

P U R E

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Subtle moonlight trickles through closed blinds.

A FLARING MATCH lights a cigarette to a glowing red.

Wisps of smoke roll around bony knuckles.

AN OLD, LIPLESS MOUTH puckers the filter. A long pull and relieving exhale.

OLD MAN

(raspy)

A sacrifice is a sacred thing.

The OLD MAN'S face marred with massive burning. No eyebrows, the skin melted to a pore less veneer. The pupils of his eyes scorched to white globes, penetrating as hell. His meek smile hampered by muscle deformity.

Another long puff.

OLD MAN

And your betrayal cannot be forgiven.

He leans forward, a sick grin, his white eyes searching INTO THE DARKNESS.

OLD MAN

But the girl will be pure when she passes.

His cackle echoes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CELL PHONE vibrates in the dark. A MAN'S hand reaches for it ON A NIGHT TABLE, squelches it to *SILENT*.

MARK, 27, is far from sleep in bed. He reads the caller ID, grinning.

Cathy.

He peeks over his shoulder then sneaks out of bed with the cell. His athletic build covered in white skivvies.

His WIFE, 30, stirs in bed. He pauses, waiting for her to roll over, fast asleep. He grins and tip toes out.

INT. BACKDOOR - NIGHT

Mark opens the door to CATHY, 25, standing in A LIGHT DRIZZLE, shocks of wet hair dripping into her eyes and mouth. Her pert body sopped under workout sweats. She'd be beautiful without mascara running.

CATHY

Tell me you're not fucking Monique,  
Mark.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

It's every family garage with MINI VAN, TWO-DOOR SEDAN, kid's bikes and garden tools clung to the walls.

Pleasurable moans echo.

MARK HAS CATHY PROPPED ON THE WORKBENCH, his pajamas bunched around his ankles, her legs and arms wrapped around him while he fucks the hell out of her.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

DRIZZLE gleans the asphalt street and glistens A GLASS BUS SHELTER licked with streetlight, ID# 120003 tattooed ON THE EVES.

Cathy sits inside, crying.

INT. GLASS BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

She wipes wet hair out of MASCARA BLACK EYES. She twists a SILVER HEART LOCKET STRUNG ON A FINE NECKLACE hung around her neck.

She looks up THE STREET, desolate in an eerie way.

All THE HOUSES dead, not a single light warming a window.

A *synthesized muzak ringtone* sings out.

She slips her cell phone out of her pocket. Contemplates the caller, commingled surprise and relief.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

A BLACK LEATHER GLOVE holds a cell phone to an ear - *the caller*.

INT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

A black tear drips down Cathy's cheek. She wipes it away, presses talk and lifts the phone.

CATHY

Matt?

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The BLACK GLOVED HAND lowers the phone from the ear.

CATHY

(over cell)

Matt, are you there?

The thumb presses a button. Call ended.

INT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

Cathy looks at her phone, stunned and dejected. She fights crying. She peers up the street, looking for a bus.

It's beyond still. Nothing but drizzle drumming the shelter roof.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

IDLING with the INTERIOR LIGHTS DIMMED. The ROUTE DISPLAY rolled to "Out of Service." **BUS #154.**

A DARK FIGURE is in the DRIVER'S SEAT.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

BLACK LEATHER GLOVES stroke the steering wheel.

THE GLOVED HAND puts the SHIFTER IN DRIVE.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

The air brakes HISS.

The front wheel rolls forward.

The bus nudges through a four-way stop and accelerates down the street.

The headlights flick on.

INT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

Headlights bleach Cathy with burning white. She shields her black eyes.

A long glance at A BUNGALOW across the street.

INT. BUGALOW - FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

The CURTAINS part as THE BUS rolls to a stop, blocking Cathy from view. The driver a shadow behind the wheel.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Cathy steps up, plunks change into the receptacle.

The Driver's face shadowed under his cap. The bus interior darker than it should be.

Cathy smiles, uneasy. Without a word she walks a FEW SEATS back. She chooses a bench nearest the BACK DOORS.

The bus lurches forward, jarring her. She grips the railings.

CATHY  
(underbreath)  
Fuck!

She moves to the middle of the bus, eyeing the SIDE DOORS, and slides into the seat. No other riders. She glares at the driver's partition.

All she can see is BLACK GLOVED HANDS squeeze the STEERING WHEEL.

CATHY  
(to herself)  
Loser.

A RUGGED HIKING BOOT STOMPS the gas.

EXT. BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

The bus races along the meridian lane and VEERS FOR THE ENTRANCE RAMP and the OPEN FREEWAY.

EXT. BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Turns off the freeway for a service road cutting through suburban forest.

INT. BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Cathy strains to see OUT THE WINDOW. Dense forest whizzes past. It's not familiar. Another glance at the driver's partition. She looks up and...GASPS.

The Driver's eyes glaring at her in THE REIEW VIEW MIRROR. Cold, harsh eyes.

His gloved hands steering.

She looks above him. The driver's light missing.

Cathy twists in her seat, nervous - *to hell with it.*

CATHY

Excuse me.

No answer.

CATHY

Driver...

His NARROW EYES IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR - *staring.*

She shakes her head - *I'm out of here.* She pulls the CORD. No bell sound. She pulls it again. Nothing. *What the fuck!* She eyes the SIDE DOORS, fear mixing with anger.

CATHY

I want to get off now!

Suddenly the BLACK HIKING BOOT tromps the brake. The gloved hands crank the wheel.

The bus VEERS DRAMATICALLY.

Cathy tumbles to the floor. She gasps. Deep breaths. Air brakes hiss in her ears. The diesel engine idles under her.

The bus stopped.

She quickly climbs back into her seat, rattled.

CATHY

This isn't funny, y'know.

THE DRIVER REMAINS BEHIND HIS PARTITION - *out of view.* His gloves squeeze the wheel ever so slowly.

Cathy trembles. She peers outside.

A FOREST DOWSED WITH DRIZZLE AND MOONLIGHT.

CATHY

There's people waiting for me.

The BLACK HIKING BOOT lifts off the pedal. Air brakes hiss release.

Her breathing quickens. She gauges the front doors - *trapped*. Her lip trembles, crying.

CATHY

Look, I just want to go home.

His eyes glare at her in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

DRIVER

(menacing)

You are home...Cathy.

Cathy gasps, something about his VOICE. She peers through the window, looking higher and sees...

THE BLACK SHADOW of a STEEPLE looming over the forest dowsed in drizzle and moonlight.

Cathy's hand cups over her mouth, horrified.

She jumps for the SIDE DOORS. Pushes the gate. They don't open.

CATHY

Open the door, you fucking asshole!!

Suddenly the interior lights GO OFF. She screams, whimpers.

The driver steps FROM BEHIND THE PARTITION.

Cathy coils back, shocked and scared.

CATHY

Oh my God.

She backs herself to the rear of the bus. Her black eyes wider with each torturous step he makes towards her. She holds her slightly bugged tummy, fear overwhelming.

The BLACK HIKING BOOTS walk up the isle.

Her fear melds to desperation that suddenly explodes into rage.

CATHY

Fuck you!

She lunges with clenched fist, but the GLOVED HAND seizes her throat, HER HEAD REAMED INTO THE HAND RAIL, knocking her down with a heavy moan.

Blood oozes out her nose and down her face.

Her trembling fingers search her neck only to find her NECKLACE TORN. Her black eyes comb the floor as she sobs then...

She sees the LOCKET, a beautiful trinket on the gritty isle floor.

She gropes for it but..

HIS RUGGED HIKING BOOT brushes it under a seat, out of reach.

Her hope lost. She cries, looks up as...

THE BLACK GLOVES clamp around her neck with relentless force.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Cathy dragged through the MUD past AN ORNATE GATE. The BLACK GLOVED HAND clamped over her mouth, holding firm as she kicks and thrashes. Suddenly she's heaved into...

A SHALLOW HOLE WITH A FOUR FOOT WOODEN CRUCIFIX PROPPED IN THE MUD.

He straddles her. The GLOVED HANDS throttle her neck, her eyes bulging, blood vessels pulsing. She chokes against THE DRIZZLE, struggles against death.

EXT. THE SHALLOW HOLE - NIGHT

Cathy beaten and bloodied, whimpering and wet. She's naked against THE CRUCIFIX lodged in the mud, hands bound out from her sides, neck tied tight, pressing her lips to the wood as if kissing the cross of Jesus.

GASOLINE SOAKS HER. Her eyes rip wide, utter terror.

CATHY

No...don't, please!!

A BARBECUE LIGHTER flames to life behind her, GLEAMING HER EYE.

CATHY

NO!!!

And with a WHUMP THE FLAME TRAVELS THE FUME LINE AND ENGULFS HER. Guttural screams penetrate the woods.

THE FIRE'S GLOW LICKING THE RUINS OF A BURNT DOWN MONASTERY.

The Monastery cut into the suburban forest nestled along THE RIVER on the outskirts OF THE CITY.

Cathy's screams echo like A CRY FROM HELL.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS OFFICE - STAFF ROOM - DAY

MATT HARLEY, 28, explodes awake on a drab couch.

TWITCH, 15, jumps back.

TWITCH  
Whoa, dude!

Matt is SWEATING, eyes darting around the room, back from a dream. He looks like shit. Shirt undone, designer jeans worn through to the knee. He brushes his blonde mane back with a long sigh.

Twitch drops in a chair with a skateboard clasped in his hand. His BAGGY SHIRT and SKATER CAP look should put him on the cover of a TONY HAWK game.

He adjusts his pose the way it should be - *gangstah*.

TWITCH  
Man, did you do another all nighter?

Matt dismisses him, pushes off the couch, something missing. He searches the coffee table strewn with girlie magazines - between couch cushions - the floor under the table - flustered.

MATT  
Where's my cell?

TWITCH  
I don't know.

MATT  
(firm)  
Where's my cell?

TWITCH  
(laughs)  
I don't know.

Matt rubs sleep out of his eyes and makes for the door with a determined gait.

MATT  
Okay, I have to check the system  
reboot. Get me some coffee, will  
ya.

Twitch stares with a crooked eyebrow.

Matt stops short of the door, eyes Twitch.

MATT  
What?

TWITCH  
Your software tumbled, y'all.

This wakes Matt more.

MATT  
What are you talking about?

Twitch lifts out of his chair, skateboard in hand.

TWITCH  
The buses are out of sync, dude.  
Not good. Not good. Roland was  
fetching on you huge.

Matt tugs Twitch's collar, pulling him close.

MATT  
English, Twitch.

TWITCH  
He tried to call you. The buses  
aren't synced with the system no  
more. This is my best shirt, dude.

Matt lets him go. Twitch adjusts his collar.

TWITCH  
You messed my look.

Matt glares at him - *too far*.

TWITCH  
Whoa, chill out.

Matt hustles through the doorway into...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - DAY

A MASSIVE ASSEMBLY PLANT OF TRANSIT BUSES parked in maintenance docks, change receptacles removed and laid out on workbenches in every docking area, with new receptacles ready to be installed. IT'S A REFITTING FACTORY.

Matt struts for a central, ELEVATED HUB DOCK with multiple computer screens - the brain of the factory.

Twitch zig zags behind him.

Matt glances his watch.

MATT

What are you doing here so early,  
besides bringing bad news?

TWITCH

Someone has to feed Sabe.

Matt peers across the garage at an OFFICE with drawn venetian blinds.

MATT

Is Roland here?

TWITCH

He is on *thee* way. The dude's  
buggin', man.

Matt hops ONTO THE HUB and fires up the console, multiple screens lighting to life.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITORS A MAINTENANCE TRACKING PROGRAM auto executes.

Twitch skates around the hub, pulling moves as easy as breathing.

TWITCH

Roland is so going to turf us,  
dude.

MATT

(annoyed)  
Twitch!

Twitch brakes mid spin.

TWITCH

Okay, you really have to chill.

Matt rapidly glances at every BUS in every stall around the factory while on his...

PRIMARY MONITOR the program tasks through an ANIMATED SORTING macro, confirming virtual matches to physical buses.

MATT  
We're in sync. It's not in here.

*BEEP!*

Matt leans to the screen - *what the hell?*

A VIRTUAL GRAPHIC OF THE COMPOUND OUTSIDE THE GARAGE. **BUS #154** BLINKING.

EXT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS COMPOUND - DAY

Where EVEN MORE BUSES are lined up on a MASSIVE TARMAC.

Beyond the compound a vintage BANSHEE SKI BOAT is tethered TO A DOCK ON THE RIVER.

Matt eyes the buses, LOOKING FOR...

MATT  
Call him.

Twitch whistles.

TWITCH  
(yelling)  
Sabe!

A WIREY DOBERMAN PINCHER bolts from between buses and gallops for Twitch. It looks like an attack until the skateboarder LOWERS HIS HAND TO THE GROUND.

TWITCH  
Domino.

Suddenly the dog's ears droop back, tail wagging. Twitch kneels and gets a big lick across the face.

TWITCH  
(giggling)  
Okay, okay.

MATT  
Check #154. Go, now.

Matt eyes twitch and Sabe horsing around, annoyed.

MATT

Please.

Twitch flops his arms, hops on his skateboard.

TWITCH

Man, you need to take sleeping pills or something. You're really grumpy, y'know that.

Matt just points at the buses, his expression saying 'move it.'

TWITCH

Okay, okay.

Twitch turns his cap and pushes off with Sabe running with him.

Matt brushes his blonde mane back with a heavy sigh, stressing.

MATT

Shit.

EXT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS COMPOUND - DAY

Twitch skates up to bus #154 on the tarmac, noticing the MUD caked tires - *what?* The route display is rolled to Out of Service. The front door wide open.

He points a stern finger at Sabe.

TWITCH

Sit.

Sabe drops to his butt, panting.

Twitch steps inside...

INT. BUS #154 - DAY

And stops, puzzled. He sees...

A CELL PHONE on the driver's seat.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

Matt up on the hub, sitting close to his monitor, working like hell to solve the problem when the desk phone rings.

MATT  
(to phone)  
Yeah.

TWITCH  
(over phone)  
It's me.

He FROWNS then slowly stands, looking out...

THE MASSIVE GARAGE DOORS to the FAR END OF THE COMPOUND and sees TWITCH WITH HIS HAND PRESSED TO HIS EAR.

TWITCH  
(over phone)  
I found your cell, dude.

INT. BUS #154 - DAY

Matt looking around. A broken necklace lying in the isle -  
*What the hell?*

Twitch hangs just inside the front door step well.

