. Diana,  
you wanna ride?

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Campbell drives; Diana sits in the passenger seat.

DIANA

The report came in from the  
camera shop. Lots of prints  
everywhere. The lab's running  
them to see if anything  
interesting turns up.

CAMPBELL

It won't. He'd have been more  
careful than that. If he  
touched anything he'd have wiped  
it clean. Anyone see anything?

DIANA

Nope. There was one fun bit,  
though. He filled out the  
photo-order with your name and  
address.

Campbell cringes. She smiles.

EXT. DINGY MOTEL, DOWNTOWN - LATER

A disaffected clerk sits smoking behind the counter watching TV. CU on the TV as a day-time TALKSHOW HOST stands in front three GUESTS.

HOST

There's five million people in this city! How can nobody have known this poor girl? How can this happen in the age of communication with emails, fax, phones-

GUEST #1

(pompous)

On the contrary, Maggie. It could have only have happened in this age. These tools of communication allow us to function as a society with less and less real human interaction.

Campbell and Diana enter. The clerk doesn't even look up.

CAMPBELL

(showing a photo)

Surprise me. Tell me, that Norton Inglert still stays here.

MOTEL CLERK

(glance at the photo)

Norton Inglert. Nope.

DIANA

Would fifty bucks make him more likely to be here?

MOTEL CLERK

For fifty bucks I'd tell you Elvis' got a room by the pool and gives a free concert Thursday nights but that don't make it so.

He turns back to the TV.

GUEST #2 (O.S.)

I couldn't agree more with Don.  
A hundred years ago, she would  
have been living in a single  
structure with her parents,  
brothers and sisters, cousins...

Back to the TV. Campbell and Diana split.

HOST

That's true, but I tell you  
what, it still irks me!  
(then pointing to the  
camera and smiling)  
Next, after this, we take your  
calls! We have hundreds of  
calls waiting and we'll see how  
many we can get through!

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Campbell drives with Diana. His phone rings.

CAMPBELL

Campbell.

HOLLIS

What up 'C'? I found your  
retard.

CAMPBELL

Where?

HOLLIS

I'll meet you. Off the record,  
though. Just me and you. My  
guy's still undercover.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Campbell and Hollis stand on the dock with JACK FRAY (35,  
long hair, leather jacket).

JACK

So check it out. Last year we were getting close to the Russians. We nailed this asshole with a pocket of rocks and next thing we know he's a first class U.S. citizen. He gives up everyone he knows and makes up a few others for effect.

CAMPBELL

So?

JACK

So most of them are worthless. We haven't even used them. Don't want to blow our own cover. But one of the names was a retard name of Norton they used as a drug mule.

CAMPBELL

You got an address?

JACK

Not on the mule, but here's the rat.

He hands Campbell a folder. He snaps it back.

JACK (CONT'D)

You understand if this gets on the street we could lose lives?

Campbell nods and takes the folder.

CAMPBELL

(reading)

Stanislaw Mikahailovich.  
Possession. On Probation.  
Current address 859 West  
Washington.

JACK

Be careful, boys. He's a pussy.  
But he's a crazy pussy.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - LATER

Campbell and Hollis step quietly from Campbell's car. The guys gaze across and up the street at a dark house with six-foot weeds in the yard and plywood over the windows.

EXT. STANISLAW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell and Hollis stalk quietly up to the front door. Campbell kneels to the left of the door, Hollis to the right. Campbell nods. Hollis bangs loudly on the front door. Hollis bangs again and leans back down away from the door.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(strong Russian  
accent)  
Who is it!?

HOLLIS  
Police! Open the door.  
(then as an aside to  
Campbell)  
Oh, sorry, Campbell.  
(shouting again)  
The F.B.I. is here too!

VOICE (O.S.)  
What you want?!

HOLLIS  
We're selling tickets to the  
Policeman's ball, douche bag.

BLAM! BLAM! Campbell hits the porch when the door partially disintegrates as Stanislaw blasts two rounds through it. Hollis shrugs, stands up, and kicks the rest of the door in. Campbell makes a circle with his index finger, and slinks off the porch.

INT. STANISLAW'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. Hollis walks inside.

BLAM! BLAM! The house lights up as someone unloads from down the hallway. Hollis doesn't even bother to duck.

HOLLIS  
Okay, asshole. Stop shooting.  
You can't even see me. How  
you're going shoot me?

BLAM! The house flashes brightly again. Hollis walks  
down the hall, right towards the gunman.

BLAM! BLAM!

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Cut that shit out or I'm gonna  
shoot your ass.

BLAM! Click. The sound of the hammer against loud  
footsteps can be heard rustling around the back of the  
house as the guy makes a run for it. Hollis runs through  
the rest of the house.

EXT. STANISLAW'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Hollis bursts out the back door just in time to see  
Stanislaw fly end-over-end as Campbell clunks him in the  
shin with a two-by-four. Hollis laughs heartily.

INT. STANISLAW'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Campbell and Hollis interrogate Stanislaw who sits cuffed  
to a dinette chair in the middle of his living room. He  
sits in his boxer shorts. Hollis holds a fat copy of the  
Chicago white pages.

HOLLIS  
(casually)  
500 North Carmine Avenue? Is  
that it?

STANISLAW  
(heavy accent)  
You can't just come in here when  
you want to whenever! I have  
immunity! So fuck you!

Hollis flips the book closed and thumps Stanislaw back  
and forth across the face with it a couple times -- not  
too hard, just enough to shut him up and get his  
attention.

HOLLIS

Listen, Standi- Stamis-, uh,  
listen, Coleslaw, we know the  
address is in here.

(he opens the book again)

And we're going to stay right  
here until you tell it to us.  
5789 Rountree Drive? That it?

STANISLAW

Fuck off.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Stanislaw's eyes dart around as  
the intimidation sets in. He looks like an unwilling  
participant in a Three Stooges skit. Thump. Thump.

HOLLIS

(again looking at the  
book)

413 Broadway?

Stanislaw hesitates. Thump. Thump. Thump.

Campbell laughs, then suddenly picks Stanislaw up and  
shoves him against the wall.

CAMPBELL

'From each according to his  
ability, to each according to  
his needs.' You understand  
that? Isn't that Kremlin  
rhetoric? Now you see, we need  
some information and you have  
the ability to give it to us.

STANISLAW

(giving up)

Okay, okay. Alright, here it  
is, alright? He used to work at  
a fucking laundry mat, alright?

CAMPBELL

Where?

STANISLAW

On East Elm near the lake,  
alright? Near the fucking lake.  
Whatta I give a shit about some  
fucking retard?

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

The sun rises over the cityscape.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT, ALLEY WAY - MORNING

Two unmarked cop cars pull up to the rear entrance of the laundromat. There's a truck parked at the back door and its cargo door and the back door to the laundromat are open.

Plainclothes COPS step out of the car and loiter nearby, waiting. Campbell and Hollis walk casually up to the door.

As they approach, the OWNER walks out from the back carrying an enormous canvas bag of laundry on his shoulder.

LAUNDROMAT OWNER  
(dropping the bag)  
Can I help you?

CAMPBELL  
(showing badge)  
Special Agent Campbell, F.B.I.  
This is Lieutenant Mackie,  
Chicago Police.

HOLLIS  
(showing a picture)  
Does Norton Inglert still work  
here?

LAUNDROMAT OWNER  
Yes he does and he's a good kid.  
I don't know what-

CAMPBELL  
Do you have an address?

LAUNDROMAT OWNER  
Of course, but he's a good kid.  
Whatever it is you guys-

CAMPBELL  
The address? Now.

The owner turns to walk inside.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - MOMENTS LATER

Hollis stands talking on his car radio. Campbell stands within earshot. Hollis reads from a small note pad.

HOLLIS  
4240 Crossbend Avenue. Surveil  
only! Do not go inside!  
Surveil only! Nobody inside  
until I get there.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Polly sits at her desk talking to a patient.

POLLY  
Usually, Mr. Abraham, I do an  
introductory session where we  
explore what you hope to get out  
of therapy. If we both feel  
like I'm the person to provide  
that for you then we'll decide  
on a schedule together.

Cut back to reveal that it is Griffin that she's talking to.

She sets the tape recorder between them. Griffin takes note of the recorder.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
I like to record my sessions.  
But if you prefer for me not to-

GRIFFIN  
Is that something that you do  
with all of your patients?

POLLY  
With most. Do you prefer that I  
don't?

GRIFFIN  
No. I'd rather you not.

POLLY  
Okay.... that's fine.

She puts the recorder away.

EXT. NORTON'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell arrives and jumps out. The place is surrounded with COPS and Norton is already in custody, sitting handcuffed and very frightened in the back seat of a cruiser. The car is about to pull away. Campbell runs toward it, flagging it down.

CAMPBELL

Hey! Hey! What the fu-

The DETECTIVE IN CHARGE jumps in the way.

DETECTIVE IN CHARGE

(getting in his face)

Who the hell are you?

Campbell shoves the detective out of his way and he slips, falling to one knee. He pops back up angrily and shoves Campbell. They eye each other dangerously.

