

SECRET SUN

Written by:

Christian Maxwell & James Clark

cmaxwell1347@gmail.com  
(347) 819-3591

FADE IN:

A light rain falls on an:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Formed by two aging, gray brick buildings, the ground littered with potholes and puddles.

TWO MEN, each holding unusual looking handguns -- covered with strange engravings, ignore the drizzle and the potholes, while navigating the dark, confined space:

PETER: African-American, 50s; urbane and distinguished. Intensely focused.

GAVIN: late thirties, well-dressed, but with a slightly brutish quality. Blood, mixed with rain water, flows freely from a gash in his shirt.

They come to a junction, where the alley forks. GAVIN turns to his colleague:

GAVIN  
Which way?

PETER closes his eyes, squeezes them hard to focus; opens them again moments later, clearly frustrated.

PETER  
I don't know. I can't see, I've lost it.  
(beat - by way of explanation)  
It has limits... sometimes there are...  
blind spots.

GAVIN  
So, do we abort?

A beat.

PETER  
We proceed, cautiously.

PETER signals he's headed left. GAVIN nods and turns right.

EXT. RIGHT FORK - ALLEY - NIGHT

GAVIN moves silently down the alley. Beneath the steady DRUM of raindrops splattering in metal gutters, the SPLINTERING of wood is audible in the shadows ahead. He moves towards the sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the end of the alley, a door is swinging on its hinges. Above the door, a faded sign reads "Liberty Mart". He steps through into:

INT. LIBERTY MART - SAME

The store is abandoned. He moves slowly through the dark rows of tall shelves, checking the aisles as he goes.

CLOSE: Dark sunglasses reflecting GAVIN as he moves down the aisles.

He reaches the rear of the store. Deserted. Suddenly, from behind him comes a CRASH. He turns to find a stand toppled over. He moves closer to the stand, gun raised.

He bends down to peer around it when the loud CRUNCH of decaying plaster being stepped on, o.s., startles him. He spins...

A dark FIGURE in a trench coat and sunglasses hurtles towards him, fast. GAVIN throws his arms up for protection, but it's already too late.

CLOSE: Reflected in dark sunglasses, GAVIN's face registers abject terror. He SCREAMS.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

PETER hears the SCREAM, o.s., but the rain and wind make it difficult to determine the direction of the source. Ahead of him, a FIGURE emerges from the shadows at the end of the alley.

PETER

Gavin?

The FIGURE moves forward, it's GAVIN, silhouetted from behind, casting a long shadow before him. PETER lowers his weapon.

PETER (CONT'D)

You find anything?

A long beat. GAVIN, doesn't answer; something looks wrong. Oddly, he appears to be shrinking, yet his shadow is growing - creeping across the ground towards PETER.

PETER (CONT'D)

Gavin?

It takes a beat for PETER to realize what's happening. GAVIN crumples to reveal a dark, shadowy FIGURE whose features are obscured by rain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sounds of multiple sets of CHATTERING TEETH pierce the sound of the rainfall.

PETER studies the terrifying FIGURE in the darkness, and has a final, tragic epiphany:

PETER (CONT'D)  
"Everyone sees what you appear to be  
...few experience what you really are."

PETER raises his weapon, but it's too late, the FIGURE leaps forward and lands on him. He CRASHES to the ground and looks up at his attacker...

The face is a surreal nightmare: pale to the point of translucence with thick blue veins; and teeth in not only its mouth, but in the eye sockets as well.

Its head arcs down, to begin feasting on its prey.

The attack is ferocious, punctuated by horrible, wet RIPPING sounds.

SMASH CUT:

TITLE CARD: **SECRET SUN**

SMASH CUT:

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Rippling, murky light. Hypnotic but eerie. A dark shadow swims in the light, slowly resolving itself into the shape of a man.

We're looking up at a silhouetted body, floating. Light shines through from above, slowly turning red as the water fills with blood...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WARREN WINTERS, African-American, mid-thirties, boxer lean, bolts upright, his heart pounding as he forces himself to wake from the nightmare.

INT. KITCHEN - WINTERS RESIDENCE - MORNING

TELEVISION SCREEN: Animal Planet plays on a small flat screen television.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Bright and cheery despite the gray weather outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS, dressed in a casual suit but looking tired, shuffles in to find his six year-old son, MILES, dressed in Doctor Strange pajamas, slurping absent mindedly at his cereal while he watches TV.

MILES  
(his eyes fixed on the screen)  
Hey, Dad.

In the light of day, we can see WINTERS is well-groomed, though not obsessive. He leans over to kiss his son's forehead.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Morning kiddo.

He casts a glance at the television. On screen: A gray, long-beaked bird is pecking on a dead animal carcass. WINTERS reaches over and changes the channel.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Awww, Dad...

WINTERS  
It's going to give you nightmares.

MILES reluctantly turns his full attention to his breakfast. WINTERS watches him for a moment, unable to contain a smile, then pours himself some coffee and sits.

RENE WINTERS enters. She's early 30s, tall, already dressed for work in hospital scrubs.

RENE  
How are my two men this morning?

She gives them each a kiss in turn, lingering on her husband's. As she pulls away from WINTERS, she notices the dark circles under his eyes.

RENE (CONT'D)  
You look tired baby, you okay?

WINTERS  
I'm alright, bad dream.

RENE  
Must have been something you ate before bed.

WINTERS  
The only thing I had was that weird kale salad you made me eat.  
(laughing)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINTERS (CONT'D)

As much I'd like to blame the salad, I  
don't think that's what it was.

He looks away. This is difficult to explain.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

The dream was unusually...  
(searches for the word)  
...vivid. I can't explain, just different  
somehow...

Before he can say more, his cell phone rings. WINTERS reaches  
in his jacket and grabs it:

WINTERS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Still there? On the way.

He replaces his cell phone and stands to pat MILES on the  
head.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

You be good today.

MILES

I always am.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A cold and gray morning in a quiet, if somewhat rundown,  
residential street in outer suburban Boston. Residents,  
dressed in the uniforms of the still-making-it working class  
are making their way to the cars to start another workday.

WINTERS' car rolls up and finds a spot behind an old, pale  
yellow Cutlass.

Noticing Winters's arrival, his private investigator partner:  
GEORGE CHANEY climbs from the car. He's Caucasian, a little  
pudgy, mid-thirties, in khakis and fleece -- as if he's just  
stepped off the links. WINTERS steps out of his car and  
greet him.

WINTERS

He still in there?

CHANEY

Should be. How do you want to work it?

WINTERS thinks for a second, then moves to open the trunk of  
the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Let's go with 'The Lottery'. We haven't done that one in a while.

CHANEY

You really do love the 'classics' don't you?

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The small porch of a modest two-story house with peeling paint. WINTERS knocks on the door. After a moment, it opens a crack. A heavily made-up WOMAN peers out, eyes him suspiciously.

WINTERS

Good morning, Ma'am, we're from the Massachusetts State Lottery and we'd like to speak to Mr. Arthur Bueller.

WOMAN

(nervously)

Buddy you got the wrong address. Nobody here by that name.

WINTERS

That's a shame. You see, Mr. Bueller is our grand prize winner. We've got a big check for him.

She opens the door a little wider. CHANEY holds up an oversized cardboard check and smiles.

WOMAN

Ten million dollars?

WINTERS

Yes, Ma'am.

(extending his hand)

My name's Warren Winters.

She opens the door a little wider and, after a second's hesitation, reaches out to shake his outstretched hand.

WOMAN

Can't help you see somebody that ain't here...

As their hands touch:

SMASH CUT:

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: He sees BUELLER, a heavy-set man in an undershirt, struggling to squeeze out a back window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS reels back in surprise at the vision. CHANEY drops the giant check and moves toward WINTERS, concern on his face. WINTERS recovers sufficiently to open his mouth.

WINTERS  
Back of the house.

Before CHANEY can respond, WINTERS is already sprinting towards:

EXT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - SAME

WINTERS rounds the corner just in time to find BUELLER working his way out of the window. WINTERS grabs him and spins him around against the house as CHANEY runs up behind.

WINTERS  
Mister Art Bueller, you're our grand  
prize winner...

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a slip of paper.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
...a wonderful trip to...court, for  
failure to pay child support.

WINTERS leans in close, getting angrier, this is personal:

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Take care of your kid asshole.

The man looks stricken as he accepts the slip.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVE. - DAY

A busy street lined with brownstones and storefronts on a wet afternoon. Men and women rush to get out of the rain.

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

WINTERS and CHANEY are making their way down a slightly dingy hall to their office. WINTERS is rubbing his temples.

CHANEY  
You saw him climbing out the back window  
didn't you?  
(beat)  
You always get those headaches, after you  
start 'seeing things'. You okay?

WINTERS  
Yeah, I'll be fine, thanks man...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHANEY fixes his gaze on WINTERS, his tone suddenly very serious.

CHANEY

You oughta get that checked out. Saw this documentary on Discovery, guy seeing things, goes to the doctor, finds out he's got a brain tumor.

A beat before CHANEY starts laughing, unable to maintain the deadpan expression.

WINTERS isn't listening. He's noticed that their office door, marked 'Back Bay Investigations', is slightly ajar. He raises his finger to his lips.

WINTERS points to their door. CHANEY nods. Both reach beneath their jackets for weapons, there are a pair of CLICKS as they unsnap holsters, and grab their guns just in case.

WINTERS slowly pushes the door open with his foot. They step in to find:

INT. OFFICE - BACK BAY INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Someone's made themselves at home. HARRIET PEARCE, late 30s, serious features framed by black hair, quietly confident, in a dark McQueen suit, sits calmly sipping tea (she's poured two other cups for them as well).

PEARCE

(posh English accent)

I assumed you didn't have a Tea Lady.

CHANEY looks at the tea cups, then curiously at the office cabinets:

CHANEY

We have tea cups?

WINTERS

Warren Winters.

He reaches out to shake her hand. She makes no move to shake his outstretched hand, but does introduce herself:

PEARCE

Harriet Pearce. You're private investigators, correct?

CHANEY

You need us to look into something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

I am at liberty to tell you that I work for an...unusual...organization. I'm not however, at liberty, to divulge our name, or the nature of our work.

(beat)

We'd like to hire you to serve a subpoena.

(beat)

If you're willing to accept those conditions, we're prepared to offer you ten thousand dollars.

WINTERS

That's alotta money just to serve a subpoena.

PEARCE

There is one other condition.

(beat)

The subpoena must be served today, by no later than five o'clock.

WINTERS

Why don't you deliver it yourself? Is this guy dangerous? You mixed up in something illegal?

CHANEY

'Cause we're not trying to end up in Cedar Junction.

PEARCE

This isn't a question of illegality. Not all secrets are of a criminal nature.

She stands, hands WINTERS an envelope.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

His name is Chad Birx. You can find him at this address. When you find him, please give him this.

She then hands him a second, thicker, envelope.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

Here's five thousand...you'll receive the balance after you've delivered the envelope. Call me. The number's on the card.

She heads toward the door, then stops in her tracks and turns around:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEARCE (CONT'D)

Some advice. Proceed with caution AND discretion. Trust your intuition, more than your eyes... because...

(beat)

...things are not always what they seem.

With that cryptic comment, she turns back around and walks out of the office, closing the door behind her.

CHANEY

"Things are not always what they seem",  
nope, not ominous at all.

EXT. HILLIARD STREET - AFTERNOON

Soot-blackened brick buildings sulk in the shadows of rundown warehouses. It's raining again. WINTERS checks the card again then, satisfied, he and CHANEY make their way to:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SAME

WINTERS and CHANEY make their way up the creaking staircase and into a narrow, moldy hallway. WINTERS consults the card PEARCE handed him and leads the way to a door about halfway down the hall.

CHANEY stands beside him. They exchange skeptical glances. WINTERS knocks loudly on the door. Silence. He knocks again and the door begins to creak open on its own.

When no answer comes, WINTERS runs his hand along the edge of the door, then places his palm flat against the door to open it then, suddenly, stops cold. He looks over at CHANEY:

WINTERS

Don't like this.

CHANEY

Your tumor tell you something?

WINTERS

It's not a tumor.

(stops to consider)

I don't think. Something not right about this though.

CHANEY shrugs. WINTERS takes a breath then nudges the door the rest of the way open. They step into:

## INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A dank, dark rat's nest. What little, worn-down, furniture there is has been arranged in the center of the room like a child's fort, and the windows have all been covered over with an odd assortment of towels and blankets.

WINTERS and CHANEY make their way slowly across the room, eyeing the mess.

CHANEY

Hello?

No answer. Moving as one, they step into:

## INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The small room is in shambles; the mattress pulled clear of the bed and the floor littered with broken glass. Behind the tattered curtains, the lone window is smashed and the sill slick with congealing blood.

CHANEY

Holy shit.

WINTERS peers out through the broken glass. The window opens out to a fire escape that leads down to an alley.

WINTERS

Looks like we're going to have to earn  
that other five thou.

He clambers out onto the fire escape. CHANEY looks after him sourly, then begins to do the same.

## EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The two men, WINTERS in the lead, carefully make their way down the wet fire escape and into the:

## EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Wordlessly, they start down the alley, surveying the scene carefully. Ahead of them, the door to the Liberty Mart clatters back and forth in the wind. They each draw their guns, then head towards the:

## INT. LIBERTY MART - CONTINUOUS

Guns still raised, they make their through the narrow aisles. WINTERS glances down. A streak of blood runs across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They follow the trail. It ends beneath a jumble of overturned shelves. WINTERS sighs deeply, then glances over to CHANEY, who nods almost imperceptibly. Holstering their guns, they reach down and pull away the shelves to reveal:

GAVIN'S body. His chest and stomach have been ripped open by large, uneven gashes - like the victim of an animal attack. Flies buzz above his bared intestines.

WINTERS and CHANEY both recoil involuntarily.

WINTERS

Damn.

CHANEY

Holy mother of fuck!

(beat, then recovering)

You think it's Birx?

WINTERS leans forward and, careful to avoid the gaping wounds, reaches into the man's pockets and removes a bloodstained wallet. He pulls out the ID and reads.

WINTERS

Gavin Douglas.

He tucks the wallet back into the corpse's pocket.

CHANEY

Not exactly eager to see McGuire, and he definitely won't be happy to see you, but we need to call the cops.

WINTERS

In a minute. Let's see what else we can find first.

CHANEY rises and they begin to search again. He makes his way towards the front of the store.

The BUZZ of flies draws him towards the checkout stands. Something large rests on the floor between two stands. He moves towards it with trepidation.

PETER'S body lies sprawled. His chest and stomach have also been savaged and the floor around him is thick with congealing blood.

CHANEY

(over his shoulder)

Shit. I think I just found Birx.

Grimacing with revulsion, CHANEY reaches forward to fish out the corpse's wallet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANEY (CONT'D)

Let me just see if I can find his wallet.

WINTERS (O.S.)

Don't bother, that isn't Birx.

CHANEY turns. WINTERS is standing behind him, his expression a combination of shock, disbelief, and sadness.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

It's my Dad.

INT. LIBERTY MART - LATER

The previously deserted market is now the hub of vigorous activity. Two sets of forensic teams work around the bodies.

Two DETECTIVES question WINTERS and CHANEY: SYKES, an African-American officer in his late 30s, tall, powerfully built. From his manner, it's clear he and WINTERS have history:

SYKES

I'm sorry about your Dad. I know this is hard, but we've got to ask some questions.

WINTERS nods in acknowledgment. SYKES is comforting, cordial - in stark contrast to his partner...

... DETECTIVE BRENDAN MCGUIRE, mid forties, working class Irish with an air of imperious self-importance.

Before SYKES can continue, MCGUIRE starts grilling WINTERS, his hostility palpable.

MCGUIRE

According to the ID we found on "your father", his name is Walter Daniels.

WINTERS

The ID's fake. I know my Dad's face.

He looks at WINTERS skeptically, then turns to CHANEY:

MCGUIRE

Georgie, be straight with me, what the fuck were you two doing down here in the first place?

CHANEY

We were just checking out some places for our new offices, can't afford our place in the South End anymore, gentrification is a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McGUIRE looks unconvinced. SYKES and McGUIRE exchange a hostile glance.

A medical examiner's ASSISTANT interrupts before he can press them on it.

ASSISTANT

We're all finished here, sir.

McGUIRE nods, then waves him off before turning back to WINTERS and CHANEY.

MCGUIRE

That's it huh? You two got nothin' else to say?

(when there's no response)

We got nothing to hold you on, so...

SYKES

(chiefly to WINTERS)

You think of anything else, you know how to reach me.

They turn to leave. McGUIRE calls after them, determined to have the last word:

MCGUIRE

(pointedly, to WINTERS)

Don't let me find out you've been yanking my chain or you'll be real fucking sorry.

INT. COLUMBUS BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Local bar, lots of Celtics and Red Sox memorabilia on the walls. Lit only by dying rays of autumnal sunlight and populated by a smattering of day-drinkers.

CHANEY and WINTERS are seated at a booth, a few empties on the table between them. WINTERS ends a call, throws his phone on the table.

WINTERS

Tried Pearce. Number's fake.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out the envelope PEARCE gave him and pulls out two sheets of perfectly blank paper.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Blank. This whole thing was a set-up.

CHANEY

We fell for the big check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS drains his own beer, then rubs his forehead. CHANEY levels a concerned stare at WINTERS.

CHANEY (CONT'D)

Are you okay? I mean, shit, your Pops.  
When's the last time you saw him?

The question stirs up complex feelings. As WINTERS answers he's simultaneously sad, confused and angry:

WINTERS

I was six, almost seven.

CHANEY

Sorry man, for real.

WINTERS leans over and claps CHANEY good-naturedly on the shoulder, much like his FATHER did with GAVIN earlier.

WINTERS

Thanks man, appreciate you.

(beat)

I spent years trying to track him down,  
just to find out 'why'.

(beat)

Just doesn't make sense.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Sheltered by the awning of the Emergency Room Entrance, RENE, wearing surgical scrubs and a tired expression, waits. WARREN'S Saab pulls up and he steps out to let her in.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm late.