TWITCH  
How'd all that mud get on the  
tires?

MATT  
(annoyed)  
I don't know.

TWITCH  
How'd your phone get in here?

MATT  
(more annoyed)  
I don't know.

TWITCH  
Dude, seriously, you need some  
sleep.

Twitch steps out of the bus, but...

MATT  
Hey.

TWITCH  
What?

MATT

Don't say anything to anybody.  
At least until I find out what  
happened to the system.

MATT

Fine. Whatever.

Twitch steps down and skates back for the garage.

Matt scours the floor. Something shiny under a seat catches his eye. He bends down and finds the HEART LOCKET. He can't believe what he sees, shocked.

He picks it up, holding it in his fingers. He opens it. Now he's really upset, eyes squeezing - *something deeply personal to him.*

MATT

(to himself)

Cathy.

EXT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - DAY

The burnt ruins in the SUBURBAN FOREST overrun with fire trucks, police cars, nondescript cruisers, and coroner's wagon.

A team of crime scene investigators probe THE BURNT CORPSE BOUND TO THE CHARRED CRUCIFIX. It's a ghastly scene.

A NON-DESCRIPT police cruiser pulls up to the ORNATE GATES.

THAD GREENE, 55, climbs out from behind the wheel. He's a trim guy in a suit, an old style cop who eyes the MEDIA CAMP snapping pictures behind the POLICE TAPE with a practised scowl.

He walks through the ORNATE GATE and LOOKS UP AT THE MONASTERY'S RAGGED STEEPLE, a BLACK GABLE WINDOW puzzles him.

As he comes to the burnt corpse, his eyes dart around the HOLE. He observes the team working.

MAXIME, 28, donning a CSI jacket, marks and photographs the scene. She's diligent and focused.

A plain clothes detective JOHNSON, 35, studies the dead girl, wincing from the smell insulting him. He's studious, a book by the numbers cop.

Thad shakes his head like a disappointed teacher.

THAD

Johnson, did we manage to get any shoe prints worth looking at before everyone here trampled my crime scene?

Johnson's disparaged look seems to say *no*.

Maxime lirts an eyebrow at Thad, a subtle head shake.

THAD

(pointing at the corpse)  
Well, I guess we're just going to have to hope she can tell us.

Thad eyes Maxime, concerned.

THAD

Honeymoons are overrated you know.

She stops clicking pictures, a sensitive subject.

MAXIME

And what about Mexico?

THAD

Underrated. How's Keesha?

Maxime's slight smile says *not so well*.

MAXIME

We're fine.

Thad throws her a reassuring smile back then kneels close to the corpse, remorse trickling out of him.

THAD

Helluva way to start a day.  
(to Maxime)  
Accelerant?

She points at a MELTED, PLASTIC GAS CAN tossed several feet away.

Thad studies the shallow hole. The cross.

THAD

Wonder why our boy faced her towards the church? Stripped and bound.

He looks up at the ruins of the gutted church.

THAD

You know this place was an orphanage before it burned.

Maxine lowers her camera, grins smartly.

MAXIME

And now it's just a make out spot.

Thad eyes her. Johnson glances between them, sensing a contest.

JOHNSON

Would explain the beer bottles down by the river.

Thad looks at him with a glint of surprise.

JOHNSON

I checked the perimeter..., Sir.

Thad mildly impressed. He looks at the corpse again.

Her seared face, the bound hands, skin melted with rope and wood, crucified.

THAD

Why did they burn witches?

He looks to Maxime and Johnson, expecting a guess. They offer nothing.

THAD

To curb their own desires.

Johnson frowns, uncomprehending.

JOHNSON

You think she's a witch?

Thad eyes Johnson then rises off his haunches with the wince of a man whose knees don't work as well as they used to.

THAD

No, I think she's a young girl who didn't deserve this. But if she died before she burned, she's a statement. She died burning...she's a sacrifice. Just not sure what should scare me more.

Suddenly *faint synthesized muzak ringtone* echoes over the scene.

Thad listens, pin pointing, hand raises.

Maxime and Johnson hear it, curious.

Around them the forensics and cops still work and mingle.

THAD  
(yelling to all)  
Quiet...

The mumbled din quiells.

The MUZAK carrying like a distant echo. Johnson looks to Thad, puzzled.

JOHNSON  
Cell phone?

Thad's eyes hunt for it, then look up at THE STEEPLE - got it.

THAD  
Coming from inside.

Thad leads them...

INT. ST. JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DAY

Where the cell phone echoes high in the open rotunda.

THAD  
Up stairs.

They climb a precarious SPIRAL STAIRCASE to the open mezzanine OVERLOOKING THE ROTUNDA.

The phone beckons beyond an open door. Thad rushes inside...

INT. ST. JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DILAPIDATED ROOM - DAY

THE CELL PHONE RINGING on the charred remains of A FOUR POST BED in the chamber room ravaged from fire years before.

Thad pulls latex gloves from a pocket and puts them on.

Maxime hands him a baggy.

Thad picks up THE CELL.

Caller ID is *Matt*.

His brow furls curiously. He presses *TALK* and lifts the cell close to his ear without touching.

MATT  
 (over cell)  
 Cathy! Are you okay? Hey, are you  
 there...Cathy?

The voice surprises Thad. He eyes Maxime. Then Johnson.

THAD  
 (to cell)  
 This is Detective Thad Greene. Who  
 am I talking to?

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

Matt flips his phone closed, shocked into panic, mind racing.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - DAY

Thad drops the cell phone into the baggy. Maxime reaches out for it, but he passes it to Johnson instead.

THAD  
 Let Johnson here examine it. He  
 could use the practise.

Her eyes narrow, tongue pushing out her cheek. Even Johnson seems confused, baggy clasped in his fingers.

MAXIME  
 Fine.

She turns on her heels and heads back downstairs, Thad watching her with that look of concern. He turns to Johnson.

THAD  
 Everything about this girl. Every  
 name in her contacts.

JOHNSON  
 I'm on it.

Johnson steps for the doorway...

THAD  
 Johnson...

Johnson halts.

THAD  
 The press don't have a name. Let's  
 keep it that way.

JOHNSON

Got it.

Thad ponders the burnt four post bed, a baffled look etched into his wise face.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

The garage buzzing with maintenance activity. In every DOCKING STALL, CREWS pull receptacles and install new ones.

Matt sitting at the hub desk, combing news websites. His cell phone to his ear, ringing and ringing. He glances around, nervous. Someone answers.

SASHA

(over cell)

Hi, you know the deal...(beep).

MATT

(quietly)

Shash, where is Cathy? I can't get a hold of Monique either. Call me alright.

And then he finds a NEWS STORY with the headline: *Dead Girl found at St. James Monastery*. A Reuters AP photo of the monastery before it burned caps the article.

Matt reads, brushing his hair back again, more dread.

EXT. ST. JAMES MONASTERY - DAY

Just beyond THE ORNATE GATES, Thad, Johnson, and TWO PATROLMAN eye the ground.

Thad kneels down and looks at DUAL WHEEL TIRE TRACKS in the mud. He mashes a finger in the tread wall.

THAD

It's recent enough.

Johnson looks down the length of the tracks.

JOHNSON

(sarcastic)

You wouldn't use a truck to kidnap someone.

ONE OF THE PATROLMAN stands over a single tire track twenty feet from them.

PATROLMAN 1  
 The wheel base is too long, sir.  
 This is more like a bus or  
 something.

Thad and Johnson exchange a glance.

JOHNSON  
 Like I said.

PATROLMAN 2  
 Could be one of those party buses  
 that hop from bar to bar. Who knows  
 where they end up after hours.

JOHNSON  
 What? Way out here?

THAD  
 (eyes the tracks)  
 Call transit authority, see if any  
 went off schedule last night.

JOHNSON  
 (half-hearted)  
 Okay.

Thad strains to rise up, those poor knees again, then glances  
 between the tire tracks and the BURNT CORPSE.

THAD  
 (to himself)  
 Why would you bring her here?

He looks at the ruins, THE STEEPLE, the GABLE WINDOW. It's  
 covered with black bags from inside.

Thad has a thought, remembers. He eyes Johnson, who looks  
 like he's forgotten something.

JOHNSON  
 What I miss now?

THAD  
 A woman died in the fire here.  
 (thinking...)  
 Gene something.

JOHNSON  
 What? You think this girl is  
 connected?

Thad watches...

The Coroner's cut the burnt corpse from the wooden crucifix.

THAD

He dug a hole and put a cross in  
the mud. You don't do that unless  
it means something.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

A hefty guy struts across the garage towards the hub. A lit  
cigar in his hand and a scowl across his face. This is ROLAND  
KNIGHT, 45.

Matt sighs upon seeing him come, fingers hammering the  
keyboard like a diligent computer geek.

Roland steps up onto the elevated platform. He rubs Sabe's  
head and sits down in a vacant chair, the frame squeaking  
under his considerable weight.

ROLAND

Matt, what the hell happened?

MATT

The rotation is out by one, Roland.

ROLAND

Yeah, but now I don't know what  
crew to pay for what bus. I'm  
supposed to send these buses back  
to transit authority on schedule,  
so we all get paid. You follow me  
here?

Matt pecks away, ignoring him as best he can.

MATT

I follow. I follow.

Roland suspires.

ROLAND

Matt, shit, I'd hate to have to  
fire ya.

Matt's fingers stop, he eyeballs Roland.

MATT

Faith, Roland.

ROLAND

I had faith...till this morning.

Matt raises his hand, heard enough.

MATT

I've got it under control.  
Somebody just moved a bus after it  
was GPS locked, so the numbers went  
out of sync.

ROLAND

Matt, I know you've been sleeping  
here for the past three weeks. Now,  
I might not know why you cancelled  
your vacation plans, but we both  
know why you ride that boat to  
work, don't we.

(leans forward)

We got a wagon problem here, Matt?  
Are you falling off?

Matt looks away, doesn't answer. Roland leans back, takes a  
puff of that big cigar.

ROLAND

So, I guess all I'm really asking  
here is; can I count on you?

Matt turns to Roland, pure conviction.

MATT

You can count on me.

Roland lifts himself to his feet with considerable effort.

ROLAND

That's what I needed to hear. I'll  
let you get back to saving the day.

Roland steps down and heads FOR HIS OFFICE across the garage.

MATT

(to himself)

No shit.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A UPS DELIVERY VAN comes up the street and veers into a  
driveway.

A UPS DRIVER, 30, steps down out of the van with a package  
under his arm.

He's delivering to THE BUNGALOW right across from BUS SHELTER  
#120003.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL, 6, presses her pig-tailed face to the FRONT WINDOW, watching THE DRIVER walk to the...

INT. BUGALOW - FRONT DOOR - DAY

She opens the door, smile as wide as sunshine.

GIRL

Hi.

DRIVER

Hi.

A NEWS ANCHOR'S VOICE carries to the door from the livingroom television.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(from tv)

And the police are withholding the name of the girl, the victim of an apparent ritual sacrifice, literally burned at the stake.

The driver smiles at the little girl.

DRIVER

Is your mom home?

And before she can say a word, Mark's wife is at the door.

WIFE

I've got it, Sweetie.

She takes the package and signs the driver's digital sign pad.

DRIVER

Terrible thing, isn't it?

She stops mid signing, slightly annoyed.

WIFE

Excuse me?

DRIVER

The dead girl.

She smiles perfunctorily.

WIFE

Right.

She hands the pad to him.

DRIVER  
Have a nice day.

She eyes him with a rote smile and closes the door, studies the package with a frown.

The little girl bounces, brimming with curiosity.

GIRL  
Open it!

WIFE  
It's for Daddy.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - NIGHT

The garage quiet, the countless stalls abandon.

Matt works urgently, typing, leaning close to his...

PRIMARY SCREEN where A GPS DOT blinks over a MAP OF THE CITY.

He moves his CURSOR ARROW over the DOT.

A message box displays: *GlobalTrek, Inc.*

A double click and...

A COLUMN OF IP'S AND SUBNETS display in a separate window labeled *GlobalTrek Intranet Dedicated Server.*

Another click. A subnet window opens.

He hones down a LIST OF USERS. Stops at *M-RIDDELL*, clicks on the user icon.

A REMOTE DESKTOP displays on the screen with a FAMILY PORTRAIT background of Mark, his wife and little pig-tailed daughter.

Matt wipes his hand over his face, despairing.

MATT  
Let's see what you're up to,  
asshole.

*BEEP!*

An MSN CHAT WINDOW pops up on M-RIDDELL's desktop, THE PROFILE PICTURE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, the kind all men want.

Matt watches M-RIDDELL move his own mouse over the chat box. Starts typing.

*From>>BigGuy: Been trying to call you.*

*From>>Monique362634: Can we meet? Have body ache. Need your cure?*

*From>>BigGuy: I know what I can give you.*

*From>>Monique362634: How about tonight??? I'll be at Pizzazz around 10.*

*From>>BigGuy: Can't wait!!*

Matt's eyes narrow, his lips twist into a snarl.

MATT  
(to himself)  
Monique, what are you doing?

*BEEP!*

A flashing orange MSN alert in the lower corner of Matt's DESKTOP.

He closes M-RIDDELL'S REMOTE DESKTOP then clicks his OWN MSN CHAT WINDOW OPEN.

*From>>TheGateKeeper: Thou should not SPY.*

Matt leans closer to the screen, puzzled.

*From>>TheGateKeeper: Put the buses back or you'll CRY, CRY, CRY!*

He slaps the desk, stands and peers across at ROLAND'S OFFICE, the window masked with blinds, a shadow sitting at the desk.

Matt hops down, marches for...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - ROLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pushes through the door to find Twitch giggling behind Roland's desk, laptop open.

TWITCH  
I had you! I had you! Man, this cracker software is so cool. I totally ghosted your MSN id, dude.

Matt's temper blackens his eyes - cold, harsh eyes.

Twitch quickly realizes it's too far.

TWITCH  
Lighten up, dude.

Matt marches right for him.

Twitch back peddles out of the cushy button tuft chair.

TWITCH  
It was just a joke.

Matt reaches to grab him. Twitch pulls away, wounded and guarded.

TWITCH  
Hey. Chill, dude.

Matt seizes his shirt in both hands, lips snarled.

TWITCH  
The shirt, dude, the shirt.

MATT  
This is no joke, Twitch! If I'm  
fired, it means you're fired! Means  
I loose everything! And you don't  
eat!

Matt pushes Twitch into the wall.

TWITCH  
Matt!

Matt stops, snaps out of the tirade like a man out of a trance. He winces at what he just did.

