

ELEMENT FILMS INTERNATIONAL

a n s b e e n t e r t a i n m e n t c o m p a n y

Mr. Brooks

by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE on a Polaroid of a dimly lit COUPLE locked in a sexual embrace. We cannot see their faces.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
(tortured)
God grant me the Serenity to accept
the things I cannot change...

Our view travels sensuously down the Woman's naked torso to find the Man's head buried between her legs.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Why do you fight it so hard, Earl?

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
Courage to change the things I
can...

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Come on, you've been a good boy for
a long time, you deserve a little
fun.

Our view moves back up to the Woman's breasts.

DISSOLVE THROUGH
THIS TO:

EARL BROOKS' reflection in a mirror. Earl, in his 40's, has on a tuxedo. He's in front of a sink in a Public Bathroom and he's whispering to his image.

MR. BROOKS
... and Wisdom to know the
difference.

Picking up speed against the hunger in his head:

MR. BROOKS (CONT'D)
Living one day at a time, Enjoying
one moment at a time, Accepting
hardship as a pathway to peace...

From far away comes the sound of applause.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

MEN in tuxedos and WOMEN in gowns.

Mr. Brooks is seated at one of the front tables with his wife, EMMA, also 40's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The audience's hands are coming together for what a MAN at the microphone has just said.

Mr. Brooks is smiling but not clapping; and although his lips don't move we can hear:

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)

(even faster now)

... Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it. Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His will. That I may be reasonably happy in this life, And supremely happy with Him forever in the next. Amen.

The Man at the microphone raises his arms to quiet the Audience.

MAN

I could go on and on about what a great guy Earl is, how he cuts his toe nails...

Everyone laughs.

MAN

... how he gives freely of his time and money, but let's get Earl up here to speak for himself. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you a businessman, a philanthropist, a great friend and the Evanston Chamber of Commerce Man of the Year... Mr. Earl Brooks.

Mr. Brooks kisses Emma, stands and after accepting congratulations along the way, arrives at the podium.

MR. BROOKS

Thank you all very much. The first thing I would like to say is... I don't even know how I cut my toe nails.

Applause and laughter from the Audience.

MR. BROOKS

Twenty years ago when I started the Brooks Box Factory I never dreamed I would one day be standing here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A silver Lexus LS 430 glides past us.

EMMA (V.O.)
Did you see Sis Wallace's dress?

INT. LEXUS Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks is driving. Emma is in the passenger seat. They're holding hands.

EMMA
You could see her nipples. At her age she should keep those things hidden.

Mr. Brooks is only listening to his Wife with one ear and underneath what she is saying we can barely hear:

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
God grant me the Serenity to accept...

EMMA
The only thing that would have made this evening more perfect is if Jane had been here.

MR. BROOKS
She called. She has mid terms coming up.

EMMA
She's dropping out, you know.

MR. BROOKS
We'll see.

EMMA
Nothing she does is wrong to you, is it?...

Mr. Brooks doesn't rise to the bait.

EMMA
Well she missed a good party...

As she continues, we look at Mr. Brooks and Emma's voice fades to a murmur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the back seat, a Man leans out from behind Mr. Brooks's head. This is MARSHALL. He's 50 plus.

Emma can neither see nor hear him. Marshall exists only in Mr. Brooks's mind.

MARSHALL

Come on, Earl, give yourself a break, you know you want to do this.

MR. BROOKS

No.

MARSHALL

You're the fucking 'man of the year', you deserve it. It's not like it's not set up. You already know how to by-pass the alarm, you know how to pick the locks. Tonight's the perfect night.

MR. BROOKS

(over his shoulder)

No, Marshall, I said 'no'!

MARSHALL

I heard you, Earl, but you don't mean 'no'.

Emma feels Mr. Brooks's distance.

EMMA

What's the matter?

Mr. Brooks pulls himself back into the moment.

MR. BROOKS

Nothing.

EMMA

You were frowning.

MR. BROOKS

I was thinking of what I didn't say in the speech.

EMMA

They laughed, they were touched, I don't think anyone felt left out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHALL

(from the back seat)

They have their dance class tonight. What if we go by and just look at them. There's no harm in just having a look.

MR. BROOKS

No means 'no', Marshall.

MARSHALL

Please... pretty please.

MR. BROOKS

(to Emma)

The food tonight was very good, but I wasn't crazy about the dessert. Would you like to stop somewhere and get something sweet?

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR Ñ NIGHT

In a booth, Mr. Brooks and Emma are sharing a Sundae. Mr. Brooks steals a look at the Arthur Murray dance class that is taking place behind the full-length windows fronting the second floor of the Building across the street.

EMMA

... Labradors are supposed to be nice, or maybe a rescue mutt...

MR. BROOKS

The Pound's a pretty sad place; if you want me to, I'll go with you.

EMMA

There's an Irish Lab I read about, and I think the breeder is...

Mr. Brooks turns his attention back to the Dancers and again Emma's voice fades to a murmur.

Both Mr. Brooks and Marshall who is seated on the other side of Emma are focused on one particular COUPLE.

The Man and Woman are not great dancers nor are they especially attractive, but Mr. Brooks and Marshall are fascinated with them.

Marshall leans forward and looking slyly around Emma at Mr. Brooks:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

I bet your dick's getting hard,
isn't it, just imagining what they
would look like dead?

Savoring the ice-cream, Mr. Brooks nods.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

Two story modern. Not ostentatious, but the elegance of the
line and the grounds say there's big money here.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the door of the DRESSING AREA, Emma can be seen
taking off her evening clothes.

Hidden by the darkness on the other side of the bed, Mr.
Brooks is hunched forward on a chair, his head in his hands.
His bow tie is undone, but he's still wearing his Tuxedo. In
obvious torment, he is whispering to himself.

MR. BROOKS

... I can't do this, I can't do
this, I can't do this, please don't
let me do this, God grant me the
Serenity to accept the things I
cannot change...

In the DRESSING AREA

Emma is putting on her sleep-wear. Mr. Brooks steps into the
doorway.

MR. BROOKS

I'm going to stay up a while, maybe
go to the studio and play with some
glazes.

EMMA

Okay, I'm going to read. If I'm not
awake, wake me when you come back.

Mr. Brooks comes forward, puts his arms around Emma and hugs
her, then easing back, kisses her.

MR. BROOKS

I thought you were wonderful
tonight.

EXT. THE BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks exits the back door and starts down a path that leads away from the house.

MR. BROOKS

(to himself)

Don't do this, don't do this,
please don't do this, don't do
this, don't do, please don't do
this...

He passes through a screen of trees and arrives at a small beautiful industrial-looking Building.

No windows except for a narrow strip on three sides just under the edge of the roof.

Mr. Brooks lets himself in with a key.

INT. BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Exquisitely unique handmade handglazed bowls, vases, cups, plates are scattered haphazardly on shelves and tables around the room.

This is Mr. Brooks's CERAMICS STUDIO.

Mr. Brooks turns on the big industrial kiln and sets the temperature, then in a series of quick cuts changes out of his tuxedo into his work clothes which he selects from a dozen identical pairs of khaki shirts and pants hanging in a closet.

Below the pants and shirts are a dozen pairs of identical leather work shoes. The windbreaker he puts on is also from a dozen identical windbreakers.

He takes a set of car keys off a hook next to a door which opens into a garage. Under the light is an older model non-descript Toyota.

EXT. CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

The Toyota backs into an alley and with the garage door closing behind it, pulls away.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Marshall is up front with Mr. Brooks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

Oh Lordy, Earl my boy, I've missed this! We are going to have so much fun!

MR. BROOKS

This is the last time, Marshall.
Understand me?! The very last time!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET Ñ NIGHT

A mixture of modest houses and apartment buildings. Mr. Brooks's Toyota is parked in the semi-dark cast by a tree.

We rise over the car, over the trees, over the houses to the other side of the block and come down to find Mr. Brooks working the lock on the side door of a small BUNGALOW.

He has on surgical gloves.

The pick is extracted, the handle turned. The door opens. There's a chain.

Mr. Brooks removes a pair of bent rubber tipped forceps from a pocket, inserts it in the chain, pulls the door to, gives the tool a twist and gently pushes the door inward.

The chain has been released.

INT. BUNGALOW Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks quietly closes the door and holding his breath stands very still and listens.

There's a faint indistinct sound coming from the recesses of the house.

Mr. Brooks's feet glide out of the PANTRY. Now coming slightly behind him is another pair of legs encased in dark slacks.

Move up; the person in the black slacks is Marshall.

In the middle of the KITCHEN, the sound is now recognizable. It's the moans of a Couple fucking. This disturbs Mr. Brooks, he hesitates.

Marshall leans in and hisses fiercely in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

Don't you dare quit on me, you
piece of shit. I want to see what
they're doing.

Mr. Brooks's spine stiffens and he's going forward again.

Entering a HALLWAY, he reaches into his jacket. When his hand
reappears it's inside a Ziplock bag, his fingers around the
butt of a silenced pistol.

He brings the hand and bag to his mouth and tightens the
Ziplock against his wrist.

The two Men arrive at a door that's slightly ajar. Behind it
the sounds of the love-making are becoming more intense.

Mr. Brooks nudges the door with his foot. It opens enough for
he and Marshall to see the Couple inside.

The Man and Woman from the Arthur Murray dance class are
naked on the bed.

As much as Mr. Brooks hates himself for it he loves watching.
He can now hear his heart beating in his ears.

He begins to breathe in unison with the Couple, but his
expression is distant almost clinical.

When the Couple climaxes, when they come, Mr. Brooks's face
goes blank.

On the bed the Woman rolls off her Partner and the two of
them lie there basking in the afterglow.

Behind them Mr. Brooks pushes the door fully open and slips
into the ROOM. They don't know he's there until he speaks.

MR. BROOKS

Hello.

Both the Man and Woman jump with surprise and look. The Woman
screams and scrabbles at the sheet to cover herself.

MAN

What the fuck?!

Then he sees the gun.

MAN

Hey, man, don't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS
(to the Woman)
Be quiet and sit up.

In an attempt to get away, the Woman pushes herself back against the wall. She can't take her eyes off Mr. Brooks and she can't stop screaming.

POP! A hole appears above her left eye. The impact of Mr. Brooks's High Velocity .22 slug bounces her head off the wall. The screaming stops.

The Man opens his mouth and begins to shake. POP! The bullet through his brain makes him instantly dead and he crumples onto the Girl.

Mr. Brooks looks at what he's done. His nostrils flare at the scent of death. Then he moves, he's got work to do. On his way to the bed, the pistol goes into his pocket.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
(barks)
Whoa, Earl, what the fuck is
this?!!

Mr. Brooks snaps a look.

The curtains of the bedroom window are open; and over half of the Apartments in a four story Building on the other side of an alley can see into this room.

Most of their windows are dark. And there's no one looking out of the windows that are lit.

MARSHALL
These pigs liked to fuck with the
blinds open, you should have known
that, Earl. This is a big mistake
for you, Earl.

MR. BROOKS
(going to the window)
Almost like I want to get caught,
huh, Marshall?

MARSHALL
Well, don't fucking do that. I
don't think either of us would
enjoy spending the rest of our
lives in jail or a lethal
injection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. BROOKS

Yes, sir.

He grabs a side of cloth in either hand and yanks the curtains closed.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a Polaroid of the dance Couple in a sexual pose. The attitude of the bodies is awkward and very reminiscent of the ones in the Polaroid we opened the movie with.

INT. CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks is kneeling naked in front of the kiln where his murder clothes are being reduced to ash.

Arranged on the floor are Polaroids of the dance Couple in sexual positions.

MR. BROOKS

Please forgive me... Please forgive me...

As we look closer at the Photographs we realize by a smear of blood here and there and the distortion of the limbs that these tableaus were arranged after the Couple was killed.

One by one, Mr. Brooks picks up his souvenirs. He lingers over the last image; and from where he's sitting on the edge of a table:

MARSHALL

Don't even think about it. You know the rules.

Reluctantly Mr. Brooks throws the Polaroids into the fire of the kiln.

MARSHALL

Now go up and make love to your beautiful wife.

He leaves. In the kiln, the Polaroids burst into flame.

EXT. MURDER HOUSE Ñ AFTERNOON

The sunlight exposes its charm.

If it weren't for the Police tape, the UNIFORMED OFFICERS, and the PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES, it looks like it would be a cool place to live.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An OLDER DETECTIVE, an African-American, comes out on the porch and calls to two other DETECTIVES who are drinking coffee on the lawn:

OLDER DETECTIVE
Where the fuck is Atwood?!

YOUNG DETECTIVE
I called ten minutes ago, they said she was on her way.

OLDER DETECTIVE
She doesn't get here soon, these bodies won't even be dead anymore?

A Uniformed Cop standing guard at the tape:

COP
You looking for the lady Cop?

OLDER DETECTIVE
Yeah.

COP
She's here. She's been sitting in her car right over there for the last half hour.

OLDER DETECTIVE
Oh, Christ.

EXT. ATWOOD'S CAR Ñ AFTERNOON

Special Detective TRACY ATWOOD, somewhere in her 30's, is behind the wheel. The door is open.

By the expression on her face we might guess that Detective Atwood has simply forgotten to get out of the car.

On the seat next to her is a copy of the Chicago Tribune. The headline of a middle article on the first page reads: THE HANGMAN ESCAPES.

Move up to Atwood's face. The Older Detective followed by the Younger Detective approaches.

OLDER DETECTIVE
You thinking of joining us anytime soon, Atwood?

Atwood doesn't look at the Detectives for a long beat and when she does her expression is not friendly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I really hated yesterday, Snyder,
and then today came along.

As she gets out of the car, the Men notice the bandages on her wrists and falling into step with her on the way to the house.

SNYDER (OLDER DETECTIVE)
What happened to your wrists?

Atwood holds up her hands to reveal the extent of the bandages.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I tried to commit suicide.

The Young Detective laughs. Atwood whirls on him.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
What's so funny?

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Eh... I... I don't know, I heard it
was because you were drunk and got
into a fight with a fish tank.

Atwood sticks her finger into the Young Detective's chest.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Who are you gonna believe? Me or
the fucking fish?!

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Eh... you.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Good.

Atwood turns and leaves the Men.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
(under his breath)
She's nuts!

SNYDER
And rich.

They catch up to Atwood who has squatted down to examine the lock on the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNYDER

There are some scratches in the side door cylinder. Other than that no signs of forced entry. The alarm was armed and we even had to cut the security chains to get in.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(straightens up)

This guy hasn't been active for over two years...

She enters the house.

INT. MURDER HOUSE Ñ AFTERNOON

From the way Atwood looks at her surroundings as she crosses the Living Room we get the feel that this Woman misses nothing.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

... we think he's either dead or in jail on some other charge. This is probably a copycat.

Detective Snyder points her down the Hall toward the Bedroom and follows.

SNYDER

That's why we called you. You're the God that tells us peons if we have a simple murder here or something we can dump on you.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Bite yourself.

Atwood arrives in the doorway of the BEDROOM where the murders took place and stops.

The Bodies of the dance Couple are now on the floor. The Man is propped up against the bed in a sitting position. The Woman has her head in the Man's crotch.

Almost like Mr. Brooks, Atwood's nostrils flare, but in Atwood's case it's not the scent of death that arouses her but it's like she's searching for the scent of her prey.

In a glance she memorizes the Room, then steps inside.

INT. BEDROOM Ñ AFTERNOON

The Crime Scene TECHNICIANS shift to accommodate Atwood's inspection.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(indicating the Victims)
He always rearranges the bodies,
but this is out of character. He
has never left them in such a crude
position. Usually it's more
romantic with their arms around
each other, kissing, their mouths
open, their tongues touching.

SNYDER
So we have a copycat?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Where are the thumbprints?

Snyder points to a bare space of wall above the bed. Atwood leans in to look at two bloody 'thumbprints' placed side by side.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
One his one hers?

SNYDER
That's what it looks like.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
What's that?

There are two holes gouged into the plaster of the wall.

SNYDER
The bullets went completely through
the victims. The killer recovered
the slugs.

Atwood unfolds and after another look around the room goes to the window and cracks the curtains.

There's the four story Apartment Building across the alley, its windows staring down at her.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Were these open or closed when you
got here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNYDER

Closed.

Atwood tries the cord, the curtains are stuck.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Hmm...

She returns her attention to the murder scene.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

It has never been revealed to the public that the Thumbprint Killer retrieves the slugs.

SNYDER

So this one's yours.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I don't fucking need this.

She doubles back and cracks the curtains for another look at the four story Apartment Building.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Have you checked the tenants of that building?

SNYDER

Only a few of them are home, they say they didn't see anything. We checked the whole neighborhood, so far nobody saw a thing.

