NO-MANN

Written by

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No Man, Can Kill, No-Mann

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHRISTMASTIME IN CHICAGO - NIGHT

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 from its native garlic, Chicagoua.*

EXT. A CHICAGO DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - SAME

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

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

Draper ducks into the bar.

INT. ROCK BOTTOM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dark with lots of tables but no patrons as a PASTIES DANCER, 30s with stretch marks, wearing a Santa hat, sways robotic 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
Perfect.

NO-MANN, African-British, stands from behind the bar wearing a bartender's vest and bow-tie. He flips his bar-towel over a shoulder to speak in absolute proper Queen's English accent.

NO-MANN
Quite right, Old Girl, as you've now officially hit --rock bottom.

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

DRAPER
And a Merry Friggin' Christmas to you to, Rudolph. Scotch, cubed.

NO-MANN
Flooded?

Draper finger-flicks a water droplet off one shoulder.

DRAPER
I was, still am, so make it neat.

NO-MANN
As opposed to your twee little
abode which is, unfortunately,
rather higgledy-piggledy.

DRAPER
My what is what?! How do you --?
Oh. Great. A stand-up bartender.
When's your next floor show?

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

NO-MANN
Ta-da.

DRAPER
You're fast?

NO-MANN
To some, not fast enough.
(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 and drops his timbre to deep and dark.

NO-MANN
I come in peace.

DRAPER
Seriously?

NO-MANN
Mannerisms suggest your life may
have gone to rack and ruin, madame.

DRAPER
Thanks for the pick-me-up. --Not.

Draper holds her glass up to No-Mann for a silent toast, sips, and approves. She smiles up at Dancer who 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
Suits can be tailored to hide your 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, shaking.

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

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

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

NO-MANN
Jolly good shot.

DRAPER
Jesus!

NO-MANN
"God" Damm.

DRAPER
Foxtrot Uniform!

NO-MANN
How rude. I was referring to the initials on your bonnie lace, my lady. Which are, "*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, the unmistakable medicinal pungency of vapour rub. Hold that over your nose at a murder scene do we --?
(tightens his aim)
Homie-side detective.

No-Mann pulls the gun's trigger slow. Hammer moves back ratcheting its cylinder.

Draper just doesn't care any more.

DRAPER
Do it, bad boy.

No-Mann raises both eyebrows, then smiles *humming* the "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
Well now, I certainly will enjoy watching you figure out my bad --
(*slams* her 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 you know.

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 "*R, R, Y,*" turn off so sign 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
Perfect.

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 a POLICE OFFICER, African-American female, and a BEAT PATROLMAN, male, both African-American, in their 20s, in full city-police uniforms.

INT. ROCK BOTTOM BAR - IMMEDIATELY

Safety vehicles red-lights strobe-flash through the window.

CSI-ONE, Asian, and CSI-TWO, Indian, females, 20s, in jackets with "*C.S.I.*" across their back, 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, Hispanic male, and EMT-TWO, Hispanic female, both 30s, wear black uniforms saying “Paramedic” on the back, and N-95 masks, goggles, with latex gloves. They lift Dancer’s corpse in an open body-bag onto their standing gurney.

EMT ONE
She was good.

EMT TWO
Damn good.

EMT-One and EMT-Two roll the gurney past Draper who is still sitting on her 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
Okay, 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 her 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 --<u>that</u>?

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.

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 Friggin' Christmas.

EXT. CHICAGO'S MILLENNIUM PARK - NOW MIDNIGHT

Site of their 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
Aieeeeee!

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, all nationalities, wearing 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 male, 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
Victim's 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 wearing a new clean hand-bandage.

PATHOLOGIST
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
Its 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?! The shit-head was bare-handed when he stabbed me? How is that even ...?

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

DRAPER
A month?! They on early holiday? I need that Intel yesterday.

PATHOLOGIST
Slow down windy-talker. It's our annual Christmas Homicide Rush.
(counts on fingers)
Serology, extraction, quantitation, detection, analysis, interpretation then review. The Lab has to batch cases together as is. Four weeks is fast, trust me.

DRAPER
Do I have to?

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

Pathologist re-enacts ripping the head from its body.

PATHOLOGIST
Was "torn" --from its body.

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

Pathologist puts the head on table to write an equation on his wall-board, $1\ N = 1\ kg\ .\ m\ /\ s^2$. He explains rotely.

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 possibly do this?

PATHOLOGIST
Big friggin' 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, $F = m \cdot f / t^2$.

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 on P.C.P. do this?

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

PATHOLOGIST
Time, is the important variable.

DRAPER
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 friggin' finger!

Draper flips him *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, since your Perp --did just that.

