

NO-MANN

Written by
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No man, can kill, No-Mann.

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by Lawrence Whitener

FADE IN:

EXT. CHRISTMAS IN CHICAGO - NIGHT

Tis the week before Chicago's Christmas. Green and red lights twinkle on shiny wet landmarks of Frank Lloyd Wright's House, Willis Tower, Wrigley Field, Soldier Field, etc, as Native American Tribal Chants with Shamanic Drums *sing and play*.

CAPTION: *American Indians named it Shikaakwa. French Traders called it Checagou. Both are from its wild garlic, Chicagoua.*

EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

A sudden downpour catches GABRIELLE DRAPER DAMM, 40s, African-American, fit-for-age, in a cheap dark suit hidden under her black leather raincoat with matching leather fedora. She *run-splashes* down the puddle-ridden sidewalk.

A seedy run-down bar with a neon sign *flashes*, "*Rock Bottom*." A Christmas decoration in its front window has its letters *M, A, S*, burned-out so now only twinkles, "*MERRY X---*."

Draper ducks into the bar.

INT. ROCK BOTTOM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dark with lots of tables but no patrons as a TOPLESS DANCER, 30s with stretch marks, wearing a Santa hat, sways stiff on her recessed mirrored stage-shelf up behind the bar.

Draper enters and takes off to laundry-style *snap-flip* her raincoat. Its water showers her face. She shakes her head.

DRAPER

Idiot.

NO-MANN, ageless, stands from behind the bar wearing a bartender's vest and bow-tie. He flips his bar-towel over a shoulder and speaks with an absolute proper British accent.

NO-MANN

Quite right, Old Girl, as you've just hit --rock bottom.

Draper folds her raincoat on a bar-stool and sets her hat on top, then sits on adjacent stool.

DRAPER

Don't remind me. Scotch, cubed.

NO-MANN

Flooded?

Draper finger-flicks a water droplet off her shoulder.

DRAPER

I was, still am, so make it neat.

NO-MANN

Not your twee little abode I'm
afraid.

DRAPER

My what? How do you know how I --?
Oh great, a stand-up bartender,
when's your next floor show?

No-Mann places Draper's iced-glassed order on the bar.

NO-MANN

Ta-da.

DRAPER

You're --fast?

NO-MANN

Most say that.
(looks down behind bar)
Truth be told, more than most.

DRAPER

I drink in peace.

No-Mann spreads the middle-fingers on one hand into V-shape.

NO-MANN

I come in peace.

DRAPER

Seriously?

NO-MANN

What's the matta', Rudolph, rough
ride in life?

DRAPER

Something like that.

Draper sips and approves then glances up at Dancer. She looks
scared. Draper puts her drink down. Something's not right?

No-Mann wipes the bar-top with his towel smearing a red
liquid all over it.

NO-MANN
How long a Bobby?

DRAPER
Who said I was a police officer?

NO-MANN
Your suits could be tailored to
hide that gun-bulge.

DRAPER
Costs too much.

No-Mann begins peeling a lime with a paring knife nodding.

NO-MANN
Mistakes often do.

Dancer repeatedly glances down behind the bar. She's shaking.

Draper's eyes refocus on Dancer's wall-mirrors to see the distorted reflection of the REAL BARTENDER lying face-down behind the bar. Draper moves her gun-hand inside a lapel.

NO-MANN
Like that one.

No-Mann stabs paring knife through Draper's hand on the bar.

TIME LAPSE:

Draper's hand is pinned. She grimaces continuing to draw her service revolver with free hand and *fires*. No-Mann backhand-deflects Draper's gun up and to the side.

Draper's bullet strikes Dancer in her forehead knocking off her *Santa hat*. Brain-matter splatters behind on the mirrored-walls. Dancer dead-falls onto bar, then slides past Draper to the floor. Her bare breasts *squeak* across the bar-top.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

No-Mann wrenches gun from Draper to aim it casually at her.

NO-MANN
Jolly good shot.

DRAPER
Jesus!

NO-MANN
God Damm.

DRAPER

Fuck you.

NO-MANN

No, the initials on your bonnie
lace, copper. "G. D. Damm" --
phonetically speaking of course.

Draper pulls a crisp folded white handkerchief from inside
her lapel embroidered with large black letters G. D. Damm.

DRAPER

"Of course."

No-Mann lifts his nose smelling the air like a wolf.

NO-MANN

Ahhhh, Mentholated rub. Hold that
over your nose at a murder scene.
Don't you --
(tightens his aim)
homie-side detective?

No-Mann pulls the gun's trigger slow. Its hammer moves back
ratcheting the cylinder.

Draper just doesn't care any more.

DRAPER

Do it, bad boy.

No-Mann raises both eyebrows, then smiles *humming* T.V. *COPS*
theme as he points barrel up at ceiling, pushes its cylinder
release button, and spins now open cylinder with same thumb.

NO-MANN

Hmmm-hmmm, hmmm-hmmm, hmmm-hmmm-
hmmm-hmmm-hmmm, etc.

Six casings, including the empty one fired, bounce one-by-one
onto the bar around Draper's still stabbed-hand.

No-Mann *snap-flips* now empty cylinder back into its frame.

NO-MANN

I certainly will enjoy watching you
figure out my bad --
(*slams* gun on bar)
Boy!

No-Mann hands his towel to Draper who reflex-takes it, then
sees it's soaked with blood and drops it horrified. No-Mann
takes off his vest to put on a crisp matching suit jacket.

NO-MANN

Ta-ta for now, lassie. Places to
go, peoples to kill.

Draper yanks knife out of her hand and slices it through the
air at No-Mann. Draper's blood flies across the back-bottles.

DRAPER

What the --?

No-Mann is gone.

Bar's front door *slams*.

Draper spins on her stool.

Window's lighted-decoration letters *X, E, E, Y*, now turn off
as the letters *A, S* turn on so it now flashes *ME---* *--AS*.

No-Mann *taps* on outside window to get Draper's attention and
flips *Double Birds* at her then Vaudeville side-dances away.

Draper picks up her drink and offers a toast to the window.

DRAPER

Merry F'n Christmas.

EXT. ROCK BOTTOM BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Unmarked cars, Police Cruisers, and an Ambulance are parked
in front at angles with red lights rotating, but no sirens.

ONLOOKERS are held back by POLICE OFFICER and BEAT PATROLMAN,
both African-American, 20s, in full city-police uniforms.

INT. ROCK BOTTOM BAR - IMMEDIATELY

Safety vehicles red lights strobe-flash through the window.

CSI-ONE and CSI-TWO, 20s, in jackets with "*C.S.I.*" across
back place, wear fluid-protection masks, gloves, goggles, and
shoe-booties. CSI-One places numbered triangle placards over
No-Mann's six casings and Draper's gun on the bar as CSI-Two
takes evidence pictures.

EMT-ONE and EMT-TWO, 30s, wear black paramedic uniforms, N-95
masks, goggles, and latex gloves. Both lift Dancer's corpse
in an open body-bag onto a standing gurney.

EMT ONE

She was good.

EMT TWO

Damn good.

EMT-One and EMT-Two roll gurney past Draper who is still sitting on the stool now with her cut-hand bloody-bandaged.

DETECTIVE STIKUM, looking more like Draper's twin than her partner, wearing same suit, stops gurney to examine wound in Dancer's forehead, then *zips* body-bag shut to push it away.

STIKUM

Damn shame.

DRAPER

"God damm."

STIKUM

That, too.

DRAPER

No, the perp knew my initials,
sounded them out, that's what he
said to me.

STIKUM

He said your full name?

DRAPER

No, just my last, but he knew ...

STIKUM

"He knew," how to rattle ya'.
That's what they do, nummy.

DRAPER

No, this killer is different. He
moves fast --too fast.

STIKUM

Look, you're in shock, Captain's on
his way. I'll watch your gun till
the Shooting Team gets here. Ride
in the ambulance to the hospital.
Everyone can question you there.

EMT-One and EMT-Two lift Bartender's closed body-bag onto a second standing gurney and roll it past Draper who points.

DRAPER

How could anyone do --that?

Stikum stops second gurney and unzips the Bartender's body-bag covering her nose and mouth with her own handkerchief.

Resting chest-up, only the back of his head is showing. It's been sewn-on backwards to the body with a rawhide strip.

STIKUM

Sew a head on backwards? Who cares?
We just catch 'em. Let the shrinks
shrink 'em. Perp say anything else?

DRAPER

"Places to go, peoples to kill."

STIKUM

A comedienne killer, perfecto
mundo.

EMT-One exits pushing Dancer's gurney. EMT-Two exits pushing Bartender's gurney. Draper follows both. The Three exit.

Stikum turns, but slips on the bloody-towel and falls. She "pops" back up bleeding from the same hand as Draper, wraps her handkerchief around it, then puts on Draper's hat.

STIKUM

Merry F'n Christmas.

EXT. CHICAGO'S MILLENNIUM PARK - NOW MIDNIGHT

Site of the city's annual 60' Christmas Tree. Christmas lights twinkle brightly on it and surrounding buildings. Rain ended leaving streets dark-wet. No traffic or pedestrians.

Stikum, wearing Draper's hat and raincoat, walks on sidewalk past the Christmas Tree and under a streetlight when she's grabbed from above and disappears up into the air screaming.

STIKUM

Aieeeeeee!

Sounds of *gurgle-screams* in-between loud repeated *thumps*, then silence. Draper's hat floats down to the sidewalk.

A large animated mechanical-Santa turns-on with arms-waving.

MECHANICAL (FILTERED)

Ho, HO, HO! --Fe, Fi, Fo!

EXT. COOK COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINERS MORGUE - NEXT MORNING

Chief Medical Officer Building with STAFFERS, both sexes, in professional clothes, who enter and exit its main entrance.

INT. CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Huge open room. High ceiling with steel dissection tables along one wall. Bartender's sheet-covered corpse is on one.

PATHOLOGIST, short, Albino, in a lab coat wearing face-shield and gloves, is examining Bartender. He snips the last piece of neck's suture-skin and lays the material on the table's measuring-markers talking into a hanging microphone.

PATHOLOGIST

The non-absorbable suture is a continuous twenty-five point four millimeter leather strip.

He pulls the rawhide strip straight on table-frame's ruler.

PATHOLOGIST

Measuring forty-three point eighteen centimeters.

Draper enters in same suit now with new clean hand-bandage.

PATHOLOGIST

The instrument used as a suture guide appears to be a --
(sees Draper's hand)
Morning, Detective. You were lucky.

Pathologist turns microphone off and removes his face-shield.

DRAPER

"Lucky?!"

PATHOLOGIST

Lucky, you don't have Claw Hand.

Draper holds up her over-sized claw-shaped wrapped hand.

PATHOLOGIST

Emergency Doc said your attacker missed the Median Nerve and all three dorsal metacarpal veins. A surgical strike, in your favor.

DRAPER

Just give me the head's up, okay?

Pathologist turns the severed-head face-up, then moves its chin as a bad ventriloquist with his own teeth clinched.

PATHOLOGIST

I ain't no snitch!

No response from Draper. Pathologist *coughs* embarrassed.

PATHOLOGIST
Little attempt at crypt humor.

DRAPER
Very little, and not very cryptic.

PATHOLOGIST
Actually, the head's separation and
sutures do tell us quite a bit.

Pathologist presents head. Bloody-tissue falls out its neck.

PATHOLOGIST
See its irregular skin separation?

DRAPER
(turns away grossed-out)
No show, just tell.

PATHOLOGIST
The epidermis, dermis, and
hypodermis jagged detachment shows
this head was not cut --

Pathologist makes a hand-sawing motion across corpse's neck.

PATHOLOGIST
from its body.

DRAPER
But the Perp had a knife?

PATHOLOGIST
Maybe. But only your blood and
prints were on it, so ...

DRAPER
Only my prints?! Shit-head was bare-
handed when he stabbed me?

PATHOLOGIST
Might have burned his fingertips
with acid. D.N.A. lab will tell us
more in thirty days.

DRAPER
A month?! Are they on early
holiday? I need Intel yesterday.

PATHOLOGIST
Slow down windy-talker, it's our
annual Christmas Homicide Rush.

Pathologist counts on his fingers.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Serology, extraction, quantitation, detection, analysis, interpretation then review. The Lab has to batch cases together as is. Four weeks is fast, trust me.

DRAPER

Don't want to.

PATHOLOGIST

Ah, a true disbeliever. Then all you need believe is this, the head,

Pathologist re-enacts ripping the head from its body.

PATHOLOGIST

was "torn" off.

DRAPER

Hold on, Doc Doom. "Torn?" How much strength does that even take?

Pathologist puts the head on table to write an equation on his wall-board, $1 N = 1 \text{ kg} \cdot m / s(\text{squared})$, explaining.

PATHOLOGIST

Newton is the force needed to accelerate one kilogram of mass at one meter per second squared in direction of any applied force.

DRAPER

Bet you didn't party much in college, Doc Strange.

PATHOLOGIST

Actually, I was a party animal.

DRAPER

Okay then, in Zoology terms, what animal could do this?

PATHOLOGIST

A big fuckin' bear.

DRAPER

Arnold!

PATHOLOGIST

Along with several Terminators, as proved by --.

Pathologist talks as he writes a second equation under the first on the same board, $F = m \cdot f / t(\text{squared})$.

PATHOLOGIST

Dimensional Analysis. Where F is force, M mass, L length, and T ...

Draper grabs Pathologist's marker and wags it at him.

DRAPER

Enough with unrelative equations, Einstein! Could a human being cranked up on P.C.P. do this?

Pathologist shakes his head *tapping* a knuckle on the "T."

PATHOLOGIST

Time, is your important variable.

DRAPER

I got the impression the suspect hadn't been in there that long.

PATHOLOGIST

Ahhhh, then that explains the guide holes for his stitching.

DRAPER

Why, what'd he use?

PATHOLOGIST

A finger.

DRAPER

"A finger?!" Whose finger?! I'll show you an f'n finger!

Draper flips *The Bird*.

PATHOLOGIST

Don't shoot the messenger. My colleagues already have. We have to assume his own since the dancer and bartender didn't have skin under their nails. Probably his pointer.

DRAPER

Back it on up, Doc Do-Little! A person can't just poke their finger through human skin. Can they?

PATHOLOGIST

Actually, no. But a bear's claw ...

DRAPER

F the bears, I don't care! Give me something I can sink my teeth into.

PATHOLOGIST

Interesting metaphor. Because your Perp --did just that.

Pathologist turns severed-head sideways to show an ear was bitten off and leans down to whisper in its ear canal.

PATHOLOGIST

Can you hear me now?

DRAPER

Fan-freakin'-tastic, Nosferatu. Who else could do all this?

PATHOLOGIST

Someone huge of incredible muscle mass with brute strength enhanced by ultra-pharmaceuticals might ...

DRAPER

Schwarzenegger on Crack, that's what I said!

PATHOLOGIST

Bigggggg f'n bodybuilder.

DRAPER

Thanks for the long way around, Doctor Livingstone.

Draper goes to exit as Pathologist adds matter-of-factly.

PATHOLOGIST

C.S.I. found a key of cocaine and ten-thousand cash in a floor safe.

DRAPER

(snap-turns)
Behind the bar?

PATHOLOGIST

Under the Bartender's body. You must've surprised your Suspect before he could retrieve both.

DRAPER

A muscled coke-head revenging a drug deal gone bad! Now, we're cookin'. Thanks again, Doc Who.

PATHOLOGIST

"Demons run, when a good man goes
to war."

DRAPER

What?

PATHOLOGIST

No, "Who" --Doctor Who.

Draper's had enough. Disgusted, she turns to exit.

Pathologist strokes the Bartender's bald head as *Alas Poor Yorick* studying it, then adds nonchalant.

PATHOLOGIST

Sorry about your partner.

Draper spins throwing something at Pathologist missing to hit the marker-board. Pathologist spins glaring as both exclaim.

DRAPER/PATHOLOGIST

What?!

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - LATER THAT DAY

Street is blocked-off by police cars around a commercial crane backing-up with its *beeping-sound* to Stikum's light-post. She lies impaled, face-up, half-way down on its pole.

Police Officer and Beat Patrolman hold back a CURIOUS CROWD, who are taking "funny" selfies upwards with the light-post.

STILL CUTS: Their *stupid-faces* are with Stikum stabbed-down onto the center of the post in their background.