MATT  
I'm sorry.

He offers a hand. Twitch slaps it away, his ghansta reduced to a scared teenager.

TWITCH  
Get away from me.

Twitch scuttles along the wall, making for the door.

MATT  
(rueful)  
Twitch.

Matt follows Twitch into...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - NIGHT

He gently grabs Twitch's elbow, but Twitch tugs away. He pops his skateboard off the floor into his hand like a pro, then points at Matt.

TWITCH  
No wonder Maxime left you. You're  
an asshole.

MATT  
(wounded)  
Hey...

Twitch mounts his board and skates on through the OPEN MAIN DOORS. Matt jogs after him.

MATT  
(calling)  
Twitch, C'mon,

Twitch skates across the compound, flashes the finger at Matt. He whistles and Sabe gallops to him.

Matt stops at the GARAGE DOORS, sighs, chides himself with a shake of the head.

MATT  
(yelling)  
I'm sorry alright. It's just been  
a...  
(to himself)  
...fucked up day.

*BEEP!*

Matt looks back at his PRIMARY MONITOR on the HUB, curious.

*BEEP!*

He double takes...

Twitch and Sabe disappearing between the buses, INTO THE DARKNESS, gone.

Matt scans around the garage. No one to see - *what the hell?*

*BEEP!*

He steps for...

THE CONTROLL HUB

Hops up and leans close to the monitor, a flashing orange MSN alert in the lower corner of his monitor glinting his face.

He clasps the mouse apprehensively. A click.

*From>>BigGuy:I know your secret!!*

His terror sudden and swift, he jumps off the HUB and tears for...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - ROLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Matt storms through the door. Nothing but the monitor glare from the open lap top.

Matt puffs short breathes, out right scared now. He steps around the desk to see the laptop where...

An MSN alert blinks orange in the lower corner.

He swallows hard, fingers the mouse pad and clicks open the chat window.

*From>>BigGuy: I know who you burned?*

Matt slams the desk, eyes flaring to black anger.

INT. UPS DISTRIBUTION HUB - DISPATCH AREA - NIGHT

An empty maze of cubicles, the din of incoming and outgoing calls. But in one cubicle in the center of the open office is...

SASHA, 25, a vixen with short hair, buster brown running shoes, nose and lip rings, and exceedingly dark eye shadow.

She sits at her WORKSTATION, a wireless headset over her head and mic dangling at her mouth, logging dispatch calls into the UPS system.

A knock behind her. She whirls around to see...

That UPS Driver loitering in her cubicle opening, the smartest of grins stretching his face.

DRIVER

Hey, sexy.

Her eyes narrow.

SASHA  
Did you do it?

He holds up his digital sign pad, grin growing.

DRIVER  
As negotiated.

She reaches across, snaps the pad out of his hand and plugs it into her system port.

DRIVER  
So, did you hear about that girl  
who was torched at the Monastery?

Sasha tenses, dismisses it just as quickly.

SASHA  
(short)  
Yeah, I heard.

DRIVER  
Man, I used to go to beer bashes  
down there, y'know. Pretty creepy.

He parks his rump on her desk, glancing over the cubicle wall for anybody who could hear them.

DRIVER  
So...uh...we had a deal, right,  
Sasha?

Sasha ignores him, pecking her keyboard.

On HER MONITOR a list of deliveries display. Mark Riddell highlighted.

Sasha hits delete. The delivery gone.

She turns to him with a forced smile.

SASHA  
So, where do you want it?

He grins, aroused.

INT. UPS FLEET GARAGE - NIGHT

Where rows of UPS STEP VANS are parked in long rows. Moans echo from...

ONE DELIVERY STEP VAN in the middle of the garage where...

INT. UPS STEP VAN - NIGHT

Inside the empty truck the driver sits sideways behind the wheel, head tipped back, deep moans leaking from his open mouth while out of sight, below the windshield...

Sasha's head bobs up and down over his groin.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Maxime pushes a LOADED cart into the checkout line.

KEESHA, 6, dawdles behind. She's way too cute, hair a bundle of curls and big, blue eyes popping mischievously at the candy rack.

She snaps a chocolate bar and tosses it onto the grocery conveyor.

Maxime frowns.

MAXIME  
I don't think so.

KEESHA  
Please, mommy.

The bar goes back.

MAXIME  
How about 'no'.

ZACK POYSER, 50, a portly guy in the next CHECK OUT line is smiling at Keesha's little antic. He waves at Maxime.

She returns a smile and wave of her own.

Keesha eyes him suspiciously.

KEESHA  
Who's that?

MAXIME  
A friend of Grandpa's.

Keesha waves eagerly at Zack with a big, toothy smile.

He chuckles and waves back the way adults do at cute little kids.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A BMW CONVERTIBLE pulls into THAT SAME DRIVE WAY ACROSS FROM THE GLASS BUS SHELTER #120003.

Mark climbs from behind the wheel in a suit and tie and laptop case slung over his shoulder. He looks at the bus shelter, regret.

He walks inside...

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

And ambles into the kitchen.

WIFE (O.S.)  
(calling from the hall)  
Mark, is that you?

The Wife wonders in wrapped in a nightgown.

WIFE  
Hey, honey.

Mark barely responds, slipping his LAPTOP case on the counter beside the UPS package.

WIFE  
That came for you today. Is it about the lawsuit?

He reads the label, curious and anxious.

*TO: Mark Riddell / FROM: Cathy Siets/Uptown Apartments.*

Mark's eyes widen then quickly conceal any shock.

MARK  
Yeah, I think it is.

He turns to his wife with a straight face.

She's commingled accusation and denial.

WIFE  
Who's Cathy?

He does his best to lie.

MARK  
A new assistant.

He smiles thinly, takes the package, heads for the basement stairs.

Her arms fold indignantly.

WIFE  
Where are you going? Aren't you hungry?

MARK  
Eat later.

And he's gone.

The wife steps to the stairs, jealousy burning.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Mark heads straight for the computer desk, tears open the package.

He pulls out A BABY'S JUMPER SUIT.

He collapses into his chair, deep breaths. Something else in the package. He reaches in, retrieves a...

A DVD DISC.

He contemplates if he should or not, then slides the DVD DISC into the computer and an instant later is watching...

VIDEO SHOT THROUGH HIS GARAGE WINDOW - CAUGHT FUCKING CATHY ON THE WORKBENCH!!

WIFE (O.S.)  
(calling from upstairs)  
Mark?

Mark rubs his forehead, hand twitching, eyelids shudder he's so freaked out.

*BEEP!*

An orange MSN alert flashes on his screen.

He startles. His eyes squeeze, stressing.

He clicks open his MSN chat window while Cathy's moans trickle over the computer speakers.

*From>>TheGateKeeper: Naughty, naughty.*

Mark grits fear to anger. Slam's his fist on the desk.

MARK

No!

Feet stir upstairs, the sound of slippers scuff the floor to the stairs.

WIFE (O.S.)

(from upstairs)

Mark, are you okay, baby?

Mark's fist clenches till the knuckles go white, he struggles to keep his calm.

MARK

I'm fine.

Her slippers scuff off the kitchen floor above him.

Mark trembles, shakes his head, a decision made. He types.

*From>>BigGuy: You were only supposed to scare her.*

Mark closes the window, heaves the keyboard tray into the desk, pushes himself away, his face buried in shaking hands.

*BEEP!*

Mark gasps, watches...

His cursor move on it's own across the screen, clicking the flashing MSN alert.

He swallows hard, breathes heavy, commingled fear and dread.

*From>>TheGateKeeper: Piglet, piglet, I've got the cure....Piglet, Piglet a little girl should be PURE!!!!!!*

Mark trembles, lips vibrating he's so fucked up.

He slides his chair to the desk, slips the keyboard out. He types, defeated.

*From>>BigGuy: Don't hurt my daughter.*

*From>>TheGateKeeper: Where?*

*From>>BigGuy: Pizzazz.*

Mark trembles, deep gasps.

MARK

Fuck.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maxime and Keesha haul *green friendly*, reusable grocery sacks in and plunk them on the island counter.

There's an impressive view OF THE RIVER beyond the KITCHEN BAY WINDOW where neither notice...

The BANSHEE SKI BOAT idle by.

Keesha uses all her strength to lift a grocery sack onto the island. A beaming smile.

KEESHA

Can I stay up to watch TV?

MAXIME

No.

KEESHA

(irked)

But I helped.

MAXIME

(firm)

Keesha.

KEESHA

(pouty)

Sorry, mommy.

Maxime points down the hall...

KEESHA

(defeated)

I'll go brush my teeth.

Keesha trudges off with one more sad-eyed gaze. Her bottom lip pushed out - *please*.

Maxime just shakes her head and points.

MAXIME

Now.

EXT. BANSHEE SKI BOAT - IDLING - NIGHT

(BINOCULAR VIEW): MAXIME'S KITCHEN WINDOW where Maxime puts away groceries. Then we look up at A SECOND STORY WINDOW and see Keesha brushing her teeth.

Matt SPIES ON THEM from the boat, struggling with something. Then he tilts the binoculars down and sees...

(BINOCULAR VIEW): Maxime looking right at him through the window! She rips the blinds closed.

*Shit!* He tosses the binoculars, clamps the wheel and guns the throttle.

The outboard roars the bow into the air.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Keesha dabs her face with a towel like a little lady. Then...

THE DISTANT SOUND OF A BOAT ROARING AWAY ON THE RIVER.

She gasps excitedly, climbs onto a step-stool and presses her nose to the window.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maxime at the window, dire. She ruefully looks up to...

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KEESHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxime comes in to find Keesha hiding something under her pink covers, SOMETHING emitting faint STROBES OF LIGHT.

Maxime stands over the bed, her hand out...

MAXIME

Give it.

Keesha pouts and slips A STROBBING KID'S FIREFLY PHONE from under the covers.

Maxime takes the phone, looks at it. She shakes her head and presses the strobe button. Pretty lights gone. She looks at Keesha with that irked eyebrow.

MAXIME

I thought we talked about this.

Keesha folds her arms, scowls.

KEESHA

If you take it away, Grandpa will be mad.

Another reprimanding glare. Keesha's tiny arms relax, relenting.

KEESHA  
 I'm just saying.  
 (proud smile)  
 I'm Grandpa's little firefly.

MAXIME  
 Uh huh. Down.

She TUCKS Keesha in tight and nuzzles her cute little nose.

MAXIME  
 Good night.

And as Maxime is about to turn off the light...

KEESHA  
 Mommy, ...I heard a boat.

Maxime forces a smile.

MAXIME  
 There's lots of boats on the river,  
 Keesha.

KEESHA  
 Can't we just see him sometimes?

MAXIME  
 Maybe.

Keesha beams.

KEESHA  
 Really?

MAXIME  
 We'll talk about it tomorrow. Get  
 to sleep.

Her little head plunks the pillow.

KEESHA  
 Love.

MAXIME  
 Love too.

Maxime hangs there a beat, reconciling guilt, then lights  
 off.

EXT. BANSHEE SKI BOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

Matt veers the boat for a dock, throttles down.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

He ties the boat off then walks across the yard for A MODEST HOUSE.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - BACKDOOR - NIGHT

He finds a note taped to the back door.

MATT

(reads)

Matt, I've lost Tickles again. If you see him, please call. Mrs. Rowe.

Matt glances across the yard and brush at THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE and sees...

A cute MRS. ROWE, 70, waving at him through her kitchen widow.

He grits a neighborly smile and tugs the note off the window.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The house cluttered, dishes from days ago stacked in the sink, the ISLAND COUNTER a mess of newspapers and junk mail.

Matt walks in, hangs the boat keys on...

A KEY RACK BY THE DOOR

Beside a ring of keys with a Mustang key tag.

He puts the cell on the island. Then...

A FLOOR CREAK IN ANOTHER ROOM

Matt freezes. He eyes...

HIS BEDROOM DOOR AJAR

He steps slowly across the room and opens the BEDROOM DOOR.

The bedroom dark and forboding. Bedroom curtains billowing gently over the open window.

Something not right. Matt steps across the room, closes the window, flips the SILL LOCK closed.

Suddenly...

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS on the island.

He startles, leaves, closes the bedroom door. He chuckles off being spooked.

He grabs the cell, eyes caller ID.

Hymax Psychiatric Hospital.

This confounds him. He answers.

MATT  
(to cell)  
Yeah.

DOCTOR NORRIS  
(over cell)  
Matt. Doctor Norris at Hymax.

Norris sounds old, wise and diligent.

DOCTOR NORRIS  
I wanted to know how the visit is going?

Matt's face tenses.

MATT  
Visit?

DOCTOR NORRIS  
Yes. I'm told you came by day before yesterday. I'm glad. Is Merreck doing okay?

Matt glances back at his closed bedroom door, around the room, suddenly paranoid.

MATT  
He's doing fine.

DOCTOR NORRIS  
That's great. This is good progress, Matt. I'm going to put in a recommendation to the board that he be put into our outpatient program permanently.

Matt freezes, surprised.

MATT  
And you need me to authorize that, right?

DOCTOR NORRIS  
Well, considering this break  
through, yes. It would help to have  
a family member endorse the motion.

Matt grips the phone, eyes going black.

MATT  
He can rot there.

DOCTOR NORRIS  
What! I don't understand\_\_.

MATT  
Good-bye.

Matt flips the phone closed, deeply troubled. He fishes the HEART LOCKET out of his jeans pocket. He opens it. Bites his lip and grimaces at what he sees inside.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He pulls open a top drawer. He hides the LOCKET among his socks then pauses. He's found...

A PICTURE OF HIM, KEESHA AND MAXIME.

He stares at himself in the dresser mirror. A harsh, cold look at his own reflection, contempt.

He slips open the bottom drawer. Moves folded pairs of jeans hiding a BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS.

Matt stares, urge overwhelming.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - MAXIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maxime on the edge of her bed, navigating THE FIREFLY PHONE.

She pauses ruefully when she finds...

MATT in the CONTACTS LIST.

His name weighing on her. She deletes MATT'S ENTRY then hides the phone UP IN HER CLOSET SHELF.

She closes the closet doors and steps back to the bed and sits. She tips her head into her lap and cries.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

THE BLACK GLOVED HAND grabs the *Mustang key ring* ON THE KEY RACK.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Black Hiking boots step down the porch steps and along the walk around the house.

The *Mustang* keys twirl around the BLACK GLOVED FINGER.

A TWIG SNAPS in the treed yard.

He kneels down.