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

PATHOLOGIST
Can you hear me now?

DRAPER
Fan-freakin'-tastic, Nosferatu. What 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
Biggggggg friggin' bodybuilder.

DRAPER
Thanks for the long presumption 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 wheels around tilting her head.

DRAPER
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
"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 his marker-board. Pathologist spins glaring. Both exclaim.

DRAPER/PATHOLOGIST
What?!

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - LATER THAT MORNING

Street is blocked-off by police cars around a commercial crane backing-up to its *beeping-sound* at 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 her light-post.

STILL CUTS: Crowd's *stupid-faces* are with Stikum, hands and feet hanging, stabbed-down onto 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, <u>whatever</u> did this to her, first removed, then reattached the light's Cobra-head.

DRAPER
The Perp took the time to remove then 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
Her killer, musta' thought so, too.

EXT. CHICAGO'S CLOUD GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Draper walks along absentminded with hands buried deep in her suit 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 holstered weapon. He recognizes Draper, and relaxes.

BEAT PATROLMAN
Detective. --Do you require assistance?

Draper recovers embarrassed holstering her weapon, then holds four fingers on her chest at 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

Small built-in office with glass walls is inside its 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, so went inside. Boom, I stepped into his wet-works.

CAPTAIN
And because Stikum wore your hat, 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 <u>you</u> 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. He deflected my gun-hand lightening fast so its bullet accidentally killed the innocent" prostitute.

DRAPER
"Dancer."

Captain *taps* a finger on her second file.

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

Captain continues reading from first file with same finger.

CAPTAIN
"Ripped the head clean off the" Dealer.

DRAPER
"Bartender."

CAPTAIN
(*taps* third file)
Not according to <u>his</u> 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 her 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 Friggin' 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, please.

Draper signs without reading and hands back the form.

CAPTAIN
Service weapon and badge out in the gun locker?

Draper nods *jingling* 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 bright 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 then, I choose --not to.

DRAPER
Why to everything?

NO-MANN
My, my, you're efficient. Well, so am I. The only answer necessary i<u>s</u>
(snake-hiss continuance)
sssssssss --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 the 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.

NO-MANN (O.S.)
Exactly.

INT. DRAPER'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Modest one-bedroom apartment with a full kitchen. It is messy 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 -- yet.

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 friggin' 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 as 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 an invisible hand.

NO-MANN
Never say that!

DRAPER
(rubs reddening-cheek)
F me.

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

NO-MANN
Exactleeeee!
(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 table 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
Dental match?

PATHOLOGIST
Tried.

Pathologist strokes Judge's head as a Shakespearian actor.

PATHOLOGIST
Alas, poor stoic, I knew him not.

DRAPER
"Earth to Major Tom." Dental match show anything?

PATHOLOGIST
Wooden teeth.

DRAPER
Funny, not. Whose?

PATHOLOGIST
You won't believe me.

DRAPER
Might.

PATHOLOGIST
George Washington.

DRAPER
Right. Wait? You serious?

PATHOLOGIST
As a heart attack, and 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 Judge's Headshot wearing a black judicial robe.

DRAPER
Judge Harold?!

PATHOLOGIST
Old Hang 'Em High Harry his-self.

DRAPER
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 her 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. 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 <u>stomped</u> down the pole, by some "thang" --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 lighthead, 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.

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

PATHOLOGIST
One, there was not enough time to build or bring one in. Two, no driver-pistons are shoe-shaped. Three, no, uh-uh, nope. Whatever did this, had incredible inertia behind its super-human stomping. Whatever --"it" is?

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

PATHOLOGIST
"Snow?" As in cocaine?
(realizes, steps back)
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You have 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 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 silk 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 to you. So here it is. If you tell someone about me --they have to 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 meeeeeeeeee!

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

NO-MANN AS STEWARDESS (FILTERED)
"In the event of an actual emergency, please assume the bracing position."

DRAPER
Noooooooo!

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, with No-Mann teeth clenched, as a 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 wall leaving a bloody mess and rolls to a stop near Draper. Its lifeless shocked-open eyes look up at Draper as its jaw moves again.

PATHOLOGIST HEAD
Straight to bed with no supper. -- 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 all 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 INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

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 room.

INSPECTOR HERSKOWITZ, Caucasian, 40s, bald, fit, in suit with badge-case hanging out of his 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. We all 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. 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!

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." Yea-ah.

Draper finishes smacking her lips *Cheshire Cat* smiling.

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

HERSKOWITZ
You're a walkin' apocalypse, bestie1. Come clean, you'll feel better.