They kiss warmly. RENE pulls back and sniffs his breath. She holds out her hand:

RENE

Keys.

Not in the mood to argue, not that it would do any good. He hands over the keys.

INT. SAAB - EVENING

WARREN sits in silence, processing what's happened, as RENE negotiates rush-hour traffic.

RENE

Day drinking? That's not like you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WINTERS  
I found my father.

RENE  
Your father? Really? Did you talk to him?  
What did he say? Has he been in Boston  
all these years?

WINTERS  
He was dead. Someone killed him. Georgie  
and I found the body.

RENE  
(stunned)  
Dead? Jesus, I thought he... are you okay  
baby?

EXT. SUNNY DAYS ELEMENTARY - SAME

WINTERS steps from the car towards a small throng of children standing in the school's entryway. MILES breaks free of the group and rushes towards him.

MILES  
Daddy! Daddy!!

WINTERS kneels and places a fatherly hand on his son's shoulder.

WINTERS  
Hey little man, what's up?

MILES  
Guess what, daddy! I drew a monster!

He holds up a very vivid, graphic crayon drawing, of a familiar pale-looking man with teeth where his eyes should be.

WINTERS  
Scary!

RENE (O.S.)  
C'mon you two...

WINTERS  
Better do as Mom says.

With a serious nod, MILES scampers off and climbs into the backseat. WINTERS turns to follow, his paternal love keeping his grief at bay.

EXT. STREET - SOUTH END - NIGHT

Union Park. A picturesque street, lined with brownstones, and a small park in the middle.

INT. DEN - WINTERS HOME - NIGHT

WINTERS sits in a well-worn Eames lounge chair while the ominous sounds of Mahler's "Resurrection" symphony float through the air.

He's swirling a couple fingers of Scotch and watching a video of an old cam-corder movie of him and his father.

It's standard father-son stuff, but they look happy enough. RENE, dressed for bed in a silk robe, enters and watches.

RENE

Your Dad?

WINTERS

Yeah. My mom shot this. I was four, I think. At Little Scobie, back when we were in Roxbury.

She sits beside him and watches for a moment.

RENE

You look like him.

WINTERS just grunts noncommittally.

RENE (CONT'D)

What was he like?

WINTERS

I was so young, I really don't even remember that much about him...

A beat. As the memories swim to the surface of his consciousness unbidden:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

WINTERS, aged six, just as cute as RENE described, on the playground at Scobie Park. Playing with the neighborhood kids, under his father's supervision.

WINTERS (V.O.)

...when the weather was nice, we used to go to the park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fenway Park. WARREN, and his FATHER, in the stands at a Red Sox game - ignoring some hostile glares from some of the Caucasian fans.

WINTERS (V.O.)

I remember going to Fenway.

Christmas morning in the WINTERS household. A big, elaborately decorated tree, piles of gifts underneath. WINTERS, his FATHER and MOTHER takes turns playing video games.

WINTERS (V.O.)

Playing Playstation with my folks. I thought we were happy, but he left, just before New Year's.

A long beat as the happy memories are replaced by sad ones.

WINTERS, now aged seven, standing outside a doorway. The sound of inconsolable WEEPING audible on the other side of the door.

WINTERS (V.O.)

After he left I remember standing outside my Mom's room at night, hearing her cry, and not knowing how to make her not sad.

END FLASHBACK.

WINTERS

Then I got angry about it, and stayed that way, for a long time.

(beat)

Now he's gone and I'll never get the chance to ask him why he left.

RENE smiles soothingly, takes his drink from his hand, and embraces him.

RENE

You need closure...

(beat)

...to understand why he did what he did, so you can put this behind you and move on.

WINTERS

Maybe finding out who did this to him is the best I can do.

(beat)

And that might have to be good enough.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

WINTERS enters to find CHANEY, feet up on the desk, reading the Herald. He looks up.

CHANEY

Nothing in the paper about our little discovery.

WINTERS

That's okay. I called Sykes and got the lowdown. Asked him to check out Pearce, and he told me something weird about the case.

(a beat)

Coroner thinks he found teethmarks in the wounds.

CHANEY

It was one of those swans in the Commons, wasn't it? Those things are vicious.

WINTERS smiles, takes off his coat, and settles in at his desk.

WINTERS

The teethmarks were human.

(a beat)

That's not the weirdest part, killer removed the hypothalamus.

CHANEY

The hypowhat?

WINTERS

It's a gland. God only knows what they'd want with it. Got the police shit scared too, looks like they got some kind of new Jeffrey Dahmer on their hands.

CHANEY

Maybe we should at least tell Sykes about Pearce.

WINTERS

Already did. Thirty-four 'Harriet Pearce's' in the greater Commonwealth, none of them match her description.

CHANEY

But there's gotta be some connection between Pearce, Gavin and your dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

We hit a dead end with Pearce, so let's see if Gavin's or my father's place will tell us anything.

CHANEY

I'll get your Dad's place.

WINTERS

No, thanks man, I'll do it.

(beat)

I want to see how he lived, might be my last chance to get to know him a little.

EXT. HALLWAY - GAVIN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dimly-lit, nondescript. CHANEY moves quietly down the hall, stopping outside apartment 202. He knocks at the door, no answer.

He looks up and down the corridor - no witnesses - he slowly turns the knob, and surprisingly the door's unlocked. CHANEY moves into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The shades are drawn, a little gray light manages to seep through, but it's very dark. CHANEY closes the door behind him, and looks around. The apartment hardly looks lived in. He turns to his left and moves into the:

INT. BEDROOM - GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Also very dark, the same museum-like stillness. A desk, a bed and two unpacked bags on the floor. He moves over to the desk, and finds an address book and a city map.

He quickly flips through the address book, and pockets it. He picks up the map. It's dotted with red stars, arranged in clusters around certain areas. One of the clusters is marked: Haymarket.

A dark-clad FIGURE moves quickly past the threshold before melting into the shadows of the living room.

CHANEY hears the noise behind him. He looks. The living room is empty. He drops the map, and slides a Glock out of his coat and moves back into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

He moves slowly through, working his way back toward the door. No one is in the kitchen, or bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's almost at the front door, when he realizes there's one place he hasn't checked...the front closet.

He stands in front of the doors, gun ready. With his free hand, he flings the doors open: Nothing. He lowers his gun.

He stops, cranes his head to listen carefully. At first nothing but ambient sounds from the city.

Just then CHANEY hears something moving in the darkness, ABOVE him.

A shadow creeps across the floor in front of CHANEY.

He looks up. A FIGURE, in a long coat and sunglasses, is clinging to the ceiling like an insect.

CHANEY shoots, the gun BOOMING, but misses it. The FIGURE, still on the ceiling, scurries around the corner, into the:

INT. KITCHEN - GAVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHANEY follows, both hands on the gun, raised toward the ceiling. He looks around, but there's no sign of it in the shadows.

Without a sound, the dark FIGURE drops down behind him.

A shadow creeps across the floor toward CHANEY, as if it's alive. It's moving on to CHANEY, up his back. His senses suddenly screaming.

CHANEY'S heart starts pounding in his chest: THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

He turns around, but he's too late. The FIGURE leaps upon him, forcing him to the ground.

CHANEY reaches out, trying to keep some distance between their faces...but errant pinkie and ring fingers wander too close to the eye mouths...the teeth BITE down...

...and they bite off CHANEY'S fingers.

The nightmarish face filled with mouths, clamps down on CHANEY'S throat.

His CRIES are choked off as he coughs up ropes of blood.

The blood-filled GURGLING intermingles with familiar horrible wet, RIPPING sounds.

EXT. PETER'S BUILDING - DAY

WINTERS' car pulls up outside an aged but well-kept brick building. He consults a scrap of paper with the address then, satisfied, pulls into a parking spot.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

WINTERS steps off the elevator and makes his way down the narrow corridor till he arrives at the door to 459.

He lifts the strip of yellow police tape and tries the door. Not surprisingly, it's locked.

Unfazed, WINTERS fishes into his pocket and produces a lock kit. After a moment of fiddling, he tries the door again. It opens inward and he ducks into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - PETER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wood-paneled, Mid-Century furniture, West African art, and Persian rugs. WINTERS moves through the apartment respectfully, careful not to disturb anything.

INT. STUDY - PETER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walls lined with bookcases, and a large teak desk, piled with papers and photographs. On closer inspection, WINTERS discovers that they're copies of police reports and crime scene photos.

He inspects the bookcases. He reads one of the spines: "The Hidden Reality".

On the wall hang framed photos. One of them hangs slightly askew. WINTERS lifts it up and examines the frame. It has a false back. Carefully, he peels it back to reveal a folded scrap of paper.

Suddenly WINTERS hears the CLICK of the front door open, o.s., and FOOTSTEPS moving toward him. He shoves the scrap of paper into his pocket and replaces the picture before hurrying quickly into:

INT. BEDROOM - PETER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He walks briskly in the other direction, away from the footsteps. He looks over his shoulder: nothing. But the footsteps are still growing closer, o.s. WINTERS pulls his gun and presses himself against the wall. The footsteps draw up closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FIGURE, draped in shadows steps into the doorway. His heart pounding, WINTERS fingers the trigger. The FIGURE steps into the light...it's DETECTIVE MCGUIRE, his gun raised.

MCGUIRE

Put that gun down or you're going to be  
just another dead nigger on the news.

Their guns still fixed on each other. With heavy sarcasm:

WINTERS

Must feel good to get to say that shit  
out loud again.

A long, tense beat. Their weapons still pointed at one another, until MCGUIRE slowly lowers his:

MCGUIRE

We just found your partner. Dead. Need  
you to identify the body.

WINTERS clamps down his grief, he's not going to let himself get emotional in front of MCGUIRE, especially not under the circumstances. He motions for MCGUIRE to lead the way out.

WINTERS

Why don't you go first, y'all got a bad  
habit of shooting Black folks in the  
back.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

WINTERS stands over CHANEY'S eviscerated body, still fighting back anguish and sorrow. A grim-faced TECHNICIAN is holding back the sheet, looking away from the horrendous sight.

MCGUIRE nods to him, and the TECHNICIAN covers the body back up. MCGUIRE claps WINTERS on the shoulder roughly. WINTERS slaps his arm away - and glares.

MCGUIRE

Why don't you and I have another little  
talk? Alone.

INT. DISTRICT FOUR POLICE STATION - DAY

MCGUIRE sits behind his desk in a large, unkempt office. Faded photos of his ruddy-faced forebears glower down. WINTERS, still in shock, sits across the desk.

MCGUIRE

You know something...something you're not  
telling me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WINTERS remains grimly silent.

MCGUIRE (CONT'D)

Look, you can talk now or you can talk to me tomorrow after a night in lock-up for obstructing a police investigation.

WINTERS sighs reluctantly.

WINTERS

My Dad and Gavin were into something that got them killed, George and I were trying to figure out what that was...but we know as much as you do.

MCGUIRE gets up and begins to pace the room angrily.

MCGUIRE

You're a good liar, you know that. Everything that comes out of your mouth is bullshit, but that bullshit contains just enough truth to make somebody think that it's the whole truth; but you ain't foolin' me.

(beat)

You're involved in this somehow.

(beat)

I have three bodies and the connection they all share, is you.

WINTERS

Are you charging me, then?

MCGUIRE waves his hand in frustration.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Then I'm out of here.

WINTERS walks out, leaving MCGUIRE fuming.

INT. OFFICE - LATER (INTERCUT W/DISTRICT FOUR STATION)

WINTERS enters the darkened office and flips on the light.

Solemnly mindful of Chaney's empty desk, he lays out his gun and holster on his own desk then begins to clear out his pockets when he comes across the folded paper from his father's apartment.

He carefully unfolds it and looks. It contains strange writing that looks like code. Puzzled, he stares at it for several seconds before his RINGING cell phone disrupts his thoughts:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYKES

Hey, it's me, just heard about Georgie.  
Sorry man. I know he was your boy.

(beat)

McGuire's got open cases he wants to  
close, he's gonna want to hang those  
bodies on somebody. Make sure it ain't  
you.

(beat)

Watch your back.

A beat. WINTERS fights back tears. He pushes the sadness back  
down, regains his composure:

WINTERS

Thanks man. Listen, I've got something  
here, some message I think its written in  
code or something. You think that math  
professor friend of yours at B.U. could  
help me?

SYKES

Vaughn? Yeah, he can do codes. Wrote a  
couple books about 'em, not that I've  
read 'em.

(beat, then suspicious)

This doesn't have anything to do with  
those murders, does it?

WINTERS

I don't know, but I want to find out what  
it says first. If it's connected, you can  
share it with McGuire.

SYKES

Alright. I'm going to hold you to that.  
I'll have a uniform come by and pick it  
up...

Almost stifling a laugh:

SYKES (CONT'D)

...and before you ask, it'll be somebody  
I trust.

INT. STAIRWAY - WINTERS'S OFFICE - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER, drenched from the downpour, knocks on the  
door to WINTERS'S office. WINTERS opens the door.

POLICE OFFICER

(hint of a Czech accent)

I'm here to pick up package...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS checks his watch:

WINTERS  
(suspicious)  
That was fast.

INT. OFFICE - SAME (INTERCUT W/DISTRICT FOUR STATION)

WINTERS moves back to his desk and, a little reluctantly, hands the POLICE OFFICER an envelope.

WINTERS  
Here you go.

As the POLICE OFFICER is turning away, his phone rings. WINTERS answers it right away.

SYKES  
Hey man, dude I was gonna call is out sick, I'm just going to stop by and get it myself, besides it'll....

WINTERS' head whips around toward the door: the POLICE OFFICER is gone. WINTERS hangs up and sprints into the:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The POLICE OFFICER is already about half-way down the stairs. WINTERS starts down after him, taking two steps at a time.

WINTERS  
Hey! Stop!!

The POLICE OFFICER doesn't like his chances, so he turns and starts to walk back up the stairs slowly, hands raised over his head sheepishly, towards WINTERS.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

The POLICE OFFICER smiles, but says nothing.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Who put you up to this?

Still, the POLICE OFFICER says nothing. But, when he reaches WINTERS, he suddenly lunges, grabs WINTERS by the collar, spins him, and knocks him back down the stairs. As WINTERS tumbles, the POLICE OFFICER sprints UP the stairs.

WINTERS struggles to his feet and gives chase. The POLICE OFFICER, however, is fast and reaches the roof-access door ahead of WINTERS. He wrenches the door open and runs through. WINTERS follows.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Through the sheets of rain, he sees the POLICE OFFICER running across the rooftop, and continues chasing him. The rain has made it slick, but WINTERS'S gaining ground.

The POLICE OFFICER'S just ahead, and rapidly approaching the ledge - he's out of places to run.

The POLICE OFFICER reaches the ledge, and without a second's hesitation...jumps.

WINTERS pulls up just in time to see the POLICE OFFICER plummet six stories to the ground, land heavily on the concrete below, and then, amazingly, pick himself up and run away as if he'd only fallen a couple of feet.

WINTERS wipes the rain away from his eyes, to make sure he's not seeing things. He isn't.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVE. - NIGHT

WINTERS leaves the South End Market carrying an armload of groceries. He's walking home, he turns and heads down the street.

He hears his phone BUZZING in his pocket. He reaches into his pocket, and checks the display: Unknown Number.

He pockets the phone and keeps walking. At the corner, the pay phone beside him rings.

WINTERS ignores it and crosses the street.

Two blocks later WINTERS is nearing the corner, when a PEDESTRIAN, with a phone to ear, approaches him.

PEDESTRIAN

Hey buddy you uh... Warren Winters?

WINTERS is suspicious, and responds with:

WINTERS

McGuire send you?

The PEDESTRIAN, simultaneously confused and annoyed, hands him his phone.

PEDESTRIAN

Who? No. British lady, says there's somekinda emergency.

WINTERS sets down the bag of groceries, takes the phone and somewhat reluctantly brings it to his ear:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Hello?

PEARCE (O.S.)

Warren. Do you mind if I call you Warren?

He instantly recognizes the voice.

WINTERS

(looking around)

Listen lady, my partner's dead.

(anger rising - still looking around)

You got us into this damn mess, I got no reason to listen to a damn thing you're sayin', let alone trust you.

PEARCE (O.S.)

If you want answers, then I suggest you meet me at the Jade Destiny restaurant, in an hour.

(beat)

Now hand the phone back to the nice gentleman.

The line goes dead. WINTERS hands the phone back to the very confused PEDESTRIAN.

INT. JADE DESTINY - NIGHT

WINTERS enters, the garishly-lit restaurant is nearly empty. He spots PEARCE at a booth in the back.

He sits down across from PEARCE. As soon as he does, SAM, the elderly, well-dressed, owner appears, and pours WINTERS a cup of tea.

SAM

(in Mandarin)

Stay as long as you need to. Lock up when you leave.

He smiles, sets down the teapot and disappears into the back of the restaurant. Once he's out of earshot:

PEARCE

Tienchi Flower Tea. It's delicious, and quite a delicacy. Dumplings?

PEARCE places some dumplings on his plate like she's hosting a dinner party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Again with the tea. I don't want any  
flower tea, I don't want any dumplings.  
I want some damn answers.

PEARCE

Shame. These dumplings are extraordinary.  
Best kept secret in Boston. Did you know  
this place is Michelin-rated?  
(looking around)  
A pity for Sam, but wonderful for  
clandestine meetings.

WINTERS

Let's start with who you are. I had a  
buddy in B.P.D. check you out; no record  
of you or your firm.

She notices he hasn't so much as glanced at his dumplings.

PEARCE

Are you going to finish those?

He shakes his head, so she takes them off his plate and eats  
while he talks - which only irritates him more.

WINTERS

You sent us out on that phony job, now  
Georgie's dead. Dead.

A beat. It's quiet, as PEARCE reflects on his words. When she  
speaks again, there's a trace of sadness in her voice.

PEARCE

You and your former partner have become  
part of a... 'power struggle' between my  
organization and one of our adversaries.  
(beat)

They are ruthless, and they'll stop at  
nothing to hurt us, as a result, people  
die. Sometimes they're people you care  
about. You try and protect them as best  
you can, keep them out of harm's way, but  
sometimes they die, despite your best  
efforts.