We peer into the brush between the yard and Mrs. Rowe's house. Crouched among the tangle of branches we see...

A CAT hisses at us and bolts across the yard for Mrs. Rowe's house.

THE BLACK HIKING BOOTS continue for the...

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door lifts, moonlight pours in, revealing a vintage RED '68 MUSTANG.

THE BLACK GLOVED HAND juggles the keys, eager.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A motor starts. The Mustang squeals out of the garage, swerves out of the driveway, and tears down the street, the engine roaring.

INT. CLUB PIZZAZZ - NIGHT

Salsa rhythms ricochet through the dazzling night club.

Strobes of neon light rack the walls with psychedelic patterns.

Energy riddles from the dance floor where hips gyrate and sweaty bodies groove together.

AT THE BAR the statuesque MONIQUE, 26, tips shooters with three GIRLFRIENDS, 20'S.

Men hover, hopping to be noticed.

Monique holds up four fingers at THE BARTENDER, 20's. He knows exactly what she wants.

More shot glasses filled.

Monique and her girls reach for them, cleavage spilling everywhere.

The men around them in heaven.

Then out of nowhere a brash women grabs Monique's arm, spilling the shot.

MONIQUE

Fuck!

Monique shoves her.

MONIQUE

What the hell, Sasha?

Sasha steps right back into Monique, close enough to nearly touch noses.

SASHA

Has Cathy called you yet, Monique?

Sasha looks right into her eyes, but Monique just stares back defiantly.

MONIQUE

I don't think she'll call me, y'know. But she should call me and thank me. She has to learn to not fall in love every time she gets laid, y'know.

Sasha rolls her eyes.

SASHA

You're unbelievable.

MONIQUE

That's what I'm told.

Monique passes her a full shooter glass.

MONIQUE

Stop worrying. She's just pouting somewhere, as usual. She'll be fine.

Monique tips the shot with her girlfriends. Sasha reluctant, concerned a beat, then downs the shot.

Monique leads her girls for the dance floor. Sasha doesn't follow.

Monique dominates the floor, gyrates, getting instant attention. She smiles at Sasha, her finger beckoning with a naughty grin.

Sasha shakes her head, smiles and steps through the bar for the floor.

EXT. CLUB PIZZAZZ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Monique struts out of the club for...

A SASSY PINK MIATA CONVERTIBLE

She slinks her long legs into the...

EXT. MIATA - NIGHT

Adjusts the rearview, checks her make - up and fishes...

A LIPSTICK out of her purse WHERE AN INSULIN NEEDLE is stashed.

Her cell phone BUZZES.

( *Text message from Matt* ) *Behind you!!*

She gushes AND LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR seeing...

A VINTAGE RED '68 MUSTANG hard top parked at the BACK OF THE LOT. The headlights flick on. The engine roars.

Monique starts her car, tussles her hair, flirting.

EXT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

BLACK GLOVES hold MATT'S CELL PHONE.

The LCD with MONIQUE highlighted.

The BLACK HIKING BOOT tromps the gas. The engine revs.

EXT. MIATA - NIGHT

Monique giggles and revs her car, her mouth pouting with sexual anticipation. She rams the shifter into drive and peels off.

EXT. CLUB PIZZAZZ - PARKINGLOT - NIGHT

Sasha steps out of the club, surprised seeing...

The MUSTANG roar out of the parking lot after the PINK MIATA.

She steps around the corner of the club, shocked and pissed.

She digs her HER CELL PHONE out of her purse. She speed dials a number.

MATT (O.S.)

(over cell)

Hi, you've got Matt. I'm sure you've done this before, so just do it again at the...(beep).

SASHA

(to cell phone)

Hey, what the fuck? I just saw you tearing off after Monique. Call me back.

(flips the cell closed)

Fuck, Matt.

She digs in the other pocket, pulls out A VILE, pops the top, scoops her pinky finger inside and SNORTS A HIT OF COKE. She let's the HIGH do it's work.

She slides down the wall onto her haunches, hands pressing against her head. She wipes her nose, snorts residue from her pinky nail.

She makes another call on her cell.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Cathy's cell phone rings on a desk lit by a lone lamp.

Thad stops writing on a pad, eyes the phone in front of him curiously.

Sasha

EXT. CLUB PIZZAZZ - PARKINGLOT - NIGHT

Sasha hangs up, taps the phone to her forehead, worried.

SASHA

Fuck, Cath.

EXT. UPTOWN APARTMENT TOWER - NIGHT

Monique's pink MIATA descends into the underground parking lot. The MUSTANG cruises on past.

INT. UPTOWN APARTMENT TOWER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Monique steps off the elevator and walks like a runway model down the hall, glancing over her shoulder, anticipation.

She punches a CODE on her KEYPAD DOOR LOCK and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

She kicks her shoes off before the door even closes. Pulls her dress down. Sexy in a black push up and scant panties.

She darts across the room, the stereo flicked on with *Roxy music*.

On the ENTERTAINMENT UNIT, we see a PHOTO OF MONIQUE AND MATT, arms wrapped around each other, kissing for the camera.

Monique hurries down the hallway, snaps her bra and let's it drop to the floor at her bedroom door.

INT. UPTOWN APARTMENT TOWER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

BLACK LEATHER GLOVES punch Monique's KEYPAD LOCK CODE. A tumbler click and the door gives way to...

INT. APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

BLACK GLOVES push the door closed - turn the KEY LOCK. *Roxy Music* playing.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door eases open, hallway light spilling into the dark bedroom. THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN stands in the doorway.

Monique is on her BED ON ALL FOURS, facing away from the door, her back arching her perfectly formed ass. She's wanting and ready.

MONIQUE

Oh, Matt. It's been so long, baby.

THE SHADOW OF THE MAN steps closer to her. The GLOVED HAND touching her buttocks. She moans.

MONIQUE

(breathless)

I want you so bad.

MAN

(menacing)

So do I.

*What!* Her eyes rip wide, gasping. Before she can turn around, BLACK LEATHER GLOVES seize her neck and press over her mouth and nose, smothering any scream she could hope to have.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hallway light seeps under the bedroom door.

Monique's blackened eyes streaked with tears and mascara, blood trickling from her nose and ears. Her mouth gagged. Complete terror consuming her.

She's lying facedown on her bed, stripped naked, rope spooled around her neck, looping under the bed frame and tied to her wrists, pulling her arms over the edge.

Her ankles lassoed to the bed posts, anchoring her legs into a forced spread eagle.

Roxy Music rises beyond the room.

A SHADOW CREEPS UNDER THE DOOR

Monique gasps.

The door creaks open. The silhouette of A MAN IN THE DOORWAY.

BLACK HIKING BOOTS step inside the door, the sliver of HALLWAY light sneaking under.

Monique whimpers, the gag removed, fear welling in her eyes.

The BLACK GLOVED HAND violently forces a FULL POP BOTTLE into her mouth before she can scream.

She gags and chokes, most of it spilling over the bed and dripping down her chest.

The empty pop bottle tossed. The gag stuffed back into her mouth.

Her cries muffled, mascara running down her cheeks.

The BLACK GLOVED HAND lovingly moves her hair out of her face, away from her eyes.

Her INSULIN NEEDLE is set meticulously on the settee, needle up, out of her reach.

The moment she sees it, her eyes rip wide, yelling through the gag. She trashes against the rope binding her.

A chair by the door is pulled to the middle of the room. He sits, watching. The gloved fingers interlock, patient.

The rope looped under the bed vibrates like a guitar string against the thrashing.

Monique stops, breathing hard, staring hopelessly at the needle. A muffled scream, she pulls at her ropes again, arms and legs straining to be free.

Then she's still, puffing even harder. The needle taunting her. She cries through the gag, terrified.

The interlocked black gloves tighten, anticipating.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

WHITE EYES RIP OPEN

In the room washed with FULL MOON, the BURNED old man stares into the darkness with oxygen prongs in place.

He mutters the Lord's prayer, then...a grin. His haunting white eyes, a horrific pate.

His cackle echoes to...

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Matt startles awake in bed. He grabs his head, a brutal headache. He's surprised to find himself where he is. He rolls out of bed in nothing but a T-shirt and boxers, confounded.

He picks up AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS off the floor. This isn't good.

He grabs his worn jeans off the floor and...

*BEEP!*

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Matt goes strait for his CELL PHONE on the island, snaps it up.

*INBOX(1) - Voice mail message.*

He presses buttons, puts it to his ear, anxious.

SASHA  
(over cell)  
Hey, what the fuck?  
(MORE)

SASHA (cont'd)  
I just saw you tearing off after  
Monique. Call me back.

*What?!* Matt hustles for the...

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

He rips open the TOP DRAWER, digging through the socks. It's not there!

MATT  
Fuck!

Unbridled anger tears the drawer from the dresser and HE flings it across the bedroom, smashing into the wall.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

He runs to the island, scoops up his cell then stops cold, seeing...

The KEY RACK. Only the boat keys dangling - *Shit!*

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Sunlight pours in as Matt heaves up the OVERHEAD door.

A pool of blood is puddled in the middle of the garage, dripping from...

A cat's furry paws.

It's Tickles strung a few feet off the floor from the joists, clothesline cord lassoed around his broken neck. Mrs. Rowe's crumpled note stuck to his chest with a kitchen steak knife.

Matt leans forward on his knees, sucking deep breaths.

MRS. ROWE (O.S.)  
(from her yard)  
Tickles.

Matt pounds his thighs. He pulls the steak knife out of the cat, cuts it down, tosses it in the garbage can, then runs for...

EXT. MATT'S DOCK - DAY

Hitting the dock running, tosses the lines and hops in the BANSHEE SKI BOAT, sparking the engine and gunning the throttle.

EXT. BANSHEE SKI BOAT - MOVING - DAY

Matt pilots, cell phone to his ear.

MATT

Twitch. Get #154 into the wash bay. I don't care. Do it now!

He flips his phone closed. Hammers the throttle.

EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

The SKI BOAT racing down river at 60mph.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A BACKHOE TRACTOR sputters against a GREYED SKY.

The OPERATOR, 40, with a John Deere cap pushed up his forehead, maneuvers the old burial ground dotted with extravagant headstones.

HE STOPS AT A *BURIAL MARKER*.

THE STEADY LEGS whine down into place, lifting the back wheels, the BACKHOE DIGGER high in the air, ready to PLOW A NEW HOLE when...

The Operator sees something from his cab.

He looks WAY ACROSS THE CEMETERY where...

A NAKED WOMAN LAYS OVER A GRAVE

Her feet perfectly together, rope burns around the ankles and wrists. Hands cupped over her exposed genitals. She's young, supple, ghostly white with perfect breasts.

It's MONIQUE! Eyes closed, peaceful. Red rope burn around her neck.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

The garage busy, in every stall crews work away.

Matt climbs up into the hub and fires up the computer. An urgency to everything he does.

He pops the back of his CELL PHONE and snaps out the SIM CARD, injecting it into a USB READER.

His eyes flick over the bustling garage and back at Roland's office, anxious.

The instant the computer is booted, he clicks the mouse and opens...

A SIM SCAN PROGRAM, HIS PHONE HISTORY DISPLAYING. The VIRTUAL BUS PROGRAM LAUNCHES, the macros auto sorting through the VIRTUAL BUSES and locking on **BUS #154**.

Matt glances ACROSS the garage at the...

WASH BAY as TWITCH MANEUVERS **Bus #154** into the stall.

Matt tenses at the sight of it, then combs DOWN THE PHONE HISTORY ON HIS SCREEN, highlighting the LAST CALL TO CATHY. 1:50am.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Monique's corpse ON THE GRAVE, positioned like the VIRGIN MARY, pristine and perfect.

An army of uniforms and forensics comb over the cemetery.

Thad ruefully looks at the corpse lying there in the morning sun. He takes a closer look at the rope burns around her ankles, wrists and neck.

He reads...

The GRAVESTONE: "*Gene Halan - born 1963; died 1990*"

Thad intrigued as Johnson leans over his shoulder.

THAD  
(points at the gravestone)  
Notice the name.

JOHNSON  
Is that the Gene someone you were talking about. She died in the monastery fire?

THAD  
Yep.

JOHNSON  
So, it's the same killer then?

THAD  
(looking at Monique)  
First one is the sacrifice. This one the statement. But why?

JOHNSON  
Weird. Transit didn't report any  
buses off route last night. Thought  
you'd want to know.

Thad focuses on her CUPPED HANDS.

THAD  
Didn't figure on any to be honest.

Johnson frowns at that. He points at the rope burns.

JOHNSON  
What do you make of those?

THAD  
Not sure...yet

Thad pulls on latex gloves and carefully opens her CUPPED  
HANDS, concealing THE SILVER HEART LOCKET!

Thad carefully opens it. Shocked when he sees...

JOHNSON  
Hey, isn't that..?

A PICTURE OF MATT INSIDE!

THAD  
What the sam hell..?

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - DAY

On the PRIMARY MONITOR the GPS MAP for Bus #154 is open, the  
LAST STOP **#120003** FLASHING RED. The cursor arrow clicks it  
and A QUICKTIME SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of the BUS SHELTER  
generates.

On a SECONDARY MONITOR is Matt's phone history list with the  
last call to Cathy highlighted. 1:50AM

Matt clicks the VIDEO WINDOW and watches...

CATHY SITTING IN THE BUS SHELTER THAT NIGHT, mascara running  
down her cheeks, rubbing that SILVER HEART LOCKET NECKLACE.

Matt hides his mouth behind his folded hands, concealing  
grimaces from the workers - hard to watch.

Then Cathy FLIPS OPEN HER CELL PHONE. She wipes a tear.  
SUDDENLY LIGHT FROM AN APPROACHING BUS BLEACHES HER WHITE.

Matt PAUSES the frame. THE TIME CLOCK on the video is 1:50am. *Shit!*

He looks over at BUS#154 in the WASH BAY. The monitor, the wash bay, a decision to make. He shakes his head, rubs his blonde hair back and...

A keystroke; VIDEO DELETED!!

Another stroke; the GPS history for Bus #154 - DELETED!!

Another stroke; SIM CARD PHONE HISTORY - DELETED.

He pops the SIM CARD back into his phone.

*BEEP!*

An MSN alert blinking orange in the lower corner of the screen.

He clicks it.

*From PunkGirl:>> Monique didn't come home last night?*

Matt shakes his head, surprised.

MATT

Well, there you are, Sasha.

He types.

*From TheGateKeeper:>> Meet me at the ruins in an hour.*

*From PunkGirl:>> Why there?*

*From TheGateKeeper:>> We need to talk.*

He snaps open a lower drawer, grabs A GPS LOCATOR and GPS MICRO TRANSMITTER.