Atwood nods and turns back to the bodies.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Leaving them like this, he must have been angry at them for some reason.

She reaches down and runs a hand over the carpet.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Where would they keep their vacuum cleaner.

A puzzled Snyder follows her out of the room.

INT. PANTRY Ñ AFTERNOON

Atwood opens a service closet. There's the Vacuum Cleaner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I'll bet you a hundred bucks,
Snyder, there is no bag in that
vacuum cleaner.

SNYDER
I have no idea what you're looking
for.

Atwood unzips the cover. There is no bag inside.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
He vacuumed the house and took the
bag.

SNYDER
Oh, shit. That is scary smart.

EXT. ALLEY Ñ AFTERNOON

Detective Atwood is standing on an empty capped plastic
gallon milk carton looking over the fence into the back yard
of the Murder House. Snyder has his hand on her back to
steady her.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Okay.

He releases her. She hops down and directs her attention at
the four story Apartment Building.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Our best hope is if someone in
there saw something.

A MAN comes out from behind the next door fence and strides
purposefully toward them.

MAN
Detective Tracy Atwood?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Yes.

MAN
This is for you.

She accepts the official looking document being offered.

MAN
You have been served.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
You fucking asshole!! I'm in the
middle of a fucking murder
investigation!!

MAN
(backing away)
Hey, take it easy lady, I'm just
the messenger.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Goddamit!!

SNYDER
What is it?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
My soon to be ex-husband's scumbag
lawyer is trying to show me how
painful she can make my life if I
don't give them what they want.

SNYDER
This is not the Doctor.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
The doctor was a couple years ago.
This one is my stupid mistake.

INT. CHURCH HALL Ñ DAY

An AA Meeting is getting started. Mr. Brooks is one of the
ASSEMBLED. The LEADER steps into the semicircle of Men and
Women.

LEADER
Are there any new members?

A WOMAN comes forward.

WOMAN
Hi, my name is Vaughn and I'm an
alcoholic.

She rejoins the circle. Mr. Brooks separates himself from the
Others.

MR. BROOKS
Hi, my name is Earl and I'm an
addict.

When he rejoins the circle, Marshall is there to greet him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

You're such a fucking hypocrite. If you were honest you would step out there and say 'Hi, I'm Earl. I killed two people last night and I really got off on it, but I need your help to be cured.'

MR. BROOKS

I'm different Marshall, I won't argue that with you. This is the only place that has ever helped me be normal and I've been straight up until last night for the past two years. I'm not going to kill again and I'm not going to quit coming here because it upsets you.

MARSHALL

Yeah but for the next 29 days you're going to have to step out there and say 'Hi, I'm Earl, I'm an addict.' And everybody will know you fell off the wagon. Don't you feel stupid doing that?

MR. BROOKS

No. I feel good.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF CHICAGO Ñ DAY

A Cab arrives at the Front Entrance of the BROOKS BOX FACTORY, a long three story brick Building.

A YOUNG WOMAN, 19, is dropped off along with an assortment of luggage and boxes.

INT. BROOKS BOX FACTORY Ñ DAY

It's loud. We follow a thin piece of cardboard as one machine deals it off the bottom of a stack into the maw of another machine.

That machine prints one side of the cardboard blue.

It is handed off to the third machine which cuts the flaps. The fourth machine folds and glues those flaps and spits the piece of cardboard out onto a conveyor belt as a box.

Wearing safety glasses and ear protectors along with his business suit, Mr. Brooks picks up the box and hands it to one of three similarly attired MEN, standing nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

This is not the top of the line or the bottom, but for the money we're talking about this is the quality I can provide you.

As Mr. Brooks talks the Men pass the box between them.

MR. BROOKS

Your packaging is the first impression your customers will have of your product...

PA SYSTEM

Mr. Brooks, your daughter is waiting for you in your office.

A surprised Mr. Brooks grabs a quick look at the PA Speaker, then continues.

MR. BROOKS

... We'd love to work you with on the design. It's fun to challenge our machines. If you check around, you'll find we're not the cheapest, but we are the best.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - BROOKS BOX FACTORY Ñ DAY

On his way through to his office, Mr. Brooks smiles absently at a MAN waiting on the couch. The pleasant-looking Man in his early 30's, nods.

Mr. Brooks stops at his SECRETARY's desk.

MR. BROOKS

Sunday, did Jane call and say she was coming?

SUNDAY

I would have given you that message, Mr. Brooks. She has boxes and suitcases downstairs.

MR. BROOKS

Hold my calls.

INT. MR. BROOKS' OFFICE Ñ DAY

MR. BROOKS

(coming in)
What are you doing here, Gorgeous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 19 year old Girl we saw arrive by cab stands up and throws her arms around Mr. Brooks.

JANE
I'm sorry, Daddy, please don't be
angry with me.

Mr. Brooks kisses Jane on the forehead and goes to sit at his desk.

MR. BROOKS
I can guess what you've done, but
why don't you tell me and then I'll
decide.

JANE
I dropped out of school.

MR. BROOKS
Okay. Have you told your mother
this?

JANE
No. I wanted to speak to you first.

MR. BROOKS
You'll have to tell her, I'm not
going to do that for you, and then
together the three of us will
decide where to go from here.

JANE
I've thought a lot about this, Dad.
College is a waste of time for me.

MR. BROOKS
I don't know how you know that half
way through your Freshman year,
but...

JANE
You didn't go to college, Dad, and
you're successful. I want to come
and work for you.

Sitting on the couch:

MARSHALL
She's not telling you everything,
she's hiding something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

I know.
(to Jane)
I'm not hiring right now.

JANE

Just listen to me. What would happen to the business if, God forbid, something happened to you? Mom would probably have to sell to strangers. I'm willing to start at the bottom, you can treat me as a regular employee, I want to learn everything there is to know about running the box business, and then when the time comes, the business would stay in the family.

MR. BROOKS

That's sweet, but you're talking about emotion, not business. In fact your mother and I came very close to selling out last year.

JANE

What?!

MR. BROOKS

If we had been offered a little more money, and they may come back to us, we will sell.

JANE

What would you do without...?!

There's a knock on the door.

MR. BROOKS

Yes?

Sunday, the secretary, comes in and crossing to Mr. Brooks:

SUNDAY

I'm sorry, I know you didn't want to be disturbed, the Man in the waiting room insisted I give you this.

She hands Mr. Brooks a letter-size envelope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUNDAY

He said you would find what's
inside very interesting.

MR. BROOKS

What is he? A salesman?

SUNDAY

He won't say. I've never seen him
before. I can tell him to go away
if you want me to.

MR. BROOKS

That's okay.

She leaves. Slicing the flap of the envelope, Mr. Brooks
picks up with Jane.

MR. BROOKS

Part of spending the four years in
college is to...

Mr. Brooks can now see the contents of the envelope.

Two snapshot-size PHOTOS taken with a high speed digital
camera. One shows the right side of Mr. Brooks's cheek.

He is in no way identifiable, but that blur of flesh appears
to be looking at the dead dance Couple.

The second Photo is a clear shot of Mr. Brooks closing the
curtains with the dead dance Couple behind him.

Neither Mr. Brooks's voice or his face betray the enormity of
what he's looking at.

MR. BROOKS

... eh... to give yourself the
chance to find out who you are and
what you want to do.

JANE

I'll talk to Mom, but I'm not going
back to school.

MR. BROOKS

Where would you live?

JANE

To save money I would move back
home, but no rules, no curfew, I
want to be treated like an adult.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Mr. Brooks allows himself a slight smile.

MR. BROOKS
Would you pay for your food, would
you pay rent?

JANE
No, dad, you're a very wealthy man,
you can afford to keep me.

Mr. Brooks presses his Intercom.

MR. BROOKS
Sunday, would you show the
gentleman who gave you the envelope
to the conference room, and tell
him I'll meet him there and...
(to Jane)
What happened to the BMW?

JANE
A friend is driving it across
country, it'll be here next
weekend.

MR. BROOKS
(to Sunday, through
Intercom)
And get Jane a cab.

He picks up the phone and holds it out to Jane.

MR. BROOKS
Call your mother.

JANE
Are you going to give me a job?

MR. BROOKS
If it were up to me, and I think
your mother will agree with this,
you should go back to school.

INT. HALLWAY - BROOKS BOX FACTORY Ñ DAY

Mr. Brooks comes around the corner. He's raving at Marshall
who's walking beside him.

MR. BROOKS
You see all of this?! The factory,
the houses, the cars, the money,
the respect!!...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A different angle in the same hallway shows Mr. Brooks walking away from us. A passing EMPLOYEE crosses him. The Men nod to each other. Marshall is nowhere in sight.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
 ... I like them! I don't want to
 lose them!

And then we're back to the original angle and Marshall is again in the picture.

MR. BROOKS
 ... That's why I didn't want to do
 the dance Couple!

MARSHALL
 Stop your fucking whining, Earl,
 you enjoyed doing that Couple just
 as much as I did, and look on the
 bright side, he came to us he
 didn't go to the Cops. If he tries
 to shake us down we kill him.
 Period. We make it fun but we kill
 him. End of story.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BROOKS BOX FACTORY Ñ DAY

The Man from the Reception Area is nervously admiring a display of Mr. Brooks's ceramic pieces. He turns at the sound of the door opening behind.

MR. BROOKS
 What can I do for you, Mr...?

MAN
 ... Let's say, 'Smith'.

MR. BROOKS
 Okay, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Brooks motions him to a seat.

MR. SMITH (MAN)
 (sitting)
 Before you get the wrong
 impression, Mr. Brooks, I'm not
 here to shake you down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

(holding up the photos)
Then these are the only copies of these photos and you have no others.

MR. SMITH

No. I have other copies and other photos, and if something were to happen to me...

MR. BROOKS

How did you find me, Mr. Smith?

MR. SMITH

You're 'Man of the Year', Mr. Brooks. Your picture was in the paper. If it hadn't been, I don't know what I would have done.

MR. BROOKS

Lucky me. What is it that I can help you with?

MR. SMITH

I've been watching that Couple for months, they liked to make love with the blinds open. Sometimes I would take pictures, you know, visual aides for later. It was fun, it was a great way to get off; I thought, until I saw you kill them. I have to tell you I have never ever felt a rush like that ever. I know you're the Thumbprint killer, you've done this before. What I want is to go with you the next time you kill someone. And I would like that to be soon.

From the end of the table, Marshall cackles a laugh.

MARSHALL

And you were worried that this was going to be unpleasant. The answer is simple. Just tell him you've decided never to kill again and he'll go away.

MR. BROOKS

You enjoy watching me suffer, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHALL

In a word, yes.

MR. BROOKS

Where do you think he has the other pictures?

MARSHALL

He put them in a safety deposit box but I'll bet the box is at the bank where he has his checking account and the key is on his keychain. He really wants to do this, he's not going to go to the cops.

Mr. Smith who has grown uneasy under Mr. Brooks's stare swallows:

MR. SMITH

So do we have a deal?

MR. BROOKS

From the angle of these pictures...
(taps the envelope)
... you live on the third floor of the apartment building across the alley from the Couple's house.

MR. SMITH

Well... eh.

MR. BROOKS

Yes or no, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith nods 'yes'.

MR. BROOKS

What time do you get home from work?

MR. SMITH

Six thirty, seven, depending on the traffic.

MR. BROOKS

You can never come here again, you can never call me. Do you understand that?

MR. SMITH

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. BROOKS

Tomorrow night, not tonight,
tomorrow night, at eight o'clock,
leave your apartment and walk east.
I'll pick you up.

MR. SMITH

If you're thinking of doing
anything to me, Mr. Brooks...

MR. BROOKS

We're both aware of the rules, Mr.
Smith, but I feel I must warn you.
If it turns out that you enjoy
killing, it can become very
addictive. It could ruin your life.

MR. SMITH

I want to do this.

MR. BROOKS

(looks at Marshall)
Have I covered everything?

MARSHALL

I can't think of anything else.

Mr. Brooks stands up and opens the door.

MR. BROOKS

I'll see you tomorrow night, Mr.
Smith.

On his way out, Mr. Smith nods. Mr. Brooks closes the door.
His chin drops on his chest and he sighs.

MR. BROOKS

(under his breath)
Please God, please help me find a
way not to do this.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO Ñ DAY

Detective Atwood comes out of the CROWD on the sidewalk and
enters a Highrise.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAW OFFICES Ñ DAY

Atwood and her ATTORNEYS, a gray-haired Man in his 60's, and
an Asian Woman about the same age as Atwood are on one side
of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE, Atwood's soon to be ex-husband, very handsome, slightly younger than Atwood, and SHEILA, his attractive divorce lawyer, sit across from them.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

We've talked to our client and we've come up with a number that we feel is more than fair.

Atwood is not happy with this. The Attorney slides a sheet of paper to Sheila. She turns it over. On it is written: \$750,000 -.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

We can have a check for that amount in your office by 6 o'clock.

SHEILA

We told you at the beginning what we want and that hasn't changed.

GRAY-HAIRED ATTORNEY

You know as well as I do, Counselor, if we go to court you're not going to get a million five.

SHEILA

I don't know. Let's see.

She holds up the front page of the Chicago Tribune. "THE HANGMAN ESCAPES" story is circled in red.

SHEILA

This is the front page of yesterday's paper...

(reads)

'Hangman Escapes'... eh... now, here it is... 'after torturing the young women, Thorton Meeks would hang them in public places - church steeples, balconies, Freeway overpasses'... Your client captured Mr. Meeks. This is just one example of the cases my client lived through when he was married to your client.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Your client knew Detective Atwood was a homicide detective when he married her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHEILA

But he had no idea of the mental anguish that being in close proximity to her work would cause him.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

What about the mental anguish I went through being in close proximity to him. Who's gonna pay me for that?

ASIAN ATTORNEY

We don't need to get into this, Tracy.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Yes, we do. I was the one who paid for everything while we were married, and now I'm being asked to give him a bonus for spending time with me when I've already paid for it in the first place.

JESSE

(to Atwood)

Tracy, this is not a lot of money for you, and you know how upset I was when Meeks said that he was going to escape and he would come back and kill you.

SHEILA

We're quite willing to find out what a court would think that mental anguish is worth.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Jesse... Darling?... you know the best thing that could happen to me right now? That you get hit by a truck and die.

SHEILA

(smiles)

That's it! Mr. Vialo and I are leaving.

(she and Jesse stand up)

You've threatened my client, we're going to ask for a restraining order, and we'll see you in court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The door closes behind them.

GRAY-HAIRED ATTORNEY
That's going to cost you, Tracy.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(standing up)
Fuck it. It felt good.

INT. APARTMENT Ñ NIGHT

Moonlight seeps around the blinds to reveal Mr. Smith asleep in bed.

Beyond the open BEDROOM door down the hall is only darkness until the eruption of illumination from a penlight momentarily outlines the figure of a Man.

Then we're looking at what the penlight sees.

A keyring. Hands in surgical gloves isolate the - safety deposit key - and press it into a soft wax block where it leaves its impression. The light goes off.

In the BEDROOM at the end of the hallway, Mr. Smith begins to snore. The Figure coasts silently toward the sound.

Mr. Smith's face is sideways on the pillow. The snores and a little drool burbles out of the corner of his mouth.

WHOOMP!! The impact of something landing on the bed bounces Mr. Smith upright and awake.

MR. SMITH
Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!! Ahhh!!!

The beam from the penlight hits him in the face. He raises his hands to shield his eyes.

MR. BROOKS
Don't worry, if I were here to kill you, you would already be dead.

The penlight leaves Mr. Smith and Mr. Brooks places it deliberately under his own chin casting long sinister shadows up his face. He's sitting on the bed next to Mr. Smith.

MR. BROOKS
After you left today, I realized our friendship was a little one-sided.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS (CONT'D)

So when we meet tomorrow night
would you be so kind as to bring
all of the pictures and the memory
card from your camera. That way we
can like each other simply for who
we are. If you don't show up, I
will presume you've gone to the
police and I will kill you. Even if
I go to jail because of you,
someone will find you wherever you
are and kill you.

The penlight goes off. There's total silence.

MR. SMITH

(squeaks)

Mr. Brooks?...

He squints into the black.

MR. SMITH

Mr. Brooks?...

Finally he gathers the courage to extend a shaky hand. The
bedside lamp goes on. The room is empty. Cautiously Mr. Smith
swings his legs out of bed and stands up.

He forces himself to go to the door and from there curls his
arm around the jamb into the darkness.

The HALL light is dazzling.

A peek into the BATHROOM shows there is nobody there. He
continues on into the LIVING ROOM.

His camera equipment is on the table. The tripod is still set
up. There is no sign of Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Smith eyes the front door. It's closed and the 'security
chain' is in place!!