WINTERS realizes she's talking about a personal loss of her  
own and his tone softens a bit:

WINTERS

I've been a P.I. for a dozen years, and  
in all that time, I've never put my  
family, friends or any bystanders in  
danger. Not once. Then I meet you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Now my father's dead, Georgie's dead,  
Boston P.D. is up my ass and I still  
don't know why, but you do.

(beat)

What am I involved in? What the hell kind  
of 'power struggle' is this?

PEARCE

I knew your father. I worked with him.

WINTERS' expression doesn't change.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

You don't believe me?

His stony expression suggests he doesn't.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

You have a scar on your right arm, you  
were five, hurt yourself on a playground,  
Little something, the name escapes  
me...your father told me that story.

Careful to avoid skin-to-skin contact PEARCE gently takes his  
arm, then slowly rolls back his sleeve to reveal a small scar  
below his wrist.

WINTERS

Little Scobie. Okay, so you knew him.  
What was he doing in that alley? Who  
killed him?

PEARCE sighs, but doesn't let go of WINTERS's arm.

PEARCE

Your father, his partner and I were  
tracking down a killer; and I need your  
help to find him.

WINTERS

So what is this top-secret group of  
yours? You somekinda Fed?

PEARCE

Not with the police, or F.B.I. Neither  
are equipped to handle this type of case;  
but my organization is.

WINTERS

Which is?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEARCE

We're known as Secret Sun.

WINTERS

Never heard of you.

PEARCE

We wouldn't be much of a clandestine organization if you had.

WINTERS

And why me?

PEARCE

You have a special ability, uniquely suited to the circumstances.

WINTERS looks unconvinced. PEARCE presses on:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

I can think of two other, rather compelling reasons....

(a beat)

First, you're a 'person of interest' in two homicides. Finding the actual killer will render you considerably less interesting to the Police.

(another beat - as she lets this sink in)

Second, you want to avenge the deaths of your partner and father... despite your feelings of abandonment.

A long beat as WINTERS considers.

WINTERS

If we do this, if we work together, I keep my family safe. None of this 'People get killed, shit happens', crap. This comes within a mile of them, it'll be your last goddamn cup of Flower Tea...

(he lets the threat hang in the air before continuing)

...and from now on, you're completely straight with me, no more bullshit, you know something, you share it with me.

She nods.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

So, where should we start looking?

A strange expression crosses PEARCE'S face. She is exceptionally mysterious (even for her):

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

PEARCE

We 'should' start by... tracking the killer back to the one place we know we can find it...

(beat)

...but we've learned the hard way, that particular trip, is extremely dangerous.

WINTERS is understandably confused by her answer and can't help but blurt out:

WINTERS

Lady, you are weird as fuck.

She smiles.

PEARCE

So I've been told.

(beat)

Since tracking the killer back to that place isn't an option, we'll start at the beginning.

INT. HALLWAY - TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

WINTERS and PEARCE make their way down the narrow, moldy hallway.

WINTERS

This is great. I was hoping I'd get the chance to come back here.

PEARCE stops in front of the apartment. WINTERS draws his 9mm.

PEARCE

You won't need that. He won't be coming back here.

She pushes the door open and steps inside:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

WINTERS follows her, gun still drawn.

WINTERS

If it's all the same to you, I'll just hold onto it anyway.

WINTERS screws up his face, as a foul odor hits his nostrils.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

What the hell is that smell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

I think we're about to find out.

WINTERS

So where's the guy who lived here, the one you sent us after... Chad Birx?

PEARCE

Your father and his partner found his body a week ago, they also found a clue... leading them to the confrontation at the "Liberty Mart" and their eventual deaths.

She opens and closes the front closet, then moves into the center of the room, eyeing the ceiling. She looks down to find WINTERS, wearing a confused expression, wondering why she looked at the ceiling:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

He's devious, our killer, but he always follows... what we've started calling... 'The Pattern': he kills his victims, leaves them at his last victim's address, then moves into the new victim's home.

(beat)

We start to get close, he moves on again, but always leaves a clue.

Still eyeing the ceiling, she rights a chair and pulls it into the center of the room.

WINTERS

So what are we doing here?

She steps onto the chair and reaches up to tug at a loose section of ceiling.

PEARCE

Looking for clues that will lead us to the next place he's hiding.

As soon as the words leave her mouth, the ceiling panel suddenly gives way, falling to the floor. Through the gaping hole a badly decomposed body SWINGS down in front of WINTERS, its dead eyes glaring. WINTERS manages to hold back a cry.

Unfazed, PEARCE begins to examine the dead man's body as he hangs suspended upside down.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

I'm guessing he's been dead for about six days.

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

They're driving through the South End.

WINTERS

What do we do about the killer?

PEARCE

He's following 'The Pattern', he's found some other place to hide, someplace we don't know about.

A beat, as WINTERS rubs his head, as if to provide relief from a headache. PEARCE slows the car to a stop in front of WINTERS' house.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

In the interim, we wait. Keep your phone on.

WINTERS nods, climbs out and...

EXT. STREET - SAME

...walks around to the driver's side window. He's still rubbing his head. PEARCE notices:

PEARCE

Are you alright?

WINTERS

Whenever you talk about the killer following this 'Pattern'...

(beat)

...I get this uneasy feeling, that this 'Pattern', it's not what you think it is.

(beat)

There's something you're not seeing.

INT. KITCHEN - WINTERS HOME - MORNING

RENE, dressed for work, stands at the sink drinking coffee. She looks up as WARREN comes in.

RENE

You got in late last night.

WINTERS

Sorry, my other woman kept me up all night.

RENE hits him playfully, then gathers her purse and jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENE  
I'm running late.

They kiss goodbye just as MILES walks in.

MILES  
Gross.

WINTERS  
(to MILES)  
C'mon, little man, let's get you fed.  
Then we'll hit the park.

MILES' eyes light up.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

It's a cold but clear morning, and the park is filled with children, their parents and tourists. WINTERS watches as his son plays on the swings.

Another FATHER arrives with his SON. The two boys know each other and they begin to play together. The FATHER walks over to where WINTERS sits.

WINTERS  
Morning, Lester...

LESTER  
Hey there, Warren... nice day, eh...

CLOSE - VIEWFINDER: WINTERS, LESTER and MILES are framed in the viewfinder of a digital camera.

They're being filmed by the MYSTERIOUS MAN who'd posed as the POLICE OFFICER.

Without his disguise, his solid build and sharp Slavic features are more obvious. As he studies them from the other side of the park, an OLD LADY and her pet TERRIER walk past.

Something about the man disturbs the TERRIER, who begins to growl and strain at his leash. The OLD LADY tries to quiet the dog to no avail. It's creating a bit of a scene.

LESTER and WINTERS both notice the commotion and turn to look. WINTERS recognizes the man and rises.

WINTERS  
Lester, watch Miles for me, would you?

He starts to cross the park. The MYSTERIOUS MAN spots him and, ignoring the OLD LADY and her apologies, begins to back off quickly. WINTERS walks faster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The MAN turns and flees and WINTERS begins to sprint after him. The chase is on.

EXT. BEACON STREET - SAME

The MYSTERIOUS MAN sprints out of the park and out into the snarl of traffic on Beacon.

WINTERS follows, earning several angry horn blasts and a near accident as he cuts in front of cars. Ahead of him he can see the MAN turn off into an alley. WINTERS follows.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

WINTERS and the MAN splash through the large, oily puddles made by the recent rains. Longer-legged, WINTERS is slowly gaining. Ahead, a large DUMP TRUCK is speeding towards them, taking up most of the narrow alley.

WINTERS starts to slow up. To his surprise, the MAN continues to sprint headlong towards the truck. The DRIVER lays on the horn and scrambles for the brake.

Just as collision seems imminent, the MAN leaps straight into the air and onto the top of the truck. He rolls twice, then regains his feet and leaps off the back end.

Startled, WINTERS squeezes past the now-stationary truck and its flabbergasted DRIVER towards the far end of the alley.

EXT. TREMONT STREET - SAME

WINTERS emerges from the alley out onto the street. The maze of traffic and pedestrians makes it difficult at first to spot the MAN.

Furiously scanning the crowd, WINTERS finally catches sight of him heading towards a department store.

Crossing the street against traffic, WINTERS sprints across to the entrance and follows him into:

INT. ESCALATOR - DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

WINTERS takes the stairs two and three at a time, until he reaches the:

INT. BASEMENT - DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

The store is thronged with crazed bargain-hunters. WINTERS pushes his way through the wave of shoppers. Ahead of him, the MYSTERIOUS MAN is caught up trying to negotiate around an obese TOURIST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS is slowly gaining when he runs into two SHOPPERS fighting over a heavily discounted polka dot dress. Each tugging violently, they stretch the contested item between them.

WINTERS can't get around them so, in desperation, he ducks underneath.

When he rises on the other side, the MYSTERIOUS MAN is no longer ahead of him. WINTERS looks all around, over the sea of shoppers, just in time to sight the MYSTERIOUS MAN pushing his way into the changing area.

INT. CHANGING AREA - DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

WINTERS shoves his way into the small room. Arrayed around the wall are six changing stalls, each hidden behind a curtain.

WINTERS tries each in turn, surprising several half-naked shoppers and drawing more than a few oaths, but finding no trace of the MYSTERIOUS MAN. At last, only one remains.

He reaches for the curtain and, bracing himself, pulls it back. The stall is empty. WINTERS looks around. There's no obvious exit.

INT. WINTERS' CAR - LATER

WINTERS and MILES are driving back through their neighborhood.

MILES

Who were you chasing?

WINTERS

Uh just an old friend.

(beat)

But, uh, probably shouldn't tell your Mom. Let's just keep this between the two of us, man to man.

WINTERS pulls up to their house, surprised to see SYKES standing out front.

EXT. STREET - SAME

WINTERS, with MILES in tow, steps out of the car and heads towards SYKES, they shake, then hug warmly.

WINTERS

What's up man?

He hands WINTERS a small cardboard box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYKES

Georgie's effects, he didn't have any family, so...

INT. LIVING ROOM - WINTERS HOME - LATER

While MILES plays on the floor nearby, WINTERS studies the cardboard box. He pulls out Chaney's wallet, a set of keys, and a small flask. He smiles a bittersweet smile.

WINTERS

Good ol' Georgie...

The next object puzzles him. We recognize it as the address book Chaney found at Gavin's. WINTERS flips through the pages.

CLOSE - PAGE: 11 Navy St.

He takes out his phone, opens....

CLOSE - DISPLAY: Google Maps. No matching address.

MILES interrupts him.

MILES

Whatcha doin', Dad?

WINTERS

Just looking at this address book. I think it's in some sort of code, none of these addresses make any sense, "Eleven Navy St., Boston", but there's no Navy Street in Boston.

WINTERS looks up another address, screws his face in confusion:

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Or this next one, "Eight, eight, one, nine, three, Appleton Street, Venice".

MILES

My friend Spencer lives on Appleton Street.

WINTERS

Appleton Street, Boston, it makes sense. It's not code, it's just scrambled.

(to MILES)

Little man, you're a genius. C'mon let's get going.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CITY HOSPITAL - LATER

WINTERS, with MILES in tow, walks through the crowded hospital ward where he spots RENE finishing up with a patient.

RENE

Honey, Miles. What are you doing here?

WINTERS

I'm sorry, but I need you to take him for a while. I've got to follow up a clue.

MILES

Daddy chased a guy at the park.

Trying to downplay it, WINTERS offers jokingly:

WINTERS

What happened to man to man? I can't believe you just snitched on me like that.

MILES smiles mischievously. RENE flashes WINTERS a dark, questioning look.

RENE

Whatever it is, this thing you're working on, it can't come into our home. It can't touch Miles. Understood?

WINTERS

I know, baby. I won't let it. I promise. I've just got to do this. Figure this out.

WINTERS pecks her on the cheek and heads out before she can object.

EXT. STREET - CHESTNUT HILL - DAY

WINTERS' car rolls up the well-kept suburban street.

INT. WINTERS' CAR - SAME

WINTERS consults the address book and checks the street numbers rolling by. He pulls up in front of a house. Nobody appears to be in, so he rolls a little further and pulls in across the street.

He turns off the engine, pulls up his collar against the chill of the descending dusk, and starts to wait...



INT. WINTERS' CAR - NIGHT

Still waiting. Darkness has almost completely fallen. WINTERS is about ready to give up when he spies a car turning into the house's driveway.

Two FIGURES step out and walk to the front door. The taller begins to turn his face towards WINTERS.

At that moment, a large truck rumbles down the street and hides the scene from view. When the truck is past, the figures have already disappeared into the house.

EXT. STREET - SAME

As lights come on inside the house, WINTERS gets out of his car and crosses to the house. A MAN'S VOICE is audible from inside, o.s., the words are muffled, but clearly foreign.

WINTERS makes his way carefully along the side of the house till he reaches the shadows.

The MAN'S VOICE is replaced by FOOTSTEPS headed towards the back of the house.

WINTERS pulls his 9mm. and follows the sound until he reaches.

EXT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - SAME

WINTERS rounds the corner and presses himself into the shadows next to the back-door. A moment later, the door begins to open.

When it's about half-way, WINTERS throws his weight against it and smashes the MYSTERIOUS MAN against the door jamb, making him drop his small bag of garbage.

WINTERS wheels around, grabs the MAN around the neck and pushes the gun beneath his chin.

WINTERS  
(whispering fiercely)  
Alright, asshole, why don't you tell me  
who you are and why the fuck you've been  
spying on me!

To WINTERS' surprise, the MYSTERIOUS MAN, simply reaches out and grabs the gun before WINTERS can squeeze the trigger.

WINTERS tightens his grip on the MAN, who effortlessly shrugs WINTERS off, then grabs him and throws him against the side of the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYSTERIOUS MAN  
(heavier Czech accent)  
Don't ever fucking do that again.

WINTERS, too pissed to play it safe, propels himself against the MAN and knocks him backwards onto the ground. The two of them grapple on the ground, rolling back and forth.

The MYSTERIOUS MAN is clearly stronger and giving better than he's getting, but WINTERS is tenacious and manages to cling tightly enough to cut down on the latter's leverage.

PEARCE (O.S.)  
If you're here, that means you've already  
broken our code.

The MYSTERIOUS MAN stops struggling. WINTERS turns to see HARRIET PEARCE standing in front of them. She studies him, re-assessing:

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Faster than I'd anticipated. You're good.  
(beat)  
Now if you two will stop tussling for a  
moment, we can sit down with a nice cup  
of...Darjeeling... and have a civilized  
conversation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - LATER

WINTERS sits on a couch in a sparsely furnished, but functional living room. The MYSTERIOUS MAN and PEARCE sit across from him, sipping steaming cups of tea. PEARCE makes the introduction:

PEARCE  
Warren Winters, Nikolai Palachek.

WINTERS acknowledges him with a nod. PALACHEK returns it with a decidedly unfriendly stare. WINTERS ignores it, turns to PEARCE:

WINTERS  
Since I broke the code, okay actually my  
kid broke it, you might as well tell me  
what it was.

PEARCE  
Organizational instructions. We couldn't  
allow them to fall into the wrong  
hands...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

You guys are spying on my every move,  
you're fucking worse than Facebook.

PEARCE

That's a bit harsh, but your point is  
well taken.

WINTERS

Alright, so, any news, or are we still  
waiting on our psycho to kill again...

Before he can finish the sentence, WINTERS seizes up in pain,  
grabbing his temple. PEARCE shoots a look at PALACHEK, who  
leaves the room.

PEARCE

Headache again?

WINTERS

(recovering a little)  
Yeah. I get some real pissers.

PALACHEK returns carrying a crystal tumbler of grayish, murky  
liquid. He hands it to PEARCE who offers it to WINTERS.

PEARCE

Here. Drink it. It'll help.

Uncertainly, he takes it from her and splashes a mouthful  
back. After a moment, his features loosen into relief.

WINTERS

Thanks. What is this?

PEARCE

Yan Hu Suo. Your father said it was the  
only thing that worked. The price of your  
gift.

(beat)

To answer your question, our killer has  
probably already struck again.

(beat)

We've noticed that the murders have  
increased in frequency, it started out  
every four days, then three, now it's  
every forty-eight hours.

(beat)

Soon it'll be every twelve.

(beat)

Have you gained any additional insight  
into 'The Pattern'?

WINTERS shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINTERS

Nah, still just that vague uneasy feeling.

INT. COIN-OP LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Dimly lit, ill-kept coin-operated laundry. Lint litters the floor in front of industrial yellow machines.

PEARCE (V.O.)

Then we wait until he strikes and we can pick up the trail again.

The room's lone occupant, a 20ish GRAD STUDENT in ragged jeans, heavily tattooed, Doc Martens and a buzzcut, sits crosslegged on the cracked folding table, a paperback copy of "The Many Worlds of Hugh Everett the Third" in her lap, a pipe leaning against the wall next to her. She is dozing.

As she sleeps, there is a CREAK, o.s., of the door opening.

A beat.

A dark SHADOW passes over her and she stirs. She opens her eyes suddenly and looks around the room, alert. She sees nobody.

GRAD STUDENT

Is someone there?

Met only by silence, she takes a couple careful steps forward. Her senses are stretched taut.

A long beat.

She is startled by a loud BUZZ, o.s., from her dryer. Her body tenses, then relaxes as she realizes the source. She places the pipe back on the table, grabs her basket, and moves to the dryer.

She takes out a blouse. It is still dripping wet. She swears and throws it back inside in disgust. She begins to plug the machine with new quarters....two, three, four...

CLOSE: Reflected in dark sunglasses, the WOMAN continues to feed coins into the machine.

Seven, eight...She counts quietly. Finally, satisfied, she presses the ON button. There's a CLICK, but nothing happens.

She punches the button again, and, with a slight BUZZ it spins for a second, then grinds to a halt. Frustrated, she holds down the button. When nothing happens, she peers in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - DRYER: In the glass, her puzzled face, distorted by the curvature, is reflected back. Behind her, the SHADOWY DARKNESS ripples strangely.

Puzzled, she reaches her hand out and wipes condensation from the glass.