He kicks the drawer closed, hops off the hub and marches through the bustling garage for THE MASSIVE OPEN DOORS.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - WASH BAY - DAY

Twitch stands there with the pressure washer looped over his shoulder, drenched and pissed. He watches...

Matt leave.

Twitch's arms flop, annoyed.

TWITCH  
Great! We are so fired.

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

A CADAVER LOCKER opens and a body tray slides out.

Maxime pulls back the white sheet covering the charred mess that used to be Cathy Siets.

Thad studies his victim, pity commingled with confusion.

THAD  
She was pregnant? How far?

MAXIME  
Three, four weeks.

Maxime pops ANOTHER LOCKER OPEN, slides Monique out on another slab.

MAXIME  
Both had been strangled. But not enough to cause death.

THAD  
Just enough to subdue them?

MAXIME  
We could assume that.  
(points at Cathy)  
But she definitely died on that cross.

THAD  
(points at Monique)  
Miss Bouvie?

MAXIME  
She died of anaphylactic shock.

Thad's eyes flick up - *what?*

MAXIME  
I'm guessing he didn't know she was a diabetic.

THAD  
No sacrifice, no point maybe. Not sure what that tells me.

MAXIME

Well, maybe this will help. Miss Bouvie had sex in the last eight hours.

THAD

Sex or rape?

MAXIME

Sex. Found semen in her vagina and mouth.

Thad's hand raises, his face turning away.

THAD

Max, please.

She rolls her eyes.

MAXIME

Anyway, I found semen residue in Cathy Siets and ran the smears from both of them. Same man, so either they shared the same lover or maybe...

THAD

The same killer.

MAXIME

Exactly.

Thad looks at the corpses, shaking his head.

THAD

I'll be damned.

Johnson walks in with a folder in his hand.

JOHNSON

Our girls were both orphans. And guess where?

THAD

St. James Monastery.

JOHNSON

No big surprise there.

THAD

(to Maxime)  
Connection.

JOHNSON

Yeah, well, it's not the only connection. I finally got through Siet's cell phone calls.

Thad side glances Maxime, stiffens, a subtle nod at Johnson.

THAD

Ah...

JOHNSON

A lot of girl friend calls, including Monique Bouvie here. But a whole lot of calls to one number in particular the night she died. A Mark Riddell. He's the CEO of GlobalTrek, Inc. So, she like 'em rich.

Maxime's mouth drops open.

MAXIME

Are you kidding?

JOHNSON

No, why?

MAXIME

He was Matt's partner. Matt was suing him for copyright violation for the GPS software he created.

Johnson smiles at Thad, who nods 'no' without Maxime noticing.

JOHNSON

That would explain Matt in Cathy Siets's call history and\_\_\_.

THAD

Johnson!

Maxime flabbergasted.

MAXIME

What!

Thad takes the folder from Johnson, a heavy sigh.

Johnson side glances Maxime, realizing.

Maxime looks between them.

MAXIME  
What is going on?

She glares Thad.

Johnson's cell phone rings and he pops it open and leaves the room. Thad waits till the doors close behind Johnson.

THAD  
Turns out Cathy Siets called Matt  
shortly before she died.

Maxime beyond shocked.

MAXIME  
What?

She realizes something, a deep breath.

MAXIME  
Was it Matt that called her phone  
at the monastery?

Thad shrugs, nods, guilty.

MAXIME  
That's why you gave her phone to  
Johnson.

Maxime finds a chair and sinks into it, her face flushed and hurt. Thad regretful as hell.

THAD  
Sorry. Had to be sure.

He rubs her shoulder. He makes for the door, opens it.

THAD  
I'll call you later.

MAXIME  
Dad.

He pauses, hearing *Dad* warming him.

MAXIME  
Why didn't you ask me what happened  
between us?

Thad eases the door closed.

THAD

I could see what was happening. You two weren't the same. The drinking, the DUI...I liked him, just wasn't sure I could trust him with my two girls. And it really wasn't my business to know more than that.

Maxime smirks at herself, humiliated.

MAXIME

I was such a fool. He just wasn't ready for...us.

She smiles with that vulnerability that says so much. Thad steps to her, kisses her head tenderly.

THAD

How 'bout I come over tonight, whip up a stew.

MAXIME

Sure.

THAD

Okay.

He leaves Maxime sitting in the lab with her doubts and regrets.

EXT. LAB CORRIDOR - DAY

Thad pauses at the door, glances through the lab window at Maxime, regretting her pain, then walks up to Johnson, who sports the most annoying grin.

THAD

Well, tell me before you burst.

JOHNSON

I checked out Sasha Miller like you asked. She was Monique Bouvie's roommate.

Thad pushes up his fedora.

THAD

Let me guess. An orphan.

JOHNSON

St. James Monastery.

EXT. RIVER - MAXIME'S HOUSE - DAY

The BANSHEE SKI BOAT zooms to the dock and thrushes to a slow idle. Matt trains BINOCULARS on...

(Binocular view): The drive way. No Jeep. No signs of life in the house.

He steers for the dock, glancing up and down the river.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

*Ding Dong...*

Sasha skirts to the door, wrapped in a bath towel, eyes dark and emotions running high. She rubs her face and OPENS THE DOOR to...

Thad and Johnson. Thad smiles a salesman's smile.

THAD  
Sasha Miller?

SASHA  
(demur)  
Yeah.

A badge is flashed.

THAD  
We need to ask you some questions.  
Could we come in, please?

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - DAY

Matt runs off the dock TO THE BACK DOOR.

He runs his hand under the PORCH RAILING until he finds A DOOR KEY.

He glances around - no eyes from prying neighbors.

INT. APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha rapidly sending a TEXT MESSAGE on her cell phone.

*Message: Police are here!*

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Matt goes straight for the house alarm keypad, punches in A CODE - *disabled*.

His cell phone vibrates.

*Message: Police are here!*

He replies, flips the phone away then heads up stairs.

INT. APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

She reads Matt's reply.

*Message: Lie to them.*

SASHA  
(whispers)  
Fuck!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Sasha lumbers in and sits down in baggy sweats, short hair still wet, fidgety as hell.

Thad sits on the couch. Johnson stands. They notice everything.

SASHA  
Sorry 'bout that.

THAD  
No problem.

SASHA  
It's just...a shock, y'know.

Sasha wipes her eyes, rubs her nose, snuffling.

Thad and Johnson exchange a glance. Johnson's eye brow lalts.

THAD  
We're you with her last night?

SASHA  
Yeah, kind of.

THAD  
Kind of..?

SASHA  
I just made it to the club before she left.

JOHNSON  
Which club?

SASHA  
Pizzazz.

JOHNSON  
(to Thad)  
A dance bar.

THAD  
Do you know who she was seeing?

SASHA  
There was never just one.

THAD  
How 'bout a Mark Riddell?

SASHA  
(defiant)  
There was never just one.

Sasha fidgets, needs a hit.

THAD  
I see. How long had you two known  
each other?

SASHA  
Long enough to know there was never  
just one.

Another glance between detectives.

And then Thad notices THE PICTURES on the ENTERTAINMENT UNIT.  
He stiffens.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KEESHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt Pops open the night stand drawer and freezes.

The same photo of HIM, KEESHA AND MAXIME is tucked inside.

He dismisses it, digs through more drawers. Still no luck.  
Then an idea. HE FLIPS OPEN HIS CELL, presses a speed dial.

He barely hears A KID'S CELL PHONE RINGING from another room.

He runs to follow it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Thad gets up and steps to the ENTERTAINMENT UNIT.

THAD  
(to Shasha)  
Do you mind?

Sasha rubs her nose, twists her fingers. A smart-assed smile.

SASHA  
Don't you need a warrant or  
something?

Thad eyes her, suspicious.

THAD  
Why?

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - MAXIME'S BEDROOM - DAY

Muffled cell phone ring sings from THE CLOSET. Matt whips open the doors, fishes his hand up inside and finds...

KEESHA'S FIREFLY PHONE

Ringling and strobbing.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

That PICTURE OF MONIQUE AND MATT, arm in arm and lip locked for the camera.

Thad holds it in his hands, pure disappointment.

THAD  
How long ago was this taken?

Sasha leans back on the couch, a good liar.

SASHA  
A couple of years. I think he's an  
old boyfriend or something.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - MAXIME'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt grips Keesha's FIREFLY PHONE, pops out the SIM CARD and slips the GPS MICRO TRANSMITTER inside the SIM COVER.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Sasha LOOKING at the picture in Thad's hand with a slight swallow. A reaction both Thad and Johnson register.

SASHA  
I can't remember his name. Like I  
said...there were quite a few.

Thad's suspicion stirs. Sasha fidgets nervously.

SASHA  
So is there anything else you need  
from me?

Thad eyes her.

THAD  
Might help to see her bedroom, her  
personal things.

Sasha grins, hesitant.

SASHA  
I don't usually go in her room.  
She's really fucking weird about  
that.

Thad and Johnson exchange a smirk.

THAD  
Make an exception.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KEESHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt puts the FIREFLY PHONE under her PINK BLANKET.

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY

Matt ARMS the keypad alarm and leaves, replacing THE KEY  
under the railing.

INT. APARTMENT - MONIQUE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha bites her nails, fidgety as hell.

Thad studies the PERFECTLY MADE BED.

The chair in the middle of the room facing the bed.

A full insulin needle sitting straight up on the settee.

THAD  
(pointing at the needle)  
She usually leave that?

Sasha bothered by the needle herself.

SASHA  
No.  
(sudden concern)  
Not ever.

Thad notes clothes still lying where they were thrown.  
A black bra and panties on the floor by the DOOR.

THAD  
We're you in this room today?

SASHA  
No. She sleeps all day, y'know.  
She's a waitress at Pizzazz.

THAD  
The bed is still made?

SASHA  
(shrugs)  
She usually goes to the guys place.  
It's kind of a rule with us.

And then Thad sees...

A PIECE OF ROPE DANGLING BELOW THE BED SPREAD.

He lifts the blanket. The rope running up the bed.

He glances Sasha, her puzzled expression fueling him on.

He yanks the blankets off the bed.

Sasha gasps, backing into the wall, sliding down to her haunches.

SASHA  
Oh fuck! Oh fuck! I knew it! I told  
her. Fuck!

Thad stares at her, baffled.

THAD  
Told her?

Sasha bites her nails and jitters against the wall.

Johnson walks in. He sees the bed.

JOHNSON  
Jesus.

Bloodied rope is still knotted around the bed posts, the lasso and gag cloth on the pillow, blood stains where hands and feet were bound.

Thad studies the rope, the up right needle on the settee, the gag cloth on the pillow.

THAD  
He tied her up and watched her die.

Johnson reaches into a corner, picks up an empty pop bottle.

JOHNSON  
Well, this can't be good for a diabetic.

Thad watches Sasha twitching against the wall, biting her nails.

THAD  
She's lying.

Johnson smirks.

JOHNSON  
Oh yeah.

INT. APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Johnson sitting at a COMPUTER DESK with Thad looking over his shoulder, watching...

THE VIDEO OF MARK FUCKING CATHY IN THE GARAGE.

Cathy's moans trickling out of the speakers.

Sasha paces behind them, helpless and pissed and needing a hit.

SASHA  
Okay, I'm pretty sure you guys need a warrant for that.

THAD  
(to Johnson)  
Did you break in?

JOHNSON  
Not me. Walked by, the door was open, the computer was on, this video was paused.

Thad throws that salesman's smile at Sasha.

THAD  
And you let us in.  
(points at the video)  
(MORE)

THAD (cont'd)  
 You wanna tell me why you have  
 video of Cathy Siets and who I'm  
 guessing is Mark Riddell?

Sasha sighs, caught.

SASHA  
 The pig got her pregnant. We just  
 wanted him to pay for the kid.

THAD  
 We? You and Cathy?

SASHA  
 No, she was in love with him. As  
 usual.

Thad glares at her, waiting the truth.

Sasha rolls her eyes.

SASHA  
 Me and Monique.

Johnson hands a cell phone to Thad, eyeing Sasha with no  
 reaction whatsoever.

Thad looks at the phone. He tenses. He leans close to Sasha,  
 holding the LCD display to her face.

*Message: Lie to them.*

THAD  
 (harsh)  
 You still want to tell me you don't  
 know Matt Harley?

Sasha fidgets, twists at her fingers - caught.

SASHA  
 Who?

EXT. BANSHEE SKI BOAT - MOVING - DAY

Matt gunning the boat at full throttle, his blonde mane  
 pulled tight, eyes squinting against the wind.

He guns the throttle and...

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The boat howls down the long slip of river, snaking a  
 frothing wake.

EXT. BANSHEE SKI BOAT - DAY

The boat slows to an idle.

Matt glides it to a soft cushion of grass ON THE BANK where...

The St. James Monastery STEEPLE looms over suburban forest off in the distance.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - ROLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Roland chomps on his massive cigar while barking over the phone.

ROLAND  
(over phone)  
I understand but it couldn't be helped. Fine, fine, I'll adjust the invoice. You're gouging the hell out of me here. Yeah...bye.

He slams the receiver in it's cradle then eyes...

THAD AND JOHNSON standing in the doorway.

THAD  
Roland Knight?

ROLAND  
Yeah. What can I do for you guys?

Thad flashes his most pleasant smile.

THAD  
Came by to see Matt Harley.

Roland glances between them suspiciously.

ROLAND  
Haven't seen him since this morning.  
(chomps the cigar)  
Who's asking?

Before Thad and Johnson can flash badges...

ROLAND  
Wait a minute. You're not from transit authority are you? Man, I'm getting it from all ends today.

THAD

Uh...

ROLAND

Look I know our rotation went all screwy, but the buses are nearly back in order and we'll have the next batch to you in a day or so.

Thad and Johnson look out the office windows at the...

BUSTLING GARAGE, crews working on buses in countless stalls.

They exchange a glance.

JOHNSON

What exactly are you doing with these buses?

Roland's head cocks to one side, confused.

ROLAND

We're installing new receptacles that can handle smart passes, credit cards, and are GPS enabled.

JOHNSON

So, you can track the routing of these buses?

ROLAND

Right down to the stops. Who are you guys?

Badges flash. Roland groans and sinks back in his chair, cigar smouldering in his hand.

JOHNSON

And you're saying your buses are out of order?

ROLAND

One was yesterday.

Thad leans on Roland's big desk.