Unmarked unit pulls up. Draper as passenger gets out. Unit drives away. Draper looks up at Stikum. Her mouth falls open.

FIRE CHIEF, Irish, obese, in an open Santa Jacket overtop his shirt and tie, is directing SEVERAL FIREMEN wearing Santa Hats on a Firetruck bedecked with garland and wreaths. Chief reaches over to raise Draper's chin who yanks her head away.

DRAPER

H, h, how --?

Fire Chief points to large pool of blood around light's base.

FIRE CHIEF

"How" much? Must be her whole one
and a half gallons.

DRAPER

No, I meant, how did she get --?

FIRE CHIEF

Hey, it's takin' us three hours
just to figure how to get her down!

Draper looks up again sad. Fire Chief nods with compassion.

FIRE CHIEF

Look, all I know is, whatever did
this to her, first removed, then
reattached the light's Cobra-head.

DRAPER

The Perp took time to replace its
masthead?! How long would that even
take?

FIRE CHIEF

Let us get her to your lab boys
first, then ask them. Okay?

DRAPER

Sorry, she, she was my partner.

Fire Chief looks up studying Stikum.

FIRE CHIEF

Could'a been your twin.

Draper looks up at Stikum's bloody wrapped-hand and her own
raincoat, then down at sidewalk to see her fedora. She puts
on latex gloves, picks up hat, and re-blocks it instinctive.

DRAPER

The killer, musta' thought so, too.

EXT. CHICAGO'S CLOUD GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Draper walks along absentminded with hands buried deep in her
suit jacket pockets. She stops under the massive landmark-
artwork and looks up into its polished stainless steel.

Standing next to Draper's reflexion is No-Mann. Now in a
tropical white suit, he side-waves up at her.

Draper draws her gun spinning 360°. No one is there.

TOURISTS *gasp* and back away. A CHILD *screams*.

Beat Patrolman runs to Draper with a hand on his holster. He
recognizes Draper, and relaxes.

BEAT PATROLMAN
Detective. What's up?

Draper recovers embarrassed holstering her weapon, then holds four fingers on her chest to Beat Patrolman and walks away.

Beat Patrolman checks his watch, then writes in his notebook.

In the mirrored reflexion above him, No-Mann stands behind Beat Patrolman reading over his shoulder.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPT HEADQUARTERS - LATER SAME DAY

Police Cruisers double-park along one curb as REAL POLICE OFFICERS, in full uniforms, enter and exit their building.

INT. HEADQUARTERS POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A small built-in office with glass walls is inside a larger office-space holding multiple desks for DETECTIVES, older, all races, wearing cheap suits, who work their phones.

Draper sits in a chair looking out the glass-wall at them.

CAPTAIN, female Hispanic, 50s, in uniform, enters with three file folders.

CAPTAIN
Sorry for your loss.

She sits. Moment of silence, then holds up her first file.

CAPTAIN
Heck of a night. So tell me about you hitting, Rock Bottom.

DRAPER
I was off-duty. It was raining. I was wet and went inside. Boom, I stepped into his wet-works.

CAPTAIN
And because Stikum wore your hat, your coat, and injured the same hand as you, the killer thought she was you?

DRAPER
That's my theory.

CAPTAIN

Theorem. But help me out with your Speedy Gonzalez culprit that you missed at close range with both a gun and a knife because --.

Captain opens first file to find a page, then reads it aloud tracing its words with her pointer-finger.

CAPTAIN

"He was really, really fast. Deflecting my gun-hand lightening fast, so its bullet accidentally killed the innocent" prostitute.

DRAPER

"Dancer."

Captain taps her finger on the second file.

CAPTAIN

Not according to her Jacket. All of this because your Suspect --.

Captain continues reading from first file with her finger.

CAPTAIN

"Ripped the head clean off the" Dealer.

DRAPER

"Bartender."

CAPTAIN

(taps third file)

Not according to his Jacket.

(continues reading)

"Then sewed his head on backwards using his finger as a needle."

(looks up in awe)

I got all that right?

DRAPER

You're right, "heck of a night."

CAPTAIN

Then take some time off to process everything and come back clear-headed ready for duty.

(stacks three files)

The Department's new psychiatrist will have to clear you of course.

DRAPER

"Of course." Administrative Leave?

CAPTAIN

With pay, pending the Shooting
Committee's ruling.

(hands Draper a form)

Merry F'n Christmas.

DRAPER

You shouldn't have. Literally.

(takes without reading)

P, D, two-seventeen?

CAPTAIN

Standard notice that while on Leave
you have no police powers. Sign and
date it, please.

Draper signs without reading and hands back the form.

CAPTAIN

Service weapon and badge out in the
gun locker?

Draper *jingles* a locker numbered key-fob, then tosses it to
Captain who catches.

CAPTAIN

Draper, you're my best detective.
Go home, relax, decompress. Enjoy
being a citizen over the holidays.

Both stand and shake hands. Draper exits. Captain looks at
her folders, then shudders.

CAPTAIN

Come back --"really, really fast."

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NOW MIDNIGHT

Small three-story red-stucco building with red-metal
balconies and a matching red fire-escape.

Draper, still in wrinkled suit, now weave-walks drunk
carrying a grocery bag printed, "*Fresh-Fish Market*."

No-Mann's voice speaks behind Draper but is never seen.

NO-MANN

Today's Catch?

Draper drops her bag and spins reaching for her gun.

DRAPER

Freeze!

No one is there. Draper pulls her empty hand out of jacket.

NO-MANN

Thought they only sold fresh?

Draper spins other way snapping open a knife. No one's there.

NO-MANN

Hope that's sharper than your wit.

DRAPER

Stop It!

NO-MANN

Stop what? Killing them, or guttin' you?

Draper spins 360°. Still no one.

DRAPER

Both!

NO-MANN

Can't do neither, luv.

DRAPER

"Can't" or won't?

NO-MANN

Ahhh, "Free Willy." Alrighty-dighty, I choose not to.

DRAPER

Why to everything?

NO-MANN

My, my, you're efficient. Well, so am I. The only answer necessary is
(snake-hiss continuance)
ssssssss --because I can.

DRAPER

Are you the asshole standing beside me earlier that murdered my partner last night thinking she was me?

NO-MANN

Quite a bonnie run-on, bonnie. I changed my mind, then changed my mind again. Careful with your insults, or I'll change it back.

DRAPER
What are we doing?

NO-MANN
Exactly.

DRAPER
What, do I call you?

No answer. Draper spins. No one. She picks up her bag, tilts head listening, still nothing, then enters her building.

Far away, the JUDGE's high-pitched male-scream echoes.

JUDGE (O.S.)
Aieeeeeeee --!

Draper steps back outside listening. Nothing. She re-enters.

INT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Modest one-bedroom apartment with a full kitchen. It is messy, but clean, and shows as lonely. The lights are off.

Knock on front door.

Bedroom light comes on. Draper exits bedroom putting on a robe carrying a back-up gun. She hits a shoulder on a corner.

DRAPER
Shit, fuck, piss. What?!

Outside her front door is OFFICER MURRAY, 30s, female African-American, hair tapered, attractive, in a full police uniform.

MURRAY (O.S.)
Police. Need to ask you a few questions, please.

DRAPER
Ask away.

Draper stands listening. Harder *knocking* on door.

MURRAY (O.S.)
Need to talk in person, ma'am!

Draper puts her gun in self-standing coat-rack drawer, then opens her front door.

Their eyes meet. Murray smile warms. Draper's heart skips.

MURRAY

Routine canvassing of your
neighborhood, ma'am. Did you hear
or see anything unusual last night?

Draper is still speechless and opens her door wider to point
at a wall of LEO plaques and awards. Murray is impressed.

MURRAY

Division?

DRAPER

Homicide.

MURRAY

Active?

DRAPER

Ad-Leave.

MURRAY

For --?

DRAPER

Shooting Review. What happened?

MURRAY

(checks her notes)

Approximate time set at midnight.
Male, Caucasian, 40s, butchered,
split down the middle.

DRAPER

Knife or saw?

Murray steps back losing some composure.

MURRAY

What? Uh, neither. We don't know
what the murder weapon is, was.

DRAPER

Let me guess. Skin torn uneven,
bones jagged, almost like he'd been
ripped apart by bare hands?

Murray is visibly shaken, backs away, and exits down hall.

MURRAY

Uhhh, thank you for your time.

DRAPER

I'm not crazy!

Draper closes the door rubbing her "hurt" shoulder.

DRAPER
Big f'n gorilla.

Draper pounds her chest two-fisted like *King Kong*, then steps to and through her only open window onto its fire-escape.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Draper admires the sunrise, scans street below, then all the buildings. This is her morning routine. All is normal, and she questions aloud. No-Mann answers unseen.

DRAPER
Why me?

NO-MANN
Why not?

Draper spins. No one is there.

DRAPER
Rude to question a question.

An unseen force pushes Draper from behind. She knocks off a flower-pot sitting on the corner of her balcony's railing.

SLO-MOTION: Flower-pot tumbles falling end-over-end.

EXT. SIDEWALK BELOW DRAPER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Flowerpot crashes onto sidewalk in front of a JOGGER, Asian male, 30s, fit, wearing a Santa-hat, who jumps back startled.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - IMMEDIATELY

Draper recovers and searches again. Still no one visible.

DRAPER
Again, what --do I call you?

NO-MANN
How about, *ahhh, ahhh* --
(sneezes while answering)
*ssss*No-Mann.

DRAPER
Bless you.

Draper is *slapped* hard by his invisible hand.

NO-MANN
Never say that!

DRAPER
(rubs reddening-cheek)
F me.

No-Mann's voice now *echoes* from far away.

NO-MANN
Exactleeeeeee!
(laughter fades)
Hee, hee-hee, hee, heeee --!

INT. OFFICE OF MEDICAL EXAMINER - LATER SAME MORNING

Cadaver dissection tables along the wall now have multiple DIFFERENT CORPSES on them, all with horrific damage.

Pathologist stands between two tables. Each has half of the nude JUDGE, 60s, over-weight, on them. Judge's whole head is on one table with half of that part of its body.

Draper enters in a new suit and is shocked.

PATHOLOGIST
Thought you were on Leave?

DRAPER
Left, came back. Full moon?

PATHOLOGIST
Must be. I mean, look.

Pathologist lifts Judge's head to show neck has bite-marks.

DRAPER
Do a dental match?

PATHOLOGIST
Did, didn't take.

Pathologist strokes Judge's head as a Shakespearian actor.

PATHOLOGIST
Alas, poor stoic, I knew him not.

DRAPER
"Earth to Major Tom." Did the dental match show anything?

PATHOLOGIST
Wooden teeth.

DRAPER
Funny, not. Whose?

PATHOLOGIST
George Washington's.

DRAPER
What?! How the --?

PATHOLOGIST
None of my colleagues will even
discuss my theory of occurrence.

Pathologist drops Judge's head, *thang*, then lifts both feet.

PATHOLOGIST
Some "thang" grabbed his ankles,
then made a wish.

DRAPER
I.D. the Vic?

Pathologist elbows towards his lap-top.

Draper sees the Judge's Headshot wearing a judicial robe.

DRAPER
Judge Harold?!

PATHOLOGIST
Old Hang 'Em High Harry his-self.

DRAPER
The sierra's gonna' hit the fan big-
time on this one since he was under
judicial investigation.

PATHOLOGIST
For --?

DRAPER
Unofficially, selling his verdicts.
Officially, now, nothing, since no
suspect means, no Inquiry.

PATHOLOGIST
Speaking of inquiring minds --

Pathologist drops heels on metal top, *thang-thang*, then walks
to next table and lifts its sheet. Stikum's nude body lies on
its back with a huge pentagon-shaped post-hole through her
chest. Two oval bruises are on either side of her hole.

Draper cringes looking away while pointing back.

DRAPER

What --caused those?

PATHOLOGIST

"Those" detective, are what my
peers won't address either. Bruises
form pre-mortem, right?

Draper turns back nodding. Pathologist pulls both of Stikum's shoes out of an Evidence Bag, then lays them on Stikum's chest, one over each bruise. A Cinderella fit.

DRAPER

She was pushed down onto the light-
pole, with her own shoes?

Pathologist puts one hand in each shoe and pumps up and down while imitating the *Twilight Zone* four-note TV-show theme.

PATHOLOGIST

Do-do, do-do, do-do, do-do, right?
(buzzer sound)
Ehhhhhhh! Wrong. Not "pushed," she
was stomped down the pole, by some
"thing" wearing her shoes.

Pathologist *snaps* his fingers in time as he sings *Jim Croce*.

PATHOLOGIST

"Badder than ole' King Kong, meaner
than a junk-yard dog."

Draper grabs Pathologist's fingers to stop his *snapping*.

DRAPER

Show some respect! Wait --?
(*snaps* own fingers)
A pile driver! Yeah, its access
ladder to carry the body up to the
top, take off and put back on the
lighthouse, after using an impact
hammer to force her body down it.

Draper smiles proud having now solved everyone's problem.

PATHOLOGIST

Bet you partied too much in
college, Shir-locks. Because one,
there was not enough time to build
or bring one in. And two, no driver-
pistons are shoe-shaped.

Pathologist draws a triangle *Roman Pile Driver* on his board.

PATHOLOGIST

Three, no, whatever did this, had incredible inertia behind its super-human stomping. Whatever "it" is?

DRAPER

"It" is a he, a British bugger, calls himself, Snow Man.

PATHOLOGIST

"Snow?" As in cocaine?
(realizes, steps back)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, you talked to him, it, whatever?

DRAPER

Twice. Seen once. He confirmed killing Stikum thinking she was me.

PATHOLOGIST

What the f is "he?"

DRAPER

Magician, computer geek, speed freak, triathlete, all around psychopath. Who knows, who cares? But he won't stop killing, ever, until he's stopped.

PATHOLOGIST

Tell your Captain?

DRAPER

Like your own peers, no one wants to hear questions, they don't want to answer.

PATHOLOGIST

So what do we do, Kemosabe?

NO-MANN (O.S.)

"We" paleface?

Pathologist and Draper spin.

No-Mann appears leaning arms-folded in a corner wearing an impeccable three-piece suit.

PATHOLOGIST

Where'd "he" come from?

DRAPER

You see him?! *That ain't good.*

NO-MANN

Okay, to be fair, I didn't explain
my only rule, so here it is. If you
tell someone about me --they die.

No-Mann moves with super-speed to grab Pathologist around his
throat to lift and sprawl him on the only empty table.

Draper grabs a medical cleaver and throws it at No-Mann who
catches it without looking while imitating *Elvis Presley*.

NO-MANN

"Thank you, thank you very much."

No-Mann cuts-off, *chop-chop-chop-chop*, Pathologist's arms and
legs at their joints so fast, it almost looks simultaneous.

Pathologist is in shock looking at his four amputated limbs.

PATHOLOGIST

End meeeeeeeeeee!

No-Mann's open-mouth *ding-dings*, then speaks as a STEWARDESS.

NO-MANN AS STEWARDESS (FILTERED)

"In the event of an emergency,
please assume a bracing position."

DRAPER

Nooooooooo!

No-Mann grabs Pathologist's hair and decapitates him with the
cleaver then lifts the wide-eyed severed head dripping blood.

Pathologist's jaw moves by itself talking, but with No-Mann,
teeth clenched, as its bad ventriloquist.

NO-MANN AS PATHOLOGIST

You've been warned, young lady. Do
not snitch again, or it's --.

No-Mann drops cleaver on floor *clang* to throw Pathologist's
head at Draper who ducks. Severed head hits leaving a bloody
mess on the wall, rolls to a stop near Draper. Its lifeless
shocked-open eyes look up at Draper as its jaw moves again.

PATHOLOGIST HEAD

Straight to beddy-bye, permanently.

Draper stares at bleeding head then looks up with mouth open.

NO-MANN

Smarter than you look --kinda'.

No-Mann reaches out and lifts Draper's chin closing it, then wipes-off his bloody hands on Draper's jacket.

NO-MANN

Kinda' hard to explain what really happened if you're covered in his blood. 'Eh, what, son?

PATHOLOGIST'S HEAD

ELVIS!

Draper spins, gets a disgusted look and turns back. No-Mann is gone. Draper stumbles to a wall alarm and pushes it.

Klaxon *sounds* and overhead rotating red lights come on as all doors seal shut. Draper slides down the wall to sit on floor.