When she takes her hand away, the shadow has become a DARK FIGURE directly behind her. In reflection, we see her suddenly turn in terror.

The FIGURE'S head lurches toward her and the glass is splattered with blood.

EXT. COMMONWEALTH AVE. - ALLSTON - SAME

A YOUNG MAN, bag of laundry slung over one shoulder, is making his way down the sidewalk towards the laundromat. As he draws near, he sees that the building is darkened.

He swears under his breath and is about to turn back when he notices movement from the center of the darkened laundromat. Curious and hopeful, he walks closer.

He has drawn within a few yards when, suddenly, the laundromat is bathed in the light of a passing car's headlights.

The YOUNG MAN catches only a quick glimpse, but it freezes him to the spot:

In the center of the laundromat, a large FIGURE in a trench coat leans over the GRAD STUDENT, still seated near the dryer.

Her head has been split open, hemispheres exposed, like a patient undergoing brain surgery.

The FIGURE, delicately removes a small gland from her brain, then pops it into their mouth like a tasty hors d'oeuvre.

Startled by the light, the FIGURE turns: his pale mouth and multiple sets of sharp teeth are covered with blood.

The YOUNG MAN drops the bag to the ground; and is too startled to even cry out.

The car moves on and the laundromat is again thrust into darkness.

The YOUNG MAN, still gripped by terror, only barely registers the FIGURE's abrupt flight from the building.

EXT. WINTERS HOME - MORNING

The rising sun is trying hard to penetrate the dull gray clouds blanketing the sky.

INT. BEDROOM - WINTERS HOME - SAME

WINTERS lies in bed, lost in thought. Beside him, RENE stirs and wakes. Seeing him already awake, she curls around him.

RENE

Are you going to tell me what yesterday was all about?

WINTERS

I tracked down the people my father was working for... not sure exactly what they're about, but...

Before he can elaborate, his cell RINGS. The display reads "Unknown Number", but he answers anyway.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Winters.

PEARCE

(over phone)

He's struck again, a grad student in Allston. I'm out front.

WINTERS ends the call and crosses to the window. Peering through the blinds, he sees: PEARCE'S car across the street.

RENE

Was that "them"?

WINTERS

(starting to dress)

Yeah. I've got to go.

RENE

This is dangerous, isn't it?

When WINTERS continues to dress without answering, RENE rises and crosses to him, before:

WINTERS

It is, but I'll be careful, never going to leave you two. Ever.

Fully dressed, he turns to her and smiles:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Unless Zoe Kravitz hits me up.

RENE  
(smiling)  
Oh, so that's what's up? When I'm done  
with you, there won't be anything left...

RENE starts hitting him playfully. He throws up his hands in  
surrender.

WINTERS  
OK. OK. I give up!

They laugh for a moment longer, kiss, then the mood turns  
serious again.

RENE  
Be careful baby.

WINTERS  
I always am.

WINTERS hugs her tightly, then turns to leave and tries to  
give her a reassuring look before walking out.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Pulling on his coat, WINTERS crosses Union Park to PEARCE'S  
car. PALACHEK steps out of the passenger side and holds the  
door open for WINTERS. An apology of sorts.

INT. CAR - SAME

As PEARCE navigates the Back Bay traffic:

PEARCE  
According to our source in the coroner's  
office, this murder was particularly  
gruesome.  
(beat)  
The victim looked as if she'd been  
abandoned midway through surgery.

EXT. STREET - ALLSTON - SAME

Commonwealth Avenue. PEARCE'S car pulls up near the scene.  
The police have taped off the area all around the laundromat.  
Standing in the center of the crowd, McGUIRE barks orders.

INT. PEARCE'S CAR - SAME

WINTERS notes McGUIRE's presence with dismay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS  
Shit. McGuire.  
(beat)  
I'm still a prime suspect in two cases.

PEARCE pulls away around the corner and parks.

PEARCE  
Okay, stay in the car. We'll talk to him.

She and PALACHEK step from the car. WINTERS watches through the rear windshield as they walk towards the scene. Sighing, he turns back and rests his head, eyes closed.

WINTERS' fingers drum idly against the back of the front seat.

SMASH CUT:

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE:

EXT. VIENNA - NIGHT

Blanketed beneath a spring fog, enhancing its Old World Gothic qualities.

EXT. IMPERIAL BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Leopoldstadt side. The enormous metal superstructure overhead and fog combine to blot out the night sky and city lights.

Quiet, save the Danube flowing noisily beside:

PETER WINTERS and PEARCE, in front of her Mercedes. Both very tense. PEARCE glances at her phone:

PEARCE  
She's late.

PETER  
(firm)  
She'll be here. Look, you haven't  
'interacted' with anyone from 'Six'  
yet...

PEARCE, politely, cuts him off mid-sentence:

PEARCE  
I've read the files. I remember my  
training.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PETER

Reading the files, and experiencing it  
first-hand are two different things...

He's interrupted when the air in front of them begins to  
shimmer, and grow brighter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here she comes... remember what I taught  
you...

They're suddenly bathed in a pool of shimmering ultra violet  
colored light. To steady her nerves, PEARCE repeats a  
familiar mantra:

PEARCE

...it's important that I...

The light becomes so bright PEARCE has to shield her eyes:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

... remain calm, and stay focused...

Once PEARCE'S eyes adjust, looking through her fingers, she  
sees: A cloud of fog and brilliant ultra violet light.

In the center of that cloud, a darkly uniformed woman -- an  
ENVOY from 'Six' -- levitates a meter above the ground. Steam  
rises from her body, and mingles with the fog.

A long beat.

PEARCE is trouser-foulingly terrified. Her lizard brain is  
telling her to run in the opposite direction; but she tamps  
down the fear rising inside her.

PEARCE'S struggle catches the ENVOY'S attention. The ENVOY  
studies PEARCE like a doctor examining an X-ray.

When the ENVOY finally speaks, her voice is amplified,  
impossibly deep -- thick with REVERB, like she's speaking  
through a microphone:

ENVOY

(to PETER)

You've trained her well.

A beat. The ENVOY floats menacingly, studying the pair,  
before continuing:

ENVOY (CONT'D)

We have become aware of a plot to destroy  
'Secret Sun', a plot involving 'Nine'.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ENVOY (CONT'D)

We cannot say, conclusively, who they are working with...but a plot does exist, and you are its target.

PETER

Why're you telling us?

(beat)

The smart play is to sit back and let 'Nine' take us out.

ENVOY

In the short term, perhaps...

(beat)

...but 'Six' operates on a much longer time-scale. Eventually you will prove useful to us...just as these, will prove useful to you, in your hunt for this killer.

The ENVOY gestures toward the ground, then promptly vanishes, her words still REVERBERATING in the air.

PEARCE EXHALES in relief; still processing what she's just seen - when she happens to glance at the spot THE ENVOY pointed to:

Two metal boxes, of non-human design, steam rising from off them. A red one, and a second indigo colored one.

PEARCE (O.S.)

Warren?

WINTERS opens his eyes to find PEARCE and PALACHEK climbing back into the car.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

You okay?

His eyes wide, shocked and disoriented by what he's just seen:

WINTERS

What the hell did I just see? She was floating in the air! Who... what... was that?!

PEARCE is momentarily taken aback, but quickly regains her composure:

PEARCE

An ally. For the time being. They traffic in information, technology, armaments.

(beat)

But right now, they're irrelevant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEARCE (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's imperative we remain focused on our target. Police followed his trail to a dead end, then lost it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

PEARCE, WINTERS and PALACHEK stand at the dead end of an alley.

PALACHEK

It's a dead end, alright.

PEARCE

Yes... but perhaps not for him.

(beat)

Warren, see if you can get anything.

WINTERS looks at her for a moment until he realizes what she means. He walks up to the brick wall at the end of the alley and places his hands against it. His eyes close in concentration. The others look on expectantly.

After a moment, he steps back and shakes his head. Wordlessly, he walks to another, higher, side of the alley and repeats the process. As his eyes close in concentration:

SMASH CUT:

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: Night. A dark FIGURE scampers insect-like up the brick wall. It turns its head briefly. Its' face is smeared with blood.

WINTERS steps back quickly.

WINTERS

He was here. He climbed this wall. I don't know how, but he did it.

They survey the wall. It's high and featureless.

PALACHEK

I wonder why he went up this one. It's the highest, the hardest to climb.

PEARCE

Yes. He must have meant to go this way. Perhaps he was running home.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Back on the main street, they find a boarded up door into the building. With an application of force which is almost gentle, PALACHEK shoulders open the door and they step into:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

They make their way cautiously through the cavernous but bare warehouse. The only signs of life are the rats and pigeons that scatter in front of their advance.

PEARCE

No good. There's no place to hide.

WINTERS points to a set of rusting stairs.

WINTERS

Let's try the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

They emerge on a sloping metal roof. Struggling to keep their balance, they make their way to the edge. The building looks out over a narrow block at the end of the harbor:

The waterfront is lined with piers and truck yards. In the center of it all sits a large, crumbling apartment building.

PEARCE

That's got to be it.

EXT. STREET - LATER

PEARCE, PALACHEK, and WINTERS walk around the outside of the apartment building, taking it all in.

WINTERS notices a commotion near the side of the building; two mangy dogs, fur bristling, are barking in front of a dumpster. He points it out to the others.

EXT. SIDE OF THE BUILDING - SAME

The dogs scatter as WINTERS, PALACHEK and PEARCE near the dumpster. Flies buzz above the closed lid. WINTERS steps up and grabs the handle. Lifts it, then immediately regrets it.

WINTERS

(a beat - his eyes closed)

Dead dog. We're definitely close.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Narrow and gloomy. WINTERS, PALACHEK and PEARCE step out of the stairwell and into the hall. WINTERS stops in front of a door marked "216".

WINTERS places his palm flat against the door. He closes his eyes. After a moment, he turns to PEARCE and whispers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

He's here.

PEARCE nods, then digs into her pocket and pulls out a hi-tech lock pick. She leans down and silently sets to work. Seconds later, there's a soft CLICK.

She steps aside and slowly pulls her gun out.

PEARCE

(to WINTERS)

This would be an appropriate time to draw your weapon.

WINTERS and PALACHEK follow suit. PALACHEK steps in front of the door. On a signal from PEARCE, he reaches forward and gently pushes the door open. They level their guns, waiting...

When, after a moment, nothing happens, PALACHEK steps through the door. PEARCE and WINTERS follow...

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - SAME

Like BIRX'S apartment, the place is a mess. The windows are draped with blankets, casting the room into dark, musty shadows. Here and there, thin shafts of light stab the gloom.

The threadbare furniture lies in a fort-like jumble in the center of the floor. Guns raised, they circle the pile. Nothing stirs.

PEARCE motions to PALACHEK. He nods and moves forward. With his leg, he stretches out towards the pile. His foot inches closer until it's touching. WINTERS and PEARCE train their guns.

PALACHEK takes a deep breath, then nudges the overturned chair at the bottom. With a CRASH, the pile collapses....

There's nothing underneath. PALACHEK relaxes visibly. PEARCE steps forward, frowning.

PEARCE

He must have cleared out already. We were too late.

WINTERS notices a drop of blood on the floor next to the pile. He spots another one a few feet away. He follows them till he finds a third one...and then a fourth.

As the others sort through the mess in the living room, WINTERS continues to follow the blood trail until it leads into:

INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - SAME

Small. Eat-in. Like the living room, the kitchen is dark and shrouded; but what immediately catches WINTERS attention is...the dining table.

A setting for one. Seated at the head of the table are the remains of an OLD MAN, a gaping hole in his chest, his dead mouth frozen in a scream - as if he'd been interrupted mid-meal.

The remains of a partially devoured heart sit in the middle of the plate in front of him.

WINTERS  
I got a body in here!

As WINTERS studies the grisly scene, crimson drops of blood, splatter on the table's single, bone-white plate.

Curious to locate the source, WINTERS spins to look upward, just in time to see a dark FIGURE drop from the ceiling, the tails of its trench coat fluttering like wings as it falls towards him.

WINTERS throws himself to the side but the falling FIGURE still catches him and smashes him against the linoleum.

WINTERS lashes out blindly with his arm, trying to find something with which to defend himself.

His hand finds the bottom of a curtain and he pulls on it with all his might, trying to pull himself from underneath his attacker.

The curtain tears from its rings and a shaft of dying sunlight cuts through the room.

The FIGURE turns to the light, SNARLING in anger, then bolts from the room.

WINTERS rolls over in time to see, through the door, the FIGURE, arms flailing, charging past PALACHEK.

PALACHEK goes down in a spray of blood as the FIGURE continues onward, smashing through the door.

WINTERS scrambles to his feet and runs into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - SAME

PALACHEK is bleeding from a nasty gash on the shoulder. WINTERS rushes to his side and starts to apply pressure on the wound but PEARCE pushes him aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE  
Check the hallway!

WINTERS heads for the door and steps out into:

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

WINTERS looks in both directions but the hallway is already deserted.

WINTERS  
Shit!

Frustrated, he steps back into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

To his surprise, PEARCE is already helping PALACHEK to his feet. His shirt is slick with blood, but the wound seems to have closed already.

WINTERS  
(amazed)  
How...?!!

PEARCE  
It wasn't as bad as it looked. Did he get away?

WINTERS  
You saw him. What the fuck are we dealing with here?!

PEARCE  
(trying to calm him)  
We're dealing with your father's killer.

WINTERS  
(shaking his head vigorously)  
Nope. Nope. Not good enough. I want to know how you patched Palachek up so quick, exactly who or what we're chasing...  
(beat)  
...And I definitely want some answers about what happened under that bridge in Vienna.

PEARCE sighs and casts a questioning look at PALACHEK. He shrugs. PEARCE considers for a moment, then finally turns back to WINTERS, her mind made up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

Alright. I warn you though, you are  
'crossing the Rubicon'...or in this case  
the Danube, as it were. Are you  
absolutely certain you want to know?

WINTERS

Yeah, I'm sure.

She hides a smirk from him, pulls out her cell phone, hits a  
button on speed dial:

PEARCE

I'm bringing him in.

She returns the cell phone to her pocket then moves next to  
WINTERS.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

I do apologize for this...

Without warning, she reaches out and presses her hand against  
WINTERS's neck. A strange expression passes over his face and  
then, he passes out.

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE:

PETER WINTERS from the home movie.

MILES.

CHANEY'S ravaged corpse.

The unnaturally pale face of the KILLER.

A mouth and eye sockets brimming with razor sharp teeth.

A corpulent, jaundiced FIGURE moving through a dark room,  
menace in every step.

PETER WINTERS, surrounded by deep shadows, smiling sadly:

PETER WINTERS

Goodbye, little man...

There is music in the b.g., opera, a soprano's voice sings a  
mournful, melancholy aria.

Accompanied by the music, PETER WINTERS turns and begins to  
walk away. The SHADOWS begin to swallow him up...

WINTERS

Dad...

WARREN WINTERS comes to, beads of sweat on his face. He  
shakes his head to clear the painful image and then begins to  
look around. The room is darkened. When his eyes adjust:



INT. EXAM ROOM - SECRET SUN - NIGHT

WINTERS finds himself on an exam table in a small windowless room. The walls are rough hewn stone and damp, like a cellar or a crypt.

The furnishings - table, stool, a large medical cabinet - are sleek, modern and very temporary-looking as if the room has been assembled quickly but with some care and taste.

There is music playing in the b.g., the same opera that was in his dream.

Seated on the stool, LUCIE AUBRAC -- 30s, glasses, blond hair contrasting her dark Saint Laurent suit -- notices WINTERS' return to consciousness.

She walks to a wall-mounted intercom, says something in French, then crosses to WINTERS.

WINTERS  
(re: the opera)  
I heard this music in my dream.

AUBRAC  
(slight accent)  
'La Wally'. Beautiful, but full of  
sadness, non?

WINTERS  
(rubbing his neck)  
Where am I?

The door opens and PEARCE steps in. She turns to AUBRAC.

PEARCE  
(in French)  
Thank you, Lucie. Could you give us the  
room?

She leaves. PEARCE takes a seat across from WINTERS.

WINTERS  
(looking around)  
I'm guessing these are your offices.  
(beat)  
I know you want to keep the location  
hidden, but damn, was the Vulcan nerve  
pinch really necessary?

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - SAME

PEARCE holds the door for WINTERS as they emerge in a dim tunnel-like hallway. The impression of an old crypt is even stronger here. Several wooden doors line the hall.

The lighting is the corridor's only modern feature: temporary frames support evenly spaced halogen lights overhead. WINTERS takes it all in.

WINTERS  
Not exactly inviting.

PEARCE  
We rarely entertain.  
(beat)  
This iteration of our organization is quite old, we study things the authorities can't or don't want to investigate. Some of our members themselves possess talents, gifts that are considered paranormal or extraordinary.

WINTERS  
Like Palachek?

PEARCE  
Yes. Like your father. Like you.

INT. LIBRARY - SECRET SUN - SAME

A large two-story vault-like room. The stone walls on each floor are lined with several floor-to-ceiling bookcases. There is also a desk with a computer terminal.

PEARCE  
This is the library...

WINTERS takes it all in.

WINTERS  
Holy shit, all of this is...

PEARCE  
...our accumulated knowledge of the supernatural.

PEARCE leads WINTERS across to a second door, leading into:

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - SAME

Much like the first corridor. PEARCE is moving fast. WINTERS is trying to keep up, literally and figuratively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

I'm about to introduce you to Ian Carlisle.

(beat)

He appears mad as a hatter, but I'd ask you to listen to him and keep an open mind.

PEARCE arrives at a door. She stops, opens the door and shows him into:

INT. MEETING ROOM - SECRET SUN - SAME

A large room with a low wood-beam ceiling. Large wooden casks set into the wall speak to the room's former use. A circle of halogen lamps on tripods surrounds a table set up with several chairs, a laptop and a wall mounted monitor.

IAN CARLISLE, early 60's, wearing a suit that look likes it's been slept in, pale, dark circles under his eyes, obsessive, over-caffeinated -- skips the pleasantries and starts spewing information:

CARLISLE

(to WINTERS)

Our official internal designation for the killer you're tracking is... 'The Shrike'.