DRAPER
(sniffs own armpit)
Thanks for reminding me, girlfriend. I need a shower, big-time. So charge me or release me.

HERSKOWITZ
Oh, I'm gonna' charge you alright. You can bet on that. Better get an attorney.

DRAPER
Can't, can't tell them 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 the 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 'bout 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 still able to.

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
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 from side-to-side watching her own movements now mirrored in the monitor.

DRAPER
But I won't give "it" --.
(sits upright fast)
The satisfaction.

Monitor's view changes to Pathologist lying on cadaver table with his five appendages re-positioned. Both hands raise up 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 first as a serial killer, then sadist!

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 stupid, stay alive.

Herskowitz stares at Draper stupefied. Draper points to 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
WHO!

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

DRAPER
Gotta' stop sneaking up on me man.

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, now wearing a *Grinch* cap, 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 you are. 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 didn't snickel.

DRAPER
Slow learner, fast thinker.

No-Mann *snaps* his fingers and a cowboy hat appears on his head as he now 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 backwerdz?
(tilts hat back)
Oh, you know. 'Cause of that there black n' white western tele.

DRAPER
What? Wait. You mean the old T.V. show "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. A 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 Christmas-tree 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*)
Oooooh, 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
'Eyyyy, every body 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
Drop the theatrics, Dame Dench.
Much like Sir Lancelot, once my
singing sword is drawn, old dear.

DRAPER
Different legends, lamebrain.

NO-MANN
What'd you say to me?!

DRAPER
"The world is full of obvious
things which nobody by any chance
ever observes."

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 to go on --
holiday.

DRAPER
I know, you need --a revelation.

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

NO-MANN
Yeehaaa, cowgirl! That there good ole' Book a' Revelation. Only apocalyptic document in the whole dagburn 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 most 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 now 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 after realizing they are about to depart forever 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, man!

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 heals 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 rabbit-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 then primps his high-standing 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 street)
THA’ KING!

Draper peers over railing, then looks up self-disgusted, and turns back. No-Mann is gone who then 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 the camera back in and re-plays its recording. Video plays showing Draper talking to herself.

HERSKOWITZ
Almost had me there. Almost.

His radio *crackles* on with the female voice of 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
I warned you.

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 frantic 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 up from under his umbrella shaking a fist.

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.

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 spins 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 Detectives on phones.

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

CAPTAIN
What aren't you telling us?!

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

HERSKOWITZ
More like, in deep shit.

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

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

HERSKOWITZ
So you do know her!

DRAPER
Nooooo. But I do know you. Duh.

HERSKOWITZ
Duh-uh. Did you know she was also under A.I. with her Judge?
(no response)
Do you know I was watching you last night? That why you put on your invisible-man act?

DRAPER
So you did not 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 when 911 call came in.

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

CAPTAIN
(scans her file)
Yeah, with no caller I.D.

HERSKOWITZ
How'd you know that?

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 at Herskowitz so Probation Officer's crime-scene pictures fly across the 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
Sure wouldn't miss him, twice!

DRAPER
Good luck, dead-head.

DRAPER
(stands slow, disgusted)
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 salutes sloppy, about-faces exhausted, 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
You’ve certainly had a traumatic forty-eight hours.

DRAPER
(sneezes while answering)
Ssssh-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 coffee?

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

DRAPER
You could. Bring me back a chocolate-peppermint.

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, who 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 it on her pad.

DRAPER
"Odd" is an understatement. Astrology?

LIBRARIAN
Consulted Apollo the god of enlightenment then became increasingly superstitious and finally, extremely paranoid.

Draper writes "Paranoid" in her notebook and circles hard.

DRAPER
Talisman?

LIBRARIAN
Minted a coin with Apollo on one side and a Raven on the other. Suetonius wrote that a Raven perched on their 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 it.

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 were quartered.

DRAPER
Multi-tasker. Internment?

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

DRAPER
Enlighten me.

LIBRARIAN
He hated all women and wanted immortality, not obscurity.

DRAPER
Sounds like a current President.
(*snap*-finger-points)
Or maybe? He finally figured out a way to get both.
(stands pointing down)
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 compute terminal? I'm feeling a little --Poeish.

Librarian scratches her head, then points. Draper exits.

Librarian goes to meet same Young Man behind a bookcase.

EXT. MUSCLE CAR IN GARFIELD PARK - LATE THAT NIGHT

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 in back. All in their 20s, look Middle Eastern, but speak with Hispanic accents. Three Passenger Bangers wear gang colors with *Taqiyah* caps reloading automatic weapons. Banger One drives wearing a gang-color kerchief as a durag.

BANGER ONE
Hear him yelling, "Nooooo, Man?"