Another quick scan of the room. It sure seems that he's
alone.

He opens the front door the length of the chain and looks up
and down the hallway. It's empty. Slowly he closes the door.

Standing in the light of his LIVING ROOM, Mr. Smith is more
scared and strangely more excited than he's ever been in his
life.

MR. SMITH

Wow!...

INT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

In a robe and pajamas, Mr. Brooks comes down the HALLWAY carrying a glass of milk. The door to his Daughter's ROOM is partly open. By the nightlight in the plug at the head of the bed he can see she's asleep.

INT. BEDROOM Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks walks to the bed, leans over and kisses his Daughter on the cheek.

MR. BROOKS
(quietly)
It's nice to have you home.

He leaves.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

The early rays of the sun are moving down the tall buildings.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ MORNING

A garbage truck is picking up the trash.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ MORNING

Dressed for work and a smile on his face, Mr. Brooks comes down the stairs.

In the BREAKFAST ROOM, the mood is decidedly different. His Wife and Daughter are leaning against opposite walls staring at the floor.

MR. BROOKS
What's wrong?

EMMA
Ask your daughter what the real reason is she dropped out of school.

JANE
I keep telling you it's not the reason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

You wanted to go to college, you had good grades in High School, your father helped you get into Stanford, we're paying a ton of money, if this is not the reason, then please dear God tell me the reason.

MR. BROOKS

(picking up an orange juice)

Why does your mother think you dropped out of school?

JANE

I'm pregnant.

(to her Mother)

And it's not the reason I dropped out. Being pregnant wouldn't stop me from going to school if I wanted to go.

MR. BROOKS

Who's the father?

JANE

Some guy I was seeing.

EMMA

Does he know?

JANE

Yes, he's a married man and he doesn't want to have anything to do with me.

EMMA

Oh, Honey, I'm so sorry.

JANE

I'm going to have an abortion anyway, so there is nothing to get upset about. I wasn't even going to tell you guys.

Mr. Brooks looks directly at his Daughter.

MR. BROOKS

There will be no abortion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Daddy, you are not going to tell me what to do. It's my body and I will do what I want to do with it.

Mr. Brooks's eyes find Emma's. Almost imperceptibly she shakes her head 'no'.

MR. BROOKS

(to his Daughter)

You're right. I'm sorry. I said it wrong. I'm not trying to tell you what to do. I'm trying to say that a grandchild would be a wonderful gift for your mother and me.

EMMA

Please, Honey, don't have an abortion.

JANE

Would you really want to have a grandchild, even though I'm not married?

MR. BROOKS

Yes. The child is what's important. We would love it and cherish it completely and help you raise it.

JANE

If it means that much to you, I'll think about it.

INT. GARAGE - BROOKS HOUSE Ñ MORNING

Walking to the Lexus, Mr. Brooks notices Marshall waiting for him on the passenger side.

MR. BROOKS

(smiles)

Well, we were right, she was hiding something.

MARSHALL

(flat)

Pregnant's not all of it. She's hiding something bigger. Much bigger.

MR. BROOKS

You think so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

I know so, and so do you.

INT. CRIME LAB Ñ AFTERNOON

Large and small Color Photographs pinned to a corkboard create a Collage of the dance Couple murder scene.

Standing in front of this is CAPTAIN LISTER, a tall slim open-faced Woman in her mid-fifties, and the lead Crime Scene Technician we saw earlier at the Murder House.

TECHNICIAN

It's not what's here, it's what's not here that's interesting. There's not a trace of anything foreign. If I didn't know better I'd say these people were killed by a ghost.

CAPTAIN LISTER

The autopsy found a tiny piece of plastic in the female victim's brain.

TECHNICIAN

We're checking with the ammunition manufacturers.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(entering the room)

That's a dead end, he bags the gun.

TECHNICIAN

I don't understand.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

He ziplocks a one gallon plastic freezer bag to his wrist over the gun. Bang. Bang. A little bit of plastic is carried by the first slug, the ejected shells go into the bag and it limits the powder residue.

(to Captain Lister)

I hear you were looking for me.

CAPTAIN LISTER

(to the Technician)

Sigy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIGY (TECHNICIAN)

Yeah, okay...

(to Atwood)

Did you find anything? Did they have enemies, did they owe money, did anybody ever notice someone watching the house?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

So far they are Mr. and Miss Normal.

SIGY

(backing away)

If you find anything, call, it might help me.

He's gone.

CAPTAIN LISTER

I received a subpoena from your husband's lawyer for your work records, where you were, date and times for the past two years.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

That's blackmail.

CAPTAIN LISTER

Almost three quarters of your cases are current. I can't let that information go into open court. So until you settle your divorce, I'm going to have to put you on a desk.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

That's also blackmail.

CAPTAIN LISTER

That's one of your big problems, Atwood, you don't know how to ask for help.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Do you know what he did to me?

CAPTAIN LISTER

You can't grow old as a woman without having at least one lousy man in your life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I was so stupid. While we were married, while I paid for him to live, the son of a bitch fucked every woman he could get his hands on. He fucked my friends, he even fucked a cousin of mine. Everyone knew but me, and they were laughing at me behind my back. He made me look like an idiot. I was a joke.

CAPTAIN LISTER

And?...

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

And what?

CAPTAIN LISTER

Get over it.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I made him an offer. I'm not going to give him one red cent more.

CAPTAIN LISTER

I hear what he's asking for, you could take out of pocket change. Do that and go on with your life.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I couldn't live with myself if I did.

CAPTAIN LISTER

I'll spread your work among the other guys and the FBI will be here on thursday...

(motions to the pictures)

... they'll take over this case.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Please, these are my cases. Nobody knows them like me. Don't give them away and don't give the Thumbprint Killer to the FBI. He's killed people in twelve other states, let them fuck up those investigations. This one's mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAPTAIN LISTER
(opening the door to
leave)
You heard Meeks escaped?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Yeah.

CAPTAIN LISTER
Do you want a detail on you in case
he comes after you?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I can take care of myself.

CAPTAIN LISTER
You're a good cop, Tracy, I don't
want to lose you, but you have to
help me if you want me to help you.

INT. HALLWAY Ñ CRIME LAB Ñ AFTERNOON

Atwood is waiting for an elevator. It arrives. The doors
open. The car is empty.

INT. ELEVATOR Ñ AFTERNOON

Atwood gets in and presses the key for her destination, then
slumps into a corner for the ride. The doors close. The
elevator begins to move.

All at once Atwood screams. Her pent-up anger and frustration
rip the air and she goes nuts.

She punches the wall of the elevator, kicks it, throws
herself to the other side, bangs her head against that wall,
punches it, kicks it, all the while screaming.

Then the tears come. The screams stop and she settles upright
against the back wall, where she strikes her chest repeatedly
with the flat of her closed hand.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
What is wrong with me? What is
wrong with me? What is wrong with
me?

EXT. MURDER HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

It's raining. The yellow Police tape that still circles the
yard snaps in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Up the driveway, out of sight of all the other homes, there's a movement at the side door of the house.

A closer inspection reveals that it's Detective Atwood. From under her umbrella she studies her surroundings and as if she's speaking to the killer, she speaks to herself.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Did you choose them because of where they lived or how they looked or what jobs they had? Or did you just pick them because at the instant you saw them, you had decided to kill someone? The side door was perfect. No one could see you pick the lock.

With a key she lets herself in.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

Parked against the curb opposite the driveway of the Murder House is an old green Pontiac Convertible with the top up.

The driver's window is down and from inside a WOMAN, late 20's, is watching the house.

INT. MURDER HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

Atwood stops in the PANTRY almost in the exact spot where Mr. Brooks stopped.

The quiet is filled by the rain drumming on the roof. The wind rattles the windows.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

How did you know where they were in the house?

She steps into the KITCHEN. On the way across she bumps into a chair.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

It's darker tonight than it was on your night. But still how did you manage not to bump into the furniture? Did you have a little light? That would be too dangerous. I'll bet you were in the house before.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD (CONT'D)

So I should ask the neighbors if they saw a meter reader around the house or a telephone repairman or someone from the gas company.

These musings take her through the LIVING ROOM to the entrance of the HALLWAY where she pauses and looks both ways.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Once again, how did you know where they were? Did you check the rooms before you found them? She had his semen in her vagina, they had just made love, did you hear them or was there a light on?

She steps into the HALL.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

And when did you bag the gun? Because even though I'm sure you're an expert at it, there's still a chance of noise from the plastic.

She continues down the HALL to the BEDROOM.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Was the door open or did you have to open it?

She opens the door and goes in.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Were they asleep or awake? Was the light on, or did you turn it on? Because I know you, you wouldn't risk a shot in the dark.

She turns on the overhead light.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Too bright. What if it wasn't that light that was on, but this one?

She turns on a bedside light and goes back to the door and turns off the overhead.

If the dance Couple were on the bed and their blood was not on the wall, the room would look exactly the way it did when Mr. Brooks said 'hello'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

That's better... What thrill do you get by killing people? Is it sexual, is it hate, is it power? Do you feel remorse? Probably that part of your brain doesn't exist. Do you have emotions of love or affection or joy? Or have you learned to fake them so you won't stand out in a crowd.

She's at the window now, feeling the curtains.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

What if these are stuck closed because you yanked them closed? Which means they were open when you came into the room.

She separates the fabric and looks out the rain-streaked window at the four story building across the alley. There are lights on in almost all the apartment windows.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

If Mr. and Miss Normal made love with the curtains open and the lights on, someone in that building noticed them and may have seen you.

She allows the fabric to drop back into place and turns to look at the bed.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Was that what you were angry about?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Moving slowly across a neutral colored wall.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD (O.S.)

Thank you for your time.

A door is closed. We come to the corner and are looking down a HALLWAY at Atwood coming toward us. We move to her and arrive just as she raises her fist to knock.

Before she can, the door opens and she and Mr. Smith who is on his way out of his Apartment are surprised that the other one is suddenly there. Each one takes a half step back.

Phwap! The manila envelope that was wedged under Mr. Smith's left arm hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

Oh! You scared me.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I'm sorry...

(bends down and picks up
the envelope)

... I was about to knock. I'm
Detective Atwood with the Chicago
Police.

MR. SMITH

(accepting the envelope)

Thank you.

Through the open door, Atwood can see Mr. Smith's camera on a table and the collapsed tripod leaning against the wall.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Are you a photographer...

(glances at her list)

Mr. Baffert?

MR. SMITH

No... eh, it's kind of a hobby, I
just started.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I don't know if you're aware but
there was a murder...

MR. SMITH

Oh, yes in the house across the
alley...

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Did you happen to see anything
unusual or suspicious that night
around that house? Anything at all?

Mr. Smith puts on his thinking expression and pauses a little bit before:

MR. SMITH

No... I wondered that when I heard
what happened, but... no.

(looks at his watch)

I'm sorry, I'm meeting someone and
I don't want to be late.

He moves into the Hallway closing the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Here's my card, if you hear
anything or remember anything.

MR. SMITH
(taking the card)
I wish I could be of more help, but
sorry.

Watching him walk away amid the crinkle of his raincoat, Detective Atwood, maybe because of her woman's intuition or maybe because she's a good cop, wonders what is in that manila envelope under his arm.

The thought is gone almost as soon as it comes and she faces about to the next door.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

Hunched against the rain, Mr. Smith is acutely aware of the traffic. His eyes strain to see the Occupants of each passing car. He doesn't give a second thought to the older non-descript Toyota parked against the far curb.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks is in the driver's seat. Marshall is in the back. They're both tracking the progress of Mr. Smith.

MR. BROOKS
He looks clean. He looks like he's
alone.

MARSHALL
No, I'm telling you he wants to do
this.

MR. BROOKS
I guess I should turn around and go
pick him up.

MARSHALL
Nah. Just honk. Maybe he'll get
killed crossing the street and save
us the mess of doing it.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

Honk!! Honk!! Mr. Smith looks around. He's not sure that sound was for him. But when the Toyota honks again and flashes it's lights, Mr. Smith waves and splashes to the center of the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Even though he stops to let it pass, a car sounds its horn and swerves to avoid him. Mr. Smith crosses behind the Toyota and opens the passenger door.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Smith flops into the seat.

MR. SMITH

Woof! It's really coming down out there.

MR. BROOKS

They say it'll be sunny tomorrow.

Mr. Smith fumbles with the buttons and zipper on his raincoat.

MR. SMITH

I never trust those guys, when they say it's going to be clear it always rains and when they say it's going to rain, it's sunny.

He comes up with the manila envelope.

MR. SMITH

Here's what you asked for.

Mr. Brooks takes it and hefts it.

MR. BROOKS

The pictures and the memory card all here?

MR. SMITH

Yeah.

MR. BROOKS

You and I both know that not all the pictures are in here and you made a copy of the Memory Card, isn't that so?

MR. SMITH

But you understand my position.

Mr. Brooks favors him with a wolfish smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

Yes, I do. But it's my hope that once you get to know me better you'll feel comfortable in giving me all that I've asked for.

MR. SMITH

That sounds fair. Oh, I almost forgot. I thought you might be interested in this.

His hand comes forward with a card.

MR. SMITH

It's the policewoman who's looking for you.

Marshall snaps forward from the back seat.

MARSHALL

Wow! We've never known anyone who's looking for us before.

Mr. Brooks pinches the rectangle of paper away from Mr. Smith for a closer view.

MARSHALL

We've got to find out everything there is to know about this woman.

MR. BROOKS

This is too close, Marshall, too damn close.

Mr. Smith interrupts Mr. Brooks's focus on Detective Atwood's card.

MR. SMITH

So, what do we do now? What's the plan for the evening?

Mr. Brooks slips the envelope under the seat and starts the car.

MR. BROOKS

We drive around until we see someone we think we might enjoy killing.

MR. SMITH

Really? That's it? I thought you might already have someone in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

I don't enjoy this, Mr. Smith. I do it because I'm addicted to it. And before you entered my life I had vowed I would never kill again. So this is your party, you can chose anyone you want and we'll do it together.

MR. SMITH

Can it be someone I know?

MR. BROOKS

You never kill someone you know. That's the easiest way to get caught.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

The Toyota enters the traffic.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

An older WOMAN in a Stewardess uniform is standing in the doorway of her apartment. Atwood is in front of her in the HALL.

STEWARDESS

I wasn't in town that night, my roommate was, maybe he saw something.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

May I speak to him?

STEWARDESS

He's on his way to Tokyo now, he's also a Flight Attendant.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Did the victims ever leave the curtains in the bedroom open?

STEWARDESS

All the time. I don't know if they thought we couldn't see them "fucking" or they didn't care.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Here's my card, could you ask your roommate to call me when he gets back, the people at that number will find me any hour of the day or night.

STEWARDESS

I won't be here, but I'll leave him a note.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks' Toyota is cruising in the flow of traffic.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)

... maybe I already know how to pick the locks on the house, if I don't...

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

MR. BROOKS

... I buy one of those locks and I practice on it, same with the alarm... some I know how to bypass, some I have to study.

MR. SMITH

You don't mind me asking these questions?

MR. BROOKS

No. This is your first time, you're interested. And you should be if you're...

A neutral-colored PICKUP swerves out of the next lane into Mr. Brooks' lane.

MR. SMITH

Jesus Christ!!

Mr. Brooks is forced to slam on his brakes to avoid running up the PICKUP'S tailpipe.

HOONKK!!! Mr. Brooks angrily lays on the horn.

The brake lights of the PICKUP flash in response causing Mr. Brooks to brake again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

Fuck him!! It was his fault!! What an asshole!!

MARSHALL

(leans forward)

Maybe Mr. Smith would like to kill the driver of the pickup.

MR. BROOKS

(to Mr. Smith)

What about the driver of the pickup? What if we killed him?

MR. SMITH

Oh, fuck, yes!! I've always wanted to kill someone who fucked with me in traffic.

The PICKUP makes a right onto a side street. Mr. Brooks follows.

MR. BROOKS

Do you want to kill the driver of the pickup or the owner, they may not be the same.

MR. SMITH

The driver.

MR. BROOKS

Okay we'll follow until we get a look at him, or her; would it bother you to kill a woman?

MR. SMITH

No. An asshole's an asshole.

Mr. Brooks begins to slow down.

MR. SMITH

What are you doing?

MR. BROOKS

The asshole shouldn't know we've decided to follow him, or her.

EXT. FOUR STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Detective Atwood is on her way out the Outer Door when the hair on the back of her neck stands on end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Footsteps can be heard running toward her through the rain.

Her hand goes under her jacket and comes out holding a Glock 9mm.

She sidesteps out of the light into the grayness at the edge of the doorway.