HOLLIS

Hey! Hey! Back the fuck up!

We're on TV here people.

He points to a camera crew and reporter that have just arrived, camera rolling.

DETECTIVE IN CHARGE

(dismissively)

I had to make a decision,  
Lieutenant, he was on the move.  
I had to make a decision.

CAMPBELL

Bullshit. The only decision you made was whether or not to be a hero in the biggest case this city's seen in decades and we know which way you came out on that, you fucking prick.

HOLLIS

(still holding them apart)

Campbell, let's go to the district office, you can talk to him there.

DETECTIVE IN CHARGE

(laughing, cocky)

There's not much left to talk about. Franklin found a shirt with blood on the sleeves and the fucking loony couldn't confess fast enough. You should of seen it, Hollis, he's blabbing away and I'm in his face trying to read his Mirandas fast enough to use the Goddamn confession.

Campbell and Hollis turn and walk away.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Griffin continues his session with Polly.

POLLY

You said you felt like you might need help. In what area?

GRIFFIN

I'm not sure. What kind of help do you provide?

POLLY

Ahhhhhhh. Well, I work with patients on many different issues-

GRIFFIN

I don't like when you say 'issues'. It just bothers me. Don't do that.

(she's taken aback by this)

Do you think some of your patients might pay to come see you because you're very pretty?

POLLY

(trying to regain control)

Mr. Abraham let's try to keep focused on you rather than me...

It is clear that she does not like her newest patient.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Campbell sits across from Norton, who is quite scared.

CAMPBELL

Norton, I know that you're afraid, but I'm trying to help you.

NORTON

(growing more upset)  
Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

CAMPBELL

Why don't you tell me what you're sorry for? Did you hurt her?

NORTON

I looked at her.

Norton grows very shy.

CAMPBELL

Norton, did she see you look at her?

NORTON

No.

CAMPBELL

How'd the blood get on your sleeves, Norton? Did you touch her?

EXT. ROOM ADJACENT TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hollis and several OTHERS are watching from behind the glass.

NORTON

Yeah.

CAMPBELL

Did you hurt her when you touched her?

NORTON

I don't know.

CAMPBELL

Did she scream or tell you to stop touching her?

NORTON

No. She was asleep.

CAMPBELL

(to the mirror)

Impressive work, guys. Norton, listen to me. You're not going to be in trouble anymore.

Norton doesn't respond.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Norton, did you see someone else hurt her? Did you see someone else at the apartment?

After a long moment, Norton nods his head 'yes'. Campbell sits up excitedly.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Okay, Norton, I want to play a little game with you now, okay? We're going to try to draw a picture of the man you saw.

Just then JACKSON (the D.A.) and MENDEL (a defense attorney) burst into the interrogation room with Hollis and two UNIFORMS at their heels.

MENDEL

This interrogation is over!

Campbell stands. Norton cowers away from the commotion.

CAMPBELL

Who the hell are you?

MENDEL

I'm his attorney.

CAMPBELL

It wasn't an interrogation to begin with. Hollis, we gotta get a sketch artist in here. He saw the guy.

MENDEL

No we don't 'gotta' do anything.  
(to the uniforms)  
Escort this man back to his  
cell.

The cops grab Norton by the arms and lift him out his  
chair.

CAMPBELL

No, no, no. He may have seen  
the guy kill her. He's a  
peeping Tom, that's all. He  
must of touched her body. For  
Godsakes, I'm trying to help him  
here.

MENDEL

(sarcastic)  
Oh, we're sure you are, Agent  
Campbell. And we appreciate  
that.

Campbell looks to Hollis who shrugs. Norton has already  
been led out of the room.

EXT. DISTRICT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell and Hollis stand outside the district office.

HOLLIS

Let me talk to his lawyer. I  
know a guy who knows a guy that  
can put some pressure.

CAMPBELL

Get me a fucking sketch of this  
guy and we can nail him! Do not  
let this disappear.

Campbell turns and walks away, disgusted.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

A young girl (JESSICA) wearing a very dirty army jacket,  
heavy boots, and other punk-rock accessories stands  
stamping her feet against the cold on a busy sidewalk  
bumming change.

She approaches several PASSERSBY all of whom ignore her.

JESSICA

Excuse me, spare some change for  
a room? It's cold tonight....  
Sir... Ma'am I didn't sell  
enough girl scout cookies and...  
Dad! Don't you recognize me.  
It's me!

Her hopes deflate. Another PASSERBY approaches.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sir, spare some change?

Cutting to her POV reveals that Griffin is the passerby.  
He doesn't answer but he stops.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Spare some change, mister?

GRIFFIN

(disarmingly direct)

What are you doing out here?

JESSICA

(very girlish)

Spanging. Spare changing.

GRIFFIN

Don't you have a job or  
anything?

JESSICA

Yeah, right. And I can buy the  
fuckin station wagons full of  
screaming kids? Fuck that very  
much. The revolution's coming.  
You wait.

GRIFFIN

Well, I very much doubt that.  
But I do admire your ideals.  
Somehow when you get older they  
all seem to just go away.

JESSICA

Yeah, whatever. So can you  
spare 'some change or what?

GRIFFIN

Only if you dance with me.

JESSICA  
(laughing, surprised)  
Shut up.

GRIFFIN  
I'm serious.

He holds his hand out to her. She smiles and blushes, a very young girl again.

JESSICA  
There's no music.

GRIFFIN  
I'll hum for us.

He begins humming out the rhythm. She takes his arms and he leads her through a few steps.

JESSICA  
(giggling)  
You better give me some money.

GRIFFIN  
I will.

She stops suddenly, laughing too hard to continue.

JESSICA  
I can't. I can't. Just give me  
some money.

GRIFFIN  
(laughing with her)  
You can. C'mon.

He starts humming again. She takes his hands with a laugh and they dance again.

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A form moves across the moonlit window. A moment later a flashlight pops on.

POV, lit by the flashlight, as a file cabinet drawer slides open. As a hand rifles through the files. He gets to 'Joel Campbell' and pulls the file. He opens another drawer and pulls Campbell's tapes, carefully replacing the plastic covers so that from a casual glimpse that don't appear to be missing.

CUT TO:

a dark room, the only light from a photocopier repeatedly coping pages, the light eerily creating an intermittent silhouette.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

A wide shot of the cityscape.

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Campbell sits behind his desk looking through the crime scene photos and other evidence.

After a few seconds, one of the overhead florescent lights begins to flicker.

Immediately, Campbell covers both eyes and cowers from the light.

CAMPBELL

(calling out)

Somebody give me a hand! Can  
somebody turn out the light in  
here for a minute!?

No answer. Campbell stands up, his eyes still closed.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

(losing patience)

Can someone grab this light for  
me!?

After another couple seconds, Campbell loses it. He jerks the keyboard of his commuter free from the desk and hurls it overhead into the bank of fluorescents, sending glass and the keyboard crashing back down with a great clatter.

Hearing the commotion, Diana runs into his office.

DIANA

What the hell was that?

CAMPBELL  
(keyboard in hand)  
Sorry to disturb. Flickering  
lights trigger migraines faster  
than anything else.

He tosses the keyboard onto the desk casually. She  
shakes her head and shrugs.

DIANA  
Great to have you around,  
Campbell. Adds great color.

Campbell's secretary pops her head in his office behind  
Diana.

CAMPBELL'S SECRETARY  
Agent Campbell? This came for  
you a few minutes ago.

He turns to look at her. She holds up a Fed-ex envelope.

CAMPBELL'S SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
(clueless)  
Do you want it?

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - LATER

Campbell, Iby, Mitch, and Diana stand in front of  
another gallery of posters - extreme closeups of every  
inch of the frame. Almost everything is out of focus  
except for her face.

MITCH  
These are just blown straight  
up. They're trying to pull some  
of this shit into better focus.

CAMPBELL  
This is shot with a long lens to  
get the shallow depth of field  
which is going to make it hard.  
He's trying to give us as little  
context as possible.

DIANA  
It's working.

CAMPBELL

At least this one's outside.  
Where is she sitting? Let's  
start there. Get someone from  
the city in here. Let's see if  
they recognize the sidewalk or  
the parking meter or anything  
else.

DIANA

I'm on it.

Campbell looks closely at a shot of a tattoo on her  
forearm.

CAMPBELL

Mitch, put a picture in every  
tattoo parlor in Chicago.

MITCH

Got it.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PRESS ROOM - LATER

Again, Hollis addresses the PRESS. This time, however,  
there are more than a hundred REPORTERS and  
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

AGGRESSIVE REPORTER

Would you say that the arrival  
of the photo calls into question  
the arrest the department has-

HOLLIS

(on edge)

-the arrest was based on very  
strong evidence and our  
department stands by it. If it  
turns out that the killer is  
still at large then we obviously  
will release the suspect as  
quickly as is feasible.

Several reporters blurt questions.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The row of young agents settle into their chairs in front  
of bank of phones.

INT. LOCAL NEWS ROOM - LATER

The daytime ANCHORWOMAN addresses the camera. Jessica's picture is on the screen above her shoulder.