INT. POLICE INTEROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

A windowless 6' x 6' bare room in police headquarters.

Draper sits in one of two metal chairs handcuffed to its metal table in center of the room.

INSPECTOR HERSKOWITZ, 40s, bald, fit, in suit with badge-case hanging out of breast pocket (no gun), enters, and sits across from Draper plopping a file on the table.

HERSKOWITZ

I'm Inspector Herskowitz with ...

DRAPER

Yeah, yeah, I heard a' you, "Mister Clean." Why I.A. and not Homicide?

Herskowitz studies her, then slides his file forward.

Draper reads, is shocked, reads more, then slides file back.

HERSKOWITZ

Yep, your Stikum was sticky.

DRAPER

How long and for what was my partner under investigation?

HERSKOWITZ

Over a year, and we were about ready to indict when, how about that, she's suddenly murdered.

DRAPER

Do I need my Union Rep?

HERSKOWITZ

You tell me.

Both glare at each other, then Herskowitz fake-grins big.

HERSKOWITZ

Let's start over. I'm Inspector Herskowitz. Start at the beginning.

DRAPER

I'd love to, but then he'd have to kill you.

HERSKOWITZ

Who, your Rep?

Draper makes Pathologist's earlier *buzzer* sound.

DRAPER

Ehhhhhh! Time's up! Jay, tell the nice police man what he's won.

(as Game Show Announcer)

Right, Dan-o. Well Detective, you've just won the right to --

(*drum rolls* on table)

Stay, Alive!

(makes crowd noise)

Yeaaaaaaaaa!

Draper sings the *Bee Gee's* "Staying Alive" lyrics while double finger-pointing up, then down across her body.

DRAPER

"Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive. Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive-iiiive." Yeah.

Draper finishes smacking her lips then *Cheshire Cat* smiling.

Herskowitz sits in awe, then pulls his file back angry.

HERSKOWITZ

You're a walkin' apocalypse, buddy. Come clean, you'll feel better.

DRAPER

(sniffs own armpit)

Hey, thanks for reminding me, bud-dee. I need a shower, big-time. Sooooo, charge me or release me.

HERSKOWITZ

Oh, I'm gonna' charge you alright, better get an attorney.

DRAPER

Can't, can't tell her either, can't
tell anyone, that's the problem.

HERSKOWITZ

What? Wait. "Can't tell?" Why,
what'll happen?

Draper sits silent. Herskowitz *bangs* a fist on table-top.

HERSKOWITZ

What, will, happen?!

Draper *bangs* her fist same answering in his same timber.

DRAPER

What, you, think?!

Herskowitz tilts his head analyzing, then has epiphany.

HERSKOWITZ

The killer, knows who you talk to?

DRAPER

He knows I'm here, talking to you.

HERSKOWITZ

(dismisses concept)

Makes sense, since the killer is --

Herskowitz uses a hand-remote to turn on the wall's monitor.

Earlier recording plays from Morgue's ceiling camera showing only Draper talking with Pathologist, then footage cuts to and zooms in on Draper with a crazed-look picking up the cleaver, then video goes to static.

Herskowitz uses his remote to turn off the monitor smiling.

HERSKOWITZ

How about now, Iron Chef?

DRAPER

Asking the wrong questions, Stupor
Cop. Why is none of the victim's
blood on my hands? When do fixed
lenses zoom? How did the rest of
the feed get erased?

(jiggles hand-cuffs)

Release me, take the night off,
take your wife dancing.

HERSKOWITZ

Divorced, but at least she's alive.

Draper scoots her chair back as if shot, then recovers.

DRAPER

Good one. Got a reaction, just not the right one. But then, you can't know that. Can you, narco-leptic?

HERSKOWITZ

I "know" the difference between facts and coincidence.

Herskowitz pulls a hidden folder and *slams* it on the table.

HERSKOWITZ

Your wife was horribly murdered, and her killer never found.
(taps folder three times)
Just, like, now.

DRAPER

(eyes go to slits)
When you came in, swore I'd never tell you. But now --
(taps folder three times)
I, want, to.

Monitor comes back on behind Herskowitz showing their room.

Draper leans side-to-side watching her own movements mirrored in the monitor.

DRAPER

But I won't give "it" --
(sits upright)
the satisfaction.

Monitor's view changes to Pathologist lying on cadaver table with his five appendages re-positioned. Both hands raise giving Draper *Double Birds*, then fall. Monitor goes blank.

Draper flips *Double Birds* back at the monitor.

Herskowitz *slams* his open palm on the metal tabletop, *boom*.

HERSKOWITZ

Let's see you laugh last when I charge you as a serial killer!

DRAPER

Hey bone-head, deep in your bones, you know I'm being framed. Charge me or release me, just don't ever follow me. I have to work this case --alone.

Herskowitz stares in Draper's eyes. He decides she's innocent and unlocks Draper's cuff.

HERSKOWITZ
You know --I can't do that.

DRAPER
(rubs released wrist)
I know.

No-Mann's laughter echoes out in the hallway.

NO-MANN (O.S.)
Hee, Hee-hee, hee, heeeee.

DRAPER
(braces in chair)
Hear that?!

HERSKOWITZ
Hear what?

DRAPER
Good, stay alive, stay stupid.

Herskowitz stares at Draper stupefied. Draper points at him.

DRAPER
Just, like, that.

Draper stands and *knocks* on door. It opens, she exits.

Captain enters watching Draper exit down the hall.

CAPTAIN
Well?

HERSKOWITZ
Well done. Her brain's fried. I
need a warrant, and a camera.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - THAT NIGHT

Draper steps out the window onto her fire-escape sipping a beer bottle and wondering. No-Mann answers invisible.

DRAPER
You here?

NO-MANN
Always.

Draper leans on fire-escape railing nursing her bottle.

DRAPER

So you do, what you do, when you
want to, because you can do?

NO-MANN

Someone's been eating smart food.

DRAPER

Love their popcorn. But listen, we
can talk in person, I'm not afraid.

No-Mann appears behind Draper wearing a white two-piece suit.

NO-MANN

Boo!

Draper jumps spinning to *slosh* her beer on No-Mann's suit,
then tries to blot it off with her monogramed handkerchief.

DRAPER

Gotta' stop sneaking up on ...

No-Mann grabs Draper's wrists hard to put her on her knees.

NO-MANN

This was a brand new suit!

SLO-MOTION: Draper's beer bottle falls spilling end-over-end.

EXT. SIDEWALK BELOW DRAPER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jogger, wearing a *Grinch* cap, now walks his DOG in reindeer-
antlers. Beer-drops fall on Jogger who stops and holds out a
palm, *Rain?* Bottle explodes on sidewalk. He jumps back as Dog
tries to lick-up the beer. Jogger picks up Dog hugging her.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - IMMEDIATELY

No-Mann tightens his grip on Draper's wrists.

NO-MANN

Think this is a game?!

DRAPER

(in severe pain)
Don't, you?

No-Mann looks evil, then smiles good-natured, and lets go.

NO-MANN

Quite right, covess. Threw a paddy
there, sorry about that.

No-Mann waves a hand over his suit and, *poof*, its now dry-clean fresh. He adjusts his cuffs.

NO-MANN

And how was your day, your Grace?

DRAPER

(stands rubbing wrists)
Oh, witnessed another murder, got
accused of it, dropped a perfectly
good beer. You know, the usual.

NO-MANN

Ahh, but you didn't snickel.

DRAPER

Slow learner, fast thinker.

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers and a cowboy hat appears on his head as he speaks with a Texas accent.

NO-MANN

So what ya' thinkin' now, lil lady?

DRAPER

Why use rawhide?

NO-MANN

To sew his dad-burned head back on?
(tilts hat back)
Oh, you know, 'cause of that there
black n' white western tele-show.

DRAPER

What? Wait. You mean, "Rawhide?"

No-Mann opens his mouth and its original TV-theme plays.

NO-MANN AS SONG

"Don't try to understand 'em, just
rope n' tie and brand 'em."

No-Mann *snaps* his hand to make the song's bullwhip, *crack*. His hat disappears along with his cowboy accent as he now repeats a famous salsa commercial line with Brooklyn accent.

NO-MANN

"New York City?!" *Fogetaboutit!*

No-Mann straightens his suit again with his British accent.

NO-MANN

Anything further to declare?

Draper's brow furrows in epiphany, then she closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD STORE - FIVE CHRISTMASES AGO

7-11 got nothing on this convenience store as Draper, dressed same, enters looking younger, energetic, and less haggard.

DRAPER

Feliz Navidad! ¿Dónde está el, *uhhh*,
garlic?

No response. Draper's inner police-alarm goes off. She reaches in suit lapel for her gun. A pair of white-gloved hands from behind slip a string of braided-garlic over Draper's head and choke her out.

INT. CHICAGO SUBURBAN HOME - LATER SAME NIGHT

Modest and clean middle-class house decorated for Christmas inside and out. Draper enters its front door.

DRAPER

Sorry I'm late hon, walked into a
horrible crime scene and had to
wait for the Debriefing Team.

Draper hangs her hat and coat on same self-standing coat-rack, then puts gun, holster, and badge in its top drawer.

DRAPER

Perp even took my wallet.
(no response)
Karen?

No response. Draper's inner police-alarm goes off again. She spins opening the drawer. Earlier pair of white-gloved hands now slip a doubled-up string of silver-garland over her head from behind and choke her out.

RETURN TO.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT NIGHT

Draper opens her eyes. They narrow as she now sees No-Mann slipping on those same white evening gloves.

DRAPER

Know anything about my wife's
murder?

NO-MANN

Sorry luv, don't remember names.
(*raspberries*)
Ooooooh, you must mean --Karen.

No-Mann's suit changes to that of a 1930's gangster as he now uses a bad Italian accent.

NO-MANN

'Eyyyyy, everybody make-a mistake.

DRAPER

"Mistake?!" My wife was a mistake!

NO-MANN

You's a-right. She was more like,
uh, you know, a business thing. So
like, you know, nuthin' personal.

DRAPER

That's as personal as it gets!
(*snaps her fingers*)
That's why you took my wallet.

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers. His original suit reappears, then he drops a hip to speak as *Talulah Bankhead*.

NO-MANN

You were going to, you know, die-
die my darling, but then you walked
in, and for some reason I thought,
hold on, this could be so --cheeky.

DRAPER

Murdering my wife was "cheeky?!"

No-Man goes back to his regular accent.

NO-MANN

Much like Sir Lancelot, once my
singing sword is drawn, old dear.

DRAPER

Different legends, lamebrain.

NO-MANN

What'd you just say to me, grinch?!

DRAPER

I said, you're f'n remorseless!

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers to become dressed as Sherlock Holmes and uses a huge magnifying glass to examine Draper up-and-down while speaking as *Basil Rathbone*.

NO-MANN AS RATHBONE

"I really do not remember anyone,
ever talking to me so --honestly."
(gives last look-over)
I find it absolutely, positively,
revolting. --Professor Notoriety!

Magnifying glass spins in No-Mann's hand, then disappears
along with his costume. No-Mann, back in his impeccable suit,
wiggles all eight gloved fingers like a pianist warming up.

NO-MANN

I believe, you need a holiday.

DRAPER

I know, you need a revelation.

No-Mann becomes a cowboy again *firing* his cap-pistols in air.

NO-MANN

Yeehaaa, cowgirl! The good ole'
Book a' Revelation. The only
apocalyptic document in that there
whole New Testament thingee.

DRAPER

It's the allegory of our spiritual
battle between good and evil. Your
name wouldn't be John, would it?

His cowboy hat disappears and a crown of thorns now appears
on No-Mann's head as he assumes a regal Roman stance.

NO-MANN

Call me Emperor Domitian, if you
desire. I don't care about titles.

DRAPER

Then why --Snow Man?

No-Mann hits Draper up the back of her head, then *snaps* his
fingers and his crown of thorns is replaced with a square
academic cap with tassel. A child's black-board also appears.

No man flips his tassel to the other side as the chalk self-
writes letters with a dash between as he speaks same letters.

NO-MANN

N, O, *dash*, M, A, N, N.

DRAPER

And all this time I thought ...

NO-MANN

"Time?!"

No-Mann *claps* once and an *Albert Einstein* wig with a white lab coat now appear on him. He speaks with a German accent as the chalk now self-writes, *Emmy = Emcee - Talent*.

NO-MANN

Time, is a great teacher.
Unfortunately, it kills all of its
students. Class dismissed!

DRAPER

Okay, "No-Mann," same question.

No-Mann quick-claps *twice* beside an ear to again be wearing his white suit speaking in his impeccable British accent.

NO-MANN

Because it's the last thing a bloke
says to me before going tits-up
realizing they are about to depart
this cold cruel world of yours.

No-Mann holds a hand out like for protection, clears his throat, then feigns fear using the Pathologist's voice.

NO-MANN AS PATHOLOGIST

Nooo, mann!

DRAPER

That's just sick.
(tilts head)
What about women?

NO-MANN

Strumpets? I never listen, just nod
my head, "Uh-huh, uh-huh, yes dear"
before ripping them a new one.

No-Mann pulls out a giant *White Rabbit* pocket-watch to check its time, then quotes the book *Wonderland*.

NO-MANN

"Time is drowning, Hearts are
burning, Heads are rolling.
Nothing can save you now. Tick
tock, tick tock."

DRAPER

Emory R. Frie's "Wonderland?"

No-Mann *clicks* his heels and a WW-I German Helmet appears on his head as he speaks with the famous TV-actor German accent.

NO-MANN

"I know nuthink."

DRAPER

Can say that again.

NO-MANN

"I know nuthink!"

No-Mann wiggles his nose with same sound as *Samantha* from T.V.'s "Bewitched" to return to his regular suit and proper British self. He pockets the watch in his vest.

NO-MANN

Time flies, sheila. And so can I.

DRAPER

Another killing?

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers to become *Elvis Presley* in a bedazzled costume primping his gelled hairdo.

NO-MANN AS PRESLEY

"Values are like fingerprints, man.
Nobody's are the same but you leave
them all over everything you do."

(pose-points to the street)

THA' KING!

Draper peers over railing, then looks up self-disgusted, and turns back. No-Mann is gone, but yells from far away.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

"Run, Forest, run!"

(laughter fades)

Hee-Haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, etc.

EXT. ACROSS FROM DRAPER'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Herskowitz sits in an unmarked car across the street in a parking lot aiming a low-light camera out his driver's window up at Draper. He pulls his camera back in and re-plays its recording. Video plays showing Draper is talking to herself.

HERSKOWITZ

Almost had me there, joker.

His radio *crackles* on with the female voice of a DISPATCHER.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)

Unit Eleven, two, four, five, in
progress.

HERSKOWITZ
Assault with a deadly weapon? *Here?*

NO-MANN AS DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
Correcto mundo, Columbo.

Herskowitz stares at his radio, then *starts* car, places a magnetic red-flasher on its roof, and drives off fast.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - IMMEDIATELY

Draper, leaning on handrail, sees the red light rotate on Herskowitz's car below, then its tires burn-rubber leaving.

DRAPER
Warned you, super sleuth.

Draper steps back through her open window and closes it.

DRAPER
God Damn You!

She punches out a pane. Broken glass *explodes*-out and falls.

EXT. SIDEWALK BELOW DRAPER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jogger is standing under an open Christmas-umbrella talking to Beat Patrolman. Broken glass showers them. Jogger looks at his wrist-watch, then nods pointing up. Beat Patrolman's shoulder-radio *crackles* on.

HERSKOWITZ (FILTERED)
Officer needs assistance. Saint Valentine's Day. David, ten, thirty!

Beat Patrolman takes off running.

Jogger peers from under his umbrella shaking a fist up.

EXT. "TOMMY GUN'S GARAGE" NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Herskowitz's rotating red-light strobe-flashes a crowd of PATRONS, dressed in 1920 costumes, with a big mean BOUNCER dressed in a 1920's hit-man suit holding a plastic *Tommy Gun*.

PROBATION OFFICER, female, in suit, is being pulled back and forth across the parking lot like an invisible shark attack.

Herskowitz stands speechless with hand-held radio near his mouth watching Probation Officer scream as she slides up a brick side-wall on her back with arms and legs flailing.

PROBATION OFFICER

Aieeeee!

She stops sliding, so stops screaming. She looks pleading at Herskowitz, then grabs at her throat making *gurgling-noises*.