Now she sees the RUNNER. A hood hides the face. She can't tell if it's a Man or a Woman.

Detective Atwood thumbs the Glock's safety to the 'off' position.

The Runner passes, white breath coming from an unseen mouth.

She waits while the Figure recedes, then with the gun still in hand she fishes into a pocket for a cell phone and heads in the opposite direction.

A finger speedials a number. After a second ring a:

MALE VOICE

(answers)

Yes?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(puts the phone to her ear)

It's Tracy. Can you carve out some time for me tonight?... I'll be home in an hour and a half. I'll see you there.

The phone is shut, the umbrella unfurled and the darkness swallows her up.

EXT. MINI MART Ñ NIGHT

The neutral-colored Pickup is parked in front. The DRIVER gets out.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

It has stopped at the curb just beyond the Entrance to the Mini-Mart parking lot.

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Smith watch the DRIVER come around the front of another car before entering the store.

The light reveals the Driver to be a tall middle-age preppie guy with close cropped dark hair and dark-rimmed glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

Would you recognize him if you saw his driver's license picture?

MR. SMITH

Yeah.

MR. BROOKS

I've memorized the license number, you write it down. When you get home go on the Internet and find out everything you can about this guy.

MR. SMITH

We aren't going to kill him tonight?

MR. BROOKS

No. We could, but then we wouldn't be in control. We could leave loose ends, and we both know the danger of that.

MR. SMITH

(squints at the Pickup's license)

I got it.

MR. BROOKS

Look at me.

Mr. Smith does.

MR. BROOKS

Close your eyes. What's the number?

MR. SMITH

VF... eh...

Mr. Smith opens his eyes and grins sheepishly.

MR. BROOKS

Don't feel bad, I've been doing this a long time...

(he points to a holder on the dash)

Pen, paper. Write it down.

MR. SMITH

(copying the number)

What was your first time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

You really don't want to know that
much about me, Mr. Smith.

INT. INDOOR POOL Ñ NIGHT

The lane lines are in place.

Detective Atwood is the only one in the water. Up and down she goes with a long smooth stroke flipping the turns. She's not swimming for pleasure, she's working out.

The underwater lights cast rippling shadows on the walls and ceiling and since they are the only illumination, the room feels spooky.

Atwood's fingers touch the wall. She raises her head to check her time, then takes off her goggles.

Hanging onto the gutter she tries to catch her breath, lowers herself under the surface, blows a lungful of bubbles, comes up to face LARRY, a Man slightly younger than she is, in a beautiful suit, perched on the edge of the deck looking down at her.

He has a dress on a hangar over one shoulder and a pair of shoes dangling from the fingers of his other hand.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Hi.

LARRY

Hi. I brought a dress and a pair of shoes. I thought we could leave from here.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Great idea.

She lifts herself to him and they kiss.

INT. EXCLUSIVE SUPPER CLUB Ñ NIGHT

Detective Atwood and Larry are at a balcony table overlooking a well-populated dance floor. The Music is 40's and 50's performed by a live BAND.

LARRY

... I gave him my driver's license, my student ID, he didn't look anything like me, luckily they never checked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I did something like that except I was the one who took the test. It wasn't math, a friend of mine was a theology major and needed a second language to get into the Master's program...

LARRY

She started her career in theology with a lie?!

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Isn't that what all theology is based on?

LARRY

Did you pass the test?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Oh yeah...

LARRY

Don't tell me she ended up as Mother Teresa or the Pope.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

No, she realized very quickly there wasn't enough money in religion for her, the last I heard she'd written a diet book that was very successful.

LARRY

She stayed in religion.

Atwood smiles, her fingers find Larry's and they intertwine.

The view floats over the balcony.

As it slowly drops, the PEOPLE on the dance floor, Couple by Couple, disappear until there are only three Couples left, one of them is Atwood and Larry. Her head is on his shoulder.

It's a slow dance.

Larry is very good and wherever he leads, Atwood easily follows. The lights begin to dim and we move in.

Larry touches his lips to Atwood's neck. She arches back and he kisses her neck again and again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His lips move up and find hers, and we are now close on the kiss. Gently the lips separate and we slowly retreat.

Looking into her eyes, Larry traces her lips with a finger, then replaces that finger with his tongue.

His lips brush a cheek, down her neck to where it meets her shoulder, his teeth close softly on the muscle, by now we are far enough away to realize that Atwood and Larry have no clothes on and we are:

INT. HALLWAY - DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CONDOMINIUM Ñ NIGHT

What light there is, is coming from a room we can't see.

Larry nibbles at Atwood collarbone, kisses a breast, strokes his hands down her sides. She shivers. He brushes his lips back and forth across her stomach and then down to where the flesh of her belly meets her pubic hair.

She's watching all of this in a mirror on the opposite wall.

Then he sinks to his knees and buries his head between her legs. From low in her throat, Atwood moans. We lose sight of the Couple as we move around a corner.

INT. BEDROOM Ñ DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

It's dark. Atwood is propped up against the headboard, the sheet pulled up over her breasts.

The door to the BATHROOM opens. Larry dressed in his suit, minus the tie, comes out, kneels on the bed and kisses her.

LARRY

Thank you, this was wonderful.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

For me too.

LARRY

I'll see you then?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I'd like that. The money is in the usual place.

LARRY

It's not just the money, Tracy. I like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I like you too, Larry. Send me a bill for the dress and the shoes.

LARRY

I will. Good-night.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Good-night.

EXT. MR. BROOKS' CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

The rain is muffled by the trees.

Move slowly toward the Building then up the side to peek through the narrow window that circles just below the roof line.

In the center of the room, the kiln relieves the darkness with a yellow red glow whose rim touches a slash of white light coming from under a door tucked in a corner.

INT. CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

We creep through the white light across the floor that's littered with splashes of paint and smears of clay to the office door and peer under it.

In front of us are chair casters and two bare feet and legs.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

I think that was right. Go back.

MR. BROOKS (O.S.)

We're in.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

With the taxes we pay, you'd think they could make it more difficult to hack into the Police personnel files.

We tip toe under the door.

INT. OFFICE - CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

It's crammed with file cabinets. Sketches for pottery pieces are taped to the walls along with photos of Mr. Brooks, Jane and Emma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Brooks, clad only in a T-shirt and underwear, is sitting in front of a computer. Marshall, dressed as he usually is, is in a chair at his side.

They are both staring at the monitor where on one side of the screen is Detective Atwood's Police ID photo, on the other side of the screen, Mr. Brooks is scrolling through her personnel file.

MR. BROOKS

.... Huh... her father's Gerald Atwood, why does that ring a bell?

MARSHALL

Someone you did business with, someone we killed?

MR. BROOKS

Not someone we killed... MBA... College of William and Mary... she's been a cop for eleven years... Married Doctor Carlson, divorced Dr. Carlson, married Jesse Vialo... restaurateur... separated from Jesse Vialo, sued for support by Jesse Vialo, seeing a shrink because of Jesse Vialo...

MARSHALL

Excellent fitness report though.

MR. BROOKS

She caught the Hangman, the guy that escaped the other day...

MARSHALL

Oooh... She's caught a lot of people... And look here, this isn't the first time she's been hunting for us.

MR. BROOKS

I wonder what the deal was with her and Jesse Vialo?

Mr. Brooks taps a key that minimizes Atwood's file then drags it to the right hand corner. In the middle of a key stroke it hits him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

Ahhhh... now I remember. Her father, Gerald Atwood, never did business with him but Emma and I met him a couple times, big political fundraiser. He owns or owned one of the largest insurance groups in the country and a lot of other stuff.

Tap, tap, tap. Jesse Vialo's Driver's license comes up.

MR. BROOKS

Jesse Vialo... Good looking, a little younger than she is.

MARSHALL

Younger, restaurateur...

(snorts)

She married him on the rebound from the doctor and I'll bet he married her for her money and her connections.

MR. BROOKS

The old man being rich doesn't mean she's rich. Maybe he's one of those guys who would rather give it to the Opera than to his kids.

MARSHALL

Wouldn't she have to declare any outside income and holdings to the Police?

MR. BROOKS

Hmmm...

He restores Atwood's file. Tap, tap, tap, tap. Stop. The Men study the screen then look at each other.

MR. BROOKS

The Opera didn't get much.

MARSHALL

Why would a woman with her education and worth 60 plus million dollars and probably more to come, want to be a cop?

MR. BROOKS

I like that about her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARSHALL

You're such a fucking snob, Earl.
You like her because she's rich.

MR. BROOKS

No, I like her because she found
something that's hers. It's not the
family business. And she's good at
it. I'd like Jane to find something
that's hers and that she could be
good at.

MARSHALL

That's exactly why Atwood scares
the shit out of me. She's a cop who
doesn't need the money and she's
looking for us. That's one fucking
dangerous human being.

MR. BROOKS

The fact that you're not wrong
doesn't make me admire her any
less.

INT. SUBURBAN STARBUCKS Ñ MORNING

At a table the Asian Attorney is going over a brief. There
are two foamy coffees in to-go cups in front of her.
Detective Atwood arrives at the table.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Hi...

She reaches out, the Women shake hands.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Hi. I got you a Latte.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(sitting)

Thanks and thanks for meeting me
here.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

We got an injunction to quash the
subpoena for your work records
yesterday. They've already
appealed.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

That doesn't help me does it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Your father has a lot of political muscle.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

My father does nothing for nothing.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

I understand. If you're willing to play the game and ride a desk for a year; I think we can settle for one two five, one five.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

No desk.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Then the only other option is money. Tell me how high you are willing to go.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

One five.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

I can try. If I were on the other side I'd hold out for more.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

How much more?

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Give me a cap and that's how high we'll go.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Try and get a number out of them first. I want to know what ballpark I'm playing in and if it's a lump sum, is it less than something that's paid in installments.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

I'll call them today.

Atwood stands up with her coffee.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I'd like to get this done as soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Asian Attorney also stands and gathering her papers and coffee.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Are you working on the Thumbprint Killer this time?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Yeah.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

That one's creepy to me. The doors are locked, the alarms are armed and the people are dead. It makes you feel like you're not safe anywhere.

Atwood nods and opens the front door then follows the Attorney out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STARBUCKS Ñ MORNING

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Where are you parked?

ASIAN ATTORNEY

I'm right over there.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I'm down the street. Call me as soon as you have something.

She starts to walk away.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

Oh, Tracy... I almost forgot, your husband says there's a picture of him holding some trophy that you still have.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

He took all those pictures. He took everything.

ASIAN ATTORNEY

He claims it's his favorite picture and you put it up where you store your suitcases.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I'll look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASIAN ATTORNEY

I know it's petty, but you're going through a divorce.

EXT. SIDEWALK Ñ MORNING

Atwood strides toward her car. The PEDESTRIAN traffic is light. It's too early for the stores to be open.

Up ahead a BROWN VAN is idling at the curb, the sliding side door is open. Atwood can see inside. Empty except for some furniture blankets.

The Person in the Driver's seat turns to look into the back. It's the Woman who was watching Atwood outside the Murder House. Her hands are unseen in leather gloves.

She looks up and their eyes meet. Two strangers. The contact is instantly broken.

Atwood takes a deep breath and smiles. After the rain, the air is brisk and clean. It's good to be alive.

SLAM!!! Atwood is body-checked by a Man who springs out of the recess of a doorway. His arms wrap around her, she's lifted off her feet and the Man throws himself and her into the Van.

INT. BROWN VAN - MORNING

Oooff!! The wind is knocked out of Atwood when she lands left shoulder first on the furniture blankets, the Man on top of her.

The Man is Thorton Meeks, the Hangman, six feet, a solid two hundred pounds. He's also wearing tight leather gloves.

EXT. STREET Ñ MORNING

The Brown Van accelerates fast away from the curb.

INT. BROWN VAN Ñ MORNING

His body crushing hers, Meeks kisses Atwood's cheek.

MEEKS

Surprise, surprise, Tracy. I told you I was coming back to get you.

He frees his right hand and pulls his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEEKS

I already know where I'm gonna hang you. But first I'm gonna watch her...

(indicates the Driver)

... have some fun with you, then she's gonna watch me have some fun with you.

He kisses her again and puts the gun to Atwood's head.

MEEKS

Now, don't move.

He raises up and straddles her.

MEEKS

You know the drill, I'm gonna put the cuffs on.

With his left hand he fishes a pair of handcuffs from a back pocket and snaps them on Atwood's right wrist.

MEEKS

Now the left.

He rolls Atwood on her back and with the chain of the handcuff pulls her right arm toward her left.

All Meeks' talk has allowed Atwood to catch her breath and suddenly she jerks her head up into the gun and screams at the top of her lungs.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

SHOOT ME!!!

At the same time she pulls hard against the handcuff with her right wrist. A startled Meeks is thrown off balance. The gun comes away from Atwood's head.

Her left arm now free, Atwood swings her palm with all of her might into Meeks' right ear. POP!! His eardrum breaks.

Aaaggh!! He instinctually reaches to cover the damaged ear with his gun hand.

The Driver doubles around to see what's happening. From outside, HOONNNKK!! The Driver's attention returns to the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Atwood swings again. This time she snags the barrel of the gun and using it as a lever bends Meeks' hand back on the wrist.

BLAM! The gun goes off. Neither one of them is hit.

At the same time Atwood pulls hard on the handcuff that Meeks is holding in his left hand and twists into him. This dislodges Meeks and he's off of her.

Snarling like animals they fight for the gun.

CRACK! Atwood's leverage breaks Meeks' trigger finger. His grip loosens on the weapon. She pulls it out of his hand.

A quick push skitters it across the floor. It drops through the open side door into the street.

Atwood rolls away and reaches for her ankle gun. Now it's Meeks' turn. A sharp tug on the chain of the handcuff stalls her motion.

He flicks his other arm and a switchblade is delivered into his right hand. Snap!! The blade comes out. Atwood is reaching again for her ankle gun. She sees the flash of metal and flings her head back.

Luckily all she receives is a deep gash above her right eye. Blood immediately begins to cascade over her brow.

Meeks grins and gives another sharp tug on the handcuff to pull Atwood into the range of his knife.

With one foot Atwood kicks at him, with the other she pushes off and propels herself backward to grab a handful of the Driver's hair.

Atwood's weight hinges the Driver's head back until she's looking at the ceiling. Her scream is equal parts pain and surprise.

EXT. STREET Ñ MORNING

The Brown Van veers into the on-coming traffic. The Driver of the car dead ahead swerves. The Van solidly clips the rear of that car.

INT. BROWN VAN - MORNING

The sudden deceleration of that impact slingshots Atwood and Meeks forward. She hits the back of the Driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meeks has further to go. He loses his hold on the handcuffs and smashes into the passenger seat.

Her right hand now free, Atwood scratches for the gun on her hip.

EXT. STREET Ñ MORNING

Careening across its lane, the Van sideswipes a parked car.

INT. BROWN VAN Ñ MORNING

That impact rips Atwood's hand out of the Driver's hair and sends her sliding on her knees toward the side door.

On her way she unclips her gun and is bringing it out of her holster when Meeks who has managed to hang onto the passenger seat sees this and slams a foot into her chest.

Atwood is launched backward out the side door.

EXT. STREET Ñ MORNING

In slow motion Atwood flies through the air while at normal speed the Van is leaving her behind.

SMASH! Butt first, Atwood hammers into the back window of a parked car. The shattering glass breaks her fall.

Groggily she rolls out of the indentation. Gun still in hand and blood covering one side of her face she slides off the car to stand in the street.

The Van is nowhere in sight.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM Ñ DAY

Captain Lister is watching a DOCTOR sew up the gash on Detective Atwood's forehead.

CAPTAIN LISTER

We found the van in an underground lot about two miles from where they left you. It was stolen last night.

Detective Snyder comes in and hands a packet of photographs to Atwood.

SNYDER

These are the women we have pictures of who know Meeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN LISTER
Meeks and the Woman, none of the
Attendants remember seeing them.

As Detective Atwood begins to go through the pictures.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
That chiropractor, Alvin Griffin,
who sold Meeks his steroids, he
might know where he is.

CAPTAIN LISTER
His phone's been tapped since Meeks
escaped. No contact that way so far
and he's sure not going to talk to
us.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
What about a warrant to search his
house? Get me in the door and he'll
talk to me.

CAPTAIN LISTER
How's your divorce going?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I took your advice and told my
lawyer to settle.

Stretching out her arm to return the photos:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
None of these is the woman in the
van.

DOCTOR
Whoa... I'm sewing up your head
here.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Sorry.

CAPTAIN LISTER
And your ego can handle that?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
It doesn't like any of the other
choices.