THAD

Which one...exactly?

EXT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DAY

Matt walks into the clearing, his gaze drifting over the ruins like it's all familiar. He stops and stares at...

THE SHALLOW HOLE

Still lined with police tape. The wooden crucifix gone.

He stares at the scorched ground, wincing.

And then, as if Matt's imagination takes over...

HE SEES Cathy, naked, burned and bloodied, a moribund chalk grey, tied to THAT CRUCIFIX, her lifeless eyes staring directly at him, unforgiving.

DEAD CATHY

You promised me, Matt?

Matt turns away, tries to shake the image but his eyes are drawn up to...

The Steeple.

FLASHBACK:

INT. STEEPLE - 15 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Where YOUNG CATHY, 10, AND MATT, 10, are sitting cross legged in the cramped room, morning sunshine pouring through the GABLE WINDOW.

Cathy has a gift she tears at eagerly. A JEWELRY BOX. She opens it to find...

THE SILVER HEART LOCKET NECKLACE

She throws her arms around him. They hang onto each other for what seems forever as...

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DAY

Matt shakes off the memory and lifts off his haunches.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - WASH BAY - DAY

Roland leads Thad and Johnson into the bay as...

Twitch steps off Bus #154, the pressure washer hose draped over his shoulder.

ROLAND

Twitch, you done yet?

Twitch straightens, swallows hard.

ROLAND

These guys want to have a look  
around the bus. They're cops.

(to Thad and Johnson)

All yours, guys.

And Roland is gone.

Twitch looks like he's about to pee when suddenly a menacing  
growl.

SABE HOPS OFF THE BUS, ears taunt, eyes wild, teeth bared.

Thad and Johnson draw back.

JOHNSON

Whoa!

Twitch's hand eases down in front of Sabe.

TWITCH

Domino.

Instantly Sabe's ears relax and he squats to the floor a pet.

TWITCH

There used to be a lot of break  
ins.

THAD

(motioning at the door)

Can you put him out there...please?

Twitch obliges.

Johnson's eyes never leave the dog as he leans to Thad.

JOHNSON

How do you steal a bus with Fang  
pouncing around in here?

THAD

I'm wondering that myself.

Twitch returns, nervous.

Thad eyes THE PRESSURE WASHER.

THAD

Your boss tells us this bus went on  
a 'joy ride.' You know about that?

Twitch nods, eyes not making contact.

Thad's gaze hardens on the boy.

THAD  
Twitch, you look like you're caught  
between something you want to tell  
and someone who won't like it if  
you did.

Twitch goes white.

Johnson's CELL RINGS and he steps out of the bay to take it.

Thad leans close to Twitch.

THAD  
(hushed)  
Matt Harley know this bus was  
missing?

Twitch glares back, lips tight - loyal.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DAY

Matt wearily climbs those SPIRAL STAIRS to the mezzanine,  
eyes wide, something haunting him.

INT. BUS #154 - DAY

Thad steps into the bus, notices the MISSING INTERIOR LIGHT  
over the driver's seat, then walks slowly along the isle.

His eyes COMB THE FLOOR. He pauses, leans down on a bad  
knee, seeing...

SPECKLES OF DRIED BLOOD.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The instant Cathy's HEAD RAMS INTO THE HANDRAIL.

That BLACK GLOVED HAND seizing her throat and wrenches her to  
the floor, blood spatter hitting the very spot where...

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BUS #154 - DAY

THAD IS LOOKING.

JOHNSON (O.S.)  
Thad.

He rises up to Johnson standing just inside the bus.

JOHNSON

You're not going to believe this.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - DAY

SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT pouring through the perforated walls and charred FOUR POST BED.

Matt stands at the bed, squeezing his eyes, fending off painful memories.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - STEEPLE - DAY

Matt lifts the floor hatch, peeks into...

That same cramped room from all those years ago, flickering candlelight licking the roof of lathe and joists AND...

HUNDREDS OF GLITTERING CRUCIFIXES DANGLING TWO FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR, STRUNG TO THE JOISTS ABOVE.

Matt swallows hard, utterly shocked.

He climbs up and steps through the plethora of strings suspending crucifixes, mouth agape, every breath heavy - *what is this?*

A make-shift mattress of straw is laid on the floor, covered with a torn blanket. The bible and a cross placed beside it.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He startles, gropes for it desperately. Gawks at it disbelievingly.

Keesha

He stares at her name for a long beat then...

MATT

(to cell)

Keesha.

INT. MAXIME'S JEEP CJ - MOVING - DAY

Maxime driving erratically with Keesha's FIREFLY PHONE to her ear.

MAXIME

(to cell)

Matt, were you in my house?

Keesha sitting shotgun, lip pouting, sad.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - STEEPLE - DAY

Matt clenching the cell till his knuckles turn white - *shit!*

INTERCUT: MATT/MAXIME

MAXIME

I don't want Keesha hurt more,  
Matt...Matt.

Matt's eyes squeeze tight, hopeless.

MATT

Okay.

Tears are running down Maxime's cheek. Keesha looking like her world falling apart.

MAXIME

Do you know Monique Bouvie?

MATT

(wincing)  
I hadn't seen Monique in a few  
years.

MAXIME

Don't lie to me, Matt. Don't lie.

Matt closes his eyes, the turmoil reeling through him.

MATT

I've never lied to you, Max.

INT. MAXIME'S JEEP CJ - MOVING - DAY

Maxime bangs the steering wheel.

MAXIME

What do you call this?

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - STEEPLE - DAY

He takes a deep breath, something curious. He sees...

Mounds of bloodied gauze discarded into a corner.

MATT

It was all in my past.

He eyes the black garbage bags taped over the GABLE WINDOW -  
A GABLE CLOSET DOOR.

MAXIME

The past. So you don't know  
anything about what happened to her  
this morning then?

He opens the gable door and sighs heavily.

Pinned to the inside of the door are photos of Cathy and  
Monique, *P-U-R-E* written over them in red marker.

MAXIME

Why did Cathy Siets call you before  
she died?

A photo of Sasha, circled in Red Marker, and another photo of  
Mark, a red X over his face.

MAXIME

Matt! Why did she call you?

The last photo is HIM, KEESHA and MAXIME - the picture from  
Matt's bedroom dresser.

Matt touches the picture, eyes squeeze.

MATT

Max, you don't understand.

Then on the closet floor he sees...

A neatly folded black jacket, black gloves and black hiking  
boots. A brand new duffle bag, zipper open.

MAXIME

I don't understand what?

MATT

It's not your fault. I just  
couldn't find the right time to  
tell you everything.

He combs through the duffle bag, clothes neatly folded  
inside.

INT. MAXIME'S JEEP CJ - MOVING - DAY

Maxime grips the wheel, dreading. Keesha stares at her, sad.

MAXIME

Was the baby yours?

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - STEEPLE - DAY

Matt lifts out of the closet, surprised.

MATT

What?

MAXIME

Cathy Siets baby. Was it yours?

He stares at Cathy's photo pinned to the closet door - "PURE" mesmerizing him.

MATT

(muttering)

Cathy was pregnant?

EXT. MAXIME'S JEEP CJ - MOVING - DAY

Maxime drives, her heart hurt beyond repair, barely in control.

MAXIME

How could you!

Keesha wipes her eyes.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - STEEPLE - DAY

Matt snaps out of it, grips the cell tighter.

MATT

(pleading)

Max...you've got it wrong.

MAXIME

(crying)

You stay away from us. And don't  
you call Keesha on her phone  
anymore!!

And Max is gone.

Matt stares at his cell phone, shock and unimaginable loss.

Suddenly candle flames flutter with a subtle breeze.

The hundreds of crucifixes clang together like wind chimes.

Matt startles, his breath caught mid gasp.

A piece of black garbage bag rips free from the GABLE WINDOW.

He steps to the Gable Window and tears the remaining garbage bags down, sunlight washing through the dust and mildew like the light of God.

Matt presses to the window, looks below and sees...

HIMSELF IN BLACK JACKET AND HIKING BOOTS standing AT THE SEARED HOLE, holding up THE BOAT KEYS.

Matt POUNDS THE GABLE WINDOW with angry fists.

MATT

NO!!!

He turns for the hatch, instantly tangled in the crucifix strings, wind chimes deafening.

He digs through, panicked. Drops to the hatch, heaves with all his might...it's LOCKED!!

MATT

NO!!!

Matt pounds the hatch door.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

Thad and Johnson climb out of THEIR NON-DESCRIPT CAR where a PATROLMEN, 30, directs what little traffic there could be on such a desolate strip of road.

Thad sees...

The RED '68 MUSTANG rammed into the thicket, trunk lid open, and an army of police and forensics working the scene.

Thad glances Johnson then steps to the patrolman.

THAD

Captain Poyser?

The patrolman points towards a group of officers all gathered around A POLICE CHIEF'S CAR further down the shoulder where...

That portly Zack Poyser, who WAVED AT MAXIME IN THE GROCERY STORE CHECKOUT LINE, steps from the officers swarming him with his hand extended for Thad.

ZACK

Well, if it isn't the Chief of Detectives.

THAD  
Zack, how are you?

ZACK  
I'm good. I'm good.  
(gestures at Johnson)  
So you have a partner now.

THAD  
Detective Johnson.

Zack reaches for Johnson's hand.

ZACK  
Hi.

JOHNSON  
Captain.

ZACK  
(to Thad)  
Too old for solo work anymore, huh?

THAD  
Well, let's just chalk it up to  
'some ole habits die.'  
(glances at the Mustang)  
Mind if I have a look?

ZACK  
Walk with me.

They stroll off the road and through the ditch, heading for the THICKET.

ZACK  
I saw Max the other evening at the  
grocery store with that little  
pistol of a granddaughter of yours.

THAD  
Keesha's six now.

ZACK  
I'll be damned. Cute as a button  
too. She looks like she's Maxime  
all over again.

THAD  
She is.

Zack leans close to Thad as they near the scene.

Forensics in white contamination suits dust every inch of the wrecked MUSTANG, the trunk popped open.

ZACK  
You recognize the car?

THAD  
It's Matt Harley's.

ZACK  
You know that girl you found at the cemetery this morning?

THAD  
Yeah?

ZACK  
We found her clothes, Id and everything in there with this guy.

Thad, Zack and Johnson step through the crew, and peer into the open trunk where...

MARK RIDDELL'S LIFELESS EYES STARE UP AT THEM!

The body crumpled into the cramped trunk, head cranked grotesquely. Coagulated blood smeared over A BLACK JACKET! HANDS COVERED BY BLACK GLOVES. HEAVY BLACK HIKING BOOTS ON HIS FEET.

And Monique's ragged dress balled up in THE CORNER!

THAD  
Mark Riddell.

ZACK  
Neck snapped. Among other things.

THAD  
Shit. There goes my suspect.

ZACK  
Quite a mess.

Thad studies the body, the trunk, Monique's dress. He checks the road, the river, the field.

THAD  
Way out here on River Road? Why?

Zack shrugs. Johnson has nothing to add.

Thad looks at Mark Riddell dead in the trunk. The Mustang.

ZACK  
 (points at the river)  
 We found footprints all the way  
 down to the shore. Looks like a  
 boat was tied to the bank.

Thad suspires that bit of news.

ZACK  
 Doesn't he have one of those speed  
 boats on the river?

JOHNSON  
 And a revoked license.

Thad nods, looking across to the river, confounded. He looks  
 back at the trunk, the corpse.

THAD  
 I want to know everything about  
 Matt Harley before I met him.  
 (eyes Johnson)  
 Everything.

JOHNSON  
 I'm on it.

EXT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Sabe running for an intruder, growling, teeth bared.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND LOWERS.

INTRUDER  
 Domino.

The dog's ears flop back, THE BLACK GLOVE RUBBING HIS HEAD.

EXT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Twitch skates into the compound doing perfect BOARD GRABS and  
 KICK FLIPS. His BAGGY SHIRT billowing.

Then he stops, a forboding feeling.

TWITCH  
 (calling)  
 Sabe.  
 (whistles)  
 Here, boy.

He scans the buses, anticipating the Doberman diving out at  
 him, but nothing. He hops on his board and sails for...

THE GARAGE

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - NIGHT

Twitch skates up to the control hub.

TWITCH  
(calling)  
Matt? Anyone here?

He pops the board into his hand like the pro he is and leaves it propped by the steps. He ascends, eyes darting around the empty, eerie garage.

He looks at...

The PRIMARY MONITOR, the GPS CITY MAP, the blinking GPS DOT.

Twitch moves the mouse.

A text box opens over the blinking dot.

*GPS track #001 - Keesha (Firefly).*

His brow furrows, puzzled - *what the hell?*

*BEEP!*

TWITCH  
(startled)  
Shit!

A flashing orange MSN alert in the lower corner of the screen.

Twitch looks around the garage. Nothing but quiet darkness. He whistles.

TWITCH  
(yells)  
Sabe!

His voice echoes.

He looks at the flashing orange alert. A nervous sigh then he moves the mouse. A click. He gasps seeing...

*From:TheGateKeeper>> Thou Shall KILL!!!!!!!!!!!!KILL the sinners!!!!!!!!KILL!!!!!!!!KILL!!!!!!!!KILL and make them PURE!!!!*

Twitch steps back from the console.

TWITCH  
What the fuck?

Something falls over in THE WASH BAY.

TWITCH  
(yells)  
Shit!

Twitch gasps, peers across at...

BUS #154 in the WASH BAY.

A FLASHLIGHT swaths inside the bus.

Twitch drops to his knees, peeking over the hub, terrified.

He tries whistling, nothing but air, too scared.

TWITCH  
(to himself)  
Some watch dog.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - WASH BAY - NIGHT

Twitch creeps along the bus, sneaking below the windows. A sliver of flashlight beam emanates from inside, glistening off the slick wash bay walls.

The bus's door is open. Twitch cautiously leans in and...

INT. BUS #154 - NIGHT

Peeks through THE OPEN DOORS.

TWITCH  
(whispers)  
Sabe?

Curiosity fuels him on and his foot eases onto the first step, then the second, till he sees...

A FLASHLIGHT on the floor, the beam licking up the isle right to Matt's skater runners.

He squints past the flashlight glare. Something there. A step forward, one more and he can make out...

A figure slouched in the seat at the back, cloaked in darkness.

Twitch inches closer, dreading every step.

TWITCH  
 Hey, dude, you can't be in here,  
 man.

Another step, the figure taking on the shape of a man...

TWITCH  
 Mister?

A bit closer, picking up the FLASHLIGHT. He points it at the man and gasps. It's...