Her jacket and shirt pop-open snapping their buttons. Her bra splits, then her rib cage *cracks* apart. Her "beating" heart emerges and hovers dripping blood then rockets at Herskowitz.

FEMALE Patrons faint. MALE Patrons heave. Bouncer drops prop gun and runs off girlie-screaming with hands fluttering high.

Herskowitz dives to the ground as the heart smashes against a dumpster behind him. Blood and tissue *explode*. He looks up.

Probation Officer now hangs in a crucified-position with telephone-pole foot-pegs impaled through her hands and crossed-feet. She also wears the Topless Dancer's *Santa hat*.

HERSKOWITZ

Merry F'n Christmas.

Beat Patrolman runs around building-corner with his gun drawn and sees Herskowitz's badge. They stare-down each other.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

Tee, hee-hee, hee-hee.

Herskowitz hears No-Mann and jerks head scanning. Nothing.

HERSKOWITZ

That ain't good.

Beat Patrolman stares up at Probation Officer's crucifixion.

BEAT PATROLMAN

Got that right.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Draper sits same as before watching the Detectives on phones.

Captain in uniform, and Herskowitz in suit, each carrying a file, enter and sit. Captain waves her new file.

CAPTAIN

Jesus F'n Christ. Really? What aren't you telling us?

DRAPER

All I can tell you is, I'm treading deep water.

CAPTAIN

More like, deep shit.

HERSKOWITZ

Just don't drown.

Herskowitz tosses his folder to Draper who opens to see the Probation Officer's wall-crucified picture.

HERSKOWITZ

Know her?

DRAPER

Think she's a probation officer?

HERSKOWITZ

She was. Who was also under investigation with her Judge.

DRAPER

For what?

HERSKOWITZ

What the f you care! You don't know her, right?

Herskowitz holds up a clear Evidence Bag with Draper's police business-card inside it, now bloody.

DRAPER

Oh right, right. Stopped me outside court one day, wanted to talk about Stikum, but I had to run.

HERSKOWITZ

So you did know her!

DRAPER

Nooooo, but I do know you. Duh.

HERSKOWITZ

Duh-uh. Do you also know I was watching you last night? That why you put on the invisible-man act?

DRAPER

So you didn't see anyone? Good.

HERSKOWITZ

Thought I heard a creepy laugh.

DRAPER

Not good.

CAPTAIN

Only reason you're not being charged is because he video-taped you outside as a 911 call came in.

DRAPER

Let me guess, anonymous, that sent Rescue to a false address first?

CAPTAIN

(reads the file)

Yeah, with no caller I.D.

HERSKOWITZ

How'd you know?

DRAPER

There's a difference between being confident, and conceited.

CAPTAIN

Which are you?

DRAPER

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

(to Herskowitz)

So I'm no longer a suspect?

HERSKOWITZ

Definitely suspicious.

Draper angry-flings the folder back at Herskowitz.

Probation Officer's crime-scene pictures fly across room.

DRAPER

Really?! So how far would you go to stop a killer, killer? Would you joke with him, watch helpless as he keeps murdering, all while trying to strategize how to stop him?

HERSKOWITZ

I sure wouldn't miss him --twice!

DRAPER

Good luck, dead-head.

Draper stands slow, tired and fed-up.

DRAPER

Captain, I'm still a citizen, so
I'm exercising my citizen's right
to drag my sorry ass home.

CAPTAIN

No, go see the department's
psychiatrist, now. That's an order.

Draper ram-rod salutes, about-faces crisply, and exits.

CAPTAIN

Still think she's guilty?

HERSKOWITZ

Of withholding information?
Abso-freakin'-lutely.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST WAITING ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Small outer room with wooden chairs. Draper sits reading a
"Chess Club" newsletter. Inner office door opens and POLICE
PSYCHIATRIST, African-American, attractive, with professional
hair, wearing a suit and glasses, exits and extends a hand.

PSYCHIATRIST

Detective Draper, been looking
forward to interrogating you.

They shake professional as Draper tilts her head.

DRAPER

You mean, "interviewing" me?

Psychiatrist sweeps a hand towards her inner door.

PSYCHIATRIST

Abso-freakin'-lutely.

Draper enters. Psychiatrist follows closing the door.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Large desk, long chaise lounge, and two plush leather chairs.

Psychiatrist sits in one chair and hand-motions for Draper to
lie on the lounge. Draper sits in the other chair.

PSYCHIATRIST

Certainly had a traumatic forty-
eight hours.

DRAPER
(sneezes while answering)
Sssssh-it happens.

PSYCHIATRIST
Want to talk about "sssssh-it?"

DRAPER
Not really.

PSYCHIATRIST
Memories too painful?

DRAPER
Would be for you.

PSYCHIATRIST
Then what shall we talk about?

Draper turns her head sideways studying the full book-shelf.

DRAPER
Read any good books?

Draper *snaps* her fingers and writes in a pocket notepad.

PSYCHIATRIST
We could go for a walk?

Draper takes a book from the case and re-sits reading it.

DRAPER
Abso-freakin'-lutely. Bring me back
a chocolate-mocha.

Psychiatrist shakes her head writing in Draper's file.

EXT. HAROLD WASHINGTON LIBRARY CENTER - LATER SAME DAY

READERS, enter and exit its huge archway entrance.

INT. LIBRARY'S READING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Large wood tables with metal table-lamps. A FEW READERS sit scattered about.

Draper reads alone at a table surrounded by open books.

LIBRARIAN, 40s, Asian, in a pant-suit with reading glasses on lanyard, enters and sets a stack of books on Draper's table.

LIBRARIAN

That's the last we have on him.

Draper jots notes on a legal pad, then opens latest top book.

LIBRARIAN

School project?

DRAPER

Old school.

Draper reads out-loud with a finger tracing its words.

DRAPER

"King Domitian declared himself Rome's perpetual censor with strict control over both public and private morals." Morals, huh?

LIBRARIAN

(rote recites)

Emperor Domitian, eighty-one to ninety-six, C.E. Roman Senators assassinated him then condemned his memory to oblivion passing a decree that his inscriptions be erased and all record of him obliterated.

Draper looks up at Librarian who explains.

LIBRARIAN

Did my thesis on him.

Draper closes her book to debrief Librarian.

DRAPER

Highlights.

LIBRARIAN

Extremely intelligent, able to quote Homer and Virgil, marksman with a bow and arrow, declared himself "Lord and God over all." The Roman historian Suetonius described Domitian as having "an odd sense of humor."

Draper writes "*HUMOR = sick*" then circles on her pad.

DRAPER

"Odd" is an understatement. Astrology?

LIBRARIAN

He consulted Apollo the god of enlightenment, then became increasingly superstitious and finally, extremely paranoid.

Draper writes "paranoid" in her notebook.

DRAPER

Talisman?

LIBRARIAN

Minted a coin with Apollo on one side and a Raven on the other. Suetonius wrote that a Raven perched on the Capitalium and predicted Domitian's death cawing, "All will be well."

DRAPER

All hope so. Soft spot?

LIBRARIAN

Bald spot. He even wrote a book on hair care. He wore wigs and cut out the tongues of servants who bathed him so they couldn't describe him.

Draper writes on pad "*don't tell*" then underlines it.

DRAPER

Don't "tell" huh? Psychopath?

LIBRARIAN

Psychopath-ic. He slew his own brother, then raised the second persecution against Christians. Most of whom were crucified, others boiled alive, some quartered.

DRAPER

Nice guy. Internment?

LIBRARIAN

Cremated. His ashes were mingled with those of his niece and spread in an unknown location. That must have really burned him.

DRAPER

Enlighten me.

LIBRARIAN

He hated all women and wanted
immortality, not obscurity.

DRAPER

Maybe --he found a way to get both.

Draper stands and points to her pile of books.

DRAPER

Need help putting those away?

YOUNG MAN, almost anemic, looking homeless, walks by them.

Draper notices Librarian and Young Man make eye-contact.

LIBRARIAN

Thanks, but it's my job.

DRAPER

And our conversation, is "my" job.
(flips open badge-case)
Do not discuss this with anyone. No
one, understand?

Librarian nods. Draper pockets case and pulls out cellphone.

DRAPER

Where's a Terminal? I'm feeling a
little Poeish.

Librarian scratches her head, then points. Draper exits.

LIBRARIAN

Nevermore.

Librarian goes to meet same Young Man behind a bookcase.

EXT. MUSCLE CAR IN GARFIELD PARK - LATE THAT NIGHT

A crime ridden poorer neighborhood. An older, *loud*, muscle car speeds through its streets with FOUR GANG BANGERS inside.

INT. MUSCLE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

BANGERS ONE and BANGER TWO sit in front. BANGERS THREE and BANGER FOUR sit in back. All are in their 20s who look Middle Eastern, but speak with Hispanic accents. The three passenger Bangers wear gang colors with *Taqiyah* caps reloading their automatic weapons. Banger One drives wearing a gang-color kerchief as a do-rag.

BANGER ONE

Hear him yelling "Nooooo, Man?"

BANGER TWO

(*mesz-nune-ah*, "madwoman")

With his majniuna Granny cursin' us
the whole time.

BANGER THREE

She one, big, bad, muther.

BANGER FOUR

(*u-mahk*, "your mother")

Ommak!

BANGER THREE

Hey-a?!

EXT. AERIAL OF BANGERS CAR - CONTINUOUS

All Four Bangers *laugh* as both rear tires *explode*. Car veers
all over the street before hitting a tree. Its *horn* blows.

INT./EXT. WRECKED MUSCLE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Banger One lies over the steering wheel. He sits up and horn
stops. Bangers Two, Three, and Four *moan*. All Four Bangers
exit car simultaneous to look at their respective rear tires.
Multiple arrows stick out of both rear sidewalls.

BANGER ONE

What the hell, varón!

BANGER TWO

"A good archer is known not by his
arrows, but by his aim."

The Other Three Bangers look at Banger Two stupefied.

BANGER TWO

Thomas Fuller. What, I Google?

BANGER THREE

Oh, you mean like that William
Teller dude with that other --?

BANGER FOUR

Robin Hoodlum.

All Four Bangers nod. Banger One goes to speak, but an arrow
pierces his forehead to stick out the back of his skull. His
eyes go wide in surprise as he deadfalls backwards.

Banger Four spins to stand behind the trunk with his Mac-11 aimed. Two arrows pierce through both his thighs into the car trunk's metal pinning him. He *fires* his gun in anger.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BANGERS WRECKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Banger Two and Three run behind front bumper *shooting* their Mac-11's angled to the sides in over-lapping fields of fire. Tracer-fire lights the darkness in three arcs, then stops.

NEIGHBORHOOD DOGS begin *barking*.

EXT. BANGERS WRECKED CAR - IMMEDIATELY

The Three Bangers drop their used clips to reload new ones.

BANGER FOUR

Tozz Feek! Pull these out, Wali!

Banger Two and Banger Three try to pull out the arrows, but they won't budge and their metal shafts won't break off.

BANGER TWO

Need a bone-saw or somethin', esé.

BANGER THREE

How you doin', amigo?

No answer. Bangers Two and Three stand. Banger Four's eyes are wide open just like his mouth which now has an arrow shaft in it. Its arrowhead sticks out the back of his neck. There is a note tied to arrow's shaft below its feathers.

Banger Two removes and unravels note with hands shaking to read aloud its three capital letters glued from a magazine.

BANGER TWO

I, C, U.

(note rolls up in hand)

Ándale!

Banger Two runs around a tree using one hand to hold onto it. An arrow pierces that hand nailing it to the trunk. He tries to pull it free and a second arrow now pierces both hands.

BANGER TWO

Aieeeee!

Banger Three takes off running up the sidewalk.

BANGER TWO

Where you goin', mon!

No-Mann whispers in Banger Two's ear in Banger One's voice.

NO-MANN AS BANGER ONE
"Where you goin' --mon?"

BANGER TWO
Dios mío!

An invisible hand *slaps* Banger Two's face who goes wide-eyed as muted *horns* now play the 1944 hit song *Mairzy Doats*.

NO-MANN
"Dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey.
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?"

Full orchestration of "*The Pied Pipers*" continues singing.

EXT. FURTHER UP SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Banger Three runs for his life as Banger Two death-shrieks.

BANGER TWO (O.S.)
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Banger Three slows asking for forgiveness in Spanish.

BANGER THREE
Perdóname.

No-Mann whispers in Banger Three's ear in Banger Two's voice.

NO-MANN AS BANGER TWO
Forgive what, mon?

Banger Three spins and trips to fall on his back in the grass median. His lips pantomime-move as he silently confesses.

NO-MANN
Ohhhhh, that.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BANGER THREE - CONTINUOUS

Banger Three has his ankles crossed. An arrow pierces through both his ankles into the ground.

BANGER THREE
Aieeeee!

Banger Three rolls side-to-side with one arm outstretched. An arrow pierces that hand to the ground.

BANGER THREE

Por favor, Jesús!

No-Mann speaks in Pathologist's voice with same *buzzer* sound.

NO-MANN AS PATHOLOGIST

Ehhhhhh! Wrong disciple, *esé*.

Banger Three's eyes go wide as he gives in to destiny and his free arm relaxes outstretched. An arrow pierces that hand to the ground. He's whimpers in submission.

BANGER THREE

Nooo, maan.

NO-MANN

There It Is!

Banger Three lies in crucified-position *sobbing*. An arrow flies down into and through his crotch. He goes cross-eyed.

NO-MANN

Bull's eye.

A *pitch-pipe* sounds, then No-Mann sings the alternate *Jingle Bells* Christmas ditty.

NO-MANN

"Jingle bells, Batman smells,
Robin laid an eggggg. The Batmobile
lost a wheel, and the Jo-ker got,
awaaaaa-aaaay!"

All neighborhood Christmas lights and decorations come on.

NO-MANN

Wheeeeeeee, hee-hee, hee, hee!

Christmas bells *jingle* throughout the city.

INT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT - NEXT NIGHT

Draper sits in the dark on her couch. *Knock* at front door.

DRAPER

Leave a message, after the scream.

Draper makes a high-pitched but low screaming-tone *sound*.

Door handle turns. Door opens and Herskowitz enters. He is unshaven and still wearing same suit now severely wrinkled.

HERSKOWITZ

Don't lock up?

DRAPER

Used to, now, no point. What's up?

HERSKOWITZ

Me, for two days. Another four grisly murders.

DRAPER

Wasn't me, too busy "strategizin'."

HERSKOWITZ

I know. Can we talk?

DRAPER

You can.

Herskowitz closes the door and flips the wall's light-switch.

End table lamp comes on. Draper reaches over to click it *off*.

Herskowitz falls into chair across from Draper in the dark.

HERSKOWITZ

This case is really dark.

DRAPER

Should see it from my side.

HERSKOWITZ

I'd like to. Can you tell anything, anything at all that could help me?

DRAPER

Sure, but I won't because, believe it or not, you've grown on me.

HERSKOWITZ

Like black fungus?

DRAPER

More like poison ivy.

HERSKOWITZ

Why are you being blackmailed?

DRAPER

Okay, since you can't take a hint, I'll spell it out, go --a, w, a, y.

HERSKOWITZ

What's he holding over you?

DRAPER

You, me, everybody, every thing.
(stands)
I need a drink.

HERSKOWITZ

Make mine a triple.

Draper exits into her kitchen.

INT. DRAPER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Narrow, small, and basic, with a four-bottle-bar set-up on counter's cutting-board. Dirty dishes are piled in the sink.

Draper enters.

DRAPER

Scotch?

HERSKOWITZ (O.S.)

On the rocks!

DRAPER

Know the feeling.

Draper opens freezer and gets out a plastic ice tray, twists it to pop ice, grabs four cubes, and *clinks* two in two glasses. She goes to pour liquor in first glass and freezes.

Inside each ice-cube, a frozen eye-ball stares up at her.

Draper chugs from the bottle, then re-caps it.

DRAPER

Tell me about your new murders?

HERSKOWITZ (O.S.)

Gang drive-by. Found their get-away car with all four *Ali Babas* used for archery practice. The killer even popped-out their eyeballs.

DRAPER

How many victims in the house?

HERSKOWITZ (O.S.)

None, just a rival gang member and his enabler-granny. Why?

Draper turns the tray upside down hard on the cutting board, then lifts it away. She counts eight more ice-cubes "staring" up at her, then dumps both glasses of ice onto cutting board.