CAPTAIN LISTER
Until Meeks is caught, Snyder is
with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Nothing personal, Snyder.
(to Lister)
He's not part of our team.

CAPTAIN LISTER
He's there to protect you. And
listen to him, he's been alive
longer than you have.

SNYDER
I didn't volunteer for this,
Atwood.

CAPTAIN LISTER
The Parking Lot has a security
camera. We're checking the tape. If
Meeks and the Woman left in a car
we'll have a license number. You
have two days then I want a
progress report on your divorce.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I think I have all the pieces on
the Thumbprint Killer, I'm just not
looking at them the right way.

CAPTAIN LISTER
Okay, you have three days.

She leaves.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(smiles sweetly at Snyder)
Every babysitter I ever had loved
me.

EXT. DRUG STORE PARKING LOT Ñ NIGHT

In the scattering of vehicles Mr. Brooks' Toyota is hidden in
plain sight in a row of cars.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Mr. Brooks is again wearing his Pottery-
Throwing clothes. Mr. Smith is in the passenger seat and
Marshall is leaning forward from the back.

They're all focused to varying degrees on the Entrance to the
store. Mr. Smith raises his watch for a look at the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

Maybe he went home with someone else.

MR. BROOKS

Can you still see his pickup?

Mr. Smith looks.

MR. SMITH

Uh huh.

MR. BROOKS

This is not the kind of guy who leaves his pickup in an unguarded lot overnight.

The silence returns.

All three Men idly observe an old green Pontiac convertible with a frayed top and paint peeling, come into the Lot and park two spaces away facing them. We saw this car last watching Atwood from outside the Murder House.

The headlights go off.

The Driver's door opens. The Woman who was with Meeks in the Van steps out and hurries toward the Drug Store.

She of course means nothing to Mr. Brooks but in the brief seconds the domelight is on, he catches sight of the Man in the passenger seat. A memory tickles his brain.

He turns to Marshall.

MR. BROOKS

Where do we know that guy from?

MARSHALL

You really should pay more attention to what you read, Earl.

MR. BROOKS

That's what I have you for, Marshall.

MARSHALL

His picture was on the front page of the paper a couple days ago because he escaped from jail. He's the killer they call the Hangman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

Ahh...

MARSHALL

Remember that cop you like, Atwood, who's chasing us, she's the one who put him away. I think his name is Thorton Meeks.

Mr. Brooks cocks his head at the vague outline of Meeks.

MR. BROOKS

Well, well, well... What would life be without surprises?

Mr. Smith who, remember, cannot hear or see Marshall, straightens up.

MR. SMITH

There he is!

The Man they are waiting for is coming down the steps of the store. On the way to his Pickup he takes off a Manager's smock.

MR. SMITH

You know what's weird? I'll bet he has all these plans of what he's going to do tonight and tomorrow and he doesn't know he will already be dead and won't be able to do any of them.

Mr. Brooks nods absently. The Drug Store Manager arrives at his truck.

MR. BROOKS

I don't think I want to kill this guy.

MR. SMITH

What?! But you promised we would!

Marshall smiles.

MARSHALL

Oh, I love what you're thinking.

MR. BROOKS

You have no idea what I'm thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARSHALL

Oh yes I do, and it's wonderfully twisted.

MR. BROOKS

(to Mr. Smith)

I know I said we would, but I don't think it would be that much fun.

Mr. Brooks starts the car and puts it in reverse.

MR. SMITH

So just like that, you're saying 'no', it's not going to happen.

MR. BROOKS

Yes.

MR. SMITH

(purses his lips into a tight line)

I see.

Mr. Brooks casts his eyes on the license plate of the car Meeks is in.

MARSHALL

You get the number?

MR. BROOKS

I got it.

EXT. DRUG STORE PARKING LOT Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks' Toyota leaves.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Smith sits stiffly. His expression hasn't changed.

MARSHALL

Mr. Smith wants you to notice he's pouting.

MR. BROOKS

Yeah, I know.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

The Toyota is part of the light traffic.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET Ñ NIGHT

The Toyota comes into view around a corner and stops next to the sidewalk.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

MR. BROOKS

I know you're upset, Mr. Smith, and I'm sorry.

MR. SMITH

Yeah, I am upset.

MR. BROOKS

Maybe I was a little abrupt back there, but let me explain. Finding someone you think would be fun to kill is a bit like falling in love. You meet a lot of candidates, and you like some of them and they're nice, but they're not right; and then that special one shows up and your heart beats faster and you know that's the one. The man in the pickup did not make my heart beat faster.

MR. SMITH

Okay, he did not make your heart beat faster. If not him, who?

MR. BROOKS

I don't know, I think I have someone in mind.

MR. SMITH

Do you need me to do any work on it?

MR. BROOKS

No, let's see how it plays out.

MR. SMITH

You see? That's my problem. That makes me feel like I'm being jerked around, Mr. Brooks. I thought it was happening last night, then it was happening tonight. And now it's "Let's see how it plays out".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

I feel like you're planning to back out on our deal and I don't like that feeling at all.

MR. BROOKS

I promise you, it will happen.

MR. SMITH

When? That's what I want to know, Mr. Brooks. When?

MR. BROOKS

Tomorrow night, same time. When you come out of your building, turn right, go to the first street you can go west on, I'll pick you up on that street.

MR. SMITH

Okay.

He gets out and with the door still open, turns back.

MR. SMITH

I want to do this. But if it drags on too long, I could change my mind.

MR. BROOKS

Don't you think I want to do this, Mr. Smith?

MR. SMITH

Maybe you don't anymore.

He shuts the door. Marshall and Mr. Brooks watch him walk away.

MARSHALL

Even if that guy was charming and funny I still wouldn't like him.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET Ñ NIGHT

The Toyota U-turns, makes the corner and is lost from sight.

EXT. ALLEY - CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

The garage door opens and Mr. Brooks swings the Toyota inside.

INT. GARAGE Ñ CERAMICS STUDIO - NIGHT

Mr. Brooks steps out of the Toyota onto a sheet of plastic. Two strides away is an industrial vacuum cleaner.

INT. TOYOTA Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks vacuums the passenger seat and dash and floor and everything around it.

INT. GARAGE Ñ CERAMICS STUDIO - NIGHT

Mr. Brooks removes his shoes and leaves them on the plastic, then slips his feet into paper slippers.

With handiwipes he wipes down the outside of the passenger door, in fact anything on that side Mr. Smith could have touched.

He opens the door and wipes down the seat and the dash and the console.

Back on the plastic, Mr. Brooks undresses. On top of his clothes he drops the used handiwipes, the slippers and the vacuum bag.

The corners of the plastic sheet are folded up, twisted together and Zip-tied to create a nice neat package which Mr. Brooks picks up and takes into the Ceramics Studio.

INT. SHOWER - CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks rinses off the lather under the spray.

INT. CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

The glow from 3000 degrees Fahrenheit is coming through the window of the kiln.

INT. OFFICE - CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ NIGHT

The Driver's license, complete with picture, of the Woman who was with Meeks in the Drug Store parking lot, is up on the computer screen.

Mr. Brooks, now back in his regular clothes, brings the cursor down to the address. He scores this and drags it into Yahoo Maps 'driving directions'.

A route is generated. Mr. Brooks brings the cursor up to 'Print' and clicks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE on his Printer. The map is fed out and settles into the tray.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ MORNING

An unmarked Police car stops on the gravel of the Turn-Around. Two Plainclothes DETECTIVES get out and walk to the front door.

The taller One rings the bell and they wait and then the door is opened by Mr. Brooks.

In a flash he takes in the car and the way the Men are dressed and although his face doesn't betray it, he knows what they are.

MR. BROOKS

Hi, what can I do for you?

The shorter One holds up a badge.

DETECTIVE 1

I'm Detective Smolny with the Chicago Police and this is Detective Carfagno, from Palo Alto, California...

CARFAGNO (DETECTIVE 2)

(showing his badge)

We'd like to speak to Jane Brooks, if that's possible.

MR. BROOKS

Jane is my daughter, what's this about?

CARFAGNO

There was a murder at Stanford not long before she left. She may be able to help us.

MR. BROOKS

Is she a suspect?

CARFAGNO

Not at this time. We simply would like to ask her some questions.

SMOLNY (DETECTIVE 1)

Is your daughter here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

Yes... she is.

CARFAGNO

The questions won't take long.

MR. BROOKS

I'm sure you would have no objection if she had an attorney present.

SMOLNY

That's fine.

(reaching into his pocket)

Here's my card. We can schedule a time for later today or tomorrow for her to come in to see us.

Mr. Brooks looks at the card.

MR. BROOKS

If you gentlemen can wait, I will call my lawyer right now and see what we can work out.

SMOLNY

Oh, that's even better.

MR. BROOKS

(opening the door wider)

Would you like some coffee?

SMOLNY

Thank you.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY Ñ BROOKS HOUSE - MORNING

Marshall is walking alongside a very disturbed Mr. Brooks.

MARSHALL

We both knew she was hiding something bigger, I certainly didn't think it was this big.

MR. BROOKS

She's not a suspect, Marshall. She may not have anything to do with it at all.

Mr. Brooks opens a door. The room that is revealed is a very well equipped home GYM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In sweats and wearing a Walkman, Emma is working out on an Elliptical machine.

Mr. Brooks motions to her that he wants to talk. Emma takes off the headphones and pauses the machine.

MR. BROOKS

Did Jane ever tell you that there was a murder at her school?

EMMA

No.

MR. BROOKS

Nothing? Not that a friend died or someone she knew died? Or someone in her dorm died?

EMMA

No.

MR. BROOKS

There are two Detectives downstairs, one is from Palo Alto, they want to ask her some questions about a murder that occurred shortly before she came home.

EMMA

Oh, my Gosh! I'm sure if she was close to someone who was murdered, she would have said something.

MR. BROOKS

I called Roger, he suggested a criminal attorney, they'll be here within the hour.

EMMA

I'll get dressed.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ DAY

There are now three cars plus the unmarked Police car in the Turn-Around.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ DAY

Everyone is in the LIVING ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane is on a couch flanked by her Mother and a LAWYER. Standing behind them is a heavyset LAWYER and a YOUNG LAWYER. We've never seen any of these Men before.

Facing this Group from the opposite couch are the two Detectives. There are two tape recorders on the coffee table.

Mr. Brooks is in a chair off to one side watching everything.

For him the conversation is merely a burble of voices. He studies his daughter while she answers a question.

She is unaware of his scrutiny. And finally all he can see are her lips moving. Even the burble has faded to silence.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ DAY

The unmarked Police car with the two Detectives pulls away. We move in on the front door. It opens. The Lawyers spill out. Mr. Brooks shakes hands with the lawyer who was sitting on the couch next to Jane.

MR. BROOKS

Mr. Clifford, it was a pleasure.
Thank you for coming on such short notice.

HEAVYSET LAWYER

There won't be any more dropping by like they did today, they'll call us first.

MR. BROOKS

Thanks again, Roger. It was a good idea to hear what they wanted to know sooner rather than later.

MR. CLIFFORD

We'll talk.

MR. BROOKS

Yup.

He waves and re-enters the house.

INT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ DAY

Mr. Brooks shuts the door and turning, finds himself face to face with Emma and Jane. The Women are both worried.

He and his Daughter look at each other. For a brief instant each one tries to find what they hope to find in the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Brooks smiles and folds the Girl into his arms.

MR. BROOKS

You did good, Kid. Your answers were clear, concise and honest. And when they tried to trip you up, it didn't work.

JANE

I hope so. I'm not feeling so well.

EMMA

Should you lie down?

JANE

I think I'd better.

Mr. Brooks kisses his daughter on the top of the head.

MR. BROOKS

Try and get some sleep.

Jane bends her steps toward the stairs.

MR. BROOKS

(to Emma)

I think Roger has a handle on this. He and Mr. Clifford will take care of it.

Emma takes her Husband's hand and after squeezing it follows her Daughter. On the stairs Jane stops and looks back.

JANE

I'm sorry I didn't tell you about it, Daddy. It was horrible but I really didn't know the guy that well. It happened at about the same time I found out I was pregnant, and it just went out of my mind.

MR. BROOKS

I understand.

Jane resumes her journey up the stairs.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a water glass being filled from a tap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)

God grant me the Serenity to accept
the things I cannot change, Courage
to change the things I can, and
Wisdom to know the difference...

INT. KITCHEN Ñ BROOKS HOUSE - DAY

With a shaky hand, Mr. Brooks raises the glass to his lips.

MR. BROOKS

God help me. What do I do?

Sitting on the island behind him Marshall waits for Mr. Brooks to gulp the glass dry.

MARSHALL

She did it, didn't she?

MR. BROOKS

Yeah. It'll take the Cops a week to
ten days to put their case together
and then they'll come back and
arrest her.

MARSHALL

What are you going to do?

Mr. Brooks puts his hands over his eyes and sobs, then wiping away the tears:

MR. BROOKS

I've been afraid of this since the
day she was born. She has what I
have.

MARSHALL

Yes, she does. But you've always
been smart about it. She was
stupid. She did it because she got
off on it, she did it for fun. Why
didn't she think it through? A
hatchet! And she left it there!!

MR. BROOKS

They were pretty graphic, weren't
they?

MARSHALL

That was to shock her into making a
mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

What does she think I think?
Doesn't she remember what she told
me? That the BMW was being driven
across country by a friend and now
right in front of me, she tells the
Cops it was stolen.

MARSHALL

You've always cleaned up after her,
whatever she did, all her life.

MR. BROOKS

If the BMW has anything
incriminating in it, I hope it was
stolen or she dropped it at the
bottom of a very deep lake.

MARSHALL

Do you think she knows what kind of
trouble she's in?

MR. BROOKS

I think she thought she had gotten
away with it until the Cops showed
up. I should have listened to her,
it was there. She was telling me.
'I didn't quit school because I was
pregnant'. I should have dug
deeper.

MARSHALL

And where would you be but at the
exact same place you are now. It is
not your fault, Earl. Part of your
problem with her is that you always
think it is.

MR. BROOKS

She has what I have, Marshall. So
on a very basic level, it is my
fault.

MARSHALL

What are you going to do?

MR. BROOKS

Maybe the best thing for her would
be to let her go to jail.

MARSHALL

And what about her child?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS
Emma and I would raise it.

MARSHALL
You might be right, Earl, you might be. Because you know if she's not stopped, she's going to do it again. And if she wants to take over the box business, the next victim could be you.

MR. BROOKS
I don't think she'd go that far.

INT. CRIME LAB Ñ DAY

A slide of what looks like enlarged grains of sand among giant carpet fibers is projected onto a screen.

The Lead Crime Lab Technician:

SIGY (O.S.)
We found traces of this in two places.

The slide changes to an overhead schematic showing the interior of the house where the dance Couple was murdered.

Detective Atwood and Detective Snyder are standing with Sigy watching the presentation. Atwood has a bandage covering the stitches over her eye.

SIGY
(with a laser pointer)
Here and here.

The red dot indicates an area just outside the Kitchen and just outside the Bedroom.

SIGY
We did an analysis and it's made up of feldspar, alumina and kaolin.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
What's that?

SIGY
A high fire stoneware clay.

SNYDER
Like you make ashtrays and vases from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIGY

This is more plates and teacups. It was slightly wet when whoever it was tracked it into the house and it stuck to the carpet fibers. We're thinking it was the killer.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

It could have been tracked in by a friend.

SIGY

That's the thing, you see, the friend would have had to have been there almost at the same time the killer was. Otherwise the samples would have been dry and the killer would have vacuumed them up.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Is the clay rare, is it difficult to get?

SIGY

You can buy it almost anywhere.

SNYDER

That's not much help, Sigy.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

And this is the only incongruity you were able to find in the whole house.

SIGY

We've done everything we know how to do. It sure doesn't break the case wide open, does it?.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

No, Sigy, it doesn't. It does give me an excuse to ask someone some new questions.

INT. MR. BROOKS' OFFICE Ñ BROOKS BOX FACTORY - DAY

Mr. Brooks is standing behind his desk staring blankly at the contents of his briefcase when Sunday, his Secretary, comes in.

SUNDAY

Yes, Mr. Brooks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Brooks doesn't immediately answer her, he's lost in thought.

MARSHALL

(from the couch)

Before you open your mouth, be very sure this is the right thing to do.

MR. BROOKS

I will never be sure.

Remember; Sunday can neither see nor hear Marshall.

MARSHALL

You get pissed at me because I'm always the one arguing to go ahead and do murder. Not this time, Earl. This is your decision.

MR. BROOKS

I know it's wrong. In my heart I know it's wrong.

MARSHALL

Then don't do it. Go with Mr. Smith tonight and end that, then let the Police put Jane in jail. Hopefully that will save her and we can happily go on with our tortured lives.