ANCHORWOMAN

Police released this photograph just moments ago. This woman appears to be the next target in this horrifying game of cat and mouse.

MONTAGE. SHOTS OF VARIOUS CITIZENS WATCHING THE NEWS.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

Jessica sits in the doorway of a condemned building chatting with a young KID with a skateboard about her age.

SKATER

Watch, watch check it out.

The skater tries a trick on his skateboard, busting his ass with great flare. Jessica laughs hysterically.

SKATER (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

What are you laughing at?  
That's the trick. You know how long it took me to learn that for you?

Jessica laughs again.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

A TECH sits in front of a twenty-inch computer screen on which one section of the photo has been blown up. As Campbell and company watch, the photo slowly comes into clearer focus.

RACHEL (from city planning) looks over his shoulder. She points to the base of a street lamp.

RACHEL

Looks like she's sitting next to  
an old cast-iron street lamp.

CAMPBELL

Which puts her where?

She turns and pushes open a grid-map of the city and  
takes a magic-marker and draws a fairly large rectangle.

RACHEL

Somewhere in the old town area.  
A lot of territory.

Campbell looks disappointed.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

Close on a stack of newspapers next to a sidewalk  
newsstand. Jessica's face is on the cover.

Pull back and track down the street a few dozen feet and  
reveal Jessica panhandling in her usual spot. No one  
even looks at her.

JESSICA

Dad! It's me, don't you  
recognize me? I had the plastic  
surg-

(the guy keeps  
walking)

-Hey, man, can I bum a smoke?

(a second guy shakes  
his head)

Then how bout a few bucks for a  
pack?

(he keeps walking)

Hi! Spare some change, I'm-

EXT. ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Griffin sits in a plastic lawn chair wearing a bathing  
suit, headphones, and sunglasses.

POLLY (O.S.)

(from the walkman)

In other words, he missed you.  
Just like you missed him.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
What do you mean?

POLLY (O.S.)  
Well the description you just  
gave could apply to you, don't  
you think?

Griffin smiles and pushes rewind then play again.

POLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-description you just gave could  
apply to you, don't you think?

INT. WOMAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

WANDA (57) has a hammer in one hand, nails in her mouth,  
and a large glass framed inspirational poster in her hand  
which she's attempting to hang by herself. '

On the TV behind her we HEAR a CNN special report.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)  
It appears that the murders may  
be linked to a serial killer in  
the Los Angeles area.

CU of the TV screen. A photo of Jessica fills the  
screen.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)(CONT'D)  
At this point, the woman police  
are calling "Jane Two" has not  
yet been located and all those  
involved are very concerned  
about her well being.

Wanda turns around and sees Jessica on the television and  
drops the poster, sending glass shattering across the  
living room.

INT. CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - LATER

Campbell peruses the photo one last time with the  
magnifying glass. He stops and holds his view for a beat  
on a black mesh trash receptor of the same black and  
chrome design as the chair Jessica sits in.

Ibby rushes into the office. Everyone looks up.

IBBY

We got Jane's mother on the  
phone!

EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Three F.B.I. vehicles (including Campbell's car) race out  
of the gates and onto the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO - LATER

The vehicles race toward Wanda's two-story Victorian  
home. The house is surrounded by local police cars.  
Campbell, Mitch, and Diana run toward the front door.  
Wanda's hysterical screaming can be heard.

INT. WANDA'S FOYER/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Campbell takes in the scene: three COPS, several  
NEIGHBORS, and WANDA'S SISTER surround Wanda, who sobs  
hysterically, and mumbles a PRAYER.

CAMPBELL

(taking over the scene)  
Mrs. Stendhal, I'm Agent Joel  
Campbell with the F.B.I.

Wanda continues to sob.

WANDA'S SISTER

She doesn't know anything!  
Can't you see what kinda shape  
she's in-

CAMPBELL

I can see that but if we don't  
find her daughter she's-

WANDA'S SISTER

(almost screaming)  
She doesn't know anything!

CAMPBELL

What do you mean she doesn't  
know anything?

WANDA'S SISTER

Jessica ran away almost two years ago. We don't know where she is.

CAMPBELL

(takes a breath)

Who are you?

WANDA'S SISTER

I'm the girl's aunt. Wanda's sister.

CAMPBELL

(to the cops)

Hey! Clear everyone else out of the house. Let's get some quiet in here right now.

(to the sister)

Help me with her for a few minutes and then we'll leave her alone. Deal? Sit with her.

Campbell turns to Mitch.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Start with outreach programs for runaways. Get them her picture. Where do teen runaways hang out?

MITCH

Broadway and Belmont area.

CAMPBELL

Get everyone you can down there with her picture. Start with CD shops, convenience stores, video arcades, fast food joints, anywhere else kids would go and then fan out from there.

He turns back to Wanda, who still sobs. He kneels with her.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Mrs. Stendhal? I know that no one wants us to find Jessica more than you do, but in order for that to happen, you're going to have to help us out.

She just continues to sob. He sighs.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
(to the sister)  
Okay, listen, spend a few  
minutes with her. Calm her  
down. Can I take a look at  
Jessica's room?

INT. CIRCUIT CITY - LATER

Jessica's face is plastered across 40 television screens  
at Circuit City. The nighttime ANCHORMAN'S VOICE booms  
through the store.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)  
Jessica Stendhal. That is this  
young woman's name. She is  
sixteen years old and thought to  
be living somewhere in Chicago.  
Police have located the young  
woman's mother but unfortunately  
they have not located Jessica.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LATER

Campbell and Diana stand somberly in Jessica's room,  
rifling through Jessica's belongings, which Wanda has  
left untouched.

The walls are covered with posters, magazine cutouts,  
etc. Campbell notes a 'Tony Hawk' skateboard poster as  
well as posters for 'The Offspring', 'Hole', and others.  
He notes a light blue Fender Stratocaster electric  
guitar. On the table are several issues of 'Thrasher  
Magazine' (a skateboard magazine).

CAMPBELL  
Make a couple calls for me. Get  
a picture to every skateboard  
shop and park and the guitar  
shops close to Belmont and  
Broadway. I'm going to look for  
her letters and-

WANDA (O.S.)  
There aren't any.

Campbell and Diana turn to see Wanda and her sister in

the doorway. Wanda's calmed somewhat.

WANDA (CONT'D)

She never wrote anybody. She did call two or three times after she disappeared.

CAMPBELL

Did she say where she was calling from?

WANDA

She wouldn't tell us anything. She always wanted to talk to the damn dog. She'd make me put the phone up to it and she'd coo and make baby-talk.

CAMPBELL

Can you remember anything at all about those calls? Anything might help.

WANDA

What does it matter? It's all lies anyway. She's on drugs. We did what we could.

She begins to sob again. Her sister pats her shoulder.

WANDA (CONT'D)

She said all kinds of things. I never knew what to believe. She had a new boyfriend. A lawyer. Yeah right! She called once to say she had a job at the Starbucks.

Campbell looks at a clock on the wall. 5:10.

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR/HOLLIS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell races through traffic. The sun is just beginning to disappear behind the horizon. He talks to Hollis on the cell-phone.

HOLLIS

Bad news. She does not work nor has she ever worked for Starbucks.

CAMPBELL

Goddamnit! That can't be right.  
Look at the picture, Hollis.  
She's sitting at a coffee shop.

HOLLIS

(looking at the photo)  
I don't know. Just looks like a  
chair to me. Could be anywhere.

CAMPBELL

Look at the trash can next to  
her

Hollis looks at the wire mesh trash can.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

See what's in it? White paper  
cups. She's sitting at a  
fucking Starbucks.

HOLLIS

(standing)  
I'll see what I can do.

Hollis opens the map of the city.

INT. STARBUCKS DOWNTOWN - EVENING

A YOUNG COP shows the STAFF behind the counter a picture  
of Jessica.

YOUNG COP

Her name is Jessica Stendhal.  
Are you sure you haven't seen  
her?

The kids all shake their heads.

INT. DIFFERENT STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Another COP shows a picture of Jessica.

INT. DIFFERENT STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Another COP talks to a CLERK behind the counter.

STARBUCKS CLERK

Totally, man. She comes in here  
all the time.

The cop reaches for his radio and lifts it to his mouth.

INT. HOLLIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

MATCH CUT to Hollis lifting his phone to his mouth.

HOLLIS

Positive ID. The Starbucks on  
Lincoln and Wisconsin.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

Meet you there.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

It's now quite dark as dozens of uniformed POLICEMEN roam  
the area, passing out hundreds of black and white fliers  
with Jessica's picture on them. Most people don't even  
want to take the fliers.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Most of the interior walls have been torn down on the top  
floor of this abandoned, turn-of-the century office tower  
leaving a wide-open space that makes for a great moonlit  
playground for Jessica and her skater friend.

He stands on his skateboard holding her hands as she  
runs, pulling him in and out of the support beams slalom  
style.

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Campbell and Hollis question the clerk. Mitch stands  
nearby.

STARBUCKS CLERK

Yeah, I told the other dudes she  
comes in but she doesn't work  
here. I let her use the  
bathroom, you know?