(beat)

But to understand 'The Shrike', you have to understand, 'Esoteric Cosmology'.

(beat)

And it will change the way you see the world, forever.

WINTERS and PEARCE sit down. WINTERS leans back in his chair.

WINTERS

Go ahead my man. Blow my mind.

There's a flash of anger from CARLISLE, which just as quickly fades. PEARCE gently admonishes WINTERS:

PEARCE

I asked you to keep an open mind.

WINTER shrugs.

CARLISLE

The universe is more complex than even Einstein or Hawking realized.

(rambling a bit)

Kaku and Greene... and their interpretations of string theory...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
 (on WINTERS confused  
 expression)  
 ...probably come closest to explaining  
 the true nature of the universe...  
 (beat)  
 ...our universe is composed of not one,  
 but twelve different, interconnected  
 'realities'.

WINTERS  
 (incredulous)  
 Twelve, interconnected realities?

On the WALL MONITOR: A map. Twelve different locations across  
 the globe, each marked with a number and strange symbol.

CARLISLE  
 Each of which are accessible through  
 naturally occurring 'gates' here on Earth  
 - places where the barrier to each  
 reality is thin.  
 (beat)  
 And each of these realities is inhabited  
 by...  
 (beat)  
 ...beings completely unlike humans,  
 inconceivably ancient, incredibly  
 powerful.

As WINTERS has an 'Aha' moment.

WINTERS  
 'Three', 'Six', 'Nine', designations for  
 the different realities...  
 (beat)  
 ...that's what the scary floating lady  
 was talking about.

PEARCE nods in confirmation.

CARLISLE  
 The beings from 'Six', 'Nine', the others  
 come here to feed, exert control, and  
 battle one another, covertly, for  
 dominance.  
 (beat)  
 Sometimes they enter our world as  
 avatars, sometimes they use proxies.

WINTERS  
 So 'The Shrike', was sent here by one of  
 these beings?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLISLE

Precisely, but the gates are only open in specific places, at specific times... so a few months ago, I calculated the next time... the gate to 'Nine' would be open.  
(beat)

We considered simply destroying the gate, thereby trapping 'The Shrike' in our world... instead we decided to try and track it back to its home...learn what we could about the 'ninth reality'...

EXT. GLACIER - ANTARCTIC - DAY

A towering cliff of ice and snow. Sunlight reflected off the surface of the snow makes it almost blindingly bright. Deathly quiet, only sound is the wind, whipping across the frozen landscape.

The quiet is pierced by a quick succession of noises: A quiet CRACKING sound, replaced by a THUNDEROUS BOOM as...

A three story slice of ice breaks off from the cliff and slides into the water below, revealing a cave entrance.

CARLISLE (V.O.)

... so we sent...

EXT. GLACIER - ANTARCTIC - LATER

We see a bright orange shape, a Tucker Sno-Cat, slowly crossing a sea of bright white ice and snow; moving toward the edge of the glacier, its chrome vertical exhaust puffing plumes of black smoke into the air.

CARLISLE (V.O.)

... a team...

INT. SNO-CAT - CONTINUOUS

Three SCIENTISTS, intensely focused on a BEEPING display monitor: Sonar. Mapping the ground beneath them. The sonar device BEEPS excitedly.

SCIENTIST #2 motions for SCIENTIST #3 to stop. The stenciled name on SCIENTIST #3's parka reads: CARLISLE.

CARLISLE (V.O.)

...led by my wife...

She nods and pumps the Sno-Cat's brakes. SCIENTIST #2 looks down at the monitor. There's something beneath them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With that, they load up with gear, climb out of the Sno-Cat and onto:

EXT. GLACIER - ANTARCTIC - CONTINUOUS

The SCIENTISTS move toward the edge of the cliff. SCIENTIST #2 points the dish at the cave opening and the BEEPING becomes frantic.

They steel themselves, then descend into the crevasse - monitor still BEEPING. They finally disappear from view, until all we're left with is the BEEPING.

CARLISLE (V.O.)  
...but we never heard from them again.

INT. MEETING ROOM - SECRET SUN - CONTINUOUS

WINTERS awkwardly tries to offer condolences to this near stranger:

WINTERS  
Your wife? Sorry man.

CARLISLE nods in appreciation of WINTERS' sentiment. WINTERS gives him a moment, before he continues:

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
But a lot of that sounds like speculation. To track it, kill it, we need forensics, hard data. What do you know about it?

CARLISLE  
The Shrike possesses exceptional strength...

CARLISLE consults a nearby display:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
...and, according to your report, seems able to climb buildings like a fly, and feeds on human organs: the eyes, liver, heart and hypothalamus. It is a terrifying creature.  
(beat)  
Almost as if it was created for the sole purpose of instilling fear in its victims. The Shrike feeds on human flesh, but I think it's just a proxy... and the being, from 'Nine', that sent it here, feeds on the fear.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

The Shrike itself... is very cunning, but it always follows 'The Pattern'.

WINTERS winces, almost imperceptibly, at the mention of the phrase.

WINTERS

Which means, he's probably on the move again.

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - LATER

As they walk down the hall WINTERS struggles with what he has learned.

PEARCE

We need you, Warren. Especially now that your father's died. Although they're still undeveloped, you can't deny your abilities.

(a beat)

Right now, you rely on proximity, contact. With help, you'll be able to direct your mind, see farther than you imagined possible.

(beat)

You can use it to "see" for us, just like your father did. He could push his mind out in all directions across this world, and into others.

WINTERS

Great, he was a human Ouija board.

PEARCE places her hand on his arm then looks at him straight in the eye. When she speaks, her tone is firm, but patient.

PEARCE

But your abilities aren't as developed as his were. I wanted to wait a bit longer before attempting this, but we don't have much choice... the trail has gone completely cold.

WINTERS

Attempting what?

PEARCE

There is a way to 'accelerate' the development of your abilities; which will in turn help us find and stop The Shrike, that much sooner.

The skepticism is written all over WINTERS' face, forcing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE to play her Ace:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

The same Shrike that killed your father.

WINTERS considers for a moment, then, reluctantly:

WINTERS

If you need me to do... whatever this  
is... to help you find this sonuvabitch  
and take him out, you got it.

INT. LABORATORY - SECRET SUN - LATER

WINTERS is sitting on a chair at a large metal table. Across from him is the indigo colored metal box and a matching colored key.

CARLISLE, PEARCE and AUBRAC stand on either side of the table, exchanging quick, nervous glances.

CARLISLE

This... is a 'Pineal Amplifier'.

WINTERS stares at it for a moment, struggling to remember where he's seen it before, when it hits him:

WINTERS

Vienna.

CARLISLE exchanges another nervous glance with PEARCE before continuing:

CARLISLE

A product of the 'Six' laboratories. It can significantly amplify the abilities of those who possess clairvoyant or precognitive abilities.

(beat)

By looking inside, you should be able to get a more specific idea of The Shrike's location, and perhaps who it's working with.

PEARCE

The Shrike is a knife in the dark, we can see the blade, but not the face of the one who wields it...

(beat)

To do that, we need you to open it and look inside.

WINTERS

What's in there?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PEARCE

You're the only one that can answer that question.

On WINTERS puzzled expression:

CARLISLE

Its effects are extremely harmful to those whose nervous systems are not like yours, so I'd ask you to kindly wait until we leave the room before opening it.

(beat)

Once we're gone, insert the key, turn it counter-clockwise and open it.

WINTERS

Is this thing radioactive?

They move toward the door as WINTERS calls out after them.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

You got time to tell me about 'esoteric cosmology', but you can't...

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - CONTINUOUS

PEARCE, CARLISLE and AUBRAC stand outside the door.

WINTERS (O.S.)

...take a damn minute to tell me if this thing's going to go Chernobyl on me?

INT. LABORATORY - SECRET SUN - CONTINUOUS

WINTERS hears the door CLICK as it is locked. He doesn't reach for it immediately, but eventually curiosity gets the better of him.

WINTERS

Well, here goes nothing.

Slowly, WINTERS reaches across the table and picks up the indigo blue key. He slides the key into the lock and turns counter-clockwise until it CLICKS.

WINTERS opens the lid and looks inside.

CLOSE - WINTERS: His PUPILS enlarge to the point that they are almost indistinguishable from the brown iris that surrounds them.

SMASH CUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE:

Rows of blood-stained, CHATTERING TEETH.

THE SHRIKE moving through the shadows along the bank of a river of dark, murky water.

A large water-filled space, but clearly not a sewer. Filled with artificial orange light. A stone pathway leads to a large golden throne in the center of the room.

Perched on the throne is THE TYRANT: Morbidly obese, jaundiced skin, thin wisps of yellow hair clinging desperately to his scalp.

He LAUGHS, revealing rows of disgusting, rotted teeth.

Even this brief glimpse is enough to make your skin crawl...

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - CONTINUOUS

CARLISLE paces near the threshold, AUBRAC fidgets, while PEARCE - calm and composed as ever - remains still.

AUBRAC  
This is reckless.

PEARCE bristles at the word 'reckless'.

PEARCE  
It's a calculated risk; but if it works... he can tell us where the Shrike is, and who's really behind this.

INT. LABORATORY - SECRET SUN - CONTINUOUS

The room is eerily quiet. WINTERS is sitting in a chair, motionless. He doesn't even register their presence - simply stares into the distance.

He has the 'thousand yard stare' of a soldier who's just stepped off the battlefield. Finally AUBRAC breaks the silence.

AUBRAC  
Warren.

He doesn't respond.

CARLISLE  
What did you see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

(searching for the words)

It's underground. Lots of water. The  
sewers probably. And I saw a...

(unsure of how to describe him)

...man. But he wasn't a man. He was huge,  
sickly looking, sitting on a golden  
throne... like something out of a  
nightmare.

CARLISLE exchanges an anxious glance with AUBRAC, then  
PEARCE:

CARLISLE

That was the ruler of 'Twelve'... he's  
known as 'The Tyrant'.

INT. HALLWAY - SECRET SUN - NIGHT

PEARCE and WINTERS are walking away from the laboratory.  
WINTERS is still visibly shaken from his encounter with 'The  
Pineal Amplifier', but is slowly regaining his composure.

PEARCE

Are you alright?

WINTERS

(grabbing his head)

I feel, different. Hard to put into  
words...

(wanting to change the subject)

What's our plan?

PEARCE

We wait till he kills again. Then we'll  
know where to start looking.

WINTERS

I need to call Rene.

PEARCE

When you join us, you have to leave your  
former life behind. Just like your father  
did.

WINTERS

You got me mixed up with my Dad. I'm not  
him and I didn't join you. This is a one  
time collab.

(beat)

You don't let me talk to my family, I  
will fight my way out of here.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Maybe I make it out, maybe I don't, but you don't want to fuck around and find out.

The threat hangs there. PEARCE wants to de-escalate, changes tack:

PEARCE

There's another reason. Until we catch it, you should keep your distance. Remember this killer is not something you want to bring into their lives.

WINTERS

Agreed, but I've got to give Rene some kind of explanation.

INT. OFFICE - SECRET SUN - LATER

WINTERS sits behind one of two desks, on his cell phone. PEARCE sits at the other, monitoring his conversation with an odd look on her face. Watching WINTERS seems to summon up strong memories.

WINTERS

(into phone)

Little Man, Daddy's got to go out of town on business, and it's very important, I'll be home as soon as I can, promise. Okay? I love you too.

With a sigh, WARREN ends the call, then rubs his eyes with the palms of his hands. PEARCE looks on.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

I hope to hell this is worth it.

PEARCE

Your father thought so.

WINTERS

Yeah...well, I'm not my father...

PEARCE

Leaving you and your mother was the hardest thing he ever did.

WINTERS

Yeah, well it wasn't exactly easy for me either. Do you know what it's like to grow up without a father? Who knows what my life could've been like, but he wasn't there for me... he wasn't there, period.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

(cautious)

It's not my place to tell you how to feel about him.

(a beat)

He kept his distance, but he was always close by. He was at your Little League games, college graduation, he was even outside the church at your wedding.

WINTERS

Then why didn't he show himself?

PEARCE

He couldn't. Once you're fully read-in, for security reasons, you have to leave your old life behind.

WINTERS

(suddenly remembering)

His prints, you stole his prints from his old police file.

PEARCE

Warren, your father recruited me, and protected me...

(a beat)

...I wouldn't have survived without him.

WINTERS

(bitter)

Sounds like he was more of a father to you than he was to me.

Before she can respond, the door opens and AUBRAC leans in.

AUBRAC

New York just intercepted an N.Y.P.D. request for the F.B.I.'S Behavioral Science unit. M.O. in the case is a match.

INT. AIRLINER - DAWN

A red-eye BOS-NY shuttle. WINTERS is alone in his row, emptying two airline bottles of whiskey into a plastic cup. PEARCE settles into the seat next to him, notices the drink but doesn't comment.

WINTERS downs the whiskey in one gulp, turns to her --  
somber, serious:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

I know things got a little heated, back at your office...but I need you to do me a favor.

(beat)

If...if I don't make it back...you explain what happened to Rene, Miles, protect them...

A beat. PEARCE'S tone is equally somber. She almost places her hand on his, but at the last moment pulls it away.

PEARCE

You have my word.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

The commercial airliner drops out of the sky as the first rays of dawn lighten the horizon.

INT. TERMINAL - KENNEDY AIRPORT - SAME

WINTERS, PALACHEK, PEARCE and AUBRAC make their way through the throng of early-morning business travelers to be met by a lithe man in his thirties sporting a dark jacket and a Brooklyn accent.

PEARCE

We need a ride into the city. I have a corporate account.

RUDY

Your account number?

PEARCE

Tango, Whiskey, Sierra, Six-One-Seven.

After hearing the last digit, the MAN smiles. They shake.

RUDY

Welcome to the Big Apple. Lipinsky.  
C'mon, I'm double-parked.

INT. TOWN CAR - LATER

WINTERS and PEARCE sit in the back as RUDY drives.

PEARCE

(getting down to business)  
So, what do we know?

RUDY

Not much, I'm afraid. The guy was pretty well chewed over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDY (CONT'D)

There's not much to look at, but N.Y.P.D.  
still doesn't know, so if you want, we  
can swing by.

PEARCE looks questioningly at WINTERS.

WINTERS

It's worth a try.

EXT. RAIL YARD - MORNING

The weak sun can't quite seem to warm the day as WINTERS,  
RUDY and PEARCE make their way between the boxcars. RUDY  
points to a blood-soaked stretch of ground between two of the  
cars.

RUDY

This is where they found him.

There's not much to see. They scour the ground for footsteps  
or any other clue, with no luck.

Finally, WINTERS walks up to the boxcar. He reaches out his  
hand tentatively and places it on the metal siding, just  
above the bloody earth. He closes his eyes and concentrates.

IN WARREN'S MIND'S EYE: dark night, the look of terror on the  
WATCHMAN'S face, multiple sets of teeth stained with blood.

WINTERS pulls his hand away quickly, shocked. He takes a deep  
breath and turns to PEARCE and RUDY.

WINTERS

It was him... for sure.

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY - DAY

A large, brick building in the garment district.

INT. ENTRYWAY - GARMENT FACTORY - SAME

Led by RUDY, the group walks across the broad tile floor of  
the entryway. Doors lead off to spacious sales offices. The  
noise of sewing machinery drifts through the building.

RUDY

We operate out of here, using the factory  
as a front.

WINTERS

How many of these stations, offices, or  
whatever do you have? How big is 'Secret  
Sun'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUDY

Two dozen offices across the world, New York is the headquarters.

They arrive at a bank of elevators. There is an intercom next to the door. RUDY keys the pad.

INTERCOM

Identification please.

RUDY

Tango, Whiskey, Sierra, Six-Four-Six.

A pause.

INTERCOM

Identification confirmed. Thank You.

RUDY'S phone chimes. He's received a notification. He reads it, his expression registers shock.

PEARCE

Has it struck again?

RUDY

(looks down at his phone)  
Knicks just won five in a row, they're heading to the playoffs...

The elevator doors slide open and they step in.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

RUDY pulls out a key and inserts it into the elevator panel. He pushes a sequence of floor buttons, then turns the key to the left. The elevator hums to life and begins to descend. The floor indicator remains on "LL 1".

Being a Celtics fan, WINTERS can't help but rain on his parade:

WINTERS

Calm down man, it's only December.

INT. BOILER ROOM - SECRET SUN - SAME

Cavernous, suffused in an unnatural greenish glow. An ASSISTANT navigates a canyon of floor-to-ceiling stacked heating units, toward the sound of a:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

...first we deal with The Shrike, then with your help, we settle accounts with The Tyrant.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

As the ASSISTANT gets closer, the MALE VOICE (o.s.) abruptly stops speaking, and the green lights (o.s.) vanish.

The ASSISTANT rounds the last of the large, high-stacked, heating units and reaches:

An open space, dimly lit, shadowy. In the center, the owner of the MALE VOICE, is sitting in front of what appears to be an antique, double-screen television - but again, not of human construction. Steam still rising off it, as:

ASSISTANT  
Apologies for the interruption.

The owner of the MALE VOICE rises to his feet. He steps out of the pool of shadows and steam, then into the light:  
CHARLES HOWARD, mid-60s, dapper, meticulous, short, but radiating power.

HOWARD  
(more statement than question)  
They've arrived.

ASSISTANT  
Just now.

He bring his hands together in front of him, interlaces his fingers:

HOWARD  
Good. Very, good.

INT. OFFICES - CENTRAL OFFICE - SAME

Modern, but dark. The main area is low-ceilinged, and furnished with dark green carpets and metal desks. Illumination comes from small overhead spots and the glow of computers.

HOWARD is waiting as PEARCE, RUDY and WINTERS step off the elevator.

PEARCE  
Warren Winters. This is Charles Howard,  
the head of Secret Sun.

Instead of a handshake, and a 'Nice to meet you', like a normal person:

HOWARD  
"Everyone sees what you appear to be, few  
experience what you really are."