MR. BROOKS

That's exactly what I want to do. That's exactly what I should do. The thing is, she's my daughter and I love her.

Mr. Brooks raises his head and looks at Sunday.

MR. BROOKS

I'm going home. Cancel everything for the rest of the day. I might be in tomorrow afternoon. I'll let you know about that.

SUNDAY

I'll take care of it.

MR. BROOKS

If you need me, need me, call my studio, that's where I'll be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS (CONT'D)

I probably won't pick up, just
leave a message.

SUNDAY

I'll try not to bother you.

The door closes behind her.

INT. CERAMICS STUDIO Ñ DAY

With a hidden lever, Mr. Brooks lowers casters under the kiln and rolls it aside to reveal a Combination Safe imbedded in the concrete floor.

He spins the dial, opens the Safe and extracts four quadruple-pocketed plastic sleeves which he lines up in front of himself.

Each sleeve contains a Driver's License, two Credit cards and cash.

The pictures on the Driver's Licenses are of Mr. Brooks, but you wouldn't immediately recognize him because of the disguises.

As he's trying to decide which of the four Identities would be best for what he has in mind, Marshall comes forward to look over his shoulder.

MARSHALL

The thing that bothers me about this, besides the fact we're not prepared, and a multitude of other things, is what does Mr. Smith do when he's walking west tonight and you don't show up. That little freak could flip out.

Mr. Brooks chooses the first sleeve and the third sleeve. The other two go back into the Safe.

MR. BROOKS

I'll take care of it on the way to the airport.

EXT. FIVE STORY GLASS BUILDING Ñ DAY

It's in an Industrial Park.

Mr. Smith exits one of the doors and continues on into the Parking Lot to a moderately expensive foreign car sitting in a space identified by a sign which reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Baffert.

He squeezes the 'disarm' button on his key chain. The car chirps twice and he opens the door. Bending his knees to get in, he stops.

There is a section of Newspaper wedged in the steering wheel.

When his brain unlocks he straightens up and moving only the top of his body, makes a quick recon of the surrounding area and his back seat.

Nothing threatening seen, he eases into the seat. Slam! The door is closed and locked.

INT. CAR Ñ DAY

Gingerly, Mr. Smith removes the Newspaper. It folds open. On the first page there are words circled in red.

As his eyes dart from one to the other we go in close on the words and hear Mr. Brooks say them as Mr. Smith finds them.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
Not - able - to - meet -

Mr. Smith turns the page.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
- tonight - Do - it - same -

Turns the page.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)
- time - tomorrow -

Turns the page.

MR. BROOKS
- night - Don't - be - stupid -.

Mr. Smith refolds the Newspaper and throws it at the passenger seat.

MR. SMITH
Fuck you!

He inserts the key into the ignition.

RAP-RAP!! There's a sudden sharp KNOCK!!, on the Driver's window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Smith levitates off the seat!! Unable to breathe, he turns.

Detective Atwood's face lowers into view.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
You remember me?

All Mr. Smith can do is nod.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Would you step out of the car,
please, I want to talk to you.

EXT. CAR Ñ DAY

Atwood steps back as Mr. Smith gets out. Behind her, Detective Snyder is standing next to the Driver's door of an un-marked Police car which has blocked Mr. Smith in.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
So Mr. Baffert, what is that you
have to tell me?

MR. SMITH
What do you mean? I don't have
anything to tell you.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Really? Because I was driving
around and I got this sudden
feeling that you had something to
tell me about the murders.

MR. SMITH
No. Nothing.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
That's disappointing. Because when
I left you the last time we talked,
I felt I had missed a clue that was
right in front of me that would
solve this whole case.

MR. SMITH
I don't know why you would feel
that.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Didn't you tell me you were an
amateur potter, that you made bowls
and vases?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

No, I said I was an amateur
photographer.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Are you positive? Because we found
potter's clay on the carpet of the
murder house and I was sure you
said to me that you worked with
clay, that you made pots.

MR. SMITH

No. I said my hobby was
photography, not pottery.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Maybe that was it. The Stewardess
upstairs said the victims kept
their curtains open when they made
love. Could I see some of the
pictures you took of that Couple?

Mr. Smith can only stare at Detective Atwood. His Adam's
apple moves up and down though he makes no sound. Should he
or shouldn't he?

Finally he throws his arms up in a shrug but in his half-turn
of indecision he happens to spy the Newspaper he tossed at
the passenger seat of his car.

Part of it is draped over the console. The red circles around
the words on that page jump out at him.

MR. BROOKS (V.O.)

Don't - be - stupid -.

Mr. Smith returns his attention to Detective Atwood.

MR. SMITH

You are harassing me, Detective
Atwood. You know very well I'm not
a potter and I don't have any
pictures! So my feeling is that
your feeling is wrong and that you
should move your car and let me go
home.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

What is your job here? What do you
do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. SMITH
I'm a mechanical engineer.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
You have to be pretty smart for
that, don't you?

MR. SMITH
I guess.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Then be smart, Mr. Baffert. You
lied to me right there at the end.
I'll be watching you. And when you
want to tell me the truth, you know
how to get in touch with me.

She gives him a dazzling smile.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
See you later, alligator.

Atwood walks back to her car and gets in.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR Ñ DAY

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(under her breath)
Goddamit...

As Snyder accelerates away he points to the car's computer
screen.

SNYDER
Captain Lister got us the search
warrant for Meeks' Chiropractor.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Good.
(shakes her head 'no',
frustrated)
Goddamit!, that guy knows
something...
(meaning Mr. Smith)
He almost told me and then
something happened.

SNYDER
You think he did it?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I don't think it's that simple.

EXT. PARKING LOT Ñ DAY

Mr. Smith watches the unmarked police car going away and wipes the sweat out of his hairline.

INT. AIRPLANE Ñ DAY

We're following a STEWARDESS down the aisle. She stops at a row and leans over to hand a glass of tomato juice to the Person in the Window Seat.

STEWARDESS

Here you are, Sir.

Mr. Brooks who now looks like the Man in the picture on the third Driver's license, accepts the drink.

MR. BROOKS

Thank you.

He takes a sip and resumes his gaze out the window.

MR. BROOKS

(almost inaudible whisper)

God grant me the Serenity to accept
the things I cannot change, Courage
to change the things I can, and
Wisdom to know the difference...

The earth that he is looking at below is a long way away.

EXT. REDWOOD CITY Ñ LATE AFTERNOON

Come off a sign which reads: STANFORD UNIVERSITY - 2 1/2 miles to an Alamo rental car traveling south on the El Camino Real.

INT. ALAMO RENTAL CAR Ñ LATE AFTERNOON

In his Pottery-Throwing clothes, Mr. Brooks is behind the wheel.

There's an Ace Hardware Store bag sitting upright and open on the passenger seat. We peek over the edge of the bag.

A brand new hatchet with a gleaming blade sits at the bottom.

Mr. Brooks adjusts the rearview mirror. Marshall is on the passenger side of the back seat.

MR. BROOKS

You're awfully quiet back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without any indication he's been addressed, Marshall continues to stare stoically ahead.

EXT. EL CAMINO REAL - LATE AFTERNOON

The Alamo Rental car carrying Mr. Brooks continues on.

INT. HIGH CEILING BUNGALOW Ñ NIGHT

It's dark. There's barely enough ambient light to see that we are close on the knob of the Front Door.

From outside we hear the muffled sound of a Black & Decker cordless drill and the knob begins to vibrate. Someone is drilling the lock.

The sound stops. The knob turns. The door opens. A flashlight is shone into our face.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Mr. Alvin Griffin, this is the
Chicago Police.

EXT. HIGH CEILING BUNGALOW Ñ NIGHT

From the protection of the doorjamb, a very young UNIFORMED POLICEMAN is the person shining the flashlight into the house.

He's flanked on either side of the door by Detective Atwood and Detective Snyder.

The Officer's flashlight illuminates a short ENTRYWAY with a HALL immediately off to the left and the LIVING ROOM fading into darkness, straight ahead.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
(continues)
We have a warrant to search your
home and premises. We're coming in.

Flashlight in her left hand and the Glock in her right, Detective Atwood is the first one across the threshold.

She directs the beam at the wall next to the door; finds the light switch. Click! Click! Click.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Lights don't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She continues to the Hall. The darkness is so oppressive there, it seems that her stream of light must struggle to pierce it.

The Room at the end is the KITCHEN.

With Snyder hanging in the Entryway to protect her back, Atwood eases the hand with the flashlight around the corner.

The dishwasher, the sink, the cabinets gleam dully back at her. She steps inside.

A debris field of empty pharmaceutical boxes and vials trails away from the Refrigerator.

Her flashlight sweeps the rest of the Room. Beyond an open countertop in the DINING AREA, the light blurs past an oval of white, and then comes back.

It's the face of a WOMAN!!

Careful of the litter, Atwood moves forward until she can see that the Woman is sitting in a chair at the far end of the dining table.

Her throat has been cut. Her head is being held upright by her hair which is taped to the back of the chair.

She has a pen taped between her fingers, but the Appointment Book in front of her is drenched in blood.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(calls to the darkness in
back of her)
We have a dead woman in here.

A light and footsteps hurry toward her from the LIVING ROOM. Atwood swings her light at them.

SNYDER
Hey!

He squints and turns away.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I thought you were behind me.

SNYDER
The living room is clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Atwood swings her light back onto the dead Woman. The combined illumination of the flashlights cause the support joists twelve feet up to throw eerie shadows onto the open ceiling.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Snyder, meet Mona.

The Uniformed Policeman comes up beside Atwood.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN
I called it in.

The smell of blood and the sight of the carnage is too much for him. His gorge rises and he gags.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Do that outside.

The Officer doesn't have to be told twice.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(to Snyder, re: the body)
Meeks did this.

SNYDER
I thought Meeks hung people.

Atwood retraces her steps in the Kitchen.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Meeks is a steroid freak. This Refrigerator was always full of steroids. Mona was Alvin Griffin's niece, receptionist, lover and keeper of the keys.

She focuses her flashlight on an open padlock dangling from a steel band that runs around the Refrigerator. With the barrel of the Glock she opens the door.

The only edibles inside are a tomato, half a loaf of bread, a package of hotdogs and some part of a chicken in a KFC box. The rest of the space is vacant.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Well, the steroids are certainly gone.

SNYDER
You think Meeks has Alvin with him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Meeks thinks Alvin turned him in.

She shuts the Refrigerator.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Let's go see what's in the rest of
the house.

CUT TO:

Atwood and her flashlight pass us. Three feet to her right
and slightly behind is Snyder and his flashlight.

The two Detectives are leaving the Living Room and entering
the HALL toward the bedrooms. The ceiling is low here and it
feels very claustrophobic.

Ahead is a Door painted red.

But before they get to it, there's a Room on the right.
Snyder shines his light in.

It's a BATHROOM. The shower curtain is open. Nobody in the
tub.

The Door ahead is waiting, but there's another Door on the
right. Snyder shines his light in.

This one is a Treatment Room with a Therapy table and shelves
of oils and unguents.

They've come to the red Door. Atwood will open this one.

She turns the knob and pushes. The Door is stuck. She and
Snyder exchange a look.

Snyder shuffles back half a step and flattens himself against
the wall. He shuts off his flashlight.

Atwood takes a deep breath, levers her weight against the
door and pushes.

There's a sudden Snap! Then the door swings freely open. The
beam of Atwood's flashlight reveals a large room containing a
bed, a dresser, a...

CREEEKKK!!! The sound is coming from up in the rafters.
Atwood whips her flashlight in that direction.

For an instant the beam catches a piece of a large shape
falling fast right at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Then it's lost in the darkness and then picked up again in the reflected light in the Hall. The shape is a naked Man.

WHACK!! The Man nails Atwood in the shoulder. BANG! Her gun goes off. She bounces into the wall and onto her ass.

Barely slowed the Man continues in an upward arc. His feet and knees slam into the ceiling. Plaster dust rains.

The Man swings back, past Snyder. He's lost in the darkness again. Then he swings back into the light and comes to a stop just inside the bedroom Door.

The Man is hanging from a rope around his neck. He's dead. His Body is festooned with syringes stuck into his bare flesh.

In fact two of the needles hold a sheet of paper to the Man's chest. Printed on the paper in big black letters are the words:

HA! HA! HA! HA!

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
(getting to her feet)
Snyder, this is Alvin Griffin.

EXT. CHICAGO

The gray of dawn is in the sky.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT Ñ PRE DAWN

Mr. Brooks, wearing a disguise that makes him look like the picture on the Driver's license in the first plastic sleeve, gets into a Taxi.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CHICAGO - DAWN

The Cab drops Mr. Brooks off in front of a house. Mr. Brooks watches the Cab drive away and then with his Carry-On bag starts walking in the opposite direction. He turns a corner.

EXT. SECOND SUBURBAN STREET - CHICAGO - DAWN

Still on foot, Mr. Brooks arrives at his non-descript Toyota. There are also neighborhood cars parked along the street. Mr. Brooks unlocks his car and throws his Carry-On onto the passenger seat.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Mr. Brooks' Toyota speeds up an on-ramp and joins the light traffic.

INT. TOYOTA - DAWN

From the back seat Marshall watches Mr. Brooks remove the pieces of his disguise - a wig, a mustache, glasses, and drop them in the Carry-On.

MARSHALL

How do you feel?

MR. BROOKS

Dirty.

MARSHALL

That's understandable. You've never killed for this reason before. The feeling will go away.

MR. BROOKS

I don't think so. It's the whole thing, Marshall. If I could find a way to just disappear, where there was absolutely no trace of me; because eventually I will get caught doing this. And it'll be very embarrassing for me and Emma and Jane. So I've been thinking... is there a way that Mr. Smith could kill me and make me disappear.

MARSHALL

Number one, Mr. Smith is not smart enough to do that. Number two, there is no reason, if you're careful, to believe you will ever get caught.

MR. BROOKS

I know I will have to plan it for Mr. Smith, but I think that's what I want to do.

MARSHALL

I'm not particularly fond of that plan, Earl. Remember if you die, I go with you and I like being alive. I like eating, I like fucking, I like killing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

I have to end it, Marshall. One way
or the other. And I think this is
the best way.

MARSHALL

Well fuck you then.

EXT. CITY STREET Ñ DAWN

Long ago this was a nice area. A banner hangs from an old
Deco building - ROOMS FOR RENT.

Mr. Brooks is walking through the Parking Lot beside the
Building.

There, as a first car in a double space is the old green
Pontiac convertible. It's blocked in by another car.

Mr. Brooks sidles between the cars to check the license plate
against the one in his memory.

It's the car Thorton Meeks was in, outside the Drug Store.
Mr. Brooks walks away.

INT. CERAMICS STUDIO - DAWN

Mr. Brooks opens the kiln door and removes three pieces
embellished with a beautiful yellow glaze.

He sets them on a table then takes his Carry-On bag and
places it in a ceramic trough which he puts into the kiln.
The door is shut.

INT. KILN Ñ DAWN

Flame erupts from the gas jets.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BROOKS HOUSE - DAWN

The Bathroom door opens. Mr. Brooks, in his pajamas, turns
out the light and crosses to the bed. Emma looks up as he
pulls back the covers and gets in.

EMMA

You worked all night.

MR. BROOKS

I had ideas for pots that took too
long and the clay kept winning...

(he kisses her)

I'll be fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS (CONT'D)
 And there's a yellow Chinese glaze
 I'm trying to get right...

He lays his head on the pillow and is almost instantly asleep.

INT. DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CONDOMINIUM - MORNING

Reflected in the glass of an open mirrored closet door is a tastefully furnished DEN with floor-to-ceiling windows that look out at LAKE MICHIGAN from the 20th floor.

An empty suitcase falls into this picture and bounces on the carpet. Behind the mirrored door, Detective Atwood is atop a stepstool rummaging through the suitcases on the highest shelf.

Throughout the Condo there is an incessant ringing of the phones.

Another suitcase goes down and Atwood finds what she's looking for - a framed color 8 x 10 photo of her husband, Jesse. He's in a business suit and holding some kind of trophy.

The phones stop ringing.

Atwood comes down the stepstool, folds it and is carrying it back to where it lives when the phones start ringing again.

She picks up a cordless in the Den.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
 Yes?

INT. LAW OFFICES Ñ MORNING

The Asian Attorney interrupts her sip of coffee.

ASIAN ATTORNEY
 Hi Tracy, this is Nancy Tang. We
 received a counter offer. Are you
 sitting down?

INT. DEN - DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CONDOMINIUM Ñ MORNING

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
 Yeah, go ahead... He can't get
 that, can he?!