CAMPBELL

Do you have any idea how we can  
find her? Where she lives?

STARBUCKS CLERK

Dude, she lives on the street.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Campbell walks out into the night air, unsure what his next move should be. He watches a couple uniformed COPS passing out fliers with Jessica's picture on them. Several PEOPLE don't even look at the fliers, simply shaking their heads as they pass.

A BUSINESSMAN brushes off one of the COPS with a shrug. Campbell loses it, running wildly up to the cop and grabbing his fliers and chasing down the businessman, and spinning him around roughly.

CAMPBELL

LOOK AT THE FUCKING PICTURE!  
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

The businessman is shaken up by Campbell's assault but after a moment he manages to look at the photo.

BUSINESSMAN

No. I'm sorry-

Campbell pushes him away and turns to the next nearest PASSERBY and again scares them into paying attention.

CAMPBELL

You! Look at this girl's face!  
Do you know her? Have you seen  
her?

PASSERBY

No, I--

CAMPBELL

Look at her before you answer!

PASSERBY

(looking)  
No. I don't know her.

Campbell spins and aggressively approaches another  
PASSERBY.

INT. WANDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wanda sits in her sister's arms, crying quietly.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Jessica and the skater sit huddled together around a fire  
that they've built from scraps of cardboard and sheet  
rock. A small cheap jambox plays a BAUHAUS song.

SKATER

I have to go. I'm sorry. I'm  
so late.

JESSICA

Can I go with you? Can I sneak  
in your room?

SKATER

We can't, Jess, last time we got  
caught my dad went ballistic.  
Don't be sad, Jessie. I gotta  
split.

He stands up to leave.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Next to the building, the skater ducks a chain link fence  
and steps into the alley. He turns on the sidewalk and  
heads toward Campbell who, fifty feet away, continues to  
flag down passing PEDESTRIANS.

The kid almost skates right by Campbell who talks to a  
YOUNG WOMAN, but Campbell hears the sound of wheels  
against the concrete and spins around. His gaze lands on  
the kid's board.

CAMPBELL

(holding up his hand)  
Stop, wait!

The skater clocks Campbell for a cop.

SKATER

What? I didn't do anything.

CAMPBELL

I didn't say you did.

(he holds up picture)

Do you know this girl? She's  
about your-

The surprise on his face is evident.

SKATER

Fuck you, cop. I don't know  
shit.

CAMPBELL

Bullshit. Listen to me-

The kid suddenly makes a break for it, darting across traffic and almost getting squashed. BRAKES squeal and horns BLARE.

Hollis looks up and catches a glimpse of Campbell chasing the kid right toward where he is standing. The kid sees Hollis and veers into an alley. Hollis drops his fliers and runs after them.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - LATER

Jessica lies quietly, alone in front of the dying fire, huddled in a dirty sleeping bag to ward off the cold. Reverse to what would be Jessica's POV if she turned around and we see a figure silhouetted against the Chicago skyline.

EXT. CHICAGO ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

The skater tries to out sprint Hollis but Hollis catches him, tackling him roughly onto the dirty concrete. The skater comes up swinging, kicking, biting, scratching and screaming. Hollis tries to restrain him without hurting him.

SKATER

Fucking cop! Fuck you! I  
didn't do shit! Fuck you! Let  
go.

Campbell catches up, looks around to make sure no one's looking, and then open-hand slaps the shit out of the kid.

CAMPBELL

If you don't help me, right now,  
a man is going to wrap piano  
wire around her neck so  
viciously it will almost sever  
her head.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - LATER

Jessica sits by the fire. Her face tightens as she senses someone behind her but she doesn't turn around. The figure approaches the firelight revealing that it is in fact Griffin. Though she is clearly nervous, she tries not to let it show.

JESSICA

Hi.

GRIFFIN

Hi. What are you listening to?

JESSICA

Bauhaus.

GRIFFIN

(singing)

Bela Logosi's dead. Bela  
Logosi's dead.

JESSICA

No way. You know it? Here, let  
me turn it up.

She sits up and adjusts the volume, casually picking up the jambox in the process and then SMACKING it into Griffin's face. She stands up and sprints through the darkness.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

The skater now leads Hollis and Campbell on a full-run back to the abandoned building.

As they cross the main street near the Starbucks, Hollis radios for back up.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Griffin now runs through the darkness in the direction Jessica had gone. She makes it across the top floor and to the stairwell.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black and only shapes can be seen. HEAVY BREATHING and FOOTSTEPS fill the empty space.

After making it down two flights of stairs, she comes to a closed door (which, knowing the building, she had expected) and has to run across another abandoned floor.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Unlike the top floor, however, the kids haven't kicked down all the interior walls of this floor. Griffin closes in right behind her.

She knows she can't out run him so she makes the dangerous decision to duck into one of the old offices, initiating a deadly game of hide and seek.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

The skater, Campbell, and Hollis sprint through traffic.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica has managed to crawl from office space to office space, apparently unseen by Griffin.

Several times she has to make the horrifying leap from behind one wall to another exposing herself briefly in the moonlight as she inches her way toward the other stairwell.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Downstairs, the skater leads Campbell and Hollis under the chain-link fence and into the building.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Campbell, Hollis, and the kid run up the stairs.

SKATER

(breathing hard)

She sleeps on the top floor.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Campbell, Hollis and the kid burst through the stairwell and onto the seventh floor (where we last saw Jessica). A shadow passes the light ahead. Campbell stops short and puts a hand on the kid's chest.

Hollis immediately pulls the boy back into the stairwell.

Campbell moves quickly, gun drawn, down the main corridor toward the direction he saw the shadow.

He fires FIVE SHOTS instinctively as Griffin leaps from the darkness and into the stairwell.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

In the stairwell, Griffin slams his weight into a steel door (leading down to the next floor) but the door won't budge. After a couple tries he turns and heads up the stairs.

Griffin runs up the stairs. Campbell pounds the metal stairs below him.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, TENTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Griffin reaches the top floor and crosses as fast as he can toward another stairwell. Campbell kicks the door open and takes FOUR MORE SHOTS at his figure. Again, Griffin goes untouched. He makes it to the other stairwell and heads toward the roof.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of other cops pour into the building. Two police helicopters hover over the building, spotlights sweeping the brick and broken windows.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Griffin runs onto the roof. Shortly thereafter, the police helicopters have him in their spotlights.

Campbell bursts onto the roof and runs full-sprint toward Griffin, shooting insanely without breaking stride.

Griffin spots a smaller office building below; he sprints and leaps from the roof over an alley way, tumbling as he lands two stories below.

Campbell follows him dangerously across the alley.

At the other end of the building, Griffin jumps again, this time to an even lower building.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

A wide shot of storefronts as Griffin hurdles from one rooftop to the next as he finally eludes the searchlights and disappears between buildings, Campbell right on his heels

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

We pick up Griffin mid-air a second before he lands feet first on the exploding windshield of a truck.

He tumbles off and steals down the alley. Campbell jumps across the alleyway to a nearby fire escape and quickly jumps from level to level, until he reaches bottom level. He jumps into the alley and chases Griffin.

OBVIOUSLY, THIS WILL ALL DEPEND ON LOCATION AND STORY BOARDS. THE GENERAL POINT IS TO INCLUDE CAMPBELL IN THE CHASE ALL THE WAY UNTIL THE GAS STATION.

SIRENS wail from all directions as Griffin slinks down another alley. He comes upon a beat-up old Lincoln. He picks up a metal trashcan and smashes out a window. Campbell rounds the corner, way down the block, in time to see the lights come on and hear the car start. He picks up his pace, sprinting as fast as he can. Halfway down the alley, he misses a step and slips to one knee. He holds his heart and shakes his left arm. He struggles to shake it off and pick back up the chase.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The Lincoln eases onto a nearby street, but within seconds several cops cars are on his ass.

Campbell runs out of the alley, still chasing him on foot and almost gets hit by a police cruiser. He slams his fist on the hood and signals the startled COP to get out of his car. Campbell holds up his badge.

CAMPBELL

Special Agent Campbell. I head  
the FBI/Chicago PD task force  
which means I rank you which  
means I'm taking your car.

Griffin punches the accelerator, rounds a corner and comes face to face with a road block which he simply BLASTS through, sending wooden saw-horses and COPS flying. A moment later, Campbell races through the same intersection.

Griffin speeds another block before coming up on stopped traffic at a red light, Campbell closing in behind him. Griffin jumps a median and passes the stopped cars in the oncoming lanes.

He races across the busy intersection and almost makes it through but gets clipped by a pick-up truck and loses control, jumping the sidewalk and SMASHING through a glass and plastic bus-stop before side-swiping a row of three gas pumps.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Three mushrooms of gas spray out of the ground showering Griffin's Lincoln and drenching the parking lot.

Griffin sits, calmly waiting as cop cars converge from every direction. Campbell gets out of his car and draws his weapon. Several Cops do the same.

He waits. More and more cops pull up.

He calmly shifts the car in gear and tosses a Zippo lighter out the window.