All twelve eye-ball cubes now slide around by themselves stack-forming the same earlier three letters, *I C U*.

Draper grabs a grocery plastic bag and hand-sweeps all twelve ice cubes into it off the board, twirls and ties bag's end, then puts it in a paper lunch bag and exits with her bag.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Draper enters and flips on overhead light. Herskowitz shields his eyes. Draper grabs her jacket and opens the front door.

DRAPER

Ask a road dawg to do a Welfare
Check.

HERSKOWITZ

Why?

DRAPER

Because I can count. Come on,
drinks on me.

HERSKOWITZ

Dinner?

DRAPER

No! Uh, no, lost my appetite.

HERSKOWITZ

(points at Draper's bag)
What's that then?

DRAPER

Doggie-bag.

Draper pushes the puzzled Herskowitz out closing her door.

No-Mann *chuckles* invisible, then speaks in Stikum's voice.

NO-MANN AS STIKUM

A comedienne cop, perfecto mundo.

Cardboard that was taped over the broken window is now sucked out as the broken glass on fire-escape morphs to replace its original pane. The repaired good-as-new window *slides* open.

NO-MANN

Least I can do.

Good-as-new window slides shut. No-Mann's voice fades.

NO-MANN

To her! Ho, Ho, Ho. Oh no, not
that! Hee, hee-hee, hee-heeeee!

EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - NOW MIDNIGHT

Draper sits on its stepped-revetment near the water's edge.
She flicks open a spring-assist knife, pokes holes in paper
bag, then throws it out into *Lake Michigan* to watch it sink.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Heave To, mee matey!

Draper jumps up drawing a back-up gun threatening with both.

Officer Murray, hair-banded, sweating, wears a jogging suit.

MURRAY

Uuuuu, brought a gun and a knife.
Going to a fight?

DRAPER

Always.
(holsters gun)
Run here often?

MURRAY

Every night. Thought you were on
Admin, not supposed to carry a gun?

DRAPER

I am. Am not. I have an, inferior
complex. Appreciate you keeping
this on the down low.

MURRAY

How low, and what'd you throw?

DRAPER

(pockets gun and knife)
Bad eye-deas.

HOOKER *screams* in nearby park. Both run toward her screaming.

HOOKER (O.S.)

Help meeeeeeeee!

EXT. BURNHAM PARK - MOMENTS LATER

A small park of tall and older shade trees.

Draper and Murray round a huge tree and freeze staring at a HOOKER, 20s, anemic, in mini-skirt and tube-top with a Santa hat. Colored-lights flash in her platform-shoes. She hangs splayed in mid-air with ropes tied around each wrist and ankle. Each is tied to the top of a tree. Her four trees are bent over, almost touching ground, tied-off to smaller trees.

DRAPER

NO!

All four ground-ties release at the same time *snapping* their bent trees upright which quarter Hooker whose blood showers both Draper and Murray who goes hysterical.

MURRAY

Eeeeeeee!

Draper puts an arm around Murray while dialing her own cellphone with free hand.

911 OPERATOR (FILTERED)

9, 1, 1. What is your emergency?

DRAPER

Draper, Detective, badge number 3, 7, 5, 6. Homicide. Dispatch a Coroner and Supervisor to "The Point." I'll guide them in.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

Promontory Park. Affirmative.

Draper pulls out handkerchief and gives it to Murray who wipes off her face, then scrunches her nose.

MURRAY

Vicks --and beer?

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

En route. Do you require Rescue?

DRAPER

Just a Meat Wagon and Fire Services, with lots of hoses.

Draper hangs-up. No-Mann *chuckles* invisible.

NO-MANN

HEE, Hee-hee, whee-eeee.

DRAPER

(draws gun again)
Hear that?!

MURRAY

Hear what?

Draper relaxes holstering her gun, then hugs Murray tight whose eyes open wide, *Oh my*.

No-Mann in lumberjack clothes walks out of the shadows behind Murray with an ax across one shoulder and boom-box on other. Stereo turns on playing the movie-theme from "*Love Story*."

DRAPER

Hear that?

MURRAY

You're scaring me.

DRAPER

That's okay, scaring myself.

Draper rubs Murray's back as she glares over her shoulder.

No-Mann solo ballroom-dances with his ax as partner.

INT. MURRAY'S APARTMENT - NOW PAST MIDNIGHT

Her windowless basement efficiency is tiny and messy.

Draper stands outside the bathroom door in bloody clothes. Bathroom door opens. Murray exits clean in a full bath-wrap.

DRAPER

I, uh, I should go home.

MURRAY

Wouldn't make a block before a felony-stop. Drop your clothes inside the trash-bag.

Draper enters bathroom.

MURRAY

Making a drink, want one?

DRAPER (O.S.)

Sure.

Draper leans back out through bathroom's door.

DRAPER

No ice!

Draper reenters closing bathroom door.

INT. MURRAY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Draper stands in running shower. Bathroom light turns off.

DRAPER

Oh, come on!

Shower door slides open as hallway light silhouettes Murray.

MURRAY

Okay, I will.

(drops towel naked)

I need another hug.

Murray steps in and closes the sliding door.

The air steams from their hot water. The sink's mirror fogs over, then same three letters "I, C, U" form in it by an invisible finger that draws a heart around same letters.

Draper and Murray can be seen kissing through shower door.

Same invisible finger now slashes through the mirror's heart. Moment, then the slash bleeds blood dripping down the glass.

INT. MURRAY'S KITCHEN - THAT MORNING

Efficiency-kitchen is a pass-through with an eating counter.

Draper stands in jeans and t-shirt making coffee.

Murray enters dressed in t-shirt and panties, then sits outside the small pass-through counter.

MURRAY

Quite a hug.

DRAPER

Been --awhile. Java?

MURRAY

Juice. What happened to our clothes?

DRAPER

Bad ju-ju, so tossed them.

MURRAY

Like your bad i-deas?

DRAPER

You always have different size women's clothing laying around?

MURRRAY

Sometimes --they leave in a hurry.

Draper raises an eyebrow, then gets an egg carton out of the refrigerator. She closes its door with her butt.

DRAPER

Eggs? I make a mean omelet?

MURRAY (NODS)

Sure. I called in. L.T. gave me the day off.

DRAPER

That's because we both get debriefed at two.

Draper *cracks* an egg in a bowl. A red smiley-face forms in her egg's bloody yolk.

Draper grumble-mumbles as she puts the bowl in the sink.

DRAPER

Why don't I take you out instead?

Murray puts both arms around Draper's neck seductive.

MURRAY

"Debriefed at two" huh? Wanna' debrief me now, for two?

Draper hears *popping* and glances over Murray's shoulder. The egg in the bowl is now cooking.

Draper reaches behind Murray to run the kitchen faucet's water into the bowl. It *sizzles*.

DRAPER

Let's put that on hold for now.

Draper grabs a blouse and a pair of jeans on the floor, then pushes Murray out who hops putting her jeans on. Door *slams*.

Under-counter kitchen radio turns on playing "*Love Story*." Egg and water in bowl boil-bubble until *explode* violent. The red-yolk looks like blood dripping down the kitchen walls.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Draper sits in suit as before staring at Detectives outside.

Captain and Herskowitz enter with files to sit as before.

CAPTAIN
Déjà vu, Detective.

DRAPER
Third time's a charm.

HERSKOWITZ
Maybe, but you're not.

DRAPER
Back atcha'. What'd the Hooker do?

Captain reads a file, then shakes her head.

CAPTAIN
"Madame." She ran an underage
stable and was up for child-abuse.

HERSKOWITZ
And Human Slavery. Judge Simpson,
guess what, assigned her a
probation officer. Guess who?
(rubs temples)
Speaking of, you and I went out to
talk, but all I got was a hangover.

DRAPER
Be glad I didn't tell your cabbie
you lived in Quebec.

CAPTAIN
Knock it off, Officers! We have a
serial killer going nuts and an
investigation going nowhere.
Draper, Herskowitz says you're
withholding because you're being
blackmailed?

Herskowitz and Draper glare with no response.

CAPTAIN
Take that as a yes. Also says the
suspect has your apartment bugged.

DRAPER
And here.

CAPTAIN
"Here?!"

Captain picks up receiver and speed-dials, then commands.

CAPTAIN

Get me Special Operations, need a
sweep of my ...

DRAPER

Don't bother.

CAPTAIN

(into phone)

"Don't bother."

(hangs-up)

He that good?

HERSKOWITZ

"He," that bad. And good enough to
hack into our surveillance cameras.

DRAPER

Oh, so now you believe me?

HERSKOWITZ

Facts don't lie.

CAPTAIN

But you have to. Is that it?

DRAPER

I talk, people die. I ask
questions, more people die.

(sits up ramrod)

Captain, send a unit to the Main
Library! Hope I'm wrong.

(stands professional)

Sir, reinstate me. Either way, I'm
in this thing way over my head.

CAPTAIN

Just remember to come up for air.

Captain opens drawer and tosses earlier key fob to Draper.

CAPTAIN

Your badge and gun are still in the
locker. Shooting Commission cleared
you, Psychiatrist almost didn't.

Draper catches the key fob and half-salutes, then exits.

HERSKOWITZ

Shadow her?

CAPTAIN

Abso-freakin'-lutely.

EXT. CHICAGO'S MAIN LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Ambulance and several police cruisers with red lights flashing, but no sirens, are parked in front at angles.

Readers have formed a crowd behind "Do-Not-Cross" tape.

Draper parks an unmarked cruiser and enters two-at-a-time up the stairs hanging her badge-case out of handkerchief-pocket.

INT. LIBRARY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Draper enters, listens, then follows voices to the back as EMT-One and EMT-Two roll a gurney past her also to the back.

EMT-ONE

Merry --

EMT-TWO

F'n Christmas.

Draper follows EMTs to the back and comes around a bookcase.

INT. LIBRARY BACK WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Police Officer comforts Beat Patrolman who is dry-heaving.

EMT-One and EMT-Two are now staring up shaking their heads.

Draper follows their gaze up a tall bookcase to see earlier Librarian is now sliced into multiple sections and stacked between books on several shelves with head on one, shoulders on shelf below, her abdomen below on next shelf, etc.

MURRAY (O.S.)

What's up with your Perp?

Draper spins to Murray now dressed in her police uniform.

DRAPER

Thought you were off?!

MURRAY

Was --then debriefed.

DRAPER

Twice. Why are you here?

MURRAY

Seems everyone involved with you,
is caught up in --murder most foul.

DRAPER
Speaking of foul.
(thumbs Murray to leave)
You're, Out!

EMT-ONE
Where's all --?

EMT-TWO
Her blood?

Draper and Murray turn with the rest. Beat Patrolman dry-heaves again. Draper points at Police Officer.

DRAPER
Get him out of here please, then
come back and secure the room until
Crime Scene arrives.

Police Officer helps Beat Patrolman as both exit.

MURRAY
No blood? He cut her up off-site,
then stacked her like this? How'd
he get all the body parts in here?
(looks around)
They have cameras?

Draper grabs Murray by both shoulders and shoves her back.

DRAPER
Get out and stay out of this!

Murray kicks Draper in a shin, hard. Draper grabs hurt shin hopping on her good foot.

MURRAY
Cut the chivalry crap. I'm a police
officer, same as you.

DRAPER
Yeah, well --.
(stomps foot down)
You're more then that to me!
(embarrassed, recovers)
I need you to distance yourself
from this case, and me.

They glare as poker players. Draper folds.

DRAPER
Fine. Would you please interview
any witnesses, Officer Murray?

Draper takes her hand and kisses the back of it.

DRAPER
Pretty, please?

Murray softens, half-salutes, and exits. Draper mumbles.

DRAPER
'Course, won't find any.

HERSKOWITZ (O.S.)
Another drug-dealer bites the dust.

Draper spins. Herskowitz stands watching arms-folded.

DRAPER
Who?

HERSKOWITZ
(head-motions to Librarian)
Her. Seems the kids got something
"extra" when they checked out a
book. How'd you know, Casanova?

DRAPER
(*snaps* fingers)
Librarian!

HERSKOWITZ
That's what I said?

DRAPER
No, "Casanova," he spent his last
years working in a library so he
could write his memoirs. That's it!

HERSKOWITZ
What is snap-a-long? You gonna'
write your own epitaph?

DRAPER
If I live that long.

Draper exits in a hurry.

HERSKOWITZ
Oh, you're leaving? Yeah, sure, and
thanks for the help. Not!

Herskowitz looks up at Librarian and throws-up in his mouth.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Draper sits on couch reading. Her suit jacket lies over its armrest. Her service revolver, no holster, rests on it.

The fire-escape window opens. No-Mann remains invisible.

NO-MANN

Reading, "The Good Book?"

Draper pulls book against her chest revealing its cover. "*The Lives of the Twelve Caesars*."

No-Mann appears wearing a new three-piece shiny suit, then unbuttons its jacket to sit in the chair across from Draper.

NO-MANN

Sulky Suetonius! Never liked his writings about me. Mad as a bag a' wet ferrets that one.

DRAPER

Did you really spend your days in seclusion, killing flies with a stylus?

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers to become a Roman Caesar with toga, laurel crown, and just a bit of gayish wrist-fop.

NO-MANN

Et tu? Ya' big bruté.

Draper grabs and fast-aims her gun *firing* once.

TIME LAPSE:

Draper's bullet squashes against No-Man's forehead and sticks. No-Mann wrinkles brow and bullet falls in his hand.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

No-Mann throws the bullet back super-fast tearing Draper's white shirt at the shoulder. Blood oozes down it. No-Mann morphs back into his earlier suit, then brushes it off.

NO-MANN

Feeling better?

Draper studies her bleeding shoulder, then holds her handkerchief against it.

DRAPER

Not really.

NO-MANN

What was that all about, puddy-tat?

DRAPER

Test.

NO-MANN

All you did was make me testy. Be glad we weren't playing darts, or you would have gotten a beastly delivery. What were you aiming at?

DRAPER

Your toupee.

No-Mann swipes his hand through the air and Draper flies across the room *breaking* a table when landing.

No-Mann quotes *Homer* from "The Iliad" checking his toupee.

NO-MANN

"She lives not long, who battles with immortals."

Draper *moans* picking herself up to paraphrase Homer back.

DRAPER

"Who at one moment flame with life and at another, weakly perish."

NO-MANN

Uuuuu, and Homer, too?

(fast *claps*)

Darling, you are working overtime.

(*tch-tch's*)

You need a holiday, girlfriend.

No-Mann stands, interlocks fingers, and *cracks* all knuckles.

NO-MANN

Ever been to the Red Sea? I see to it, it lives up to the name.

Draper pulls a towel off a free-standing birdcage to now reveal a black RAVEN inside. It *caws*.

RAVEN

Don't kill Draper.

No-Mann steps back grabbing his chest as if shot.

NO-MANN

No?! How?

DRAPER

Picked it up today. Took the
trainer a while to teach.

NO-MANN

I'll "teach" him!

DRAPER

Don't bother, he's on vacation. Why
don't you --take one, too?

No-Mann clenches his fists and steps forward.

Draper *raps* a knuckle on Raven's cage who *caws* again.

RAVEN

Don't Kill Draper!

No-Mann's head vibrates in anger, then he disappears.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

Bloody basterd.

Balcony window closes. Draper relaxes, then lifts Raven's
cage off its stand and exits down the hallway carrying it.

DRAPER

You're sleeping, with me.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Detectives sit at their desks making phone calls.

Draper sits at her desk reading a file. The birdcage sits on
her desk covered.

Captain and THOMAS N. "TNT" TOMAS (*Toe-Más*), 28, both in
suits, enter.

CAPTAIN

Welcome back. Meet your new
partner. Say, "Hello."

RAVEN (O.S.)

'El-lo.

DRAPER

Already got one.

Draper pulls towel off Raven, then *raps* a knuckle on cage.

RAVEN

Awk! Don't kill Draper!

TNT

Clever --not. What's its name?

DRAPER

Kevlar.

CAPTAIN

Draper, this is Thomas, N, Tomas.
He was Class President at The
Academy and scored near perfect on
the Detective's Exam.

TNT

Call me --T, N, T.

DRAPER

Captain, with his initials, you
don't want him on this case. He
can't help me. No man can.

TOMAS

I can help, when you fall, and
can't get up.