INTERCUT with Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY (ASIAN ATTORNEY)

No, my sense of it is by asking for five, they're hoping you'll settle anywhere between two five and three.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Never. How long can you stall them?

NANCY

They know you want this done quickly, so they're going to expect a quick counter offer.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I need two days. Wait two days before getting back to them. If they call, tell them it's a big number, I'm thinking about it.

NANCY

Okay.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

And the picture he wanted...

She slams the frame of Jesse's photo against the inside of a metal trash can.

Nancy winces and then smiles at the sound of shattering glass.

Atwood plucks the photo out of the frame and tears it so that the rip can be heard over the phone.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

... tell him I couldn't find it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BROOKS HOUSE Ñ MORNING

Mr. Brooks is still asleep. Emma, dressed for the day, arrives at his side of the bed. She rubs the back of Mr. Brooks' hand.

EMMA

Earl... Earl...

Mr. Brooks opens his eyes.

MR. BROOKS

(sleepy, groggy)
Huh?...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Roger is on the phone.

INT. KITCHEN Ñ BROOKS HOUSE - MORNING

In his slippers and robe, Mr. Brooks is standing in the Doorway watching Jane who is leaning over the Counter with an open Newspaper next to a bowl of cereal.

He has a chance to take a good long look before she feels his presence and raises her head.

JANE

Oh, Hi, Daddy, I thought you'd already be gone.

MR. BROOKS

Roger called. There was another murder last night near Stanford.

JANE

Oh...

MR. BROOKS

Done the same way as the one they talked to you about. Right down to the hatchet being left at the scene.

Jane can't quite conceal the tremor of surprise that ripples through her and Mr. Brooks sees it.

MR. BROOKS

They think they have a serial killer. Obviously you were here last night, so you're in the clear.

JANE

That's good news, isn't it? I mean even if you're innocent it's good news to know you're not a suspect.

MR. BROOKS

Oh, yeah. How's the morning sickness? Do you want to ride in with me today?

JANE

I feel fine, but I don't know how long that will last.

Mr. Brooks nods, turns to leave, then turns back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS
Do you love me, Jane?

JANE
Of course I love you, daddy, you're
my father.

MR. BROOKS
Have you decided whether or not to
keep the baby?

JANE
Not yet.

MR. BROOKS
(nods)
Okay.

EXT. MR. SMITH'S CAR Ñ AFTERNOON

Looking off the grill as it overtakes another car in the
Fastlane.

Eminem is on the stereo. The car ahead moves out of the way.

INT. MR. SMITH'S CAR Ñ AFTERNOON

Mr. Smith is rapping along to "Cleanin' Out My Closet". He
knows all the words.

EXT. FREEWAY Ñ AFTERNOON

With Eminem fading, we fall behind Mr. Smith. One car, two
cars. The third car is Detective Atwood's car.

INT. DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CAR Ñ AFTERNOON

Atwood is driving. Snyder is in the passenger seat.

SNYDER
What are we doing?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
'Are we there yet?' , are we there
yet?' , you sound like a child.
We're playing a hunch.

SNYDER
We've been following this guy all
day, he's boring, and everything we
run on him comes up clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

If it didn't, it wouldn't be called
a hunch.

SNYDER

Meeks' finger-prints were all over
the chiropractor, the note,
refrigerator, he's the guy we
should be looking for.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Look where? Please tell me.
Everyone knows who Meeks is and is
looking for him. The chiropractor
was the last link to his old life
that I know of. The only way we'll
find him, now, is if someone turns
him in or we trip over him at a bus
stop. On the other hand, Detective
Snyder, no one knows who the
Thumbprint Killer is or where he
is. However, I have a fucking hunch
this guy Baffert does. I have two
days to play that hunch. If you
feel like you're wasting your time
with me, I'd be happy to do it
alone.

He looks at her and shakes his head.

SNYDER

I had a fight with my wife this
morning; what's your problem?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

My husband wants five million
dollars.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET Ñ AFTERNOON

Mr. Smith's car enters the Parking Lot of a Rib Joint.
Atwood's car stops across the street.

INT. ATWOOD'S CAR Ñ AFTERNOON

Atwood and Snyder watch Mr. Smith enter the Restaurant. They
wait in silence. A muted 'tone' announces the arrival of an
Email on their computer. Snyder reads and frowns.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Bad news?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNYDER

Lister is pulling you off this case.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Why?!

SNYDER

Maybe they caught him.

She twists the screen around so she can read the message.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

No. She would have said that.

Snyder points across the street at Mr. Smith coming out of the Restaurant carrying a Take-Out bag.

SNYDER

You want to keep following him?

Atwood hesitates.

SNYDER

Lister only said you were off the case, not me.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(smiles)

Good thinking, Tonto.

She starts the car. There's the muted 'tone' again. Atwood looks at the computer screen.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Shit! She just 86'ed you too.

INT. POLICE STATION Ñ AFTERNOON

Trailed by Snyder, Detective Atwood arrives at Captain Lister's SECRETARY.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Is she in?

SECRETARY

She's with someone.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Atwood blows past the Secretary and opens the door to Lister's office.

INT. CAPTAIN LISTER'S OFFICE Ñ AFTERNOON

There are two MEN in suits on the other side of the desk from the Captain. Atwood ignores them and focuses on Lister.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

You promised if I settled my divorce I had three days on the Thumbprint Killer. I have the rest of today and tomorrow left.

CAPTAIN LISTER

Detective Atwood, meet FBI Agents Longnecker and Campbell, they're taking over your investigation.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

You promised you would keep them out of it for three days.

CAPTAIN LISTER

They won't allow me to keep that promise.

Atwood glares at her then at the FBI Men.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

This is my case, what you're doing is fucked. But since I can't stop you, and she won't, here's a tip. James Baffert, you should stake him out, he knows something.

DETECTIVE LONGNECKER

We have some other ideas we are looking into.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Then what's the problem? You do that and I'll tail Baffert.

DETECTIVE LONGNECKER

Thank you for all your good work, Detective. This is our case now.

Atwood looks from one Man to the Other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Good luck.

(to Captain Lister)

Later I suppose you'll fill me in on what I'm supposed to be doing around here. I'm confused.

She leaves. Snyder closes the door behind her.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - BROOKS BOX FACTORY - LATE EVENING

It's deserted with only a small spill of light coming from Mr. Brooks' Office.

INSIDE

Mr. Brooks is at his desk.

The lamp at his elbow throws a yellow cone across his face. His head is in his hands, he's been crying.

Marshall steps out of the shadows behind him.

MARSHALL

It's time to go.

MR. BROOKS

Yeah.

He reaches into a bottom drawer and as he takes out an envelope, Marshall reads the tear-stained hand written letter resting on the blotter.

MARSHALL

Dear Emma and Jane, my loves, I have a terminal illness and instead of subjecting you to my deterioration, I have decided to disappear. Don't try to find me, I don't want to be found. Please believe that the time I spent with you brought me the greatest joy of my life. Love. Dad.

Mr. Brooks picks up the letter and folds it.

MARSHALL

So you're going to go through with it.

Mr. Brooks stuffs the letter in the envelope, seals it and picks up a pen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

It's all planned to work out,
Marshall.

On the envelope he writes: For EMMA and JANE.

EXT. STREET Ñ NIGHT

On the sidewalk Mr. Smith is walking toward the on-coming traffic. The headlights make it difficult to tell one car from the other until they pass. That doesn't keep him from looking for Mr. Brooks.

The houses stop and he's passing a pocket park. In a dark space between the street lamps, a hand falls on Mr. Smith's shoulder. He jumps and a scream squeaks out of his throat. It's Mr. Brooks, in his Pottery-Throwing clothes.

MR. BROOKS

(smiles)

Are you ready to rock and roll, Mr.
Smith?

Mr. Smith swallows hard and nods. Mr. Brooks propels him into the park.

INT. MR. BROOKS' CAR Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks is driving. Mr. Smith is in the passenger seat. Both are lost in a wary silence. Abruptly from the back seat:

MARSHALL

I smell gun oil, a gun oil that's
different than yours.

MR. BROOKS

He brought his gun. After he gets
what he wants he plans to kill me.

MARSHALL

Ah... now I get it. You were
counting on that, weren't you?

MR. BROOKS

It has a certain logic.

MARSHALL

But if your plan is to have him
kill you, why do you have to kill
someone else first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

He'll need to see that to get up
the courage to kill me.

Marshall roars with laughter.

MARSHALL

Not even you believe that, Earl. It
makes it more exciting, doesn't it,
to think he's going to kill you
after you kill someone else. You're
getting your rocks off big time,
that's why you're doing it.

MR. BROOKS

Not true... and if it were, so
what?

(to Mr. Smith)

You're goddamn great, you know. To
have the balls to do this.

MR. SMITH

I'm pretty nervous but that's
normal right?

MR. BROOKS

Perfectly normal.

INT. DETECTIVE ATWOOD'S CONDOMINIUM Ñ NIGHT

Atwood is propped up in bed reading a Magazine. Her hair is
pulled back and her face glistens with Cold Cream.

The phone rings. Should she answer it? It rings again, then
again. Reluctantly she grabs the receiver.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Hello... Oh, yes, yes.

(she sits up)

Put him through... Hi, this is
Detective Atwood speaking, thanks
for calling...Yes, your roommate
said you were in Tokyo... Anything,
if you saw anything at all it might
be helpful.

INT. FOUR STORY APARTMENT BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

A MAN in a Flight Attendant's uniform is standing at the
window of the Apartment he shares with the Stewardess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A cordless phone to his ear, he is looking down at the House where the dance Couple was murdered.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The weird thing is that they closed their curtains, at first they were open like they always were and they were making love, which they always did, and then when I looked again the curtains were closed, and there were what looked like camera flashes coming from behind the curtains.

INTERCUT with Detective Atwood.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Camera flashes?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

That's what it looked like.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(almost to herself)

That's why he poses them.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Nothing.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I wish I could be more helpful, I didn't see the killer or anything like that, but since it was weird I thought I should call.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

You've been very helpful. This answers a lot of questions for me. Thank you very much, Mr. Struber.

She's about to hang up when Struber speaks again.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The guy you should talk to is the guy on the floor below us...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 eh, I can't remember his name, but
 he told me once that he'd taken
 some great pictures of that Couple
 making love, he's the one you
 should speak to.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
 Would that be, Mr. Baffert?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Yeah, I think Jim or James...

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
 Thank you very much.

Atwood disconnects then quickly dials.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
 Snyder, meet me at Baffert's
 apartment with a Search Warrant...
 Listen to me, this is what you tell
 the judge.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Coming up the back STAIRS we arrive at a LANDING and make a
 right. In front of us is Mr. Smith watching Mr. Brooks pick
 the deadbolt in the Service door.

CLICK!

Mr. Brooks straightens up, twists the handle and pushes the
 door inward. It's caught by a chain. He takes the bent rubber-
 tipped forceps from one pocket, from another he hands Mr.
 Smith a pair of latex gloves.

MR. BROOKS
 Put these on.

INT. APARTMENT Ñ NIGHT

In the middle of the large darkened KITCHEN, Mr. Brooks
 pauses to listen to the sounds of the Apartment.

The gun with the silencer is already in his right hand. Both
 are encased in a Ziplock bag.

Beside him, Mr. Smith is wide eyed with fear and
 anticipation. His teeth are even chattering.

MR. BROOKS
 Try a couple deep breaths through
 your nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

I have to take a crap so bad.

MR. BROOKS

This won't take long.

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Smith come out of the Kitchen. The LIVING ROOM is quite well appointed. There's a fire going in the Fireplace.

The sound of a T.V. is coming from a ROOM off a HALL up ahead. That is where Mr. Brooks and Mr. Smith are headed.

They're more than half way across the LIVING ROOM when DING! DONG!, the doorbell rings.

Mr. Smith gasps and looks beseechingly at Mr. Brooks. Without an ounce of hurry, Mr. Brooks maneuvers him back into the shadows of the KITCHEN.

The doorbell rings again.

A wet spot appears in Mr. Smith's crotch and runs down his pant leg. Pee drips onto the linoleum.

A Man comes out of the Hallway. The Living Room light goes on.

The Man is Jesse, Detective Atwood's estranged husband.

He opens the Front Door.

The Woman who comes in is Sheila, his divorce lawyer.

They kiss, tongues. His hands brush over her breasts. He begins to unbutton her blouse. The kiss breaks. As he continues unbuttoning.

SHEILA

I called your wife's lawyer.
They're thinking about the five
million dollars.

Jesse opens the blouse and looks at the breasts under the bra.

JESSE

Realistically how much do you think
we can get?

Sheila gives him a quick kiss and moves on into the LIVING ROOM where she drops her briefcase on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHEILA

If we go to court, best case, two,
if she wants to settle, best case,
three, but I would be happy with
two seven.

Backlit by the Fireplace, Jesse kisses her again.

From the KITCHEN, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Smith watch Jesse unzip Sheila's slacks and dropping to his knees peel them off her legs.

She steps out of them. He kisses the inside of her thighs, her crotch, then standing up:

JESSE

I'll be right back.

On his way out of the LIVING ROOM:

JESSE

I think we should hold firm for
three.

He shuts off the light. In the glow of the Fireplace, Sheila removes her jacket.

SHEILA

Let's not be piggish, two five, two
seven, would be a good deal.

The T.V. goes silent. Jesse returns with a partially full glass of Champagne.

He hands Sheila a glass from a side table, takes a bottle out of an ice bucket and as he fills her glass:

SHEILA

(teasing)
You've already had half a bottle.

JESSE

You're late; if we want it, there's
more.

They clink glasses.

SHEILA

To us.

JESSE

To three million dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHEILA
(after a sip)
We have to do this fast because
remember, Marie is meeting us here.

JESSE
We could ask her to join us.

SHEILA
Not funny.

JESSE
(undoing the front of her
bra)
I wasn't trying to be.

She bops him playfully. He bends and slips a nipple into his mouth. Sheila bites her lip and moans.

In the KITCHEN, Mr. Smith shifts around for a better view. The floor under him CRREEEKKS!

In the LIVING ROOM, both Sheila and Jesse react to the sound.

SHEILA
Are we alone?

JESSE
Yeah.

Mr. Brooks seems to appear magically out of the darkened Kitchen with his gun raised. He's followed by Mr. Smith. Sheila opens her mouth to scream.

MR. BROOKS
Don't do that.

INT. MR. SMITH'S APARTMENT BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Detective Atwood hurries down the HALL and out of breath, stops in front of Mr. Smith's door. She raps sharply. Waits a bare three seconds and raps again.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Mr. Baffert?... Mr. Baffert?

The door of the Apartment behind her opens and an OLDER WOMAN sticks her head out.

OLDER WOMAN
He's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Atwood shows her badge.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Do you have any idea when he'll be back?

OLDER WOMAN

He skipped out. I heard him leave this evening and a few minutes later there were Movers here. Musta been behind on the rent. He didn't even say good-bye.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Thank you.

As the Old Lady watches, Atwood tries the knob. It's unlocked. She pushes the door open.

The HALLWAY and LIVING ROOM she can see are completely empty. Furniture, T.V., camera equipment, art, gone.

OLDER WOMAN

I told you.

INT. MR. SMITH'S APARTMENT Ñ NIGHT

On her way in, Atwood draws her gun.

Keeping close to the walls she audits the KITCHEN. All the Cabinet doors are open. Dishes, pots and pans, cutlery, gone.

She moves on to the BATHROOM. Soap, shampoo, toilet paper, toothpaste, toothbrushes, towels, washcloths, the contents of the Medicine Cabinet, gone.

She moves on to the BEDROOM. Bed, night table, lamps, T.V., computer, gone. Clothes closets, empty of everything.

She looks around. Mr. Smith's entire Apartment has been stripped absolutely clean, except...

... there's a crumpled piece of paper in the far corner of the Bedroom.

Atwood goes over and gets down on one knee. With her fingers pulling at the corners she is able to straighten the paper enough to make out that it's a work order from a Moving company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reading it with the paper pinched between thumb and forefinger of her left hand, Atwood rises. There's the silhouette of a Man in the doorway behind her.

MAN

Obviously Baffert's gone...

Atwood whirls, gun up. She sees that it's Snyder.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(overlapping)

Goddamit, Snyder. Knock.

SNYDER

I wasn't able to get the search warrant.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

We may have gotten lucky.

(holding up the paper)

This is the Moving Company's work order and...

(points))

... it looks like this is the address where they're taking Baffert's stuff.

SNYDER

Where were you when you called me?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

At home in bed.

SNYDER

Can you prove that?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I was home in bed, why should I have to prove that?

SNYDER

Your husband Jesse and his lawyer were killed tonight...

Atwood slowly lowers her head and fixes her eyes on the floor in stunned silence.