The entire area explodes.

A block away, Griffin races down the side street and disappears.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

Aerial shot of the wreckage. The gas station still burns. Charred cop cars. Dozens of other cops parked here and there. Ambulances. The shot tracks two blocks revealing other car accidents and the abandoned building which is still swarming with cops. The shot lowers and closes in on a seventh-story window. Closer and closer--

DISSOLVE THROUGH THE WINDOW--

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A DOZEN or so COPS and FEDS work the crime scene. Campbell crouches next to Jessica's bloody body, her face etched with death.

He looks into her eyes for a long moment then lowers his head in a gesture that suggests a very deep surrender.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Campbell's apartment looks worse than usual. It's dark, dusty and it looks as if it has been ransacked. He is nowhere to be seen, but Ibbby's voice can be heard through the door.

IBBY (O.S.)  
Campbell!?! You okay? Open the door.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Ibbby and Mitch stand in the hallway outside Campbell's apartment. Ibbby bangs on the door loudly. He gives up and turns to Mitch.

IBBY  
Open it.

Mitch pulls a small electronic device from his pocket and kneels in front of the door. The device looks something

like a handheld screwdriver with a modified tip. Mitch inserts the tip into the keyhole and WHIRS the machine to life. There's a short RATTLE before the knob turns and Iby pushes the door open.

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Iby and Mitch enter the dank apartment, concerned by its appearance.

Iby opens the bedroom door and sees Campbell's legs hanging out of the bathroom floor. He and Mitch rush over.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iby leans over Campbell and tries to rouse him. He is pale white and the bathroom is a mess. Iby checks his pulse.

IBBY  
(to Mitch)  
Jesus, he's freezing cold. Call  
a paramedic!

But just then Campbell rouses awake. Campbell presses his hand to his head.

CAMPBELL  
(wheezing)  
Iby, a paramedic shows up at  
this apartment I swear to you I  
will shoot them.

He shakes Iby's arm loose from his clothes and sits up against the bathroom counter. Campbell tries to stand but immediately slumps back to one knee, gasping for breath. His eyes go wide with confusion and pain.

IBBY  
(to Mitch)  
Call them!

INT. CAMPBELL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Campbell lies in bed, semi-conscious. Iby and a DOCTOR hover over him. The doctor holds a small rubber toy in the shape of a martian.

DOCTOR

The blood pressure got too great for one of the veins in your heart and it collapsed. Sounds worse than it is. It'll be a minor procedure called an angioplasty. We'll stick a small balloon through a scope and into the collapsed vein and BOOP! We open it back up.

She squeezes the toy causing it's martian head to triple in size and its eyes and ears to pop out cartoonishly.

CAMPBELL

(to Mitch)

It's out of the question. I'll have to put it off.

IBBY

Bullshit.

DOCTOR

Absolutely not. Your heart muscle isn't getting the oxygen it needs. The tissue is dying. I want to go into the O.R. right now. Two, three days here, another week of rest and then you can start back easy, a few hours a day. Look, I have a daughter at University of Chicago. I want to get you back in shape as much as anyone.

(squeezes the toy again)

Trust me.

Campbell closes his eyes, overwhelmed by a sense of futility.

EXT. POLICE DISTRICT - DAY

Outside the police district office, a crowd of hundreds of BYSTANDERS, REPORTERS, and PHOTOGRAPHERS crowd a makeshift police barricade between the door and a police van.

A moment later four COPS exit the building, escorting Norton who wears an orange prison jumpsuit.

COPS work the barricade trying to hold everyone back as they all surge forward to get a look or ask a question. Hollis takes in the scene with disgust.

POP! POP! POP! Suddenly everyone hits the ground and scatters as three shots are fired from close range.

Norton slumps to the ground bleeding from two bullet wounds. One cop has also been hit.

The rest of the cops draw their weapons on an OLDER MAN in light blue Sansa-belt slacks and a golf shirt who stands holding a small-caliber revolver. The COPS wrestle him to the ground.

EXT. POLICE DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER

Norton lays on a stretcher next to an ambulance. The area is chaotic. One PARAMEDIC pumps his chest; another PARAMEDIC has an oxygen mask over his mouth.

Hollis hovers next to the paramedics, cringing at his terrible state. After a few seconds, Norton stirs and cries out in pain.

PARAMEDIC

(to her co-worker)

He's conscious!

(to Hollis)

Talk to him! Try to keep him alert!

HOLLIS

Me? Shit I don't know what to say!

PARAMEDIC

Just talk to him! Say the alphabet! Anything!

HOLLIS

(frazzled)

Hey! Norton! Hang in there, man. We're going to the hospital right now! You're looking good.

PARAMEDIC

His blood pressure's dropping!

HOLLIS  
It's not my fault!

PARAMEDIC  
I wasn't talking to you!

HOLLIS  
Oh. Sorry.  
(back to Norton, as if  
to a child)  
What else, what else? Let's  
see... I had a retarded cousin  
once. Bet you didn't know that,  
did you? He died though.

The paramedics work faster to try to save him but Hollis senses that it's over and stops talking.

INT. CAMPBELL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Campbell watches a special report on the local news broadcast from outside the station.

FEMALE REPORTER  
The gunman is reported to be  
Padgett Weaver, the recent  
murder victim's sixty-six year-  
old father who had just arrived  
in Chicago. When asked why he  
didn't trust the justice system  
to do its job, Mr. Weaver said  
simply, "I am an old man and I  
don't have time for that crap."

Campbell sighs and tosses his hands in the air at this.  
Just then, Polly enters the room tentatively.

CAMPBELL  
(pleased to see her)  
You didn't have to come here.

POLLY  
Something tells me you wouldn't  
have come to me.

CAMPBELL  
(pointing at the TV)  
D'you see they shot my witness?  
It's like someone's making up  
new ways to be ridiculous.

POLLY

Maybe you should get your nerves  
all bound up in a knot about it.

(clicks off the TV)

I can't believe they let you  
watch that thing.

CAMPBELL

How else am I going to know  
what's going on? Ibbby's got  
everyone on a vow of silence.

POLLY

When's the last time you ate?  
Are you allowed to eat anything  
besides the shit they serve  
here?

CAMPBELL

Probably not but let's order  
something anyway.

POLLY

How's Thai? My favorite joint  
is just around the corner.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, GARAGE AREA - MORNING

Mitch, Diana, and SEVERAL FORENSIC TECHS, stand under a  
dirty LATE MODEL SEDAN that has been lifted on a  
mechanic's lift. All of the doors are wide open.

The back window has been shot out, and the front fender  
and grill are damaged. The car appears to be the one  
Hollis and Campbell chased a few nights ago.

FORENSIC TECH

We found two of the slugs  
imbedded in the frame.

DIANA

No other physical evidence?

FORENSIC TECH

Not yet, but give a guy a break.  
This thing was in the river  
three hours ago.

Just then, Campbell's secretary comes into the room  
holding an 8' X 10' envelope.

CAMPBELL'S SECRETARY  
Excuse me, Agent Casper? This  
came for Agent Campbell and I  
thought you-

MITCH  
How'd it get here!?

CAMPBELL'S SECRETARY  
(clueless)  
It just came in the regular  
mail.

Mitch snatches the envelope from her hands and waves at  
Diana.

MITCH  
(heading out of the room)  
Let's do it. Get Mackie on the  
phone. Get a copy to him. I'm  
going to get with Ibbey.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PRESS ROOM - MORNING

Again, Hollis addresses a battery of reporters.

HOLLIS  
Good morning and thanks for your  
attention. My comments today  
will be brief. As most of you  
know, we have received another  
photograph.

The bank of REPORTERS all BLURT questions at once.

INT. CAMPBELL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Campbell sits in bed, looking totally wrecked. He watches  
Hollis finish his address on TV.

HOLLIS  
(calming the  
reporters)  
No, no, no. I'm not answering  
questions today. I'm only here  
to pass on the photograph and  
request that you continue to  
help us in this investigation.  
That is all.

Campbell sits with no noticeable expression of emotion on his face. He seems truly defeated.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

Police Detective Hollis Mackie informing us that this terrible game will continue today. Here is a photograph of the killer's latest target.

Campbell suddenly reacts strongly to the television. He half stands up, almost stumbling out of bed. He pulls the IV from his arm, still not taking his eyes off the TV. We still can't see what he sees, though his reaction makes us wish we could.

INT. HOLLIS' CAR/MITCH'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Hollis races along talking to Mitch on the cell phone.

MITCH

Mitch Casper.

HOLLIS

It's Mackie. I'm looking for Campbell. He's not at the hospital.

MITCH

Yeah, they just called to inform us of that very fact. Nobody knows where he is.

HOLLIS

Maybe he's at home? I'll drop by there.

MITCH

There's really no way to tell, is there?

He hangs up the phone and wheels the car around the opposite direction.

INT. HOLLIS' CAR - DAY

Hollis screeches to a halt outside of Campbell's apartment, leaving his car double-parked. He runs up to the front door.

INT. CAMPBELL'S BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Hollis bangs loudly on Campbell's door.