HOWARD'S lips twist into an unsettling smile.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CENTRAL OFFICE - DAY

HOWARD stands silently at the head of a large table. Behind him sits a large display screen. Seated around the table are a few familiar faces: RUDY, PALACHEK, PEARCE and AUBRAC, as well as others. PEARCE makes the introductions for WINTERS:

PEARCE

You already know most of us here. I'd like you to meet Robert Chang...

A severe-looking Asian-American man in his early 30s. He tries to 'dap', but WINTERS just offers a traditional hand-shake, each switches to accommodate the other and the simple hand-shake goes hilariously wrong.

They eventually get it right. CHANG sits down, embarrassed.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

...and Theo Ramirez.

A baby-faced man in his twenties, just nods. HOWARD cuts in brusquely.

HOWARD

(mild irritation)

Now that we're all acquainted, we should discuss the reason we're here...

He turns to PEARCE.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

...our plan for finding and killing 'The Shrike'.

PEARCE punches some keys on a computer keyboard in front of her.

The display screen flickers to life, showing a detail map of North Brooklyn. She steps to the side, so all can see it.

PEARCE

This is where the latest victim was killed. We know it prefers to operate at night, which means it probably didn't get far before it had to find a place to hide.

She clicks another button and a large red circle appears on the map with the rail yard at the center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

Based on what we know about its mobility, we can come up with about a thirty block radius the creature must be in; but that's too large an area to search properly. We need to narrow our focus. Suggestions?

Everyone studies the map.

RUDY

For starters, we can eliminate those blocks along the waterfront. They're pretty well lit at night.

CHANG

And the blocks just south of the rail yard. The trains let off right there. There's a lot of activity, all the time.

WINTERS

This thing feeds on the poor and disenfranchised, so that would eliminate any blocks with higher income housing...

RUDY

...Which rules out all of Manhattan, hell even a good chunk of Brooklyn.

PEARCE works the keyboard. The display changes. The circle is reduced to two small red areas on either side of the yard.

PEARCE

But if we take a bit of a gamble, choose one location, and concentrate our resources there... if we choose correctly... we'll have enough people to surround it, keep it contained, corner it...

HOWARD turns to WINTERS, fixes him in his strange, unsettling gaze, and interlaces his fingers before:

HOWARD

...and then you, Warren, can deliver the *coup de grace*.

EXT. STREET - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A dark, deserted street in the midst of industrial sprawl.

Nothing moves. Only two cars occupy the street. The first is a wreck, up on blocks. The second contains:

INT. CAR - SAME

WINTERS and PEARCE sit patiently in the front seats, a large thermos between them. The dashboard clock reads 10:27. She reaches behind the seat and produces the red box from Vienna.

Before he opens it, he remembers the Pineal Amplifier and asks:

WINTERS

Is this one going to do anything weird?

PEARCE smiles slightly, shakes her head. WINTERS opens it to find: A pair of strange handguns, the exquisite craftsmanship covered by intricate, indecipherable markings.

PEARCE (O.S.)

"The Streams of Anguish".

WINTERS removes them from the box.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

The projectiles will wound and kill more effectively than conventional bullets.

(beat)

And they can only be fired by someone with your 'special' abilities.

He removes them, and holds them up to examine their strange design.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

Howard and I have come to the conclusion that our teams can track The Shrike, and our bullets can wound it, but...

(re: the 'Streams of Anguish')

...your father, and you, armed with those weapons, might be the only two capable of actually killing it.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

PALACHEK stands at the edge of the rooftop, looking over the streets below with night-goggles. He wears a headset.

PEARCE

(over walkie talkie)

Anything Nikolai?

PALACHEK

All quiet.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

AUBRAC, also wearing a headset, sits in back of a "Tri-State Meat" truck, surveying the scene outside through a night-scope.

PEARCE  
(over walkie talkie)  
Lucie?

AUBRAC  
Two people complaining about the weekend service on the G. They were very unhappy about the inconvenience.

PEARCE  
(over walkie talkie)  
A simple 'No' would have sufficed.

INT. CAR - LATER

An empty thermos and WINTERS' and PEARCE'S tired expressions mark the passage of time. The clock reads 4:18am.

WINTERS  
Why do these creatures from 'Nine' and The Tyrant, want all of you dead?

PEARCE  
It's pointless to use human psychology to try and profile killers... who aren't human.  
(beat)  
We only know when they indulge their appetites for fear and cruelty, innocent lives are lost... Birx, that poor graduate student, your partner...  
(beat)  
We try to protect people, to the best of our abilities, as a result, The Shrike and The Tyrant have joined forces to destroy us.  
(beat)  
That's the power struggle I was referring to at The Jade...

Before she can continue, the walkie talkie CRACKLES to life.

AUBRAC  
(through the walkie talkie)  
I just saw something!

PEARCE scrambles for the walkie talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE  
What was it?!

AUBRAC  
(through the walkie talkie)  
I don't know, but it was moving fast...  
heading in your direction!

PEARCE  
(into the walkie talkie)  
Okay, Palachek, catch that?

PALACHEK  
(through walkie talkie)  
Affirmative.

PEARCE and WINTERS lean forward, straining to make out any movement in the dark street outside their window.

WINTERS  
I can't see anything...

The radio crackles again.

PALACHEK  
(through walkie talkie)  
I've got something.

PEARCE  
(into walkie talkie)  
What've you got?

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

PALACHEK is scanning the alleyway beneath his building.

PALACHEK  
I've got movement.

POV - PALACHEK: Through night-vision goggles we see the alley is lit with an eerie green glow. The false light doesn't quite penetrate the shadows in which something moves slowly.

PALACHEK (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm not  
taking chances.

PALACHEK lowers his body into a fighting stance - he's tensed and ready for anything..

The mysterious figure is emerging from the shadows...  
PALACHEK readies himself for an attack.... The figure moves out into the center of the alley... It's an UNHOUSED WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PALACHEK (CONT'D)  
Never mind...

He relaxes, when a SCUFFLING noise comes from behind him. Startled, he turns, only to see: THE SHRIKE lunging towards him. With supernatural speed, PALACHEK spins around, just in time to sidestep THE SHRIKE.

THE SHRIKE'S body smashes into a brick wall, causing an explosion of brick and dust.

THE SHRIKE springs to its feet and rushes PALACHEK.

PALACHEK leaps through the air, feet first, kicking THE SHRIKE squarely in the back - propelling it into a pile of garbage.

He invites THE SHRIKE to attack. It obliges him. THE SHRIKE rises to its feet and attacks again, this time landing a blow across PALACHEK'S chest - sharp pointy fingers shredding his coat, drawing blood, and putting PALACHEK on his back.

PALACHEK lands heavily with THE SHRIKE on top of him. He looks to find: THE SHRIKE's razor sharp teeth descending towards his face.

With all his might, PALACHEK bucks his body upwards, throwing THE SHRIKE aside, then scrambles to his feet. THE SHRIKE charges again, smashing PALACHEK back into the wall.

THE SHRIKE rears his head back, then lunges with his mouth. PALACHEK ducks the first blow and THE SHRIKE's face smashes into the wall. PALACHEK frees his arms and tries to pummel his attacker's head.

The blows land but do little damage.

THE SHRIKE rears back for another bite. Again, PALACHEK tries to duck, but THE SHRIKE's jaws sink into his left shoulder. PALACHEK SCREAMS in pain, falls on his back, then with all his might, kicks THE SHRIKE back.

PALACHEK'S headset, knocked off during the fray, lies several feet away. He scrambles towards it. He has just about made it to call for help when:

THE SHRIKE'S hand grabs PALACHEK'S pant leg, dragging him backwards.

THE SHRIKE tears into PALACHEK'S side, as he SCREAMS in agony. Like a surgeon, THE SHRIKE reaches into PALACHEK'S open wound, and forcefully removes a kidney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As PALACHEK frantically tries to staunch the bleeding, he looks up to find THE SHRIKE feasting on his organ - savoring its taste, like a gourmand.

PALACHEK...

INT. ENTRANCE - ALLEY - NIGHT

SCREAMS, o.s.

INT. CAR - SAME

The SCREAM echoes off the rooftops and into the car.

WINTERS  
Shit!! Palachek!!

PEARCE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
He attacked Nikolai, and he's on the  
move.

PEARCE and WINTERS are already hurrying out of the car.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

PEARCE in the lead, followed closely by WINTERS and AUBRAC carefully scan the area.

The beams from their flashlights crisscross the alley, picking up glimpses of the carnage: a blood spattered wall, then finally PALACHEK, his body riddled with puncture holes.

PEARCE turns away in pity and disgust. She's joined seconds later by WINTERS and AUBRAC.

PEARCE  
It's too late.  
(to AUBRAC)  
See if you can pick up the trail. We'll  
be right along.

AUBRAC nods and heads off down the street.

PEARCE turns back to PALACHEK'S corpse and reaches into her pocket to produce a ceramic thermos.

While WINTERS looks on in shock, she unscrews the lid, leans down, and begins to pour the liquid on PALACHEK'S face and hands. They begin to smoke and burn.

WINTERS  
Dafuq!?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PEARCE

Acid...destroys any identifying marks in case the police find him before the clean-up crew arrives.

WINTERS

You motherfuckers are on some other shit.

PEARCE' walkie-talkie crackles to life.

AUBRAC

(through walkie-talkie)  
I think I've found him.

EXT. BRYCE BIOLOGICALS - NIGHT

WINTERS and PEARCE arrive to find AUBRAC outside of a large, brownstone building. The door swings uselessly on ripped hinges.

AUBRAC enters, WINTERS and PEARCE follow.

INT. HALL - BRYCE BIOLOGICALS - NIGHT

They step into a long hallway, lined with doors on either side. There's a small wooden desk with a sign-in sheet. Beside it sits a half-eaten sandwich and a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

AUBRAC reaches out and feels the cup.

AUBRAC

It's still warm.

PEARCE

Where's the guard?

They open the first door in front of them to find:

INT. STOCK ROOM - BRYCE BIOLOGICALS - SAME

A large room filled with a variety of machines, lab tables, and empty animal cages. In the center, a row of metal shelves holds everything from cartons of surgical knives to preserved brains in glass jars.

One wall is lined with large freezers. Off the other, doors lead to various rooms and lockers. PEARCE, WINTERS and AUBRAC move in.

PEARCE takes her handgun from the shoulder holster and calmly slips it into the back of her waistband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE

I suppose we should split up.

They each eye the doors.

WINTERS and AUBRAC nod in agreement, then draw their weapons and head for the doors.

INT. WORKROOM - SAME

AUBRAC steps through the door into a long, L-shaped room lined with industrial-sized washing machines and large, circular sterilization vats. They fill the room with a loud, deep hum. The only light comes from a dangling bulb.

She moves carefully, gun forward, down the center of the room, checking each laundry cart as she goes.

As she moves closer to the corner, a SCRAPING noise, o.s., becomes audible. She moves more cautiously, cocking back the hammer of her gun.

As she reaches the corner, she presses herself against the wall and listens. There is more SCRAPING, then the CLANG of glass knocking against concrete floor.

AUBRAC crosses herself, takes a deep breath, and vaults around the corner gun first, she finds herself facing only a small family of rats working their way through a cardboard box of beakers.

AUBRAC

(lowering her gun)

Merde.

INT. ANIMAL ROOM - DAY

PEARCE is moving through a large, tiled animal room. Cages holding rats, cats, rabbits, and monkeys stretch from floor to ceiling in rows. The racket of animal shrieks is deafening.

Everywhere she looks, PEARCE spies motion. A shadow moves against a far wall and she spins towards it, gun raised: The shadow, large and indistinct, continues to move along the wall, visible behind the rows of cages.

PEARCE trains her gun on the space between two columns of cages. The sound of SHRIEKING, o.s., grows louder.

The shadow continues to move. There's a CLICK as PEARCE cocks her weapon. The seconds tick by until:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The source of the shadow moves into view - it's a lemur in the last cage before the wall. The angle of the light, below it, has made the shadow huge.

PEARCE continues on until she reaches a door marked "MONKEY ROOM." The SHRIEKING, o.s., grows louder behind it. She takes a deep breath, then steps into:

INT. MONKEY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large room filled with cages of extremely agitated monkeys. Their SHRIEKING is unnerving.

PEARCE makes her way through the maze of cages till she finds a trail of blood on the floor. She follows it until she comes to and finds: The mutilated body of the GUARD, his innards strewn around him in a deepening puddle of blood.

The blood trail continues past the body. She follows it to the wall. Looking up she sees: An air duct, its grate wrenched aside, about fifteen feet above the ground.

She jumps up, trying to reach it, but falls pitifully short.

PEARCE

Shit!

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT

Bags of monkey remains hang in rows in the blue icy air. WINTERS'S breath is visible as he makes his way through the maze of bodies.

Stopping momentarily, he hears the JINGLING, o.s., of body bags swaying back and forth somewhere nearby. Straining on his tiptoes, he peers over the top of the row of bodies.

Two rows over, a few of the body bags are swinging.

With steely determination, WINTERS raises his gun and moves purposefully towards the end of his row.

Stepping out at the end, he looks left and right. Nothing.

He makes his way carefully down the edge of the rows. Stopping before each one, he cautiously pokes his gun and his head around to make sure it's clear.

When he arrives at the third row down, the swaying has subsided. Gun first, he moves into the row. It's deserted.

He continues about half way down it. Off to his left, he hears another JINGLE, o.s. He turns towards the noise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through a gap, he can barely make out the ripple of body bags from movement behind them.

The noise is now coming from deeper in the freezer. WINTERS continues to move silently in the same direction, listening carefully.

He gets about a third of the way to the edge before stopping and cocking his ear. Silence.

He leans down to peer beneath the row of cadavers: A pant leg and shoe. It's the last thing he sees before he's kicked in the face.

WINTERS flies backwards, striking a cadaver and sending it swinging into others. Before he can get his bearings, THE SHRIKE crashes through the row in front of him and lands heavily on WINTERS.

He looks up to find: multiple sets of teeth, each dripping with long ropes of saliva, scissoring towards him.

He manages to stick out his hand, stopping them inches from his face. THE SHRIKE lashes out with its hand, WINTERS barely avoids having a chunk taken out of his forehead.

With its other hand, THE SHRIKE grabs at WINTERS'S windpipe and begins to squeeze.

They struggle as the swinging cadavers crash about all around them. WINTERS, reeling, loses his grip.

THE SHRIKE lunges when, suddenly, several SHOTS rings out, o.s. THE SHRIKE is hit and thrown back. It SCREAMS in pain and rage, then flees.

WINTERS looks up to see: Swinging body bags part long enough to reveal PEARCE and AUBRAC at the end of the row, guns smoking.

INT. RUDY'S TOWN CAR - MORNING

WINTERS, rattled, checking his neck for wounds - is in the backseat. PEARCE sits beside him, while RUDY drives and AUBRAC rides shotgun.

Convinced he's not bleeding, WINTERS takes stock of their surroundings. Outside the windows, the morning sun illuminates the city's waterfront.

WINTERS  
Where are we going?

EXT. DOCKSIDE - EAST RIVER - EARLY MORNING

Police and coroner's men work to free the body of the latest victim from the piling that it has come to rest against. Like the others, the body is a mass of gaping wounds.

CHANG stands across the way, snapping photographs of the scene from a safe distance. RUDY's taxi pulls up behind him and he and the others step out.

RUDY  
What've you got?

CHANG  
White male, late forties, looks like another transient. A jogger spotted him.

PEARCE  
What do the police think?

CHANG taps his earpiece.

CHANG  
They figure he fell into the river and got chewed up by the propellers of a passing boat. They got nothin'.

AUBRAC  
This area's pretty exposed. Why would it would hunt around here?

The POLICE manage to hoist the body from the water and hustle it into the waiting coroner's van.

CHANG  
Looks like the show's over.

RUDY  
Alright, folks, let's get back and see what we can piece together.

They all turn back towards the car, except for WINTERS, who wanders to the edge of the dock and looks down:

Below his feet, a large drainage pipe spills out water into the harbor. Curious, he leans out and touches it...

SMASH CUT:

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE:

THE SHRIKE, again, moving through the shadows along the bank of a river of murky sewer water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But this time, WINTERS sees the numbers '347' stenciled on the wall behind him.

PEARCE  
(from behind him)  
You coming?

This brings him out of his reverie. WINTERS rises slowly.

WINTERS  
I think I know where it is.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN: A map of the New York sewer system.

WINTERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I saw it moving near junction three forty-seven...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CENTRAL OFFICE - LATER

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: WINTERS, PEARCE, CHANG, AUBRAC, and RUDY stand gathered around the computer screen.

WINTERS points to the map.

WINTERS  
...doesn't mean that's where it's hiding,  
but...  
(beat)  
...if we mark the location of all the  
victims...

Three red dots appear in the harbor near sewer outlets.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
And trace the sewer pipes back...

Red lines follow the path from each body until they cross each other at a central point.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
We find that they intersect right here.

AUBRAC  
That's right below the rail yard.

WINTERS  
We're gonna have to go down there.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A Secret Sun vehicle, disguised as a Con-Ed truck, rumbles down the nearly deserted street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is trailed by two dark sedans. The procession begins to slow as they near a manhole cover.

INT. SECRET SUN TRUCK - SAME

The interior has been fitted with a computer workstation. RAMIREZ, his face bathed in green light, sits at the terminal, surrounded by WINTERS, PEARCE, and AUBRAC.

RAMIREZ  
This should be it.

He points to a digital map on the computer display. The others lean in. He traces the route on the screen:

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)  
You can access the tunnel level through here, just turn left at the first junction and look for the ladder.

PEARCE turns to AUBRAC, who has been studying the map intently.

PEARCE  
You got it?

AUBRAC  
(taps her forehead)  
Don't worry, it's all up here.

PEARCE  
(to RAMIREZ)  
Once we spot it, send in Rudy's team from the other direction, cut off any possible egress.

RAMIREZ  
Gotcha.

PEARCE lifts her walkie talkie.

PEARCE  
(into walkie talkie)  
Okay, this is it. Let's proceed.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

The procession comes to a stop. The truck's doors swing open and two MEN, dressed as Con Ed repairmen, step out and hastily erect a screen around the area between the manhole and the end of the truck.