BANGER TWO
(*mesz-nune-ah,* "madwoman")
With 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, uh, that --?

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 through 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.)
IEEEEEEEEEE!

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, forgive that.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BANGER THREE - CONTINUOUS

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

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, mon.

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
You 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.)
Rocks!

DRAPER
Know the feeling.

Draper opens freezer and gets out a plastic ice tray, twists it to pop out 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
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.

EXT. BURNHAM PARK - MOMENTS LATER

A small park of tall and older shade trees.

Draper and Murray round a huge tree and freeze staring up at HOOKER, 20s, anemic, in mini-skirt and tube-top with 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? --<u>And</u> beer?

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
En route. Do you require Rescue?

DRAPER
Just a Meat Wagon and Fire Services. Bring lots of hoses.

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

NO-MANN
HEE, Hee-hee, whee-eeee.

DRAPER
(draws gun again)
Hear that?!

MURRAY
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 a 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 it 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 open door.

DRAPER
No ice!

Draper reenters closing the 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)
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 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. Tossed them.

MURRAY
Like your bad i-deas?

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

MURRAY
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? Make a mean omelet?

MURRAY (NODS)
Sure. 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' de-brief me now, for two?

Draper hears *popping* and glances over Murray's shoulder. Her 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 live in Quebec.

CAPTAIN
Okay, we have a serial killer going nuts and an investigation going nowhere. Draper, Herskowitz says you're withholding because you're being blackmailed?
(no response)
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. I 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 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
Knock off the caddish 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?

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

DRAPER
'Course you 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
Uh, 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 top.

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
Uuuu, Iliad and Homer.
(*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 that, 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, buddy.

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
HEY!

Captain puts two fingers against Carotid Artery, fake smiles.

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry, you thought we were having a discussion.
(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 over a shoulder 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 --<u>her</u>.

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, 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 f-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)
AWK! 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?

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 their 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 is 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
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? I 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, <u>kind</u>?

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 a 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. Ta-ta.
(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 pipe's white powder and Raven's black feathers.

DRAPER
Is this real? Or am I really crazy?

Draper looks straight up in a Jewish accent.

DRAPER
A little help here, 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 a 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!

Minivan goes airborne flying off the road into the woods.

RADIO/NO-MANN (CONT'D)
We won't go until we get some, so bring some out heeerrre --!"

No-Mann's singing fades on "here" to sound of 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 were 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 their 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."

Music stops. No-Mann becomes Tonto.

NO-MANN AS TONTO (CONT'D)
Uh. Tom-Tom, no tom-tom, Kemosabe.
He now one big smoke signal in sky.

Draper drops to a knee bowing her shaking head.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF WRECK SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Draper kneels over TNT's smoking remains as the 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 fuckin' 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 <u>my</u> case, and look how he died!

HERSKOWITZ
"Your" case?

Draper spins angry to Herskowitz making 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
(tilts head 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 into 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 whole freakin' case, however improbable, is possible.

HERSKOWITZ
And the <u>im</u>possible?

DRAPER
Gone straight to death-wish, huh?

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

DRAPER
Then write a Will.

CAPTAIN
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 white 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
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 <u>is</u> 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
Because 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, but briefly.

Draper recovered 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.

No-Mann finger-motions Draper to lean in then whispers.

NO-MANN (CONT'D)
Here's an unfriendly reminder, about our earlier wager. --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 the board and disappears.

Window self-slides closing hard.

DRAPER
Being surprised --is <u>your</u> Tell.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Herskowitz, in suit, parks his unmarked cruiser in front. His shoes exit first with argyle socks then walk into 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
Aieeeeeeee!

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

NO-MANN AS ARCHIE (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.

NO-MANN AS ARCHIE (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 then throw in a metal trashcan. She rips her tie off and throws it in also. She tries to unbutton her shirt then stops 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 and see the shrink tomorrow morning. Not a request. This isn't working out.

DRAPER
You're telling me.

CAPTAIN
No, not, just me.

Draper looks at Captain, *And?*

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 Twilight Zone shit. God damn.

DRAPER
(epiphany, *claps* hands)
A ruse! His own "God Damm" gambit! Everything 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
You're a God damn enigma wrapped in a fucking riddle surrounded by cock sucking conundrums! Go the fuck home and don't come back until I fucking call you!

DRAPER
Gee Captain, are you okay?

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

CAPTAIN
No I'm not okay! Leave 'em! Go see the shrink, NOW! Get out!

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 on the floor. She kicks at its pieces.

CAPTAIN
Key-F'n-Christ!

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

Captain freezes, then shakes it off as angry hallucination.

CAPTAIN
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 fast.