CAPTAIN

Oh, I'm sorry, you thought we were
having a discussion --not.
(yells to all)
LISTEN, UP!
(All do)
The Press is killing us!

Captain holds up *Chicago Tribune* front-page. Headline reads,
KILLER KUTS-UP KORPSES! Captain wads up paper and tosses it
behind to score in a basketball-hoop wastebasket.

CAPTAIN

Detective Draper is Lead! Assist
her!

Captain stares hard at TNT while pointing to Draper ominous.

CAPTAIN

Assist --her.

DRAPER

Cap'n --?

Captain glares at Draper who "zips" her mouth. Captain exits.

TNT

Let's go, Nancy Drew. I'll drive.

DRAPER

Where?

TNT

Oh, I'm sorry.

TNT cups hands around his mouth to talk slow and loud.

TNT

A-na-thur, Mur-dur!

Draper stands, puts on suit jacket, and grabs birdcage.

TNT

Do, You, Re-quire, A-sis-tance?!

Draper holds out the birdcage and shakes it.

RAVEN (O.S.)

"Bloody Basterd."

TNT *laughs*. Draper smiles. They're partners now. Both exit.

EXT. ALLEY ACROSS FROM WRIGLEY FIELD - LATER THAT DAY

TNT parks their unmarked cruiser. He and Draper exit. Draper carries the covered birdcage.

TNT

You really gonna' carry that crow everywhere?

DRAPER

Raven. And yes, for now, boom-boom.

TNT

T.N.T., wise-ass.

They enter the alley going to Beat Patrolman and Murray, both in uniforms, who stare down at something.

TNT

Who called it in?

Beat Patrolman spins startled stepping away from the face-down corpse of CLARK, the city's baseball club bear-cub mascot, in full costume with its baseball hat on backwards.

BEAT PATROLMAN

Me! Sorry, a little jumpy.

TNT squats to study the corpse.

TNT

The Club retire its mascot again?

Draper orders angry at Murray.

DRAPER

You're relieved, Officer!

BEAT PATROLMAN

Thanks.

MURRAY

Not, you. And no, I'm not.

DRAPER

Yes, you are!

TNT

Are you two --?

TNT looks from Murray to Draper who glares back. TNT *coughs* understanding, then stands talking to Beat Patrolman.

TNT

Looks like a standard Goldilocks vs
Baby Bear fuck-up. Why call us?

Draper hooks a shoe-tip under Mascot's hip and rolls it over.

The Mascot's face is gone with suit zipped-open showing all
its body's "innards" are also gone, like a fish gutted.

All react to jump back except Draper.

TNT

Jesus!

DRAPER

Easy, nitro.
(to Beat Patrolman)
Where's his porridge?

Beat Patrolman gets the dry-heaves again. Murray almost does.

MURRAY

Can't find 'em.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

Cruising leisurely down the
Mediterranean, I do believe.

RAVEN

(yanks cover off birdcage)
Don't Kill Draper!

TNT

(jumps back more)
Mary and Joseph! Between that --
(points to Raven)
and that --
(points at Clark)
workin' with you is no joy-joy.
(recovers)
And it's T.N.T., drooper.

DRAPER

(to Murray)
Don't bother looking for remains.
(to Beat Patrolman)
I.D?

Beat Patrolman shakily points at the blood-soaked costume.

BEAT PATROLMAN

I ain't lookin' --in there?

Murray pulls out latex gloves. Draper yanks them from her.

MURRAY

Back Off!

Beat Patrolman and TNT glance, *Whoa*, at each other.

Draper hands Murray's gloves to TNT.

TNT

Why do I have to --?

Draper glares maniacal. TNT *gulps* and puts on latex gloves, then searches body retrieving a bloody wallet. He opens it.

TNT

Hey, this is that famous sports
attorney --
(*snaps gloved-fingers*)
What's his name?

Blood flicks-off TNT's gloves. The other Three jump back.

DRAPER

Watch it, salt-peter.

MURRAY

I know who you're talking about.
A real bottom-feeder. He's up on
Ethics Review for supplying drugs
to our athletes.

POLICE OFFICER
Isn't his office across from the
Main Library?

RAVEN
"Nevermore."

Draper holds open a clear Evidence Bag. TNT drops the wallet
in it, then takes her bag.

DRAPER
Officer, secure the scene until
forensics gets here. Murray, canvas
the neighborhood, you won't find
any witnesses, but we need to keep
up public appearance.
(to TNT)
Get back to the station. Correlate
all the victims for any common
denominators, then reverse cross-
reference for their uncommon ones.

TNT
Thought these killings were random?

DRAPER
That is exactly, what we're
supposed to think.

Draper exits carrying Raven.

TNT
You're taking the car? How do I get
back? Where are you going?!

DRAPER
Improvise! I do. Gotta' go see, a
thing, about a thing, Gelignite.

TNT
Hey, E.D. --it's, T, N, T!

Draper shakes Raven's covered birdcage.

RAVEN (O.S.)
"Nevermore!"

Draper exits with Raven in the cruiser.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

An antique chessboard is now set up on her coffee table.

Draper sits on couch reading a different book.

Raven sits outside its cage on a parrot-perch.

Fire-escape window self-opens and a famous Cuban TV-voice is heard, but not seen.

NO-MANN AS RICKY

"Lucy, I'm home!"

DRAPER

Close the window, please.

Window self-closes. No-Mann appears in a dapper smoking jacket with ascot and turns his head sideways trying to read Draper's book-front.

Draper closes book and holds up its jacket which reads, "A Divine Comedy" by *Dante Alighieri*.

NO-MANN

Devilish Dante! A true Renaissance man's man.

No-Mann unbuttons his jacket and sits across from Draper.

NO-MANN

Alighieri's guide through Hell and Purgatory. You going somewhere?

DRAPER

Depends. Which Circle am I in?

NO-MANN

My "Divine Comedy," of course.

DRAPER

Of course. Only I ain't laughin'.

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers and a vintage Scrimshaw pipe appears in that hand.

NO-MANN

And that, Mommie Dearest, is your Tell.

DRAPER

I ain't your "dearest!"

NO-MANN

Close enough for government work.

DRAPER

What --are we doing?

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers and its thumb-tip catches fire. He lights his pipe with it, then shakes hand so flame goes out. He talks blowing three smoke rings, one inside the other.

NO-MANN

Egg-zact-lee.

No-Mann waves a hand, and a black Pawn self-moves one space on Draper's chessboard.

DRAPER

White, is supposed to move first.

NO-MANN

I don't follow rules.

Draper moves her opposite white Pawn.

DRAPER

So I noticed. So where's the rest of your latest victim?

No-Mann's black Knight self-moves in an L-shape.

Draper moves her opposite white one same.

NO-MANN

"Victim?!" Need to be more specific Webster as there are four types. For instance, do you mean a "person who's attacked, killed, or robbed?"

DRAPER

Certainly robbed him of his life.

NO-MANN

Tish-tosh. Only his bad half. His better half is on Holiday, in my now even redder, Red Sea.

DRAPER

He was a well-known attorney.

NO-MANN

Trust me, all the other sharks there, now know him very well.

No-Mann's black Bishop self-moves.

Draper moves her opposite white one.

NO-MANN

Or, did you mean "someone who's cheated or fooled by someone else?"

DRAPER

Who'd he fool?

NO-MANN

Everyone. Except me, the fool.
Quite a cheeky fellow that one.

No-Man's second Pawn self-moves.

Draper moves her opposite white one.

NO-MANN

What about, "one who is harmed by
an event, such as illness or
accident?"

DRAPER

(eyes narrow)
Or --by "mistake?"

NO-MANN

Hey, when you make omelets --.

DRAPER

And the last definition?

No-Mann's second Knight self-moves in L-fashion.

NO-MANN

Do you mean, "when a human is
sacrificed in performance of a
religious rite to a deity?"

Draper moves second white Knight to *slam* it on the Board.

DRAPER

You're no god!

NO-MANN

Sure? Sure act like one?

No-Mann's second black Bishop self-moves.

Draper slides her opposite white Bishop.

DRAPER

Are you, The Devil?

NO-MANN

Oh, fishhooks! Semantics, old
beanery. I prefer, Mephistopheles.

Draper studies No-Mann, then studies her chess pieces.

No-Mann leans back and steeples his finger-tips smiling.

NO-MANN
Stiffen the wombats. Let's up the
wager. If you win I'll tell you ...

DRAPER
Everything?

Draper leans forward more studying the Board.

NO-MANN
But since my House always wins,
when you lose, you lose --everyone.

No-Mann smiles bigger. His front teeth actually star-gleam.

Draper studies Board harder whispering.

DRAPER
What's your Tell?

GAME MONTAGE: They play chess until each have four pieces left. Black has Pawns at A-4, D-4, G-6 and King at C-3. White has Pawns at H-3 and H-4 with Bishop at C-5 and King at F-2.

No-Mann's black King slides by itself to C-4.

NO-MANN
Bet you were class president of
your university's chess club. Know
what game we're in now?

Draper moves her Bishop to E-7.

DRAPER
Don't like games, prefer strategy.

No-Mann's King self-slides to B-3.

NO-MANN
Which is why you'll always lose to
my kind of strategics, old sport.

Draper studies the board, then lays her King over.

DRAPER
"Kind?" You're anything but. Are
there are more of your, kind?

NO-MANN
(picks up White Queen)
Veselin Topalov versus Alexey
Shirov, 1998. I should know.

No-Mann draws hard on his pipe, then exhales. His smoke forms a ship with full sails. He opens palm, White Queen is gone.

NO-MANN

I was there.

DRAPER

(reaches for something)
Gruenfeld Defense, Exchange
Variation. I should know.

Draper lays a black-and-white picture on the chessboard.

DRAPER

I was there, too.

Topalov and *Shirov* are shown from behind with their AUDIENCE in the background. Draper is a teen sitting in the front row. No-Mann sits in row behind dressed and looking same as now.

No-Mann makes a finger-gun and points it at the picture.

NO-MANN

Pow.

His thumb moves down. Picture *burns-up* like flash-paper.

NO-MANN

So you already knew our game's
outcome?

DRAPER

Only this one.

NO-MANN

Then why play at all?

DRAPER

Had to be sure. Look, I get your
whole "I'm indestructible so I can
do whatever the fuck I want thing."

NO-MANN

I hear a "but" coming.

DRAPER

Do you have to do it so often?

NO-MANN

Gosh all frighty. No law, just
disorder. So call me --Elwood.

DRAPER

You're --"on a mission from God?!"

NO-MANN

Did you know your first name is
French for "God is my strength?"
(no response)
Not batting with a full wicket are
we, Gabrielle?

RAVEN

Bloody Basterd!

No-Mann points his finger-gun at Raven and takes aim.

RAVEN

Awk. Nevermore.

NO-MANN

What an absolutely wicked idea.
Cheers, old fellow. And --
(lowers gun-thumb)
pow.

Raven *explodes* to only feathers floating over its perch.

Draper looks from smoldering feathers to No-Mann in awe.

DRAPER

But, but, but --?

No-Mann's fingertip smokes, he blows across it.

NO-MANN

There It IS!

DRAPER

No, I mean, how did, why didn't --?

NO-MANN

If you could see your silly nilly
face. Master strategist, hah-hah!

DRAPER

But I, I thought --?

NO-MANN

Who cares what you thought, thought-
less?

No-Mann stands and buttons his jacket with pipe in mouth.

NO-MANN AS BANGER ONE

Just messin' with ya', mon.
(back to British voice)
I'm not Domitian. I'm No-Mann. You
can't stop me.

No-Mann disappears while his pipe hangs in mid-air.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

No man can. Quite the catchy head-tune, 'ey?

His pipe *explodes* into white calcium-powder.

Window self-opens, then closes as No-Mann's laughter fades.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

Oh Ho-Ho, Ho-no, hee-hee-hee, etc.

Draper falls back fanning away his still airborne white powder and the Raven's black feathers.

DRAPER

Is this real, or am I really crazy?
(in a Jewish accent)
'Ey, a little help, couldn't hurt.

EXT. MINIVAN DRIVING ALONG LAKE SHORE DRIVE - NEXT DAY

A minivan drives past Soldier Field stadium. Team's adult-bear mascot, STALEY DA BEAR, stands on its sidewalk waving.

FAMILY OF FOUR, wearing various Christmas sweaters, ride with their windows up and wave excitedly to their costumed mascot.

INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

FATHER drives. MOTHER is front passenger. SISTER and BROTHER ride in back seat. All wear seat belts and sway side-to-side singing with car's radio playing carol, "*O Christmas Tree*."

FAMILY/RADIO

"From base to summit, gay and
bright. There's only splendor for
the sight. Oh Christmas Tree, oh
Christmas Tree. Thy candles shine,
so bri-hight-ly!"

Radio turns *off* and their four seatbelts release to retract simultaneous. The Family of Four stops singing puzzled.

Sister looks at Brother. He *explodes* into flames screaming.

BROTHER

Aieeee!

Mother turns to Sister. She *explodes* into flames screaming.

SISTER

Aieeee!

Mother looks at Father. She *explodes* into flames screaming.

MOTHER

Aieeee!

Father looks in his rearview mirror. No-Mann sits in the back travel-seat dressed as Staley, holding the bear's head-piece. No-Mann stops swaying, *What?* He aims finger-gun at Father.

NO-MANN

Merry F'n Christmas.
(drops gun-thumb)
Pow.

Father *explodes* in flames screaming.

FATHER

Aieeee!

Radio turns on now playing, "*We Wish You a Merry Christmas.*"

Family rocks back-and-forth left-to-right in flames *screaming* in sync to their radio's music.

FAMILY

Aiee, Aiee --Aiee, Aiee, etc.

No-Mann *sings* along with both palms held high swaying.

RADIO/NO-MANN

"Oh bring us a figgy pudding. Oh
bring us a figgy pudding. Oh bring
us a figgy pudding, and a cup of
good cheer."

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Minivan is careening all over the road with no fire on its outside, only inside. All four side-windows explode-out simultaneous. Family is now heard screaming inside.

FAMILY

Aiee, Aiee --Aiee, Aiee, etc!

RADIO/NO-MANN

"We won't go until we get some!
We won't go until we get some!
We won't go until we get some, so
bring some out heeerrre --!"

Minivan flies off the road into woods as radio and No-Mann's singing fades on "here" to the sound of a horrific crash.

EXT. FAMILY'S WRECKED MINIVAN - LATER THAT DAY

Minivan crashed into a tree. Exterior paint is perfect.

Traffic is stopped and backed-up in both directions. City Firetruck and Ambulance with State Police cruiser, all with red lights on but no sirens, are parked along the shoulder.

STATE TROOPER, wearing jacket, interviews WITNESSES, their cars parked. All are standing on same shoulder further back.

Firemen, in full gear, with EMT-One and EMT-Two scratch their heads looking at the four charred-black CORPSES in the car.

Draper parks an unmarked cruiser and goes to them.

DRAPER

Where's your Chief?

Fire Chief, in full firemen's gear, walks out from behind the minivan wearing a Santa-hat duct-taped on top of his helmet.

FIRE CHIEF

You again?

Draper hangs badge-case on her suit-pocket walking to him.

DRAPER

Why do you think this accident is related to our serial killings?

FIRE CHIEF

Witness accounts.

Draper looks in the blown-out minivan driver's window.

INT. FAMILY'S WRECKED MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

The four charred corpses inside have their mouths wide open.

Draper is outside and uses a pen to touch Father's skull. It falls off creating a chain-reaction. Other three heads fall.

EXT. FAMILY'S WRECKED MINIVAN - IMMEDIATELY

Fire Chief jumps back from Draper's dominoes-of-death.

FIRE CHIEF
Holy Frijole! Do this often?

DRAPER
(throws pen into car)
Once is enough. What happened?

FIRE CHIEF
Family of four was driving not
wearing their seatbelts when the
interior suddenly became a, a --

Fire Chief two-finger *whistles* to State Trooper and shakes
head with hands out. Trooper looks at notebook, then yells.

STATE TROOPER
"Fireball!"

DRAPER
Source?

FIRE CHIEF
Fire Marshall is on his way, but
nothing explains how their outside
paint remained unscorched.

DRAPER
Spontaneous combustion?

FIRE CHIEF
Ignition of combustible material
without the application of external
heat or flame? Which one?

DRAPER
Self-generated.

FIRE CHIEF
Heat produced by humans?! S.H.C.?
All four?! Are you freakin' nuts?