HOLLIS

Hey! Open the Goddamn door!

Hey! Campbell? You okay?!

He sighs, steps away from the door and kicks it open.

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hollis enters Campbell's stuffy, messy apartment.

HOLLIS

Jesus, man. You gotta get a  
maid. Campbell?!

Hollis quickly searches the kitchen (small and visible from the living room) and the bedroom (he opens the door and can tell it's empty).

Hollis tries one last door. It's locked. He knocks loudly.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Campbell?

He tries the door again, jiggling the knob very hard. It doesn't budge.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is becoming a habit.

WHACK! He kicks the door in. The room appears to be a walk-in closet. Inside, cardboard boxes are stacked from floor to ceiling.

INT. CAMPBELL'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Hollis steps inside the room, curiously. He opens a box and pulls out some file-folders - crime scene photos, reports, etc. Griffin's name is everywhere.

These are obviously Campbell's personal files on Griffin. Hollis notices several burned down candles. He turns around and sees a thin white sheet covering one wall of the closet.

He lifts the sheet and tries to peer under. A look of confusion washes over his face. He yanks the sheet from the wall, sending tacks flying.

The sheet drops down to reveal the enormous photographic collage we saw in the opening credits. Its true scope and detail are revealed for the first time.

It spans the entire wall and looks as if it were methodically, obsessively pasted together.

HOLLIS  
(awe-struck)  
What the fuck?

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a folded white piece of paper. He unfolds the paper and looks at it:

It is a flier with a photo of the next victim. He holds it close to the collage to reveal that it is THE WOMAN IN THE COLLAGE.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Campbell, what is this?

His eyes dart around the collage. He reads the newspaper clippings: INQUIRY CLEARS AGENT OF NEGLIGENCE. He sees Campbell's name in all of the articles. Griffin's name is in several as well. The name 'Lisa Alexander' is also everywhere. The birthday card reads "Love, Lisa". He scans quickly trying to make sense of what he's seeing. DEATH TOLL CLIMBS TO NINETEEN. AGENT BEGINS INDEFINITE LEAVE.

Hollis glances at something that clicks. It's a photograph of a cemetery. A closer shot of a headstone shows the engraving to be 'Lisa Alexander. 1964-1999'

INT. CAMPBELL'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hollis steps out of the closet and toward the front door. On the TV there is a picture of Lisa Alexander.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)  
...at this time police have not located the young woman who they have reason to believe...

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Campbell drives through light traffic. He rounds a corner and we see the CEMETERY from the photograph through the windshield.

Campbell pulls into the deserted parking lot and steps out.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Hollis runs down the front stairs. He hops in his car.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Campbell walks through the graveyard, unhurried but deliberate.

He rounds a corner and stops short. Griffin sits on the grave we saw Campbell leaning against earlier.

Campbell draws his gun and walks slowly over. Griffin notices him.

GRIFFIN

Hey Campbell! How's your heart,  
pal? Here have a beer, it'll  
make it feel better. Here.

Griffin tosses him a beer but Campbell side-steps it, letting drop to the ground. He loads a shell into the chamber of his 9mm, still trying to make sense of the situation.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Tell me something, Campbell.  
Did you move two thousand miles  
to live near this woman's grave?

Griffin takes a drink out of his beer. Campbell tightens his grip on the pistol. He takes dead aim at Griffin's forehead.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

It's true, isn't it? Man, you gotta get out more. I mean is this a satisfying relationship?

(picks a flower and plucks pedals)

She loves me... She's decomposing... She loves me... she's decomposing.

CAMPBELL

(lowering the gun)

Why don't we talk about what we're doing here. Is this it? You here to give yourself up?

GRIFFIN

Why didn't you ever tell anyone you laying pipe with her? Just cause she was married?

CAMPBELL

(losing patience)

We don't seem to be communicating. Let me be clear with you, I have no problem with shooting you dead where you sit.

GRIFFIN

Well you do have one problem.

Griffin tosses his beer and fishes a business card out of his pocket. Campbell quickly raises his gun. Griffin doesn't even flinch.

Careful to keep his gun trained on Griffin, Campbell reaches and takes the card. It reads: Polly Beilman, Ph.D. It is badly stained with blood. Campbell winces.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

If I'm dead, your friend Polly plans to meet a rather gruesome fate involving candlelight and quite a large pool of kerosene.

Campbell looks at him for a long moment, weighing his options.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You know something about attractive women burning alive, don't you? Tell me, what was it like? Could you smell her flesh burning?

Campbell flicks Polly's business card toward Griffin, it flutters away and lands in the grass.

CAMPBELL

You've already killed her.

GRIFFIN

C'mon. You know me better than that. That's not even her blood.

CAMPBELL

Take me to see her then.

GRIFFIN

Oh, I don't know about that. Let's just sit here and talk for a little while.

CAMPBELL

We'll talk once I see her. I have to know if there's anything to talk about.

Griffin looks at him for a long beat.

Campbell lowers his gun, takes a breath and hands it to Griffin who is surprised by the gesture.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

C'mon, take it. I trust you. I just need to see that she's all right and then we'll talk.

Griffin shrugs and takes the gun.

GRIFFIN

Fine. Let's go.

They turn and take a few steps. Blam! Griffin shoots the ground, startling Campbell.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Wow. It's loaded.

Campbell relaxes and they take a few more steps. BLAM!  
Griffin laughs. BLAM!

INT. HOLLIS' CAR - EVENING

Hollis races dangerously through traffic.

INT. GRIFFIN'S SEDAN - EVENING

Campbell drives, seething with anger; Griffin sets  
Campbell's gun on the seat next to him.

GRIFFIN

You look older since you were in  
LA. You look more and more like  
your father.

Campbell turns to look at him.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Relax, I never hurt him. I just  
used to go visit him in the  
home. Towards the end, he  
couldn't tell the difference  
between us so I just told him I  
was you. It made him happy,  
that you were there.

CAMPBELL

Listen to me, Griffin. What do  
you want? I want you to think  
about what you need. I can try  
to get you that and we can make  
an exchange. Anything that you  
need for Ms. Beilman's safety.

GRIFFIN

You're all I need, Campbell.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Griffin's car cruises along on the freeway.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

Hollis' car is parked in the deserted lot. He stands  
nearby searching a directory of the cemetery plots.

EXT. CEMETERY, GRAVE SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Hollis stands over Lisa Alexander's grave. Griffin's picnic beer bottles are still strewn about. He struggles to make sense of the scene.

His first clear clue comes when he comes across a cartridge from Campbell's gun. He searches the area some more and finds Polly's bloody business card.

He still has no real idea of what went on.

INT. HOLLIS' CAR - EVENING

Again, even though his driving puts him right on the edge of death, Hollis talks calmly on the radio.

HOLLIS

See what you can find out about Polly Beilman. She's a shrink. Her office is at 2414 Eastern Avenue. Send a car by to check it out. I'm there in ten.

INT. CHICAGO STREET - EVENING

Griffin's car eases off the freeway and into traffic.

INT. GRIFFIN'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Campbell drives.

GRIFFIN

(sincere)

You're not angry with me, are you, Campbell? You don't think I'm an evil person, do you?

CAMPBELL

(taken aback by his tone)

I'm not much in a position to be a judge right now, but, I think words like evil are just words people use to keep from having to think. You are who you are. You do what your driven to do. That's the way it makes sense to me.

Griffin takes Campbell's hand with both of his and squeezes it.

GRIFFIN

Thanks, Campbell. You're a good friend. You're like a brother to me. Did you know that?

CAMPBELL

Did you have any real brothers or si-

GRIFFIN

Oh, Campbell, what the fuck?! I'm trying to have a real conversation and you're psycho analyzing me! Are you Polly now?

CAMPBELL

(turns away)

You brought it up. I think it was a perfectly valid-

GRIFFIN

Look at me when I talk to you!

(Campbell does)

You're trying to control this situation! Can't you leave your job out of this?! Just this once! I'm telling you Campbell, you've been seeing that bitch Polly too-

Campbell takes a quick glimpse at the road to orient the car.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I said look at me when I'm talking!

Campbell turns back, totally ignoring the road even though they're in traffic and the road is winding.

CAMPBELL

I'm listening. What? What do you have to say? I'm listening. Go ahead!

They stay, eyes locked, as the car travels forty miles per hour down the road. After a long moment, Griffin cracks a smile.

GRIFFIN

I forgot what I was going to say.

Campbell turns and looks back at the road but it's too late, the car has faded into the curb.

Campbell wrenches the wheel as the car crunches up onto the curb. Griffin and Campbell both bounce around the front seat until Campbell gets the vehicle back under control.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(looking over his shoulder)

That was fun.

Campbell uses the distraction to slip his cell phone out of his pants pocket and push 'redial.'

EXT. POLLY'S OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Hollis screeches to a stop outside of Polly's office building. Two other cruisers are already parked out front, lights flashing.

He jumps out of his car and approaches Mitch.

MITCH

She's missing. Secretary's upstairs dead.

HOLLIS

Fuck. What about her house?

MITCH

Empty. Your people are there already.