ROLAND KNIGHT!!

Face bloodied and bruised, cigar mushed into his mouth, eyes lifeless and wide.

TWITCH  
 Shit, shit, shit, shit!

Twitch vibrates pure fear, turns and runs off the bus...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - WASH BAY - NIGHT

...And tears for the bay doors....

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - GARAGE - NIGHT

...bolting straight for Roland's office. He crashes through the door and...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - ROLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

What he sees in the flashlight glare freezes him cold, sheer terror. His face painted with the shadow of something strung up in front of him, spinning around and around. It's...

SABE

Twirling from the ceiling fan by rope lassoed around the neck, black blood dripping from his paws, pooling a circular spray on the floor.

Twitch is in hell, can't breathe, turns and suddenly FLASHLIGHT BEAM catches...

MATT'S MENACING SCOWL AND HARSH EYES!!!

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door chimes sing.

Keesha scoots for the door and opens it, her face shimmering delight. She hops up into Thad's open arms.

KEESHA  
Grandpa.

THAD  
How's my Firefly?

She leans to his ear.

KEESHA  
(whispering)  
Mom took my phone away.

THAD  
(whispers back)  
Let me see what I can do.

KEESHA  
'kay.

He plunks her down.

THAD  
Where is mom?

Keesha points at the porch.

KEESHA  
She's upset.

Thad pats her pretty head, concealing concern.

THAD  
Let's cheer her up.

KEESHA  
Okay!

Keesha runs for the porch. Thad watches her, his smile melting to worry.

EXT. MATT'S DOCK - NIGHT

The BANSHEE SKI BOAT races down the river past...

A RIVERBOAT spewing dance music and patrons partying with cheers and raised drink glasses.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BLACK HIKING BOOTS step across the yard to...

Sasha waiting ON THE PORCH, swaying slightly, well into a beautiful high.

She looks up with ecstasy black eyes.

SASHA  
You've been bad, haven't you.  
(whispers)  
So have I.

Suddenly a BLACK GLOVED HAND seizes her throat.

She's pushed back on to the porch, the back of her head banging the wooden planks. She laughs in her state.

SASHA  
Ooooh, you like it rough.

He climbs on top of her. She's aroused.

The BLACK GLOVE HAND lovingly strokes her cheek then grips around her neck.

SASHA  
Oh yeah, like that. C'mon do it. Do it.

The GLOVED FINGERS tighten. Sasha's pleasure turns to concern, smile fading. She grabs at the gloves.

SASHA  
Hey. Stop. Stop!

Suddenly THE GLOVE CLAMPS OVER HER FACE.

Sasha heaves against the hold.

SASHA  
Get off of me!

The BLACK GLOVED FINGERS push into her mouth.

Her legs kick and thrash. She's pinned by his weight holding her down.

The free GLOVED HAND tips A ZIP LOCK BAG OF COCAINE into her mouth.

She gags on the coke, tries to turn away but can't fight the force greater than her own. She spits, coughs, and swallows. Her head bangs the porch.

Her fingers claw at the porch wood.

The bag empty and tossed.

The glove covers her mouth, the other clasped around her neck, holding her until her kicking stops, her eyes wide and still, her clawed fingers relax, the fight gone.

MRS. ROWE (O.S.)

Matt, what are you doing?

Mrs. Rowe standing in the yard, a witness, complete shock and incredulity.

Matt, in BLACK JACKET, BLACK GLOVES AND HIKING BOOTS, eyes harsh and menacing, gets off of Sasha.

He marches for Mrs. Rowe, reaches behind his back.

She's too naive to move.

MRS. ROWE

Matt?

Suddenly a knife razors across her throat.

She's shocked, disbelief contorting her face, eyes bugged.

Her fingers touch the slit. Blood begins to seep. She gags. Eyes ripped with the fear of death. More and more blood drenches over her hands.

Her old eyes on Matt - *why?*

She crumples to the grass, dead.

EXT. RIVERBOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

The dance party hopping on the decks with rock music thumping inside. On the prow...

A YOUNG COUPLE, 18, NECKING

On the verge of needing a room, but then the girl's eyes open, looking into the river. She pushes away from her lover, horrified.

GIRL

Oh my God!

Below, the bow nudges...

A NAKED WOMAN FACEDOWN IN THE WATER

As the moving hull pushes the corpse aside, it rolls face up.  
It's...

SASHA!!

The young couple run for the wheelhouse.

GIRL/BOY

Help!

We hear A DOOR BELL RING and...

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Thad leaves Maxime and Keesha at the table, feasting on stew.

He opens the door to...

JOHNSON

Sorry, Thad.

Johnson steps inside, an uneasiness about him.

Maxime lifts from the table and steps over, curious.

JOHNSON

Hi, Max.

MAXIME

Hi.

Keesha climbs up into Maxime's arms. Johnson sniffs.

JOHNSON

Wow, smells good in here.

THAD

Prized stew. I'd offer you some,  
but I have the feeling we're not  
staying to eat it, are we?

Johnson glances at Keesha, aware of young ears.

JOHNSON

They just found Sasha Miller in the  
river. And Matt Harley's neighbor  
in his backyard.

Maxime gasps.

MAXIME  
Not Mrs. Rowe. Oh my God.

Thad and Maxime exchange a dire look.

THAD  
I'll be back soon. Lock the doors.

He makes the door then turns, pauses.

MAXIME  
We'll be fine.

The door closes after Thad and Johnson. Instant quiet fills the kitchen.

Keesha wraps her tiny arms around Maxime's neck.

KEESHA  
Matt isn't coming back, is he?

Maxime nods 'no'. Keesha's buries her pouting face into her shoulder.

EXT. RIVER - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

The RIVERBOAT is shored up on the riverbank. Blue and Red flashing lights flicker the shoreline.

A Coroner's team pulls Sasha'S CORPSE out of the water with a crowd gawking in disbelief.

Thad watches over the team.

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

THE BLACK GLOVED HAND feels under the porch railing, reaching for...

THE HOUSE KEY

EXT. RIVER - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Sasha's molted corpse is zipped into the body bag.

The young lovers gawk with other riverboaters, mortified.

Thad contains his frustration, looking out over the river.

Johnson comes up behind him.

JOHNSON

I know who took care of Gene  
Halan's funeral.

Another door bell rings and...

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maxime opens the door with a wide eyed stare at...

MATT DRESSED IN BLACK FATIGUES - BLACK GLOVES - HEAVY BOOTS

KEESHA

Matt!

Keesha runs at him. He scoops her up, her little arms  
wrapping around his neck.

KEESHA

I missed you.

Matt hugs her close, those SAME HARSH EYES WE'VE SEEN BEFORE  
looking back at Maxime.

Maxime half smiles, controlled and even.

EXT. HYMAX PSYCHIATRIC PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Johnson and Thad walk purposefully for the front entrance.

INT. HYMAX PSYCHIATRIC PRISON HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Thad and Johnson lead up the dim hall by a dapper looking  
DOCTOR NORRIS, 58.

DOCTOR NORRIS

I don't know what you're hoping to  
get from him. He isn't very  
talkative y'know. Especially about  
Gene Halan.

THAD

We just need a few minutes with  
him, Doctor Norris.

They stop at a door, the doctor eyeing them.

DOCTOR NORRIS

Normally I'm not supposed to permit  
you inside with your guns...but...

THAD  
 Doctor, we don't have time for  
 protocol. Please.

The doctor reconciles to it, nods.

DOCTOR NORRIS  
 Just to warn you...he's a sight.

He punches an access code into the KEYPAD and opens the door  
 to...

INT. HOSPITAL CELL - NIGHT

Where hallway light seeps along the floor to finally  
 reveal...

THE BURNED OLD MAN SITTING IN THE DARK

The white globes of his eyes staring at the doorway as if  
 knowing they were coming.

Thad steps inside, Johnson following.

THAD  
 Father Wheller?

EXT. MAXIME'S JEEP CJ - MOVING - NIGHT

Maxime behind the wheel.

Matt rides shot gun, grinning at a text message. He slips the  
 phone into his BLACK JACKET and smiles at Keesha in the  
 backseat. He touches her cheek and winks at her.

Keesha gushing and soaking it in.

Maxime feigns a smile with Keesha. She glances Matt's BLACK  
 GLOVES, his BLACK BOOTS.

MAXIME  
 So where are we going?

He eyes her with those cold eyes, a petulant grin warping his  
 face.

INT. HOSPITAL CELL - NIGHT

Thad shocked, staring at the deformed priest. Johnson  
 sitting in judgement.

Father Wheller's poreless lips stretch into a deranged grin,  
 spreading the oxygen prongs jammed up his nose.

WHELLER  
Think of me what you will.

Thad looks upon the old man, the white eyes eerily pronounced in the darkened room.

THAD  
When's the last time you saw Matt Harley?

WHELLER  
(grins)  
The night he turned me into this.

Suddenly Wheller's feeble fists clench and strike his chair.

WHELLER  
Look at me! Look what he did to me!

Thad can only stare, indifferent.

WHELLER  
He will burn in hell for what he did to me and his brother.

Thad's mouth drops, shocked. Johnson even moreso.

JOHNSON  
Brother?

Wheller's deformed face brims with satisfaction, his laugh wicked and immoral.

WHELLER  
His twin brother.

INT. HYMAX PSYCHIATRIC PRISON HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Thad and Johnson stride purposefully down the hall to...

INT. HYMAX PSYCHIATRIC PRISON HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

...and find Doctor Norris behind his desk.

The doctor looks up from his work to Thad and Johnson's urgent faces.

THAD  
Tell me about Matt Harley's brother.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - NIGHT

Matt up at the console in his T-shirt and worn jeans, looking at the GPS TRACKING PROGRAM, the blinking dot. He knows the location on the map.

MATT  
(to himself)  
Keesha.

And then he sees...

TWITCH'S SKATE BOARD PROPPED AGAINST THE STEPS

His eyes flick up at the...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - WASH BAY - NIGHT

He walks through, pauses at the site of

BLOOD ON THE FLOOR

INT. BUS #154 - NIGHT

Slowly he eases up the isle, dreading the face he's about to see...knowing it's...

ROLAND.

Matt slumps in a seat, defeated.

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS - ROLAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Matt standing in the doorway, staring at SABE twirling from the ceiling, blood coagulated around the dangling paws.

Matt reaches the wall switch. The dead dog stops spinning.

Matt sinks to his haunches, pushing his hands through his blonde mane, defeated. Then on the floor he sees...

Twitch's prized BAGGY SHIRT, ripped and tattered.

Matt overwhelmed, hand over his mouth.

*BEEP!!*

He straightens abruptly, gawking at the HUB.

*BEEP!!*

He dashes for...

INT. CYBERON POS SYSTEMS GARAGE - CONTROL HUB - NIGHT

And hops up to the console with wide eyes, adrenaline racing, puffing short, scared breaths. He moves...

The CURSOR ARROW over a blinking dot. A text box appears:  
*GPS track #001 - Keesha (Firefly).*

THE DOT MOVES!!

MATT

No.

Matt watches in horror as THE DOT MOVES ON THE GPS MAP.

Matt slams the console, enraged.

MATT

NO!!

INT. HOSPITAL CELL - NIGHT

Subtle moonlight trickles through closed blinds.

A FLARING MATCH lights a cigarette to a glowing red.

Wisps of smoke roll around bony knuckles.

AN OLD, LIPLESS MOUTH puckers the filter. A long pull and relieving exhale.

WHELLER

(raspy)

That's as close to heaven as I'm  
going to get.

Wheller takes another long puff, relishing.

WHELLER

The almighty knows I'm beyond  
forgiveness.

He leans forward, eyeing...

Matt in his T-shirt and worn jeans, a blank stare at Wheller.

WHELLER

So are you now...Matt.

Matt leans close, menacing.

MATT

Where is he?

Wheller's face darkens with a pernicious grin.

WHELLER

With that little bitch you think is  
your daughter.

Matt is blank, immune. He gets up, goes for the door.

WHELLER

But she'll be pure when she passes.

Matt's hand clenches the door knob, his head tips against the door, teeth gritting. He slowly turns to Wheller with a condemning glare.

Matt leaves with Wheller's cackle echoing after him.

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Matt's fingers tracing along the railing for the KEY, but it's not there. *Shit!*

He shoulders the door but the dead bolt holds fast. Another hit.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another hit, another and finally Matt crashes through the door. He ignores the flashing ALARM PAD.

MATT

(anxious)

Max! Keesha!

He runs upstairs for...

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - KEESHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nothing.

INT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - MAXIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nothing...then...

Dives for the closet, his hand feeling around the shelf for...

THAD (O.S.)

It's not there.

Matt whirls around to see...

THAD IN THE DOORWAY

THAD  
 (firm)  
 Where are they, Matt?

Matt is caught, vulnerable and exposed. He pushes his blonde mane back, grimaces, then springs for the door, pushing past Thad.

Thad reeled to the floor.

THAD  
 Matt!

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Matt rockets out of the door, tumbling right into Johnson. They flip end over end. Matt quickly regains, tears off for the dock.

EXT. MAXIME'S HOUSE - RIVER FRONT - NIGHT

Matt runs down the bank at full tilt, feet practically tripping.

Thad does his best to keep up, nearly out of control down the steep grade, knees barely holding.

THAD  
 Matt! Matt!

Matt slides over the BANSHEE'S SLICK BOW, reaching for the keys in the throttle control.

Thad makes the bow out of breath, decided panic in his voice.

THAD  
 Matt, stop!! I know about Merreck!

Matt freezes. His shoulders sag.

Johnson reaches the riverbank, out of breath.

THAD  
 (eyes Matt)  
 I know what your brother and father Wheller did to Gene Halan.

Matt slowly turns to Thad, face drained.

THAD

(to Matt)

She was going to adopt you, wasn't she? I know about the night the monastery burned, Matt.

Matt's eyes glaze over, the hidden truth.

THAD

I know how your parents died in the car crash on River Road. Doctor Norris told me about Merreck being in a coma for a year after the accident, but you were thrown clear.

Thad leans on the bow, a pleading look at Matt.

THAD

Why didn't you tell me you were an orphan at St. James?

Matt turns the motor on, the idling engine echoing in the trees.

MATT

We don't have time to talk about this right now. He's taking them to the Monastery.

Matt and Thad exchange a dire look. Matt extends a helping hand over the bow. Thad grabs his hand and climbs over.

EXT. RIVER - BANSHEE SKI BOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

Matt racing the boat at full speed while Thad balances the laptop on his knee, his free hand holding down his fedora, both watch...