SNYDER

It looks like the Thumbprint Killer, I've been ordered to bring you in for questioning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Why, I didn't want Jesse dead, I loved him, I hated what he was doing to me...

SNYDER

It's on record you said you'd like him dead and who better to fake a Thumbprint killing than you.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

You can't actually believe I would do that.

SNYDER

If our jobs have taught us anything, Tracy, is that people do strange things. They just want to ask you some questions.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I will be happy to answer any questions after we check out this address.

Atwood goes to leave the room. Snyder blocks her way.

SNYDER

I have to take you in, Tracy.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(waves the paper)

This is the answer to the Thumbprint Killer, Snyder, and this is where I'm going and you're not going to stop me.

SNYDER

Don't make me cuff you, Tracy, because I will if I have to.

Atwood smiles winningly.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

I believe you would.

SNYDER

(smiles back)

You can count on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Snyder never sees it coming. WHACK! Atwood's right cross nails him exactly where the jaw meets the neck and down he goes on his ass.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(standing over him)

It would be nice if you could come with me, but if you do and it goes bad, they'll burn your ass. So this never happened.

EXT. FREEWAY Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks' car speeds under an overpass.

INT. MR. BROOKS' CAR Ñ NIGHT

MR. SMITH

That was great! It was fantastic!
It was everything I hoped it would be. Thank you.

MR. BROOKS

You're welcome.

In the back seat:

MARSHALL

Here comes the gun.

Without taking his eyes off the road.

MR. BROOKS

Yup.

Mr. Smith slides a pistol from under his jacket and points it at Mr. Brooks.

MR. BROOKS

(feigns surprise)

What are you doing?!

MR. SMITH

You're smart enough to figure that out, Mr. Brooks.

MR. BROOKS

Well we're going sixty five miles an hour, Mr. Smith, if you shoot me now, there's a good chance we'll both die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

Not now. Take the next off ramp.

MR. BROOKS

That wouldn't be very smart of me
would it?

He accelerates around a truck into the Fastlane. Mr. Smith
can see the Exit coming up, it's quickly left behind.

MR. BROOKS

(matter of fact)

Think about this. You pissed
yourself back there, you left your
DNA at the scene of a double
homicide, and there's nothing to
indicate that I was ever there. If
the Cops do an analysis of that
urine, and they will, you're the
Thumbprint Killer.

MR. SMITH

(smug)

No. I still have pictures of you
doing the first murder.

Mr. Brooks smiles a knowing smile. Beyond him on the other
side of the Divider, cars are zipping by in the opposite
direction.

MR. BROOKS

Yes. But what were you doing at the
second murder?

Mr. Smith doesn't have an answer for that.

MR. BROOKS

Let me help you with a thought. You
say I forced you to come along and
if I'm not here or more
specifically my body is not here to
say different, you might have a
chance to beat the rap. Now you're
probably asking yourself why I
would help you. I'm tired, Mr.
Smith, I'm tired of killing. But
I'm an addict, I can't quit. I've
tried. I can't do it on my own. So
I'll let you kill me but I want you
to do it smart, in a way that I
disappear and my family never knows
what I was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. SMITH

How do I do that?

MR. BROOKS

There's a cemetery I know about. We find an open grave, you shoot me, I fall in the grave, you shovel in just enough earth to cover me, tomorrow a casket is lowered onto me and I've disappeared. It's a good plan. What do you say?...

MR. SMITH

Why should I trust you?

MR. BROOKS

You don't have to trust me. You're the man holding the gun, you saw me put mine in the trunk.

MR. SMITH

I don't know. You really want me to kill you?

MR. BROOKS

Yes.

MR. SMITH

Okay... But any sudden moves and you're dead on the spot and I'll make sure your family knows what you are.

MR. BROOKS

I understand.

EXT. OLD DECO BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Come off the banner hanging across the front - ROOMS FOR RENT, to find Atwood walking away from her car.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

(to herself, regarding the Building)

You've come down in the world, Mr. Baffert.

INT. LOBBY - OLD DECO BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

High ceilings, once grand, now blue neon and a cage around the Front Desk to protect the Night Clerk who is nowhere in sight. Somewhere a radio is playing salsa music loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Atwood crosses to the elevator. She pushes the call button. With an arthritic rattle the door opens.

INT. ELEVATOR Ñ NIGHT

Atwood selects the 5th Floor. Creek!, Clatter!, Clank!, the door closes and after a stuttering liftoff the car begins its ascent. The overhead light flickers on and off. Atwood looks up at it.

EXT. SIDEWALK Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks leads Mr. Smith across a street to a pedestrian gate set in a high wall.

Through the bars of the gate we can see a Cemetery bathed in moonlight.

Mr. Brooks reaches into his pocket. Mr. Smith tightens his grip on the gun.

MR. SMITH

Uh uh, take your hand out real slow.

Mr. Brooks does as he's told. A key dangles from his fingers.

MR. BROOKS

It's locked. You don't want to climb over, do you?

MR. SMITH

What are you doing with a key to a cemetery?

MR. BROOKS

I own it.

MR. SMITH

Why do you own a cemetery?

Mr. Brooks unlocks the gate and preceding Mr. Smith, goes inside.

MR. BROOKS

You always want to invest in things people can't do without. Water and cemeteries are pretty safe.

He locks the gate and handing the key to Mr. Smith:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

You'll need this to get out. Now there should be an open grave around here somewhere. Let's see if we can find it.

He produces a small flashlight from his pocket and off they go.

INT. OLD DECO BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Repeating their arthritic performance the elevator doors open. Atwood steps out into a wide sporadically lit HALLWAY.

Peering at the numbers Atwood goes to her Left.

In the middle of the Hall behind her a Couple exits a Room and drifts to the other side of the Hall on their way to the elevator.

Atwood re-checks the number on the Moving Company's Work Order - 517, she's going the wrong way. She turns around.

Now Atwood and the Couple are walking toward each other on opposite sides of the Hall.

Atwood steps into an area of light.

The reflection off her face catches the attention of the Man who is wearing a wide brimmed hat. He lifts his head.

It's Thorton Meeks. The Woman with him was the Driver of the Van. She's wearing a watchcap.

Meeks gently takes his Companion's arm. They stop. Her eyes go to where he's looking and then back to his. At some unspoken signal they both draw their guns.

Intent on finding 517 and Baffert, the Couple hasn't registered on Atwood's radar.

BANG! TWOCK! A chunk of plaster blows off the wall next to her head. Startled, Atwood winces away. BANG! The Woman fires. The slug explodes the plaster on the other side of Atwood's head.

Now Atwood is turning toward them, gun in hand.

Meeks fires. The bullet passes through Atwood's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instinctively Atwood assumes a classic duelist's pose offering the smallest target possible. Calmly she squeezes off her first shot.

The plaster explodes from the wall above Meeks' head. The Woman fires.

A hole appears in Atwood's sleeve. Atwood pulls the trigger again.

SMACK! The Woman screams and falls back into Meeks, a bullet in her hip. Atwood's third shot takes the hat off Meeks head. She now realizes who her attackers are.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Meeks?!!

Dragging the Woman in the direction of the stairs, BANG! Meeks fires. Maybe it's his broken trigger finger that affects his aim. The shots miss. BANG! BANG! The Woman fires.

Atwood's next two shots miss.

Meeks and the Woman arrive at the stairs and before rounding the corner, BANG! BANG! BANG!, fire at Atwood who is now moving deliberately at them.

Atwood doesn't try and dodge the bullets or flinch away from them and her shots are unhurried.

The next one catches the Woman in the side. The one after that nails Meeks in the left shoulder. He's spun into the Woman.

INT. STAIRS - OLD DECO BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Leaning on each other Meeks and the Woman lurch down the worn marble steps.

INT. HALLWAY Ñ OLD DECO BUILDING - NIGHT

Atwood reaches the stairs and cheats a look around the corner. BANG! BANG! BANG! From the landing below, Meeks and the Woman fire.

Atwood steps out from behind the wall and shoulders square, shoots. Another sidestep. This shot shatters Meeks' knee. He bellows in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moving to the side again, Atwood shoots. But Meeks' knee has collapsed and he and the Woman are already tumbling down the next set of steps. Atwood waits. There's silence, then the murmur of voices.

MEEKS
(calls out)
Atwood?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Yeah.

MEEKS
Come on down, there's something I
want to show you.

INT. STAIRS - OLD DECO BUILDING Ñ NIGHT

Gun at the ready, Atwood edges her way downward. At about the tenth step she is able to lean over and look through the banisters.

Meeks and the Woman are propping themselves up against the wall on the LANDING below. Both of them still have their guns.

The moment Meeks' eyes meet Atwood's, he puts his gun to the Woman heads. BANG!

Atwood sucks in her breath.

Meeks puts the gun to his temple. BANG!

Atwood clasps a hand to her mouth and exhales in ragged gulps.

EXT. CEMETERY Ñ NIGHT

The finger of light from Mr. Brooks' handtorch discovers a freshly dug GRAVE.

MR. BROOKS
There we are. Now if I stand
here...

He positions himself at one end of the Grave.

MR. BROOKS
... and you stand there, not too
far away and you shoot me, I should
fall straight back into the hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SMITH

You don't think I have the guts to
do this do you?

MR. BROOKS

I'm hoping you do.

Mr. Brooks shuts off his light and straightens up.

MR. BROOKS

Okay, let's get this over with.

Mr. Smith raises his gun and points it at Mr. Brooks's head.
He hesitates.

MR. BROOKS

I'll close my eyes.

He does. Mr. Smith pulls the trigger.

Click!

Mr. Smith looks in horror at the malfunctioning gun. Mr.
Brooks opens his eyes. Mr. Smith aims the gun again.

Click!... Click!

MR. BROOKS

I'm sorry.

As he talks he counters around until Mr. Smith is the one
with his back to the open Grave.

MR. BROOKS

I really did want you to kill me.
But in case at the last minute I
changed my mind, I returned to your
apartment and bent the firing pin
on your gun.

He wrenches the shovel out of a mound of waiting earth. Mr.
Smith tries to fire the gun at Mr. Brooks again.

CLICK!... CLICK!

MR. BROOKS

In fact I even brought another gun
for you so you could finish me if I
had decided to go through with it.

He opens his jacket and shows Mr. Smith the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BROOKS

Unfortunately for you, my daughter is pregnant and just before you pulled the trigger, I realized how much I want to see the end to that story.

MR. SMITH

(dry mouth)

If you do anything to me, if you touch one hair on my head, the Police will find the pictures of you killing that Couple.

MR. BROOKS

The contents of your safety deposit box, Mr. Smith, have vanished.

Without warning, Mr. Brooks swings the shovel. The force of the blow breaks Mr. Smith's left arm. He howls.

The next blow comes almost immediately. It smashes into the left side of Mr. Smith's head.

The screams stop and a misfiring set of neurons causes Mr. Smith to stand up straight and wobbling, look directly at Mr. Brooks.

The blood streaming down his face is black in the moonlight.

Mr. Brooks takes a step to the side, cocks his wrists and swings again. His full weight is behind this one.

The blade of the shovel strikes Mr. Smith in the throat very nearly taking off his head. The flesh that was once Mr. Smith falls to the ground.

MR. BROOKS

(looking down at the
corpse)

Before I was the Thumbprint Killer, Mr. Smith, I killed a lot of people in a lot of different ways.

INT. GRAVE Ñ NIGHT

Looking up. Mr. Smith's body is rolled over the edge. It falls on top of us.

EXT. CEMETERY Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks takes a shovel of dirt from the pile and whistling 'By The Light Of The Silvery Moon', begins the task of covering Mr. Smith.

INT. COFFEE SHOP Ñ MORNING

A Newspaper is lying unfolded on the Counter next to the remnants of a breakfast.

The headline reads - NATIONWIDE MANHUNT FOR THUMBPRINT KILLER - Under that headline is a large picture of Mr. Smith aka Mr. Baffert.

In the lower right corner is another headline to a story - Murder Suicide For The Hangman -.

The reader of the paper is Mr. Brooks. On a stool next to him, Marshall is also reading.

MARSHALL

It says here the Thumbprint Killer is a monster... annoys you a little bit that you can't take credit, doesn't it?

MR. BROOKS

Anyone who is good at what they do, wants recognition. But since I'm not going to do it anymore, I'll let Mr. Smith take the credit.

MARSHALL

Don't kid yourself, Earl, you're going to kill again.

MR. BROOKS

No, I'm not. I'll continue the AA meetings and I'll control it.

On the other stool next to Mr. Brooks is a WOMAN. Her large purse hangs open from the back of the stool; the cel phone clearly visible inside. Mr. Brooks looks at the phone.

MR. BROOKS

But there is an answer I would like to have.

INT. POLICE STATION Ñ MORNING

Detective Atwood is seated in her CUBICLE reading the same front page Mr. Brooks was reading. A FELLOW OFFICER stops in the door.

OFFICER
Good work, Atwood.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Thanks, Tom.

He moves on. From off screen:

ANOTHER OFFICER
You should ask the FBI to kiss your
ass and buy you a Cadillac.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I like my ass too much for that.

Snyder comes in and holds up the Work Order from the Moving Company.

SNYDER
This is bogus. The company doesn't
exist in the city, the state, the
United States or Canada.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
So the whole point of this piece of
paper was to give me Meeks.

SNYDER
That's what it looks like.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Why? Who moved him, where did they
move him to, and why did he give me
Meeks?

SNYDER
That's what we get paid to find
out.

Atwood picks up the Newspaper.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
I'm going to go to the bathroom and
think about this.

She stands. The phone rings. She answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Detective Atwood...

EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT Ñ MORNING

Looking out at the city, Mr. Brooks speaks into the cel phone he stole from the Woman.

MR. BROOKS
Why are you a cop?

INTERCUT with Atwood.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Who is this?

MR. BROOKS
You're rich, you have a good education, you could have gone into your father's business, instead you went outside all of that and became successful on your own. Why?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
You want something from me if you don't tell me who you are I'm going to hang up.

MR. BROOKS
Did you think your husband's killing was random and I certainly didn't have to give you Meeks.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Mr. Baffert?!

Snyder perks up. She points for him to get on the other line.

MR. BROOKS
What's the answer?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
You don't sound like you.

MR. BROOKS
I have a little cold. Are you going to give me the answer?

DETECTIVE ATWOOD
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

I'll tell you if you can give me
the true answer to my question.

Detective Atwood weighs her options and decides to go for it.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

My father was very disappointed I
was born a girl and he let me know
that. I've spent my whole life
trying to prove him wrong.

MR. BROOKS

Thank you.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Wait. You promised to tell me where
you are.

MR. BROOKS

Me? I'm on top of a building.

Atwood and Snyder hear the click as Mr. Brooks hangs up.

DETECTIVE ATWOOD

Why would he be interested in that?

At the Parking structure, Mr. Brooks holds the phone over the
edge and drops it.

We follow the phone down, down, down, until it hits the
pavement and disintegrates.

EXT. BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

Everything is as it was.

INT. KITCHEN - BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

It's dark. In his robe and pajamas, Mr. Brooks is standing in
front of the open refrigerator gazing blankly at the contents
with a glass of milk in one hand. There's nothing he wants in
here. He closes the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY Ñ BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Carrying the glass of milk, Mr. Brooks passes Jane's ROOM.
The door is ajar. He stops, backs up and looks. His
Daughter's asleep.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BROOKS HOUSE Ñ NIGHT

Mr. Brooks walks to the bed and leans over to give her a kiss on the cheek.

His lips have just brushed her flesh when she twists violently under him and stabs upward with a pair of scissors. The blades are driven deep into his throat. Mr. Brooks jerks back, the milk flies out of his hand.

MR. BROOKS
Agghhh!!! Agghhh!!!

He grabs at the handle of the scissors, but his blood makes them too slippery. He can't pull them out.

EMMA (V.O.)
Honey, Earl, Earl...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM Ñ BROOKS HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Brooks is tossing in his sleep next to Emma. She has a hold of his arm.

EMMA
Wake up, wake up...

On the pillow Mr. Brooks' eyes fly open.

EMMA
You were having a nightmare.

MR. BROOKS
(breathing hard)
Oh... I woke you up.

EMMA
It's okay.

She kisses him on the forehead.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'm here, go back to sleep, I'm here.

Taking his hand, she lies back down. After a moment Mr. Brooks turns over on his side and looks directly at us. His lips begin to move but we can't hear what he's saying, so we move in on his face. It's not until it fills our view that we can hear the words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROOKS

... that I may be reasonably happy
in this life, And supremely happy
with Him forever in the next. Amen.
.... God grant me the Serenity to
accept...

Fade to Black.

THE END