CHANG, carrying a semi-automatic, steps from his car and ducks quickly behind the screen.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

PEARCE hands walkie talkies and flashlights to each of them.

PEARCE

Each of you know the risks involved. Our target is extremely dangerous. He's already killed at least twenty-three people, including seven seers, our friends and colleagues...

She casts a look at WINTERS then turns back to the others.

PEARCE (CONT'D)

This is personal. We don't stop until this bastard is dead.

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - SAME

WINTERS is the first down the rusty ladder. The air is full of the sound of DRIPPING, and the distant RUMBLE of trains, o.s.

It's dark, and his flashlight beam reflects dimly off the wet, moldy walls of the cramped passage.

He looks up. The night sky seems a long way away. The view is suddenly blocked as AUBRAC begins to descend. WINTERS steps away from the ladder and waits.

As he stands in the darkness, listening to AUBRAC's footsteps echo out, o.s., a strange RUSTLING all around him, o.s., startles him.

He brings his flashlight up and scans the tunnel: in the passing beam, he catches quick sight of a ratty trench coat before it and its owner slip back into the shadows.

WINTERS whips out his handgun and spins the beam around again, catching another brief glimpse of the ragged coat disappearing into the dark.

Gun raised, WINTERS moves slowly forward. There's a SHUFFLE as the unseen figure ducks further into the shadows. WINTERS raises his light again till it catches sight of...

...a TRANSIENT, his long stringy beard white with age. He holds a bottle close to his chest like a prized jewel.

TRANSIENT

You ain't takin' my bottle. I foun' it fair 'n' square.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WINTERS breathes a sigh of relief, then turns to beam to illuminate his gun.

WINTERS  
Hey man, don't want your bottle. Some  
shit is about to go down and you need to  
get out of here, for real.

The TRANSIENT takes one look at the gun, then turns and moves quickly down the tunnel.

WINTERS turns to find AUBRAC standing beside him. Seconds later, they are joined by PEARCE, and then CHANG. When they're all together.

PEARCE  
(to AUBRAC)  
Okay, which way?

AUBRAC points in the direction opposite where the transient scurried away.

AUBRAC  
That way.

PEARCE  
Let's look for a ladder.

They head off, their beams weakly stabbing the darkness.

AUBRAC  
If that map is accurate, there should be  
a light fixture about ten feet before the  
access ladder.

They scan the walls with their flashlight beams until one finally lands on a blacked out bulb about twenty feet ahead.

They walk a little further until they reach another ladder. It stretches down into the darkness.

PEARCE  
Where does this lead?

AUBRAC  
To the maintenance level. The  
intersection of the sewer mains should be  
a hundred thirty-eight yards further  
south-east.

CHANG  
Well, who wants to go first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There are no takers, so CHANG slings his gun over his shoulder and starts down. The others watch him descend out of view.

PEARCE slings her semi-automatic across her shoulder and starts down after him. Once she disappears from sight, AUBRAC reaches out and firmly grabs WINTERS by the arm.

AUBRAC

*Attends.*

WINTERS

What's up?

Still holding the ladder, she leans in closer. Her expression unusually intense, her voice barely above a whisper.

AUBRAC

Carlisle and Pearce probably told you our only goal is saving lives, but, Secret Sun is not what it presents itself to be.

*(beat)*

And there are some of us, who don't agree with its... real... goals.

She's definitely piqued his curiosity.

WINTERS

Which are?

AUBRAC

Even with your ability to see things others cannot... there are limits... places, things, you cannot see...things that are deliberately being hidden from you.

*(beat)*

When the operation is over, if we survive... and you still you want to know the truth, I'll show it you.

With that she climbs down, and disappears from view.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

WINTERS climbs down from the last rung of the ladder and looks around:

This level is much broader and more open than the previous tunnel - almost like a subway tube without the tracks.

Catwalks leading to various power boxes, switching stations, and pump houses crisscross overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He can't help but steal a glance at AUBRAC, still thinking about her cryptic offer. She and PEARCE stand together, playing their flashlight beams across the wide tunnel.

WINTERS is still thinking about AUBRAC'S words, when PEARCE notices someone is missing:

PEARCE  
(into her walkie talkie)  
Chang, where are you?... Come in...

Silence.

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
(into her walkie talkie)  
Ramirez, have you heard from Chang?

RAMIREZ  
(through walkie talkie)  
Nothing.

PEARCE  
Shit. We may have lost him.

She turns to the others.

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's not take any chances.  
(beat)  
We'll stay together until we find Robert,  
or until we spot this thing.

AUBRAC points down the tunnel to where it begins to widen further.

AUBRAC  
That way.

They start walking, scanning the rough, wet ground of the tunnel with their flashlights. The RUMBLE of trains, o.s., is louder on this level.

Walking to the far left, AUBRAC suddenly stops.

AUBRAC (CONT'D)  
Got something.

WINTERS and PEARCE rush over to see what she's found.

In the center of her beam sits Robert's flashlight. WINTERS bends down to examine it...there's fresh blood on the handle.

PEARCE  
We're getting close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They flash their lights all around them, then above. About twenty feet over their heads sits a small concrete enclosure connected to the walls with a series of catwalks. They follow the catwalks across to a ladder that leads to their level.

WINTERS

I'm going to check it out.

He tucks the SoA weapons back into his waistband.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Cover me.

As AUBRAC and PEARCE watch, their guns trained on the darkness all around him, WINTERS climbs the ladder and makes his way across the catwalk and into:

INT. ENCLOSURE - SAME

A small emergency pump station. The wall is festooned with valves and meters with cracked casings. WINTERS plays his light across the floor:

It is littered with debris - empty bottles, scraps of clothing, tattered magazines, a rusty metal chair - the pitiful possessions of an underground dweller. A soiled mattress lies crumpled in one corner. Flies buzz noisily around it. WINTERS steps over to it.

WINTERS

(calls over his shoulder)

I think I've found something.

He levels his gun at the mattress, then, carefully, stretches out his foot to turn it over. The mattress slumps aside to reveal...an eviscerated corpse, like a picked-over Thanksgiving turkey.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Uggh.

PEARCE (O.S.)

What did you find? Is it Robert?

WINTERS

(calls over his shoulder)

No... it's old. At least we know he's been here. It looks like a nest, like in the apartments...

PEARCE (O.S.)

We're coming up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS continues to play his light across the room as he listens to the sound of their FOOTSTEPS climbing the ladder, o.s.

Suddenly, another noise becomes clear...a low GROWLING sound, o.s.

WINTERS stands stock still, trying to pinpoint the source. He looks towards the ceiling of the enclosure. About a foot above him, a hole opens out into another passageway.

As quietly as possible, WINTERS grabs the rusty chair and sets it beneath the opening. Leading with his gun and flashlight, he reaches up and pulls himself into:

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

Cramped and dark. His body half-way through the opening, WINTERS trains his flashlight forward. To his horror, the beam falls on THE SHRIKE dragging CHANG'S lifeless body. As the beam hits it, THE SHRIKE looks up.

WINTERS raises the "Streams of Anguish" guns, firing them for the first time.

The twin weapons unleash a veritable storm of brilliantly lit projectiles. The rounds streak through the dark space like super-heated space debris entering the atmosphere.

Several of the projectiles slice through THE SHRIKE'S upper chest, arm and shoulder.

It HISSES in pain and leaps, closing the distance between it and WINTERS in two easy strides.

WINTERS drops back through the opening, just as the sharp teeth reach out for him. He falls back into:

INT. ENCLOSURE - SAME

WINTERS lands heavily and the chair, toppling it and sprawling himself across the cluttered floor.

Recovering quickly, he manages to whip the guns back up and squeeze off two quick shots at THE SHRIKE, as it snarls down through the opening.

The first slams into the ceiling, but the second catches THE SHRIKE in the neck. A splatter of blood rains down on WINTERS, who throws his arms up defensively. When he looks back up, THE SHRIKE is gone.

PEARCE and AUBRAC squeeze into the room and rush to his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUBRAC  
(seeing the blood)  
You're hurt!

WINTERS  
No, this isn't my blood, it's Chang's.

PEARCE nods in a grim understanding.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
It took him to a passageway right  
overhead. I got a couple shots at it, but  
it still got away...

PEARCE  
(into her walkie talkie)  
Ramirez, can you read me?

RAMIREZ  
(through walkie talkie)  
Loud and clear.

PEARCE  
(into her walkie talkie)  
We're in what looks like some kind of a  
enclosure... There's a passageway  
immediately above us...can you see that?

INT. SECRET SUN TRUCK - SAME

RAMIREZ sits at his terminal, frantically scanning the  
digital maps on his display.

RAMIREZ  
No, it's not on any of the maps. It must  
predate them.

INT. ENCLOSURE - SAME

PEARCE sighs in frustration.

PEARCE  
(into walkie talkie)  
We've got it cornered, we can't let it  
escape, make certain that you've got  
someone at all the exits. Pearce, over  
and out.

PEARCE replaces the chair beneath the opening, then slings  
her gun across her shoulder. She pulls a handgun from her  
belt and steps on to the chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Warren, you follow me, Lucie, bring up  
the rear.

The others nod and take up position around the chair. PEARCE takes a deep sigh, then steps on to the chair and hoists herself through the opening.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

PEARCE pokes her head through the opening and flashes her flashlight beam around. It falls on CHANG'S bloodied body. She scans upwards to find that, in that direction, the passage ends in a wall.

A sudden HISS behind her makes her spin the around - gun and flashlight held out. The beam falls upon a mangy alleycat, teeth bared, defending its trophy: a dead rat.

The cat HISSES again, then picks up its prey and bolts down the passage.

PEARCE sighs in relief, then pulls herself through the opening till she's standing in the passageway.

PEARCE  
(calls down)  
Okay, coast is clear.

PEARCE stands guard, shining her flashlight down the passageway, as WINTERS and AUBRAC climb up into the tunnel. When they're both up...

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
(pointing down the passageway)  
The other way's a dead end, so it must  
have gone down this way.

They unshoulder their semi-automatics and hold them at ready. PEARCE starts down the passage and the others follow.

The tunnel is narrow, dusty, and alive with spiders and rats. It's much more cramped than the other tunnels.

They haven't gone far when the tunnel opens up slightly, then branches off into three separate passages.

AUBRAC  
Shit.

PEARCE turns to Winters.

PEARCE  
Warren?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS shoulders his gun and places his hand against the floor in front of the intersection. He squeezes his eyes closed and concentrates. A confused look crosses his face.

WINTERS

(rising)

It's close. I can feel it, but it's weird, coming from all over. I can't pin it down.

PEARCE

Blast, looks like we'll have to split up after all.

AUBRAC

(looks to her right)

I'll take this one.

PEARCE

I'll take the one straight ahead.

WINTERS

(eyeing the narrow opening to his left)

I guess I get this one.

PEARCE

Whatever you do, make sure he doesn't get past you.

INT. FIRST TUNNEL - SAME

AUBRAC starts down her tunnel cautiously. It is dry and cramped. As she walks, the tunnel ceiling begins to drop lower and lower towards her till she can barely walk without bending over.

AUBRAC

(mutters)

Ah *bordel*.

INT. SECOND TUNNEL - SAME

PEARCE'S tunnel is broader. She scans the floor with her flashlight; it's littered with debris: moldy clothes, tin cans, an old boot, scraps of paper.

She notices that the paper is bending slightly in an unseen wind. She leans close to the ground. Sure enough, a gentle breeze is blowing through the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PEARCE  
(into her walkie talkie)  
There's a breeze in here, my tunnel must  
open up ahead.

INT. THIRD TUNNEL - SAME

The third tunnel is distinctly sloping downwards, collecting water from dripping walls as it does so. WINTERS loses his footing, and drops his walkie-talkie into the water.

He fishes it out, tries to turn it on -- but it's fried.

WINTERS  
Not water-proof. Great.

INT. FIRST TUNNEL - SAME

AUBRAC passes through a low arch and suddenly finds herself in a large, dark, chamber.

AUBRAC  
(into walkie talkie)  
Mine's just opened up into some sort of  
chamber.

She starts to scan the large room with her flashlight when, suddenly, the beam begins to flicker and die.

AUBRAC (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
*Bordel.*

She shakes the flashlight a few times. It flickers sporadically, but fails to stay lit. In frustration, she holsters her gun and puts her walkie talkie on the floor to free up her hands to work on the recalcitrant light.

INT. SECOND TUNNEL - SAME

PEARCE'S tunnel is beginning to widen out. She passes graffiti scarred walls and steps into a large open area.

A strange CLATTERING, o.s., noise suddenly stops her in her tracks. It sounds like it comes from just up ahead.

Heart pounding, she aims her gun straight ahead.

PEARCE  
(whispers, into her walkie  
talkie)  
I hear something, just ahead of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CLATTERING noise comes again, o.s. PEARCE braces herself and begins to inch slowly forward, senses straining. The noise is growing closer.

Her finger tightens on her trigger.

She pans her light across the room. It catches movement. She brings her gun around...

AUBRAC  
Don't shoot!

PEARCE whips her gun back into the safety position and breathes out. Standing in her flashlight beam is a very worried looking AUBRAC, still clutching her faulty flashlight.

AUBRAC shakes it, producing the CLATTERING noise. They switch to French:

AUBRAC (CONT'D)  
Battery's dead.

They both break into smiles.

PEARCE  
I could have killed you.

AUBRAC  
Not likely, you're a horrible shot.

PEARCE  
(suddenly realizing)  
Wait, if our two tunnels meet up, that means he must be in Warren's!!

INT. THIRD TUNNEL - SAME

Gun raised, WINTERS, moves down the tunnel, through ankle deep water; the beam of his flashlight crisscrossing the grimy walls.

He hears the faint sound of FEET moving through RUSHING WATER, somewhere ahead of him, o.s. Wasting no time he starts toward the noise.

WINTERS  
(scanning the darkness ahead)  
Alright, it's just me and you.

WINTERS rounds the corner into a...

INT. FOURTH TUNNEL - SAME

Long and narrow. The SPLASHING NOISES, o.s., are still coming from ahead of him. He starts towards them, running; his flashlight beam only illuminating an area about ten feet in front of him.

WINTERS pushes forward anyhow....thirty...forty...fifty yards down the tunnel. He is met with only darkness...He redoubles his pace, beginning to breathe faster and faster.

THE SHRIKE is nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly, a damp, solid wall swims out of the darkness in front of him. WINTERS pulls up short...the tunnel ends in an intersection with a perpendicular passage stretching off in both directions.

WINTERS  
Damn! Now where?!

WINTERS opts for the right hand passage and starts sprinting down it. After ten yards it ends in another solid wall.

Cursing, WINTERS immediately heads off in the other direction.

He's making his way quickly, gun held out in front of him. The tunnel curves around to the left. He follows it.

Just ahead of him he spots THE SHRIKE darting through an opening.

WINTERS follows after it. He shines his flashlight down the opening: His light finds what appears to be a large chamber.

WINTERS blindly presses forward, finally reaching:

INT. CHAMBER - SAME

WINTERS steps through the opening and enters a rough-walled chamber. He shines his light across the walls. They look natural, or at least not man-made.

He takes a step forward. There's a CRACKING sound beneath his feet. He shines his light down: He's stepped on a bone.

He scans his light across the floor. To his horror, the floor is littered with piles of skeletal remains, as he moves in for a closer look he notices that they're human skeletal remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Holy shit.

There's a noise behind him. He turns to find PEARCE and AUBRAC, out of breath from trying to catch up, stumbling into the chamber. They take a look around.

AUBRAC

Mon Dieu.

PEARCE

What is this place?

WINTERS

I don't know.

PEARCE

He couldn't have done all this by himself.

WINTERS

Something's wrong here.

He screws up his eyes in concentration. It takes a moment for the image to form, then...

SMASH CUT:

IN WINTERS'S MIND: The chamber is crawling with The Shrike-like CREATURES in a mad feeding frenzy. Through the activity terrifying glimpses of bloodied human flesh are visible.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

The whole time you've been tracking this thing, it's followed this 'Pattern'. It leaves clues, you close in - think you've got it cornered, but it gets away, always leaving behind just enough evidence so you can continue the search... it practically leaves a trail of breadcrumbs for you to follow ...and my 'visions' finally led us to the sewers.

(beat)

We bring an entire team down here, thinking we've got it cornered... but...

(realizing in horror)

...the investigation, 'The Pattern', all of it, was a ruse. Carlisle said it was cunning.

(beat)

The Shrike led us down here, on purpose.

(beat)

We didn't corner it. It cornered us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINTERS plays his guns across the dark shadows of the chamber.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
This is a trap.

PEARCE and AUBRAC level their guns. Seconds later, there's SCUFFLING all around them, o.s.

They spin around in circles, trying to locate the source: The darkness has taken on a life of its own. Shadows swim all around the walls and floor.

PEARCE  
Where are they, Warren?

POV - WINTERS: A shadow suddenly detaches itself from the wall and moves forward, slowly coalescing into a pale, The Shrike-type CREATURE. Behind it, another emerges from the shadows.

WINTERS trains his weapons but before he can fire, HISSES, o.s., from his left make him spin: Two more CREATURES materialize from the darkness.

WINTERS and the others back into the center of the chamber as the room slowly fills with CREATURES. Some crawl down the walls from cracks near the ceiling, others slip up from fissures in the floor.

They're exactly like THE SHRIKE in general appearance: human, except for unusually pale, translucent skin, multiple sets of sharp teeth, sinewy, elongated limbs, and pointed fingers.

WINTERS wastes no time, raising his weapons, and trains them on the CREATURE directly in front of him.

He opens FIRE, unleashing a barrage of the deadly projectiles, killing the first CREATURE.

TWO OTHER CREATURES attack from the right, quickly closing the distance between them. WINTERS spins to his right: BOOM, BOOM, BOOM - dropping the creatures.

The CREATURE to his left reaches him, and is about to deliver a killing blow. Two SHOTS ring out from PEARCE, seriously wounding the CREATURE.

Beside her, AUBRAC is spraying the darkness with fire, slowing the advance of the CREATURES.