The blinking RED DOT move on the digital map.

THAD

(thinking)

Mark Riddell helped you design the GPS software didn't he? He must've hacked into your system to use that bus. It was all done to frame you, Matt. To get you to back off the copyright suit.

MATT

I know.

THAD

That's why Cathy Siets started with him, wasn't it? To set him up for you. But she fell in love with him and got pregnant.

MATT

Cathy had problems.

THAD

Yeah, and Mark Riddell sponsored your brother out of the Psych ward at Hymax using your name and id's, thinking he could get rid of two problems at once.

Matt just shakes his head, rubs his eyes.

MATT

That asshole.

Matt drives, face tensing in the gust whipping his face.

THAD

He was having an affair with Monique too. Did you know that?

MATT

I know what Mark was all about. It doesn't matter anymore. He's dead.

Thad looks heavily at Matt, rueful.

THAD

So is Sasha.

Matt hit, another loss - *shit!*

THAD

And Mrs. Rowe.

Matt turns to Thad, commingled fear and conviction.

MATT

I can't lose Max and Keesha, Thad.

THAD

Can this thing go any faster.

Matt pulls Thad's fedora off his head and guns the throttle wide open, the engine screaming.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - NIGHT

THE FIREFLY PHONE STROBES

Held to Maxime's ear.

She's bruised and bloodied, trembling.

Keesha cuddled right into her, whimpering and scared.

They're on that charred FOUR POST BED in the dark.

MAXIME

It'll be okay, baby. It'll be okay.

A PILE OF BLOODY GAUZE, CLOTH AND PAPER in the center of the floor.

And then we hear...

A CELL PHONE RINGING beyond the room. A flashlight beam swathes on the other side of the door, heavy boots clog the floor, the ringing getting louder - someone coming!

THE DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN revealing that silhouette figure we've seen before.

Merreck steps into the meager moonlight wafting through the delapidated windows, a RINGING CELL PHONE TO HIS HEAR and a wicked grin across his face.

He is Matt incarnate in BLACK JACKET, GLOVES AND BOOTS.

He leans uncomfortably close, holds the phone LCD to Maxime's face. It glows her piqued skin.

KEESHA

MERRECK

Isn't technology a bitch.

He eases the strobbing phone from Maxime's fingers. She trembles with suppressed fury.

MAXIME

Get away from us you sick fuck.

MERRECK

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Such language in front of a little one. You will go to hell for talking like that you know.

His BLACK GLOVED HAND touches Keesha's cheek, she flinches, pulls away.

MERRECK

You want Matt to be your daddy,  
don't you.., firefly?

Keesha pouts, cowers into Maxime.

MAXIME

Don't you fucking touch her.

MERRECK

I'm not going to touch her. She's  
sacred. She's beautiful. She's  
innocent.

(leans to Keesha)

But did you know it's naughty to  
want something too much though.

KEESHA

I want Matt.

Merreck cringes, recovers with a demented smile.

MERRECK

Everybody wants Matt. He's the  
lucky one. You know, God even  
spared him harm when our parents  
died. He pulled Matt clear of the  
car, saved him.

(darkens)

But he didn't save me. A five year  
old boy, and HE couldn't save me  
too.

Maxime tucks Keesha closer, expecting hell unleashed.

Merreck eyes Keesha, demonic.

MERRECK

I didn't mean to burn her. I just  
wanted her to adopt me and be my  
mom too. But she only wanted Matt  
for a son. She was a prostitute you  
know. But she would've been a good  
mom.

(sinister)

But she was so stupid.

Maxime stares, puzzled and scared.

Merreck's face boiling hatred.

MERRECK  
 Everyone knows...  
 (yells)  
 ...you don't separate twins!!!

Keesha presses into Maxime, scared.

MERRECK  
 So, the good father felt she should  
 pay for such a sin. And now, no  
 matter how much I pray...  
 (looks to heaven-laughing)  
 ...he won't forgive me. I won't get  
 into heaven.

He touches Keesha's cheek.

MERRECK  
 But you...you get in, because you  
 are...pure.

Maxime's ire flairs, pushing him back, knocking him to the  
 floor on his HANDS AND KNEES.

His face explodes rage, GLOVED HAND clenches high over his  
 head, ready to pummel.

MERRECK  
 I don't like my hands on the  
floor!! You bitch!!

And then...

The ROAR OF A BOAT on the river.

He stops.

Keesha gushes at Maxime, hopeful.

KEESHA  
 It's Matt!

Maxime tucks Keesha into her, commingled fear and bravery.

Merreck steps back, slipping a BARBECUE LIGHTER from his  
 pocket. His smile more deranged than ever.

MAXIME  
 What are you doing?

Merreck steps to the pile of gauze, cloth and paper.

MERRECK

(to Maxime)

But you need to be pure when you  
pass.

Maxime's eyes widen with horror.

The tip of the barbecue lighter touches the pile, the blaze  
roaring to life.

Keesha screams a shrill that carries to...

EXT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Matt and Thad, barely out of the boat, hear Keesha's shrill  
cry and see...

The flicker of fire in the upper windows of the ruins.

MATT

NO!!

Matt tears down the path leaving Thad mortified, watching the  
blaze swell with his girl's screaming inside.

THAD

My God.

He labours against bad knees, limping up the hill. He pulls  
his 9MM AUTOMATIC from under his sport coat.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - NIGHT

Maxime cradles Keesha in her arms, fire ravaging around them.

Scorching heat searing the ceiling.

Maxime tugs Keesha off the bed. They cover their mouths and  
rush through the smoke and flame to the door.

Keesha coughs endlessly. Maxime tears a swatch of her shirt  
and puts it over Keesha's mouth and positions her tiny hands  
to hold it in place.

She tucks Keesha in the corner then pounds the DOORS,  
repeatedly kicking to get out.

MAXIME

Matt!! In here!!

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Matt jumps up the spiral staircase, three steps a leap. He makes it to the top and stops, horror ripping to the core.

Fire eating the ceiling, talons of flame grabbing the walls from inside THAT DELAPIDATED ROOM, devouring life trapped within.

MATT

NO!!!

He sprints around the circular mezzanine to the very DOOR Maxime is kicking from inside.

MATT

Max!

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - NIGHT

Maxime pounds the door, the fire choking them. Keesha tucks into the corner, terrified.

MAXIME/KEESHA

Matt!

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Matt shoulders the door. Again, again. And then he hears...

A CACKLE. He peers through smoke when suddenly...

Merreck springs out of a corridor nook, tackling Matt to the floor, BLACK GLOVED HANDS throttled around his neck.

MERRECK

(pure rage)

You left me to burn, brother!!

Maxime and Keesha's screams resonate from inside the room, the flames growing, smoke billowing the ruins, choking.

Merreck head-butts Matt. Matt's struggle goes limp. Merreck straddles him, inhumanly relaxed with flame roaring over his head.

He calmly removes his GLOVES. His hands deformed and scarred.

MERRECK

Now you'll smell your flesh cook!

Hatred spills out of Merreck's eyes, his grip around Matt's neck but then...

A SHOT

Tears through the roaring fire. Blood spurts from Merreck's shoulder as he staggers backwards and bounces against the SCORCHING HOT WALL.

MICHEAL  
(burning)  
Aggggh!!

Another shot!

Thad limping up the stair case, his 9mm AUTOMATIC AIMED. Another shot.

Matt watches the bullets slam Merreck's chest. The force bouncing him off the smouldering wall, tumbling forward.

Matt puts out his leg, tripping Merreck, sending him spiraling for the open rotunda.

Matt rolls over and snatches Merreck's arm, suspending him over the flames devouring the main floor.

Matt groans, the weight searing every muscle in his arms. He hangs on with grit strength, a man struggling a moral dilemma.

Merreck's wicked eyes bore up at him, eerily calm with his body swaying perilously over the burning foyer.

The girls screams tear through the cooking door.

Thad hops for the door, kicking and pounding as...

Matt stares down into his brother's eyes.

Merreck's grin taunts.

MERRECK  
You're always the lucky one, aren't  
you?

And then...

FLASHBACK

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY - CHAMBER BEDROOM - YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Merreck, 12, a transfixed stare.

Father Wheller's hand settles on his shoulder. They're standing at that MAGNIFICENT FOUR POST BED where a beautiful and peaceful GENE HALAN, 28, sleeps.

Her long, lush brunette hair drapes over porcelain white shoulders. A true beauty cradled in the womb of God.

A morsal of flame gleams Merreck's EYES. A barbecue lighter raises to his face. An evil grin.

And then hell ignites as flame eats up the sheer cloth draped around the wood posts. Flames crackle, lapping the ceiling, smoke swirling like the vortex to the demon world.

Gene stirs, coughs and realizes she is trapped within a prison of fire. She sees...

Merreck standing by the bed, a mindless spectator of the sacrifice.

Her eyes ripped wide, utter terror.

GENE  
(pleading)  
Merreck, no! Oh my God!  
(to Wheller)  
What have you done to him?

The Priest simply watches and embraces the boy, a servant.

Now the fire finds her, the heat singing her nightgown, porcelain flesh smouldering and igniting, her pitched screams quelled by the thunderous roar of hungry fire.

Suddenly...

The DOORS CRASH OPEN and...

MATT, 12, horrified.

MATT  
NO!!!!

Gene's screams soar over the fire, her body completely engulfed, arms raising, fingers clawing as she collapses to the burning bed.

MATT  
(screaming)  
Gene!!

Merreck watches with a demonic grin.

Matt's anger flares. He sees the barbecue lighter in Merreck's hands and runs at him.

Father Wheller grabs him firmly by the arms.

WHELLER

Respect the sacrifice you little  
bastard!

Matt heaves against Wheller. Wheller's robe tangles under his feet. He trips over Merreck, crushing him to the hot floor.

Merreck's hands burn.

MERRECK

Aggggh!

The flames find Wheller's robe, fire clawing to his collar, singeing his eyes. His burning hands clamp over his face, screaming.

And then young girl's screams pierce over the roaring blaze.

CATHY/MONIQUE/SASHA

Matt!

YOUNG CATHY, MONIQUE AND SASHA hover in the open doorway, terrified, waving for Matt to come to them.

Matt steps back, the fire forcing him out.

Merreck wailing in agony, his hands smoking, melted to the floor.

Wheller burning and rolling, screaming.

Monique pulls Matt out of the room. Sasha can only stare at the burning bed.

MONIQUE

Sasha, close the doors!

Sasha snaps out of it, slams the doors.

Matt fights out of Monique's grip.

MATT

Lemme go, Monique!

Cathy takes a chair and wedges it under the doorknobs.

The screams echo from inside. The fire roaring.

Matt goes to push past Cathy. She grabs his arms, holds him, the locket necklace dangling around her neck.

CATHY  
You promised me!

Matt relents, crying.

They all run down the spiral staircase as the flames eat through the top of the door.

BACK TO:

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Matt's hands still clamped to Merreck's arm, dangling him high over the burning foyer.

Matt tranced - redemption or revenge.

Thad frantically kicks the burning door, Maxime and Keesha's high pitched screams resonating from inside.

And then...

KEESHA (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
Matt!! Matt!!

Matt's trance snaps.

Merreck's wicked grin greets his return.

MERRECK  
They'll be pure.

Matt grins back, a decisive smirk.

MATT  
You won't.

He let's go.

Merreck's eyes rip wide, his arms paddling air as he plummets to the flames below.

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - DELAPIDATED ROOM - NIGHT

The door smashes open and a BACKDRAFT roars through the corridor, the burning air pulling at Maxime and Keesha huddled in the corner.

Thad and Matt storm in, grab the girls. Thad leads Max.

Matt scoops Keesha into his arms.

They all duck flames and run down to...

INT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - FOYER - NIGHT

They dodge the fire and run over Merreck's burning corpse.

The blaze gutting the ruins like heaven claiming hell, the structure falling in on itself. The past burning away.

EXT. ST.JAMES MONASTERY RUINS - NIGHT

Finally away from the searing heat, they all collapse, coughing the smoke out of their lungs.

Matt looks back and watches the fire swallow the Monastery. His eyes well up. And then he kneels down to Keesha.

She takes his face in her tiny hands and wipes away his tear. She flings her arms around Matt's neck and squeezes.

KEESHA

I love you, Matt.

Matt kisses her forehead and holds her tight - like a father holding a daughter.

MATT

I love you too, Firefly.

Maxime lands a hard punch to his shoulder.

MAXIME

I want Mexico!! You promised me.

Matt kisses her full on the lips and pulls her back into the hug.

MATT

I promise.

Thad smiles, steps to them, his clenched fist outstretched to Matt.

Slowly Thad's fingers open to reveal...

THE HEART SHAPED LOCKET

THAD

I believe this is yours.

Matt takes the locket, regret swirling.

Keesha looks at, the flames gleaming off of it, twinkling her eyes.

KEESHA  
What is it?

MATT  
It was a promise.  
(to Thad)  
I was suppose to protect her.

THAD  
You did.

Keesha climbs into Matt's arms. Maxime hugged into the opposite shoulder.

Blue and Red lights flick beyond the ornate gates, sirens approaching.

They watch...

THE FIRE'S GLOW LICKING THE FOREST AROUND THE BURNING MONASTERY nestled along THE RIVER on the outskirts OF THE CITY.

EXT. MAIN STREET MISSION - NIGHT

Maxime's Jeep CJ rolls to a parking spot in front of the old brick building where homeless people loiter on the front stoop.

INT. MAIN STREET MISSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Matt walks up the hall, carrying something in his hand. He heads straight for...

INT. MAIN STREET MISSION - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Where cot after cot are lined up two rows deep, countless homeless bunking down for the night.

Matt comes to one cot near the window where he finds a boy tucked under a blanket, his back to him.

MATT HAS TWITCH'S SKATEBOARD IN HIS HAND.

Twitch rolls over, wiping tears from his swollen eyes, greeted by Matt's overdue grin.

MATT  
Hey, dude.

TWITCH  
What are you doing here?

Matt holds up the skateboard.

Twitch sits up, a bandage around his neck. He takes the board.

TWITCH  
I thought I lost this for good.

Matt kneels down to him, a warm smile.

MATT  
It's time to go, Twitch.

TWITCH  
Go where?

Matt looks back over his shoulder at...

MAXIME AND KEESHA

Standing just inside the common room, Keesha's pudgy little hand waving.

Twitch is overcome, speechless.

MATT  
Home, dude. Let's go home.

And they walk out of the common room - together.

THE END