DRAPER
Workin' on it. I think you'll find
their initial heat was generated by
fermentation of internal
microorganisms.

FIRE CHIEF
Man, oh man, can I get that in
writing?

TNT parks his unmarked cruiser and exits running to them.

TNT

Draper, I found it! I, Found, It!

DRAPER

Found what, dyne-o-mite?

TNT

Their uncommon common denomon ...?

A whirlwind of dust encircles TNT stopping him and blowing his suit-jacket lapels open. Whirlwind dissipates. TNT opens his jacket lapels wide. His waist is ringed by old-style dynamite-sticks with their fuses burning.

Draper and TNT stare at each other.

DRAPER

T, N, TTTTTTT!

TNT *explodes* knocking ALL over as pieces of him rain down.

ALL recover and stand in shock cleaning TNT off themselves.

FIRE CHIEF

Key-rye-stt! More S.H.C?

DRAPER

Nothing spontaneous here. Cold
premeditated murder.

FIRE CHIEF

How, when, why, by whom?

DRAPER

Exactly.

Only TNT's two shoes remain as smoke wafts out of them.
Draper goes to his circle of charred ground.

DRAPER

What shouldn't you have found, Tom-
Tom?

The vintage TV-Western "The Lone Ranger" opening narration-
dialogue with bugle and *William Tell* Overture violins plays.

NO-MANN AS NARRATOR

"With his faithful Indian companion
Tonto, the daring and resourceful
masked rider of the plains, led the
fight for law and order."

(now as show's TONTO)

Tom-Tom, no tom-tom, Kemosabe. He
now one big smoke signal.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF WRECK SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Draper stands over TNT's smoking remains as Firemen remove the Family's charred skeletons from their Minivan.

Their car's radio comes on and ceremonial Native American Indian war-drums play "*Circle Dance*" with their chanting.

NO-MANN AS INDIANS

"*Ly O Lay Ale Loya,*" etc.

TNT's smoke joins the minivan's smoke up rising up into the sky eclipsing the setting sun.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - THAT DUSK

Draper sits as before. Captain and Herskowitz enter and sit.

HERSKOWITZ

Here we go again.

DRAPER

You are, I'm not.

CAPTAIN

Really? Where are you going then?

DRAPER

No fucking clue.

HERSKOWITZ

I have a bunch, and they all keep leading me back to you.

DRAPER

Ever play chess with a Champion?

CAPTAIN

No. And why the fuck are we talking about that?

HERSKOWITZ

Because sometimes, one has to sacrifice a Pawn to capture a King.

CAPTAIN

TNT was sacrificed?

DRAPER

What would you call it?

CAPTAIN
Unfinished business, since your
report is incomplete.

DRAPER
It has a beginning and a middle.
I'm working on some kind of end.

HERSKOWITZ
Start foreshadowing.

Draper jumps up venting angry knocking her chair over.

DRAPER
Exactly which part of "Leave me the
F alone" are you choosing not get,
boy-wonderless?

CAPTAIN
Easy, Detective. Sit, please.

DRAPER
No! I told you not to assign T.N.T.
to my case, and look how he died!

HERSKOWITZ
"Your" case?

Draper spins angry to Herskowitz. She holds fists.

DRAPER
And you, I warned you about
consequences!
(kicks fallen chair away)
This is not a normal case. It can
not be handled using standard
procedures! He's smart and --.

Draper stops herself.

CAPTAIN
"And" what, Detective? "He" has us
all under surveillance?

Draper rights her chair and sits in it exhausted.

DRAPER
Roger that.

CAPTAIN
Your home, my office, the Lab,
Crime Scenes? They're all bugged?

DRAPER

When I'm in them, yes.

HERSKOWITZ

How's that work exactly?

DRAPER

(incredulous)

Do you have a learning disorder?

HERSKOWITZ

I'm learning, *you* --are disorderly.

CAPTAIN

Detectives! Take it down a notch,
we're all on the same team.

DRAPER

There's only "I" in my team, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN

So you're saying, you have to go
this solo, alone, without any
departmental assistance?

DRAPER

(falls back in chair)

Finally.

CAPTAIN

(to Herskowitz)

Special Services able to get
anything off T.N.T's computer?

HERSKOWITZ

Hard drive was wiped clean. Any
idea how your suspect got in it?

DRAPER

"Suspect!" Don't sus-pect, believe.
That something, everything, in this
freakin' case, however improbable,
is possible.

HERSKOWITZ

And the impossible?

DRAPER

Gone straight to a death-wish, huh?

HERSKOWITZ

Told you, I can't stay out of this.

DRAPER

Then execute a Will.

CAPTAIN

Gentle-men, let's agree to agree -- temporarily.

(to Draper)

Draper, you have forty-eight hours to write some kind of climax to your sad, sad, story.

(to Herskowitz)

Remove surveillance on Detective Draper.

DRAPER

You had me tailed?!

HERSKOWITZ

S, O, P --S, O, B.

DRAPER

Try D.O.A., dumb-ass.

Draper nods to Captain, then stands and exits.

Herskowitz and Captain watch her exit.

HERSKOWITZ

Behaved like this on other cases?

CAPTAIN

Never, so better read between the lines in her reports. She's scared shitless because she knows her head is on someone's --chopping block.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Draper sits on couch reading with the fire-escape window now open and the chess board set-up again.

King's black Pawn moves by itself two spaces to E-4.

DRAPER

King's Gambit?

Draper moves Queens's white Pawn to D-4, then holds up her book. Cover reads, "*The Iliad*" by Homer.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

Queen's Gambit and Homer?! You a poet and don't know it?

No-Mann appears in a white suit and white leather shoes leaning on a white cane. He twirls the cane, presses it between both palms and it collapses into a red carnation. He sits across from Draper sliding carnation into his lapel.

DRAPER

Feels like I'm living a ten-year
siege, so might as well read up on
it.

No-Mann moves a hand. A black Pawn hits Draper's white Pawn, so it flies through the air at Draper who catches it.

NO-MANN

Sacrificing --another pawn?

Draper closes book, then moves her Bishop's Pawn to D-3.

NO-MANN

Is Virgil guiding you? Bet you
can't wait to get to Purgatorio.

DRAPER

I prefer, Paradisio.

No-Mann's Bishop black Pawn self-moves to E-3 as No-Mann quips in a bad Italian accent.

NO-MANN

No sucha' thing, amica.

Draper moves her King's white Knight to match No-Man's who now returns to his British accent.

NO-MANN

You going for a Sicilian, or
"Surrender Monkeys" Defense?

DRAPER

"Surrender Monkeys?" Why do you
Brits dislike the French so?

NO-MANN

Who said I came across "The Pond,"
Gov'nor?

DRAPER

Okay, so which Circle am I in now?

NO-MANN

We're back to Dante's nine circles
of Hell, huh?

No-Mann's second black Knight self-moves as he sits back to quote its definition.

NO-MANN (CONT'D)

"Where those who perverted their values to commit fraud or malice must suffer eternal damnation."

DRAPER

With you, Hell is on Earth. Why a family this time? What could they have done to deserve that?

NO-MANN

E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G!

All metal in the room implodes collapsing squeezing-in or bending-in on itself from No-Mann's external pressure.

NO-MANN

(calms down smiling)

They smiled, they waved, they were just too damn --happy.

Draper is in pain as her wedding ring also crushed-in on her finger and she's trying to pull it off.

DRAPER

Seriously, dude --you have issues.

No-Mann waves a hand and Draper's ring re-forms correctly.

NO-MANN

Who doesn't? No, seriously, it was a Christmas present --to myself. Ever thrown used wrapping into the fireplace on Christmas morn? It burns really bright, so briefly.

Draper recoverd to take off her ring and pocket it, then moves her second white Pawn.

No-Mann's Knight's black Pawn slides by itself.

DRAPER

Dragon Defense? Which circle am I now in, Bruce Lee?

NO-MANN

(in bad Asian accent)

Kung Fu you, grass-flopper.

(now in British voice)

Here's an unfriendly reminder, about our earlier wager.

He finger-motions Draper to lean in then whispers.

NO-MANN (CONT'D)
You, can't, win.

Draper smiles and moves her Rook's white Bishop one space.

DRAPER
Ever play to Draw?

No-Mann smiles as Rook's black Knight self-moves two spaces.

Draper "castles" her King two spaces over, then moves its Rook to the other side. Check Mate.

No-Mann leans forward surprised, furrows his brow, then angry-blows the chessboard pieces off and disappears.

Window self-slides closing hard.

DRAPER
Being surprised --is your Tell.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Herskowitz, in suit, parks his unmarked cruiser in front. His shoes exit first wearing argyle socks, then walk in the shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

PATRONS sit at two-person tables enjoying their *Morning Joe* and pastries listening to overhead low *Muzak*.

Herskowitz enters and sees Draper at a table in a light-gray suit, drinking coffee, and reading the local newspaper.

Herskowitz sits. Draper continues reading without looking up.

HERSKOWITZ
Late night visitor?

DRAPER
Open 24/7. What's up?

HERSKOWITZ
(leans forward whispering)
Had the place swept, we can talk.

Draper raises her paper cutting off any view of Herskowitz.

DRAPER
Don't serve fruitcakes here.

Herskowitz slides a flash-drive across the table.

HERSKOWITZ

*Was in my mailbox. TNT backed-up
his files.*

Draper drops paper, grabs drive, and plops it in her coffee.

Herskowitz stands to retrieve it burning his fingers.

HERSKOWITZ

OW! What tha' hell?! Don't you
wanna' see what's on there?

DRAPER

Tell me, you didn't look at it?

Herskowitz wipes off the drive and his fingers with a napkin,
then holds up the saved drive to Draper and smiles big.

Restaurant's commercial coffee urn flies across the room as
it's lid pops off and urn upsets dumping its scalding liquid
over Herskowitz who holds his head *screaming*.

HERSKOWITZ

Aieeeeeeeee!

DRAPER

(jumps up horrified)
No, mann! He's in agony!

The empty coffee urn jams all the way down overtop Herskowitz
compressing him completely inside it, then falls over. His
shoes stand alone on the floor.

Patrons jump up at once to exit running and *screaming*.

PATRONS

Aieeee!

Coffee urn uprights on floor with his argyle socks soles
visible on top. Its lid flies across the room and locks-on
covering it, then its spigot *self-opens* and blood pours out.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

One lumpy or two?

Overhead speakers now play the original 1969 bubble-gum music
"Sugar Sugar" by *The Archie's* with hand-claps. No-Mann *sings*.

SPEAKERS (FILTERED)

"Sugar. (organ) Ahhh honey, honey.
(organ) You are my candy girl, and
you got me wanting you."

Draper is frozen in disbelief with her mouth open as the song goes to full chorus accompaniment with symphony orchestra.

SPEAKERS (FILTERED)

"I just can't believe the loveliness of loving you. I just can't believe it's true. I just can't believe the wonder of this feeling, too. I just can't believe it's true. Ahhh sugar. Ahhh honey-honey," etc.

Draper stumbles to the front door holding her sick-stomach.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER SAME DAY

Draper sits waiting. Her suit has large coffee stains on it. She *sniffs* her jacket, reacts angry to yank it off and throw it in a metal trashcan. She rips her tie off and throws it in also. She tries to unbutton her shirt, but gets frustrated.

Captain enters carrying a file and sits.

CAPTAIN

Throwing in the towel?

DRAPER

Seeing death is one thing. But smelling it --?

Draper rips her shirt off *popping* its remaining buttons. She is wearing an olive-drab Athletic shirt. She balls-up dress shirt, throws in trashcan angry, then sits breathing hard.

CAPTAIN

Take the rest of the day off, then see the shrink tomorrow morning.

Not a request.

(purse lips)

This isn't working out.

DRAPER

You're telling me.

CAPTAIN

No, not --just me.

Draper looks at Captain, *What?*

CAPTAIN

Word came down. Chief formed a Task Force. Your name, did not come up.

DRAPER
Just like that?

CAPTAIN
No, just like these.

Captain tosses her file across desk in frustration to Draper. It opens spilling a picture of Herskowitz's round mangled canister-compressed corpse laying on a Morgue cadaver-table with the now empty coffee urn upright next to it.

CAPTAIN
Even the Medical Examiner heaved.
Read the witness statements in
there. Some f'n Twilight Zone shit.
God damn.

DRAPER
(epiphany, *claps* hands)
A ruse! His "God Damm" gambit! It
was always a ploy.

CAPTAIN
What is, was?

DRAPER
He used God's name in vain! That
low-life no-good Muther Fu ...

CAPTAIN
"He" who, dammit!

DRAPER
He's stalling for time. Why?!

CAPTAIN
Why would "he" need to?

DRAPER
Exactly.

CAPTAIN
(loses it)
You're a God damn enigma wrapped in
a fucking riddle surrounded by cock
sucking conundrums! Go the shit
home and don't come back until I
call for you!

Draper goes to gather-up the spilt pictures on the floor.

CAPTAIN
Leave 'em! Go see the shrink, NOW!

Draper drops the folder back on the floor and exits.

Herskowitz's picture slid under Draper's chair. Captain goes to it, picks up its chair, holds chair, then smashes it to pieces on the floor.

CAPTAIN
Key-F'n-Christ!

NO-MANN (O.S.)
Bless you.

CAPTAIN
(shakes off in disbelief)
Good thing I'm going on vacation.

Captain picks up a travel brochure off her desk to look at it. Its ocean-pictured cover is titled "*Indian Sea Cruises*." Desk intercom now plays "My Boyfriend's Back" by *The Angels*.

INTERCOM (FILTERED)
"You been spreading lies that I was untrue. --Hey-la, Hey-la, my boyfriend's back. --So look out now 'cause I'm comin' after you."

Captain jumps back staring at her intercom. Song continues.

INTERCOM (FILTERED)
"You're gonna be sorry you were ever born. --Hey-la, Hey-la, my boyfriend's back. --If I were you I'd take a permanent vacation."

Captain rips the brochure in half and exits her office.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - LATER SAME DAY

Psychiatrist wears a skirt-suit. Draper wears a three-piece suit with a carnation. Both sit as before, but in silence.

Psychiatrist clears her throat, then taps her pencil.

DRAPER
Mind?

PSYCHIATRIST
Is a terrible thing.

DRAPER
Nice parable.

PSYCHIATRIST

Nice suit. Going to a funeral?

DRAPER

Always, now a days.

PSYCHIATRIST

Things worse?

DRAPER

Out of control.

PSYCHIATRIST

Know the best medicine?

They stare. Psychiatrist smiles. Draper furrows her brow.

DRAPER

Laughter?

Psychiatrist smiles bigger.

DRAPER

You're kidding me?

PSYCHIATRIST

Humor is healthy. But too much, can
leave you feeling --too weak.

Psychiatrist leans forward staring deep into Draper's eyes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Think on it, and --remember.

Draper gets her pocket notepad to write in as if hypnotized.

Psychiatrist smiles as she writes in Draper's file.

INT. DRAPER'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Full Moon outside. Draper stands in the dark holding a hammer and drinking a large commercial paper-cup of hot chocolate.

She opens the window and throws her cup out, then *slams* window closed. She grabs the chessboard, breaks it in half over a knee, and nails its pieces sealing the window frame. She keeps hammering therapeutic until *knocking* on the door.

DRAPER

Closed For Repairs!

Draper *hammers* louder. Louder *knocking* at her door.

DRAPER

Don't open, even on Christmas!

Pounding on door. Draper throws hammer and yanks door open.

Jogger stands in hall in a white Christmas sweater drenched with dark chocolate stains. He flips Draper *Double Birds*.

Draper punches Jogger in the nose knocking him down and back and out, then *slams* her door.

DRAPER

Just saved your life!
(falls onto couch)
Whoever the fuck you are?

Light *knocking* on door again. Draper is fed up.

DRAPER

Bugger Off!

Door opens. Psychiatrist enters dressed same.

PSYCHIATRIST

Welfare check.
(closes door, throws lock)
You okay?

Draper throws both arms high in the air and *raspberries*.

PSYCHIATRIST

You're a good human, Detective
Draper. You don't deserve what's
been done to you.

Draper holds a finger-gun to temple and pulls thumb-trigger.

The door knob *turns* repeatedly.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Let me in!

Draper ushers the Psychiatrist down the hall into the bedroom and closes its door.

Scratching at front door's lock until its handle flips.