NO-MANN IN INTERCOM (FILTERED)
Don't go away mad, just go away. Hee-hee-hee, oh no, I'm so good.

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.

PSYCHIATRIST
Things worse?

DRAPER
Out of control.

PSYCHIATRIST
Know the best medicine?

They stare. Psychiatrist smiles. Draper furrows her brow.

DRAPER
What? --Laughter?

Psychiatrist smiles bigger.

DRAPER
You're f'n 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 --<u>remember</u>.

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 over sealing the window frame. She keeps hammering therapeutic until *knocking* on the door.

DRAPER
Closed For Repair!

Draper *hammers* louder. Louder *knocking* at her door.

DRAPER
We 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
I 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 being,
Detective Draper. You don't deserve
what's been done to you.

Draper holds a finger-gun to temple and pulls thumb-trigger. She laughs crazy, then her eyes open wide guestioninq.

DRAPER
What do you mean by, I'm a "good
human being?" --You're not?

The door knob *turns* repeatedly.

MURRAY (O.S.)
Let me in!

Draper ushers 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
Wanna', canna', can't.
(snort-chuckles)
No one listens to my warnings.
(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 now wear a long-tail tuxedo with a white rose in its lapel and 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, literally two feet apart while talking in a Texan accent.

NO-MANN
Five Card --stud?

MURRAY
This your 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 to me, Pard.

DRAPER
Is that what I am to you? Your "pard," 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 posing.

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 a penguin? 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
Wait! Hold on ya' dizzy dame. You'd kill yerself, overs a skirt?

Draper looks at Murray then back to No-Mann.

DRAPER
Over this one?
(in same 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."

CHORUS (FILTERED)
"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 who still holds her gun poised. He quips nonchalant.

NO-MANN
I can take that away anytime I want 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 your King's daughters!

Draper and No-Mann slow-look to Murray.

MURRAY
What, I Google?

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)
Oh goody, word games. Surprise me again, trollop, 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.”

MURRAY
Terry Pratchett.

DRAPER
“Truth is, everyone is bored, and devotes himself to propagating bad habits.”

MURRAY
Albert Camus! --I’m good at this.

No-Mann and Draper wave Murray off who’s hurt.

NO-MANN
Ahhhh, da Plague-man hisself.

Draper shakes head animated wagging a finger at No-Mann.

DRAPER
No! You, are <u>our</u> Plague --man.

NO-MANN
(points at own chest)
Me?!

No-Mann crosses the room in a nano-second to stand over Draper admonishing her.

NO-MANN (CONT'D)

Look at your own life, 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 to begin with.
(steps back smiling)
Until I came along.

Draper points to a decorative mirror hanging on the wall.

DRAPER
Look in the mirror, numb-nuts.

No-Mann makes a fist aiming it the mirror which explodes, then aims same fist at Draper's crotch.

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 on end-table 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 calms 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 so 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 why.

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 they sing, let alone laugh, at their 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 both 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 now 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-up *laughing*)
Whoa! Drop the Love Boat anchor, swabbies! Did you just infer, "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 his Italian accent.

NO-MANN
È, fan, tass-tee-coooooo!

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
Who the --?

DRAPER
If I deduced correctly, you're Law Enforcement from --?

PSYCHIATRIST
A different time dimension. Smarter then your brainwaves show.

MURRAY
Wait! Aren't you our --?
(stammers at Draper)
Isn't she, the Department's new --?

Draper nods, then strokes her chin postulating.

DRAPER
Laughter releases Endorphins.
(*snap*-finger-points)
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, after all, just 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 that 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, then snaps her fingers and purse disappears.

MURRAY
"Not my concern?!" Sure as hell is, lady, if more like him visit us!

PSYCHIATRIST
He didn't "visit." He escaped.

DRAPER
More than once apparently.

PSYCHIATRIST
But never again. I've taken "special precautions." Your world will be safe 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 her arms wide with all ten fingers extended. A bright aura forms around her.

Wind blows through the room.

TIME LAPSE:

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.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

Murray and Draper awake to look at each other groggy.

MURRAY
Wanna' get drunk?

DRAPER
Fuck, yeah.

MURRAY
That, too.

Draper takes Murray's hand and squeezes confessing.

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 favorite poet said, "Maybe we ain't got culture, but at least we're eatin' regular." Let's go celebrate --Life.

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 OUT INTO SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Psychiatrist’s energy ball continues up into the Stratosphere to reveal, the Earth is completely encased in same earlier clear energy sphere. The Globe’s translucent sides then slowly disappear.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)
(still *The Wicked Witch*)
“And your little dog, too!”

FADE OUT.