Hollis' cell phone rings.

HOLLIS

Hello?

For a moment it sounds as if the line is dead but then Griffin's voice is heard.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

I knew if I just came here and talked to you, in person, you'd understand me better, Campbell.

HOLLIS

(covering up the phone)

Fuck. He's got Campbell. Let's get a trace on it, now!

Mitch flips open his own cell phone.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM, F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

A COMPUTER TECH stands in front of a wall-sized map of the city wearing a headset, talking to Mitch.

COMPUTER TECH

(staring impatiently at the map)

Give me a second; give me a second; give me a second, okay, okay. He's about twenty miles north of the city.

EXT. POLLY'S OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Mitch and Hollis stand outside both on the phone.

MITCH

You gotta do better than that!

COMPUTER TECH (O.S.)

No shit. Give me another minute and we'll have has exact location.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

(on Hollis' phone)

Communication is important to us. I realized after you left L.A. that you were the only thing I had...

INT. GRIFFIN'S SEDAN - EVENING

Campbell drives Griffin's car down a small street that runs along the waterfront.

GRIFFIN

You were the only one who thought about me. You were my audience. And for a long time, I was the only one you had. And then you met Lisa, which...

(he points to a parking lot)

Pull in here.

Campbell pulls in.

The parking lot is in front of a five story brick and glass building that sits on the river front.

Water laps against the bricks on one side of the building. The area is completely deserted.

As Campbell steps out of the car, he lets the cell phone fall into the floorboard. Griffin doesn't notice it.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Campbell and Griffin step into an old steel-grated freight elevator. Griffin holds his gun casually trained on Campbell. He pushes a button labeled 'Five' and the elevator begins to ascend.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM, F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Computer Tech still stands in front of the map.

COMPUTER TECH

(suddenly elated)

I got him! I got him!

INT. DARK CORRIDOR, FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Campbell walks reluctantly alongside Griffin down a corridor in the warehouse.

They reach a door and Griffin unlocks it and kneels down, carefully slipping his hand inside the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Griffin's fingers slide up the inside of the door and unhook a string that runs through two pulleys before attaching to the trigger of a small "riot" shotgun which was set to go off if the door were opened.

Griffin pushes Campbell inside. The warehouse/loft is about the size of a small basketball court with polished concrete floors, high ceilings, and floor to ceiling windows overlooking the river.

Polly sits gagged and bound to a chair in the center of the room. The wooden chair sits in a two-inch deep pool of kerosene.

The only light in the room comes from the windows and several foot-tall dinner candles which stand in the Kerosene pool.

Campbell has just long enough to take in the scene before Griffin WHACKS him over the head with a heavy metal rod.

EXT. HOLLIS' CAR - NIGHT

Aerial shot of Hollis' car swerving through traffic.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, IBBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ibby's in an F.B.I. van that screams through the streets.

EXT. MEIGS FIELD - NIGHT

Three helicopters sit, blades already angrily chopping the air. Dozens of other AGENTS and PILOTS run here and there.

After a moment, Ibby's F.B.I. van arrives and screeches to a halt. Ibby jumps out and runs toward one of the helicopters. Before he's even belted in, Hollis' sedan roars around a corner and races toward them.

EXT. GRAY COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Campbell (younger, clean-shaven) walks up to the front porch of the house, careful not to be seen or heard.

He peers under the blinds into a window. Through the thick leaded glass his POV is distorted.

He sees a figure move in the living room.

Campbell pulls away and looks through another window, trying to get a better idea of what's happening. From the second window he can see a woman bound and gagged. His breath quickens.

He stands and kicks the front door.

INT. GRAY COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Campbell bursts into the front room. He hears a loud commotion in the next-room and rounds the corner just in time to see a man duck into a back hallway, dumping a card table over in his haste. Campbell gets a shot off but it thumps harmlessly into the wall.

Campbell turns his attention to LISA ALEXANDER who sits bound and gagged in a chair - and we realize that she is the same woman in the fire and this is the room that was on fire. He runs quickly to her and rips the tape off her mouth.

CAMPBELL

Are you hurt?

Paralyzed with fear, she only manages to shake her head. The back door slams loudly, capturing Campbell's attention.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

You're going to be all right.  
Everything's going to be fine.

Campbell turns to run after the man, failing to notice that two burning candles (which had been on the card table) have rolled across the room and ignited a small fire.

EXT. GRAY COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Campbell bursts through the back door and flies down the stairs and into the alley.

His POV: far ahead a figure races through the shadows.

He runs down the alley, leaving the house further and further behind. After another few seconds, he hears a sharp CLAPPING sound.

He wheels around to see the smoke rising up from inside the house he was just in. He sprints back toward the house and up the staircase. He kicks in the back door, ducking away from the rush of flames and heat.

INT. BURNING HOUSE, BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

The woman SCREAMS. Campbell pushes further into the crumbling hallway, dodging burning debris that falls around him.

She SCREAMS again, a long piercing howl and-

-CAMPBELL WAKES UP INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - NIGHT

As Campbell regains consciousness it is clear that he's disoriented and in great pain from a migraine. The room is blurry. Cuban Dance MUSIC plays loudly. Griffin dances lightly around the room. Polly whimpers in fear. The music fades down and Griffin slows his dance moves slightly.

GRIFFIN

(to Polly)

I don't know how you can just  
sit there with music like this.

Such a waste.

Campbell puts one hand to his head, shielding his eyes, and with the other, grasps at his inside pocket, looking for his syringes. Griffin has removed the tape from Polly's mouth.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Who-hoo?

Campbell looks up and sees Griffin holding Campbell's leather medicine pouch in one hand and his gun in the other.

Griffin walks over and picks him up by his jacket and sits him in a wooden chair (outside the perimeter of the kerosene pool). Campbell is too disoriented to resist.

On a nearby table, Griffin clicks on a bright Halogen desk lamp and pushes right into Campbell's face. He

flinches from the light. Griffin flips the light away from Campbell and then back, away and then back, repeatedly.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

That hurts, doesn't it? They say flashing lights and migraines just don't go together at all.

Griffin's bullying has a older-brotherish quality to it.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(still flashing the light)

Quick! Name three candy bars and I'll stop. Quick! Three candy bars! Quick!

Griffin loses interest and tosses the lamp back onto the table. He quickly draws his gun and points it Campbell's head.

POLLY

Noooooo!

GRIFFIN

No, no, no, no, Campbell. I'm not going to kill you. We need each other. We define each other. We are yin and yang. Black and white. Isn't that right Polly?

Polly grows more anxious, unsure whether to answer. Campbell's head throbs insanely and his vision is still distorted and hazy.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(louder)

I said, isn't that right, Polly!?

POLLY

(very tentative)

I'm sorry, I don't understand the question.

GRIFFIN

Did you or did you not reach the conclusion that Campbell and I need each other in order to have meaning in our lives.

POLLY

Yes. I did, though, you have...  
I think so. Yes.

EXT. BUCOLIC COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

The low moon illuminates the rolling hills. There's a moment of stillness, and then from behind a hill appears a WHIRRING mass of rotor blades.

The three F.B.I. helicopters sweep low across the fields outside of Chicago.

INT. F.B.I. COMMAND HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Moving low and fast over a desolate expanse of highway... the faint glow of city lights in the distance.

Behind the COMMAND PILOT we see Ibbey and the OTHERS gazing soberly toward their destination.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

A dozen police vehicles scream through the streets of Chicago.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell still squints against the light. White splotches cloud his vision. He watches as Griffin lightly caresses Polly's cheek and then neck....

He stands and takes several steps toward Griffin.

CAMPBELL

Take your fucking hands off her.

GRIFFIN

Sit down.

Campbell takes a few more steps toward him. Griffin puts the gun to Polly's head. She cringes.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Sit down!

CAMPBELL

You can talk all you want. I'll listen but I'm not going to let you touch. Put the gun. We both know you're not going to do it.

GRIFFIN

Why do we know that?

CAMPBELL

Because you only get to kill her once and that way won't be any fun.

BLAM! Griffin shoots Campbell in the shin, sending him end-over-end from the force of the impact.

GRIFFIN

You're right.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - MOMENTS LATER

Three F.B.I. helicopters BOOM past the camera and continue on, sweeping low across the water.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Griffin stands over Campbell who writhes in agony on the floor. An enormous pool of blood is forming under him. Both of his hands grip his shin. Griffin picks him up and sets him in the chair.

GRIFFIN

Get up. Get up! How's this for Deja Vu, Campbell? We got the fire. We got the pretty girl that you've put in our way. Only last time the plan backfired. Instead of bringing us closer, it pulled us apart.

CAMPBELL

What do you want me to say?  
That I made a rookie mistake and  
let my obsession with you  
affect-

Griffin grabs his hair and looks him right in the eye,  
the other hand cocked back with the gun pointing at his  
head.

GRIFFIN

NO! NO! NO! That's not what I  
want you to say! THE OBSESSION  
IS ALL YOU HAVE! The HATRED is  
all you have! Love is fleeting.  
Hate lasts forever. The mistake  
was turning back in the alley.  
What I want you to say is thank  
you! Thank you for coming here  
and saving your life!