Draper runs to pose on the couch as if nothing happened.

Murray enters folding-up a lock-pick.

DRAPER

Breaking and entering, nice police
work.

Murray pockets pick and closes door throwing its deadbolt.

MURRAY

Nice building. A drunk passed out
in the hall, so I called for a Bus.

Draper throws a Christmas pillow at Murray who catches.

MURRAY

Ahhhh, our first fight.

DRAPER

Want it to be our last? Go, Home!

Murray sits cross-legged beside Draper hugging the pillow.

MURRAY

Wanna' talk about it?

DRAPER

Why? No one's listening to my
warnings. Wanna', canna', can't.
(quotes Socrates)
"When shadows become reality."

MURRAY

Oh, so you're a puppet now?

DRAPER

Dancin' on a string.

Window frame *rattles*, but can't open, so it vibrates.

Draper and Murray look at it. Draper jumps up panicking.

DRAPER

Get Out!

Window's glass *implodes* as pieces of its chessboard fly.

Murray covers her face with the pillow.

Draper remains motionless, she wants this to end. Glass
shards cut her face. She smiles in pain she understands.

NO-MANN (O.S.)

(sings *Micky Mouse Club*)

"Hey, there! Hi, there! Ho, there!
You're as welcome as can be.
M-I-C, K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E."

MURRAY

Who sang that?

DRAPER

You heard "that?"

Draper makes Sign-of-the-Cross on herself. Her wrists are grabbed then make her own hands *slap* her face silly.

MURRAY

Why are you ...?

No-Mann appears as *Santa Claus* in a beautiful costume holding onto Draper's wrists. He releases Draper and sits in chair. He looks at the chess pieces scattered and the broken Board.

NO-MANN

Capitulation? How about a different English pastime, chumbucket?

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers to wear a long-tail tuxedo with a white rose in its lapel and also a white Stetson hat. He flips his hand like a magician and a deck of cards appear in it. He begins fan-shuffling the cards further and further apart talking in a Texan accent.

NO-MANN

Five Card --stud?

MURRAY

This the asshole?

Draper tries to admonish Murray, too late.

NO-MANN

Pucker-up, trollop.

No-Mann fast-*Frisbee's* his cards one-by-one at Murray leaving multiple cuts bleeding on her face.

MURRAY

Fuck You!

No-Mann raises both eyebrows, then smiles at Draper, tilts his hat back, and speaks in his Texas accent again.

NO-MANN

Dames. Can't live with 'em, but I sure as hell can kill 'em. Yee-haa!

No-Mann aims his finger-gun at Murray.

Draper steps in front of Murray.

DRAPER

Stop.

NO-MANN

That be a four-letter word, Pard.

DRAPER

Is that what I am to you? Really?

NO-MANN

(now in British voice)

Not really. Maybe an amusing distraction. Then again, maybe not.

No-Mann interlocks his fingers and *cracks* all eight knuckles, then aims both his finger-guns at them.

DRAPER

No one, in any universe, has the right to play God!

NO-MANN

Who's playing?

Draper rips her shirt open defiant pointing at her chest.

DRAPER

Right here, right now, a-hole!

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers and his Stetson disappears, then he pulls out a silver snuff-case and pinch-inhales its contents to an unseen French audience's loud theater-clapping.

UNSEEN AUDIENCE

Encore, Bis, Je vous en prie!

No-Mann stands with hands-on-hips and head held high.

NO-MANN

Bravo, for your bravado.

DRAPER

You're no superman!

Wind-whistling and opening narration of 50s TV-show *Superman*.

NO-MANN AS NARRATOR

"A strange visitor from another planet, who came to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men."

DRAPER

We need a holiday, from each other.

No-Mann frisbees his Stetson out the open window, then models his tux in his British accent.

NO-MANN

Why do you think I'm dressed up like this? I'm just tidying up a few loose ends before my well-deserved long awaited blast-off.

Draper pulls her ankle back-up gun. It's an automatic.

NO-MANN

Automatic is an improvement over a revolver, but still can't hurt me.

Draper racks slide and places barrel-end against her temple.

No-Mann actually looks shocked using a Brooklyn accent.

NO-MANN

You'd kill yerself, overs a dame?

Draper looks back at Murray, then to No-Mann.

DRAPER

Over this one?
(in Brooklyn accent)
Fogetaboutit.

Draper's stereo turns-on playing *The Kinks* "All Day And All Of The Night" second Chorus. No-Mann sings along.

STEREO/NO-MANN

"The only time I feel alright is by your siiide. Girl, I want, to be with you, all of the time. All day, and all of the night. All day, and all of the night."

No-Mann plays air-guitar to the song's guitar riff nodding to Draper still holding her gun poised. He quips nonchalant.

NO-MANN

I can take that away you know.

DRAPER

I know. I'll just find another.

No-Mann waves a hand and Draper's gun flies out the window. He waves hand again and stereo stops, then he leans forward.

NO-MANN

Wait, you're serious? Don't all humans want to live at any cost?

DRAPER

Of course we do, but too much of a good thing, can become a bad thing.

NO-MANN

No sucha thing.

DRAPER

And that, is your Achilles Tendon.

No-Mann hand-motions for Draper to sit next to Murray. Draper stands defiant. No-Mann waves a hand. Draper falls on couch.

NO-MANN

I was the bravest, handsomest, greatest warrior of the army of Agamemnon.

MURRAY

Until your mother feared your death at Troy and sent you to the court of Lycomedes on Scyros where you were dressed as a girl and kept among the King's daughters!

Draper and No-Mann look at Murray.

MURRAY

What, I Google?

NO-MANN

Not much longer, hen.

No-Mann waves a hand and Draper slides to the other side of the couch away from Murray. No-Mann aims finger-gun at her.

DRAPER

Economics of the soul!

No-Mann slow-turns his head to Draper as *Walter Brennan*.

NO-MANN

"Done left town, real sudden-like."

DRAPER

Unlimited wants versus limited resources. You kill for whatever reason drives you, but you have to keep finding new and more creative ways to do it because ...

NO-MANN

(back to British accent)
Surprise me again, if you can-can.

DRAPER
You're Bored!

No-Mann smiles evil and adjusts his bow-tie quoting.

NO-MANN
"In a universe so full of wonders,
only Humans managed to invent
boredom." Terry Pratchett.

DRAPER
(quotes back)
"Truth is, everyone is bored, and
devotes himself to propagating bad
habits." Albert Camus.

NO-MANN
Ahhhh, The Plague-man himself.

Draper shakes head animated wagging a finger at No-Mann.

DRAPER
No! You, are the Plague --man.

NO-MANN
(points at own chest)
Me?!
(points at Draper)
Look at your own low life. You live
alone, eat alone, masturbate alone.
You gave up living, when your wife
went away, which only proves, you,
(finger-stabs)
never had one. Until I came along.

DRAPER
(finger-stabs back)
Look in the mirror, numb-nuts.

No-Mann makes a fist aiming it at Draper's crotch.

DRAPER INSERT: Draper's pants-cloth bunches-up like it's
being gripped. Draper goes bow-legged as her eyes cross.

No-Mann smiles, then opens fist. Draper exhales recovering.

A breeze blows through the window. Draper's notepad falls on
the floor and flips-open to a page.

Draper squints focusing in on the page to read her earlier
library note. "*Humor = odd*" multi-circled.

Draper thinks, then *chuckles* head-motioning to Murray.

DRAPER

And I thought, she --was a ball
buster.

No-Mann joins-in *chuckling*. Both look at Murray who chagrins.

MURRAY

You're both, nutter-knobs!

No-Mann explodes *laughing*, then quickly comes down.

NO-MANN

Oh goodness, that felt superb. Glad
I didn't kill you earlier. Buuuut,
I do have a date, with a worm-hole.

No-Mann aims his finger-gun at Murray.

Click of another gun-hammer. Murray and No-Mann look to it.

Draper holds a throw-away gun cocked against her temple.

NO-MANN

Oh, like that scarifies me.

Second loud gun-hammer *click*. Draper and No-Mann look to it.

Murray has her service revolver cocked against own temple.

Breeze blows through the window again to turn notepad's page.

Draper squints to read the new page, "*Laughter = weakness*"
multi-underlined. She "remembers" and forced-guffaws.

No-Mann and Murray look at each other, *WTF?*

Draper forced-*laughs* harder now making silly faces at them.

No-Mann can't help himself and guffaws as only a Brit can.

NO-MANN

A-Hah, a-hah, a-hah, a-hah, etc!

Murray lowers her gun shaking her head disgusted at No-Mann.

MURRAY

Men.

Draper stab-points *laughing* which infects No-Mann who yell-
laughs. Both look at Murray, then *laugh* more. When one of
them points at Murray, the other laughs louder. Draper
escalates on purpose while hand-motioning Murray to join in.

Murray folds her arms angry-pouting not understanding.

No-Mann goes ballistic *laughing*.

Stereo comes on playing "Mary Poppins" *I Love To Laugh*.

STEREO/DRAPER/NO-MANN

"Weeeee love to laugh, loud and
long and clear. We love to laugh,
so everybody can hear!"

Draper nods animated at Murray, *Please?*, Who shakes her head.
Draper glares nodding. Murray joins-in robotic, confused as
to why the singing, let alone laughing, at imminent death.

STEREO/ALL THREE

"The more you laugh, The more you
fill with glee. And the more the
glee, the more we're a merrier we!"

Song is infectious. Murray has to *laugh*. Murray and Draper
take turns lowering their weapons, then back to own temples.

No-Mann has convulsions holding his side *laughing* in pain.

NO-MANN

Sod It!
(waves hand, stereo stops)
If laughter's good for the soul,
(wipes wet eyes)
then I still have one.

DRAPER

There ya' go.

NO-MANN

Fine, fine, so once you're right.

Draper shoos back of both hands towards the open window.

DRAPER

No, there --ya' go.

No-Mann lifts his chin to stroke his Adams Apple.

NO-MANN

Hey, do that thing again. You know,
where you aim your guns, only this
time, do it --.
(lowers gaze sinister)
At each other.

Murray and Draper stop laughing as their arms raise. They
fight, but can't stop, and point their guns at each other.

DRAPER

Sorry.

MURRAY

Love Story.

NO-MANN

(chokes *laughing*)

Whoa! Drop the Love Boat anchor!
Did you just say, "Love means,
never having to say you're sorry?"

Murray nods sad.

No-Mann gyrates *stomping* around the floor *belly-laughing*.

Draper and Murray can now lower their guns.

No-Mann keeps *laughing* while making both hands into finger-guns fake-aiming them at Draper and Murray.

Draper and Murray look at each other lovingly, then willingly raise their own guns back to their own temples.

No-Mann makes an Italian gesture with fingers-tips touching together while speaking in a perfect Italian accent.

NO-MANN

Romeo's Giulietta!

No-Mann falls onto both knees laughing *hysterical* continuing in Italian accent.

NO-MANN

È, fan, tass-tee-cooooooooo!

No-Mann *pounds* on the floor with alternating fists *laughing*.

A clear glowing softball-sized globe rolls down the bedroom hallway until it touches No-Mann's shoe. The small orb fast-expands to envelope No-Mann within its clear sphere.

NO-MANN (MUFFLED)

Nooo, Man!

No-Mann, now encased in a clear glowing force-field, pounds his fists screaming, but can't be heard. It starts snowing inside his orb. It looks like he's in a *Snow Globe*.

Draper and Murray watch spellbound as they holster guns.

MURRAY

What the --?

Psychiatrist now sashays down hallway wearing an evening gown, minus glasses, with long hair down. She's beautiful. She opens her shoulder purse to retrieve a small glowing metal case and flips it open. One side has alien lettering. Its other side has a bright reflective hexagon symbol.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Who the --?

DRAPER

If I deduce correctly, you're Law Enforcement from --?

PSYCHIATRIST

A different dimension. Smarter than your brainwaves show.

MURRAY

Wait! Aren't you our --?

(stammers at Draper)

Isn't she, the Department's new --?

DRAPER

(to Psychiatrist)

Laughter releases Endorphins.

(snaps fingers)

Endogenous morphine! You needed me, to "drug" him, for you.

All Three look at No-Mann screaming silent in his sphere. Its snow falls harder sticking to No-Mann who slows down pounding as if getting sleepy. He lays down curling in fetal position sucking his thumb. He is, a big baby.

PSYCHIATRIST

Laughter is our mental weakness. So we only do it at trusted events. I had to wait until you had him laughing hard enough, he could not sense me.

MURRAY

Laugh until it hurts?

PSYCHIATRIST

So he can't.

Psychiatrist drops badge-case in her purse, then pulls out a short glowing sparkling rod and touches No-Mann's sphere.

It collapses back to baseball-size with No-Mann inside it.

DRAPER

What happens to him?

PSYCHIATRIST

We don't employ your concept of
justice, so --not your concern.

Psychiatrist waves rod and sphere-ball rises and enters her
open purse. She drops the rod inside and *snaps* purse closed.

MURRAY

"Not my concern?!" Sure as hell is,
lady, if more like him visit!

PSYCHIATRIST

He didn't "visit." He escaped.

DRAPER

More than once apparently.

PSYCHIATRIST

Never again. I've taken "special
precautions." Your world will be
fine now.

MURRAY

Not me, sister. I'm scarred for
life.

PSYCHIATRIST

No, you are not.
(to Draper)
Or you, either.

Psychiatrist makes two finger-guns and aims both at Draper
and Murray who re-coil hugging each other.

PSYCHIATRIST

Pow, pow.

Draper and Murray fall back onto the couch with eyes closed.

Psychiatrist closes her eyes and spreads all ten fingers. A
bright aura forms around her. *Wind* blows through the room.

Broken chessboard and chess pieces reform as new on the
coffee table. Balcony's broken glass reforms in its frame as
new and slides open. A fully decorated Christmas Tree appears
in a corner with wrapped presents under it.

Psychiatrist continues morphing into a ball of energy hanging
in mid-air then her energy-ball floats out the open window.

Her breeze blows past Murray and Draper styling their hair.
Their clothes return to normal and their facial cuts fast-
heal completely. Both awake and look at each other groggy.

MURRAY
Wanna' get drunk?

DRAPER
Fuck, yeah.

MURRAY
That, too.

Draper takes Murray's hand and confesses.

DRAPER
When my wife died, I lost my best friend. Seeing what police officers have to everyday made it too hard to become vulnerable again. I shut down to survive. But now, with you.

Draper gets a puzzled look and feels at a bulge in her pants pocket, then pulls out a small Christmas-wrapped box.

DRAPER
I don't want to just exist. I want to live my life, sharing it, with you.

Draper hands the box to Murray who opens and gets misty-eyed.

Murray hold-ups a sparkling Christmas charm-bracelet.

MURRAY
Always wanted one as a little girl.
Thank you, and --
(kisses Draper's cheek)
ditto, kiddo.

Murray puts on the bracelet and admires it, tearing.

DRAPER
As Chicago's own poet said, "Maybe we ain't got culture, but at least we're eatin' regular." Let's go celebrate.

Murray and Draper stand, then embrace and kiss deeply.

MURRAY
I, I --.

DRAPER
Ditto, kiddo.

They hold hands in love as Draper opens the front door.

Now conscious Jogger stands in its doorframe with a bloody nose and punches Draper knocking her flat on her back.

Murray kicks Jogger in the balls. His eyes cross, then he falls on his belly. She pink-handcuffs his wrists behind.

Murray goes to and cradles Draper's head stroking her hair.

MURRAY

Merry F'n Christmas --sweetheart.

She kisses Draper's forehead who smiles behind closed eyes.

EXT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

Psychiatrist's light-aurora floats outside their window watching, then the window self-closes.

Psychiatrist's energy-ball continues to float up high above the city whose bright Christmas lights twinkle below.

PSYCHIATRIST

"And to all, a good night."

(now as *The Wicked Witch*)

"My pretties! Ah, hah, hah, hah!"

Heh, heh, heh, *hack, hack* --.

Psychiatrist gets a *racking* cough as all the church bells *ring* throughout Chicago. It begins to snow. The light snowfall turns into their annual blizzard.

EXT. AERIAL ZOOM INTO SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Psychiatrist's energy ball continues up into the Stratosphere to reveal, Earth is completely encased in same earlier clear energy sphere. The Globe's translucent sides then disappear.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

(still *The Wicked Witch*)

"And your little dog, too!"

FADE OUT.