WARREN turns back to find another CREATURE steps away from him. He FIRES, smashing the CREATURE square in the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

It falls to reveal another behind it, moving in fast.  
WINTERS fires again. In the heat of battle, something strange is happening.

CLOSE - WINTERS: His eyes start to flutter.

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: From a vantage point seemingly above the fray, he can see all the CREATURES encircling them. One CREATURE behind him starts to advance.

WINTERS spins around, already FIRING. All three shots catch the creature in the chest - before it could move. It looks down at the bleeding wounds in surprise.

WINTERS is equally as surprised - he knew what the CREATURE was going to do before it did.

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: Three more CREATURES attack from the right, two dropping from the ceiling - the other on the ground.

WINTERS raises his gun into the air, firing - then blindly ahead of him to the right.

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: A CREATURE springs up behind PEARCE.

WINTERS spins, gun already leveled.

WINTERS  
(to PEARCE)  
Down!!

She ducks and WINTERS squeezes off a series of shots that drive the CREATURE back, then down for good.

Before PEARCE can thank him, WINTERS is already spinning back around and firing at more creatures.

AUBRAC, meanwhile, is doing the same, firing quick bursts and felling attackers as fast as they reach her. Even so, the chamber is quickly filling as more and more CREATURES emerge from the shadows.

PEARCE  
It's no good! There are just too many of them!

WINTERS looks around to see that they are surrounded on three sides.

WINTERS  
We've got to get out of here! Fall back.  
I'll cover you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As WINTERS lays down a suppressing fire, PEARCE and AUBRAC begin to back out of the chamber. As they reach the entryway, WINTERS starts to follow, firing behind him as he goes.

He has about made it when, suddenly, a CREATURE drops from the ceiling, knocking him down. He lands heavily with the creature on top him. Locked in a struggle, WINTERS tries to keep the CREATURE'S jaws away from his neck.

WINTERS manages to raise his gun level with the CREATURE'S head. He's about to squeeze the trigger when...

The floor seems to crumble beneath their weight and they drop through a jagged hole.

PEARCE watches in horror as WINTERS disappears.

PEARCE

No!!

She starts forward in the vain hope of helping. AUBRAC reaches out and grabs her, pulling her back.

AUBRAC

Come on! You'll never reach him.

The words have barely left her lips when a CREATURE springs towards PEARCE. AUBRAC raises her gun and drops it to the ground. The remaining CREATURES surge in to the open space.

AUBRAC (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here!!

PEARCE and AUBRAC turn and flee into:

INT. FOURTH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The CREATURES follow close behind. PEARCE and AUBRAC fire blindly behind them but the CREATURES are gaining ground.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

WINTERS and the CREATURE land on a floor strewn with skulls, bones and other human remains in a small passage beneath the upper chamber. WINTERS'S gun is knocked from his hand and skitters across the floor.

WINTERS tries to reach for it with one hand and hold the snarling CREATURE away with his other, but the gun is just outside of his reach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With his other arm weakening, WINTERS must act quickly. He grabs a broken femur and uses it to stab the CREATURE in one of its eye-mouths. The CREATURE, HOWLING in rage and pain momentarily releases WINTERS.

He scrambles out from underneath and dives for the gun. The CREATURE rears around and LEAPS. WINTERS grabs the gun and, as the CREATURE falls upon him, squeezes off several shots.

INT. FOURTH TUNNEL - SAME

The SHOTS ECHO, o.s., as PEARCE and AUBRAC run for their lives. PEARCE starts to pull up.

PEARCE

Warren!!

Again, AUBRAC grabs her and pushes her to the front.

AUBRAC

Keep running!

PEARCE runs. AUBRAC fires two shots at their nearest pursuer before the gun CLICKS empty.

AUBRAC (CONT'D)

Merde!!

The CREATURE surges towards her again. AUBRAC flips the gun around in her hands, then uses it as a cudgel to knock the CREATURE down before she turns and sprints after PEARCE.

A horde of CREATURES trample over their fallen brother, just steps behind.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

WINTERS'S shots hit home. The CREATURE falls. WINTERS just manages to duck aside as it lands with a THUD on the ground.

Relieved, WINTERS peers back up through the hole through which they'd fallen: The upper chamber appears to be completely empty.

WINTERS

(realizing what this means)

So where are the rest of you?

INT. FOURTH TUNNEL - SAME

PEARCE and AUBRAC sprint down the passage. Ahead of them, the tunnel splits in two.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PEARCE starts towards the left side only to find: The left-hand passage is crawling with CREATURES headed their way.

She backs up and heads right. AUBRAC follows her into...

INT. RIGHT PASSAGE - SAME

The floor is littered with rocks and smashed concrete. AUBRAC and PEARCE have to slow up to negotiate the jumble.

AUBRAC, trying to reload as she runs, hazards a glance behind them. The two streams of CREATURES have massed into one giant horde.

AUBRAC

*Putain! We've got an army behind us!*

PEARCE

That's not our only problem.

AUBRAC turns back to find: The passage ahead is mostly blocked by a collapsed wall. Jagged rubble rises halfway to the ceiling.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

WINTERS reaches up through the jagged opening and starts to pull himself through but it's no good. He drops back down and is about to try again, when he pauses and closes his eyes.

IN WINTERS'S MIND'S EYE: THE SHRIKE making its way down a passageway...drawing nearer.

WINTERS drops back down and presses himself into the shadows of a support column as BREATHING, o.s., becomes audible and slowly grow louder.

WINTERS raises his weapons in anticipation and look at: A passageway swimming in shadows.

Heart pounding WINTERS wipes the sweat from his brow and strains to find THE SHRIKE before it finds him: The shadows seem to waver and pulsate.

Heavy BREATHING, o.s., echoes in the passageway. Slowly, the shadows resolve into....THE SHRIKE.

WINTERS pulls the trigger and catches THE SHRIKE in the chest. It staggers back but recovers and makes to advance on WINTERS. He raises the gun again but THE SHRIKE is suddenly nowhere to be seen. Only a receding SHADOW marks his escape.

WINTERS makes his way down the passageway after him.

INT. RIGHT PASSAGE - SAME

AUBRAC tosses her useless semi-automatic aside and fishes out her handgun. She turns to PEARCE.

AUBRAC

*Vas-y!* I'll hold them off!

PEARCE starts to clamber over the debris.

AUBRAC turns back to face their pursuers, only to find that they are already on top of her.

She FIRES twice at the nearest CREATURE, knocking it back, but the battle is already lost. Another CREATURE lashes out with its sharp claws, catching AUBRAC across her stomach.

Ignoring the pain, she manages to squeeze off a shot that sends her assailant back. Immediately, however, another CREATURE reaches her, knocking her to the ground with a smashing blow to the head. She staggers to her feet.

The CREATURES move in for the kill.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

WINTERS runs down the passage, trying to find his way back to the others. Suddenly, the tunnel ends in a fifteen foot drop. The darkness ends in rushing water. He's staring down into a water main.

WINTERS

*Shit.*

There's a ladder that begins about four feet below the opening. But there's no sign of THE SHRIKE.

WINTERS tucks his weapon into his belt and, grasping the flashlight as tight as he can, squeezes head first through the opening.

INT. WATER MAIN - SAME

Stuck halfway into the main, WINTERS flashes his light around. The narrow beam illuminates a ladder, just out of reach below.

With an ungraceful, controlled fall, he pitches forward, trying to grab the top rung of the ladder as he flops past it. He snags it and manages to maintain his grip as the rest of his body falls.

Dangling by one arm, he finally pulls himself around and fully onto the ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a deep breath to collect himself, then points the beam of his flashlight downwards to reveal: Dark, murky water rushes twenty feet below him, but there's no sign of THE SHRIKE.

He starts to climb down.

INT. RIGHT PASSAGE - SAME

The CREATURES converge on AUBRAC. A fierce blow to the back knocks her down. She starts to rise, but another blow spins her back to the ground with a huge gash on her neck. She tries to regain her feet, but can't find the strength.

With blood flowing from her wounds, she drags herself along the ground away from the creatures, toward a large hole in the passage wall.

The CREATURES encircle her. She looks up: The pale inhuman faces stare down at her greedily, long ropes of saliva hanging from their mouths.

She scans the darkness. Suddenly, her eyes widen and a smile begins to spread across her face:

AUBRAC

Warren's not the only one who can kill  
you.

As the CREATURES start to lean in for the kill, she FIRES.

POV - BULLET: Streaking through the air, over the CREATURES, towards the collapsed wall, straight at a pipe exposed from behind the fallen cement.

As we speed towards it, we see what AUBRAC saw: a marking - faded but legible - that reads: "CAUTION: GAS MAIN"

As the bullet strikes the pipe...

BOOOOMMM. A FIREBALL ERUPTS.

The CREATURES are instantly consumed by flame and incinerated.

The FIREBALL pushes through the rubble, blasting a rocks outwards ahead of the FLAMING MASS, streaking towards PEARCE.

She hazards a look behind her: The tunnel behind her is filled with a fast-moving WALL OF FLAME, shooting towards her.

PEARCE runs, as the FLAMES grow closer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She DIVES into an...

INT. SIDE PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

Landing safely on the ground, unharmed, as the FLAMES consume the right passage, but don't penetrate deeply into this one.

INT. WATER MAIN - SAME

The EXPLOSION, o.s., shakes the water main. WINTERS loses his grip on the ladder. He lets go of his flashlight and lashes out to catch hold of the rungs.

As the reverberations subside, and his heartbeat returns to some semblance of normalcy, WINTERS looks down to find that the flashlight has landed on a small lip several yards below him.

WINTERS

Shit.

He clambers down, then reaches out carefully for the flashlight. It's just out of his reach. WINTERS repositions himself on the ladder, hanging way out, and reaches out again...closer and closer. Finally, he can touch it. He manages to grab it, then starts to pull it towards him.

The beam swings across the wall towards WINTERS, suddenly revealing: The face of THE SHRIKE, less than a foot away from the ladder.

Before WINTERS can even think to react, THE SHRIKE lashes out with supernatural quickness, teeth snapping. WINTERS is knocked off the ladder and plummets fifteen feet into the dark, filthy water below.

No sooner has he landed, than the current begins to sweep him away.

He struggles to turn to face the direction of the current: To his horror, ahead of him, the tunnel narrows into a pipe.

The opening is so low, he'd be pulled under the water as he passed through.

As he's about to be swept in, WINTERS spots the rusty remnants of an old grate, at the last moment he lashes out with his hand and manages to grab hold of it as he rushes by.

He pulls himself to one side; still fighting the current that threatens to suck him through the narrow opening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once he's got a better grip, he scans the tunnel for signs of THE SHRIKE: The surface of the rushing water makes it difficult to see, and it takes a few tense seconds before WINTERS can spot...

THE SHRIKE, teeth flashing, making its way across the ceiling towards where WINTERS is hanging on in the rushing water.

WINTERS raises his weapon to take aim, and pulls the trigger...nothing. Frantically, he works the weapon and sets to take aim again, but The Shrike is no longer visible.

Panic sets in. WINTERS scans the dark, uneven ceiling until he spots it again, almost directly above.

He quickly raises the SoA weapon and unleashes a volley of shots...four, five, six shots that BOOM in the confines of the tunnel.

Four of them hit home, and THE SHRIKE, wounded, starts to move away, still hugging the ceiling.

WINTERS follows it with his barrel, and fires again. Weakened, THE SHRIKE loses its grip and falls into the water below.

WINTERS scans the surface of the water again to see where The Shrike landed... Nothing.

Suddenly, THE SHRIKE, swept along by the strong current, surfaces feet away, being drawn straight towards him.

As THE SHRIKE nears, it's all WINTERS can do to swing to the backside of the grate. THE SHRIKE smashes into the grate and grabs it in an awful embrace.

The creature opens all three sets of teeth, and reaches its mouth for WINTERS. Only the narrow metal of the grate separates WINTERS from the gnashing teeth.

As he struggles to keep from being ripped apart, the grate starts to give way under their combined weight.

Thinking fast, WINTERS manages to tilt the barrel of the weapon and depress the trigger.

The shot hits THE SHRIKE in the face. It loses its grip and starts to sweep past WINTERS, but, at the last second, reaches out and grabs hold of him.

As WINTERS struggles, THE SHRIKE pulls himself along WINTERS' body. WINTERS tries to shake it off, but THE SHRIKE is still too strong. It grabs WINTERS by the head and pulls its mouth even with WINTERS'S neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With its dying strength, THE SHRIKE sinks its teeth into WINTERS'S neck. He screams as blood begins to spurt from the wound.

With his other hand, WINTERS reaches over and smashes THE SHRIKE repeatedly in the face until, its strength finally spent, THE SHRIKE loses its grip and is sucked through the pipe.

WINTERS's triumph is short-lived. His strength waning, he tries to pull himself around to the other side of the grate and safety. Face tense with exertion, he has just about made it when, to his horror, the gate brakes.

WINTERS lashes out, trying to find purchase on anything, but the current is already sucking him into the darkness of the pipe...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE FROM BELOW: The chilling image from his visions - WINTERS floats face down in the dark water, blood slowly curling around him. His muffled HEARTBEAT is slow, and getting slower.

As the BEAT slows to a stop, the water is suddenly pierced by the beams of strong flashlights.

Seconds later, hands reach down and pull at WINTERS, lifting him into:

INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

PEARCE, her face covered with soot on one side, but very much alive, drags WINTERS out of the water and onto a small ledge beside the holding pool he has come to rest in.

PEARCE  
(firm, determined)  
Not yet old chap, we've still got plans  
for you.

PEARCE places her hand over WINTERS'S chest and closes her eyes. There's a strange crackle of greenish electricity that runs through her body, outwards into her hands. Before we can tell what's happening, we...

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

Snow flakes falling from a gray sky onto a...

EXT. GLACIER - ANTARCTIC - DAY

RAMIREZ. Standing at a safe distance from the entrance of the cave (and entrance to 'Nine') that we saw earlier.

He de-presses a blinking red button on a small hand-held detonator. A THUNDEROUS BOOM echoes across the glacier.

The cave entrance collapses in an explosion of ice and snow.

The snow continues to fall, but this time onto...

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

...where there is already a light coating of snow on the ground. The park is less crowded than usual. MILES plays with some other CHILDREN, under his parents supervision.

Suddenly, WINTERS looks up, over his wife's shoulder and spots: PEARCE, maintaining a respectful distance.

RENE follows WINTERS glance, and sees PEARCE. She stares accusingly.

RENE  
You know her?

He smiles, takes her hand:

WINTERS  
It's okay. I'll be right back.

WINTERS walks over to PEARCE. Their greeting is tentative, but there's a still warmth there; like two siblings making peace after a fight.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Was wondering when you'd show up.

PEARCE  
I thought you might want to know, with the help of Detective Sykes, and several sizable campaign donations, we've solved your 'McGuire Problem'. You're no longer a person of interest to the Boston Police Department.

WINTERS nods reluctantly in appreciation.

PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Least we could do. The Shrikes are no more, thanks to you.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARCE (CONT'D)

You have a powerful gift. You have to continue developing it, using it.

WINTERS

The only two things I have to do are stay Black and die.

PEARCE

And perhaps not even the latter, lest we forget.

A comment that elicits a slight smile from WINTERS. She's got a point.

WINTERS

You've opened my eyes, to worlds I didn't even know existed.

(beat)

I'll admit, I'm tempted to join... but it's not worth losing my family for. I'm not my father... and...

(beat)

...I'm going to make a different choice.

He turns to rejoin his family, as she calls out after him:

PEARCE

I can't let you just walk away.

As he walks:

WINTERS

And yet, here I am, doing exactly that.

WINTERS can't help but smirk as he strides away.

INT. KITCHEN - WINTERS HOME - EVENING

The house festooned with Christmas decorations. WINTERS and MILES sit at the island, an open pizza box, and half-empty soda bottles between them.

WINTERS

Mom's on the late shift, so it's just you and me, little man. Tonight is all about pizza and video games. Cool with you?

MILES smiles, clearly happy to spend time with his Dad.

MILES

Cool.



INT. MILES' BEDROOM - WINTERS HOME - NIGHT

WINTERS, a look of concern etched on his face, stands over his sleeping son.

He gently rests his hand on MILES' head.

WINTERS

I love you more than anything in the world. Nothing's ever going to keep me away from you again.

(beat)

Your Dad's home, and he's home to stay.

He turns off the lamp on MILES' nightstand.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

High rise. Abandoned midway through construction, now an empty liminal space. The reflection of lights from neighboring buildings provide the only light.

A gust of winter wind slices through the space, sending a mixture of snow and litter into the air.

A LONE FIGURE stands near an opening, where a window would normally be, mournfully surveying the bustling city beneath them. It's...

AUBRAC.

Bandaged, but still alive.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

As the subterranean passageway is consumed by a fireball, AUBRAC squeezes through the hole in the wall, barely escaping the flames.

She falls into a rushing current of sewer water.

The current carries her bleeding, injured body to a run-off.

Where she manages to rise to her feet, hands covering her neck wound, and walk away.

END FLASHBACK.

Her reverie interrupted by the sounds of FOOTSTEPS in the outside corridor; her hand instinctively reaches into her coat pocket, for her sidearm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She raises the weapon, and turns, eyes are focused on an area directly ahead of her...

...where RENE emerges from the shadows. AUBRAC immediately lowers the weapon. There is a familiarity in the way RENE addresses her. They have history.

AUBRAC  
(checking her phone)  
How long do you have?

RENE  
I have to be back at the hospital by eight.

AUBRAC turns back to the 'window' opening. RENE joins her.

AUBRAC  
So, he really walked away.

RENE  
He did.

AUBRAC  
Which caught the others by surprise.

RENE  
But you and I knew it was a possibility.

AUBRAC nods.

AUBRAC  
Indeed we did. Keep an eye on him. When the time is right, I'll make another approach, if he's receptive, I'll read him in on 'our agenda'.  
(beat)  
How's your cover?

RENE  
Intact. The shield's holding. He can only see things related to my cover story.

AUBRAC smiles; she casts a quick glance at RENE, then at the Boston cityscape:

AUBRAC  
"Everyone sees what you appear to be...  
few experience what you really are."

FADE OUT.

THE END