CAMPBELL

I don't know what the voices  
tell you, Griffin, but I'm not  
same as you. You don't define  
me. I'm not your thing. You're  
a job to me. You're paperwork.

Griffin pushes his head back and steps away. He walks  
over to nearby table and picks up a length of piano wire  
attached to two small wooden blocks.

POLLY

Please don't do this to me.

GRIFFIN

I have to do this. He's not  
going to understand anything  
else. You heard him.  
Paperwork.

Campbell tries to watch what's happening but can barely  
see from the blinding headache. He sees Griffin nearing  
Polly, unfurling the wire in front of him. He drapes the  
wire in front of her and slides it up her chest. She  
whimpers.

CAMPBELL

Thank you.

Griffin stops and cocks his head.

GRIFFIN

What'd you say?

CAMPBELL

I said thank you. I mean it.  
You made your point.

Griffin walks over to him and leans an ear toward him sarcastically, again affecting the big brother.

GRIFFIN

What was that?

CAMPBELL

(whispers)  
I said thank you.

Griffin leans in closer and Campbell suddenly jabs the blade of his pocketknife under Griffin's chin, just missing the jugular.

Griffin gasps and staggers backward, stumbling and falling into the kerosene. His gun clatters across the cement floor.

Campbell stands awkwardly and pounces onto Griffin, jamming his thumbs viciously toward his bloody throat. Kerosene splashes dangerously close to the burning candles.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A S.W.A.T. COMMANDER motions for his men to clear the way as the three F.B.I. helicopters rise over the rooftop's ledge and land in unison.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Griffin's about to fall unconscious as Campbell bares down on his throat. Rings of kerosene lap against the base of the candles, causing them to teeter back and forth.

Griffin suddenly lands a solid blow to Campbell's temple, knocking him aside.

Again, kerosene splashes dangerously around as they vie for position, exchanging what punches they can.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Police vans screech to a lurching halt and cops in riot gear pour out.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell and Griffin are locked together, limbs entangled. Campbell loses his footing and Griffin slams him down face first into the concrete. Their bodies smack down six inches from one of the candles.

Griffin pushes Campbell's face into the kerosene. Campbell sputters and coughs as he fights to breathe.

INT. WAREHOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A small army pours into the building through every ground floor entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A metal door crashes open as waves of S.W.A.T. officers storm the darkened basement. As they advance, their red-laser sights trace a maze of pipes through the cavernous basement.

S.W.A.T. OFFICER  
(into his headset)  
Basement's clear.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ibby, Hollis, and Mitch (now dressed in riot gear) approach the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LIVE/WORK LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Griffin still has Campbell's face half-submerged. Campbell's POV: The shotgun sits fifteen feet away.

Campbell surges upward, rolling Griffin off of his back.

Campbell scurries across the floor and snatches up the shotgun. He spins around and takes a bead on Griffin --

who stands calmly in the middle of the kerosene pool, holding his bloody neck with one hand and one of the burning candles in the other. If Campbell shoots him, he'll drop the candle into the Kerosene.

GRIFFIN

(panting, smiling)

Oh boy, what are we going to do now?

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

A team of S.W.A.T. officers thunder up the metal fire stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Another S.W.A.T. team kicks open a door to a loft, scaring the hell out of COUPLE watching TV.

INT. WAREHOUSE, THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A SECOND S.W.A.T. Officer hustles three terrified PEOPLE down a dark hallway.

SECOND S.W.A.T. OFFICER

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

INT. WAREHOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ibby, Mitch, and Hollis enter the building.

INT. LIVE/WORK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Campbell, gun still trained on Griffin, slowly paces the perimeter of the kerosene pool. Griffin makes his way toward his own gun which lies in the pool a few feet away.

GRIFFIN

Why don't you go ahead and set that gun down?

POLLY  
Don't do it!  
(resolved)  
He's going to kill me anyway.  
Shoot this piece of shit.

GRIFFIN  
Put the gun down.

The gun wobbles in Campbell's hand. His breath races.

INT. WAREHOUSE, FOURTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

S.W.A.T. Officers race down the fourth floor hallway.

INT. LIVE/WORK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The stand off continues.

GRIFFIN  
He can't do it. He'd be killing  
you and held never be able to  
live with that.

Griffin kneels and picks up his pistol. He holds it in one hand and the candle in the other. He aims the pistol at Campbell.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Put it down.

POLLY  
Shoot him! He'll kill me  
anyway!

Campbell starts to lower the shotgun.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
NO!

CRASH! The door bursts open under the force of a battering ram. S.W.A.T. officers surge into the room.

Griffin wheels around and shoots at the S.W.A.T. Team.

Campbell raises the shotgun and takes aim. BOOM!

SUPER SLOW MOTION as Griffin's hand and much of his forearm disintegrate. The impact snuffs out the lit candle, half of which flies through the air harmlessly.

Griffin wheels back around, taking aim at Campbell. BOOM! His chest opens up as Campbell shoots him again.

Griffin's face grows slack with death as his body hurls through the air.

Campbell's eyes focus on the remaining lit candles. He drops the shotgun and before Griffin even lands, Campbell begins running toward Polly, his feet splashing heavily through the kerosene, his bad leg hindering his progress.

As Griffin's back THUMPS flatly in the pool, Campbell watches a wave of kerosene radiate out from under his body. The wave rolls away from him and toward the other candles.

Campbell reaches Polly and without breaking stride, scoops her up (chair and all). The wave of kerosene reaches the candles, all of which fall at approximately the same time.

As the flames hit, a bright ring of fire SPRINGS UP and races in from the perimeter of the pool, closing in on Campbell.

An instant before the wall of flame overtakes him, he SMASHES through the outer window.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cops and agents wheel around when they hear glass shatter and watch as Campbell and Polly soar through the air and SPLASH into the river, flames roaring out behind them.

UNDERWATER CAMERA - picks up Campbell and Polly as they thump into the freezing river.

Blood from Campbell's leg plums in the water. He immediately swims toward Polly who sinks like a brick. He grabs her and heads to the surface.

INT. WAREHOUSE, FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hollis, Ibbey, and Mitch rush towards the room. They push their way past the other cops and look in.

The room is ablaze and filled with smoke.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell and Polly both come up gasping for air.

CAMPBELL

Are you okay?

POLLY

(spitting water)

Yeah Yeah. I'm okay.

AGGHHHH! - Polly and Campbell look up and cower as Griffin, completely ablaze, leaps from the window and plunges into the water right beside them.

UNDERWATER CAMERA - as Griffin breaks the surface and the flames are immediately snuffed out.

Back on the surface, Campbell and Polly desperately scan the water around them, waiting for him to resurface. On the bank, several COPS have pulled their weapons, also waiting for him to resurface. For a long moment, there is no sign of him. Campbell tries to swim toward the bank. TWO COPS dive in and help. They take Polly from him just as Campbell sees Griffin's body bob to the surface nearby, motionless.

The cops fish Polly out of the water, but Campbell can't help but make sure Griffin is really dead. He swims a few feet toward the body, which is still face down.

Campbell reaches tentatively for Griffin's shoulder and rolls him over revealing that his face has been horribly burned beyond recognition and that he is in fact, dead.

Campbell's voice is heard.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Like I said, it's never that easy. The best we can do is hope he fucks up and do what we can to be there when he does.

Campbell turns and swims toward the bank.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's been six months, you know?

INT. POLLY'S BUILDING, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Polly and Campbell step out of the elevator. She carries her briefcase. He carries a bag of groceries.

POLLY  
What's your point?

They reach her door and she unlocks three dead-bolts.

CAMPBELL  
I'm just saying you still seem a little paranoid. Maybe you should see someone about this.

She opens the door and they step inside.

INT. POLLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They step inside and are greeted by an enormous Rottweiler. Campbell pats its big head roughly.

POLLY  
(playfully annoyed)  
I am not paranoid.

She says as she disarms the security system.

CAMPBELL  
No definitely not.

Campbell walks through the rest of the apartment, turning on all the lights and checking all the rooms.

POLLY  
Okay, so I have a few issues with personal security. But I think that's pretty understandable, given the circumstances, don't you?

CAMPBELL  
(calling from down the hall)  
Definitely.

He walks back into the living room.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
Well, all clear. Once again.

She walks him to the door.

POLLY  
Thanks, Campbell.

CAMPBELL  
It's the least I can do, don't  
you think?

POLLY  
Good night.

EXT. POLLY'S BUILDING, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Polly closes the door behind Campbell and he grins as she bolts about fifteen different locks and chains. He walks to the elevator and pushes the down button and waits.

After a moment he hears the bolts and chains again. The door opens and Polly steps into the hallway.

POLLY  
Actually, I thought of something  
else you can do for me.

CAMPBELL  
What's that?

The elevator door pings open.

POLLY  
Have dinner with me. I hate  
eating alone.

CAMPBELL  
Me too.

He starts to walk toward her.

They go back inside and the bolts and chains start banging and clicking again.

FADE OUT