

# TAKING LIVES

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EARLY DRAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: 17 YEARS AGO

Small, Canadian, rural. Just the Native American CASHIER jotting down sports stats from the paper. MARTIN, 16, enters. Slight, pale and frail, new clothes, a tag still hangs from his stiff work jacket. Martin stands in front of the Cashier a beat. Nervously tugs an earlobe.

MARTIN

Sir. Sir, may I have a ticket to Montreal please?

CASHIER

Pardon?

MARTIN

I need a ticket to Montreal.

CASHIER

Montreal?

MARTIN

Yes, sir. Please.

CASHIER

Forty-three dollars.

Martin pulls out an envelope filled with crisp twenties and carefully counts out three. The Cashier gives Martin his ticket and change. Points at a bus outside. The DRIVER loading bags.

INT. BUS - DAY

A half dozen PASSENGERS. Martin steps aboard, takes a seat. DAN SOULSBY, Martin's age, sits next to him, offers a hand. Martin shakes.

DAN

Dan Soulsby.

MARTIN

Martin. Nice to meet you.

DAN

Where you heading to?

MARTIN

Away from here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dan produces a couple beers from his pockets. Offers Martin one.

MARTIN

Pisswater.

DAN

At least it's cold pisswater.  
Here's to getting away.

They CLINK CANS. The Driver enters the bus. Unlocks the airbrakes. Puts the bus in reverse, gives it gas.

BOOM! The ENGINE throws a rod. Horrible GRINDING. Smoke wafts into the windows. The Driver KILLS the ENGINE. Silence. Martin and Dan trade looks.

DAN

That was bad.  
(bummed)  
It's gonna take all day to get  
another bus here.

Martin sighs, looks out the window.

WHAT MARTIN SEES

A car rental place.

BACK TO SCENE

Martin fingers the envelope of cash in his pocket.

MARTIN

You have a license?

DAN

Had one. They took it away.

MARTIN

I got one. Let's go.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Dan drives. JOURNEY ON the RADIO. Martin checks out Dan's guitar. Dan shows Martin his teeth.

DAN

See that? They're all fake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

You take a hockey puck in the face?

DAN

A fist. My stepdad socked me. I flew across the room and dented the sheetrock in the kitchen. My mom saw everything and still took his side.

MARTIN

You got cracked good.

DAN

I hate that guy. Two hundred pounds of worthless grease.

MARTIN

Why'd he hit you?

DAN

I wrecked his sixty-five Mustang and his boat in the same week. His babies. I totaled them.

MARTIN

I would have popped you too.

DAN

It was worth it. But I didn't deserve the tour in hell.

Dan rubs his close-cropped hair.

DAN

Don't ever go to military school if you can help it. It sucks.

(a beat)

I jumped the wall two days ago.

MARTIN

You going back?

DAN

I'm done with that racket. I'm going to Seattle and playing music.

Martin tries the guitar, he's not that good.

MARTIN

I know some chords.

DAN

Think you can learn drums?

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

The land rolls endlessly. Martin drives. Dan plays his guitar. He's really good.

DAN

I'm the next Billy Squire. Krokus  
will be opening for me one day.

POW! The CAR HITS a BOTTLE. A front tire deflates. Martin guides the crippled vehicle to the curb.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The middle of nowhere. Martin flips a coin. Heads.

DAN

Shit.

Dan hauls the spare from the trunk. Sets the jack under the bumper.

A PICKUP TRUCK approaches. Still a mile away.

Martin watches Dan lean in the trunk for the tire iron.

The pickup gets closer, a big one. Heavy with bags of animal feed. Speeding.

Martin looking at Dan's back. Martin shoves Dan hard, into the highway. In front of:

THE GRILL OF THE PICKUP

WHAM! It plasters Dan. He goes over the hood, SHATTERS the front WINDSHIELD. Bounces off, spins like a rag doll into a ditch.

The pickup has lost control, it rolls. Several times, a heaving mass of steel.

CRASH! The TRUCK folds itself around a husky tree. No survivors, that's clear.

MARTIN

He can't believe what he has just done. He takes in the carnage, tugs at his ear.

EXT. MONTREAL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT DAY

ESTABLISHING the river-bound city. Beautiful.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAY

A large Ferry plies the unstoppable waters. Gliding toward skyscrapers.

EXT. FERRY PIER - DAY

The signs in French. Crowded with PASSENGERS waiting to board. As more PASSENGERS pour off the just-docked ship.

A WOMAN runs through the crowd. Terror etched in her face. She knocks aside several PEOPLE. Runs toward a row of restaurants. Even in her turmoil, she is patrician, elegant.

EXT. PIER-SIDE CAFE - DAY

Two BEAT COPS eat at an outdoor table. Laid back. The WOMAN approaches them, frantic.

WOMAN

I just saw my dead son get off the ferry.

The COPS trade looks.

WOMAN

Listen to me; he's been dead eighteen years. He just walked right past me.

INT. MONTREAL PD OFFICE - DAY

An INSPECTOR pours the Woman tea. She has calmed down. He takes his pen, looking at her statement.

WOMAN

You need to open that grave. It can't be my son in there.

A beat.

INSPECTOR

I lost my mother two years ago. Every day I think I see her. Driving to work in the car next to me. At mass. Shopping, I see her, but this is someone else's mother. You see?

The Woman lays a hand on his arm, looks him in the eye. There is something formidable about her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Inspector, I'm saddened by your loss and touched by loyalty. But let's focus on the matter at hand. He walked right past me. We made eye contact. I know he recognized me. It was my son. A mother knows these things. I will sign anything, I will swear before a judge. And thank you, I do have all my faculties and friends who can vouch for my character.

INSPECTOR

Did you talk to this man, he is a man now?

WOMAN

Yes. Of course he's a man. He'd be thirty-two. And no, I did not speak with him. I ran.

(low, serious)

Inspector, my son was very, very disturbed. He had serious emotional problems. I assure you he was.

(a beat)

Is. Is a dangerous person.

He hands her some forms.

INSPECTOR

Madame. The police department cannot resolve your problem. You need to get permits from the coroner and health and safety department. You pay for an exhumation. You have someone qualified examine the remains. If it is the wrong body, the Forensic Examiner will confirm there is a problem and call us. Then we open an investigation.

(a beat)

No, Quebec City police will investigate. He is buried there, no?

The Woman bristles. Stands, takes the forms.

WOMAN

No. Inspector. He is not.

EXT. FOREST CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Deep woods. In the mountains. Near a roaring river. A log vacation cabin is being erected by CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.

A BACK HOE digs a trench. The scoop snags something -- a wetsuit -- worn by a long dead corpse, twirling slowly, hanging from the bucket's steel teeth. The BACK HOE OPERATOR jumps off the huge machine, stares at the headless body he has just dragged from its grave. Workers gather and gawk.

WORKER

Someone call the cops.

CUT TO:

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

INSPECTOR LAVAL and INSPECTOR REYNAUD, rock solid French Canadians, pin photographs of the body we just saw on the wall. Laval steps back. Takes in the display.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

(subtitled French)

Think she will like this?

Reynaud shrugs. Laval tosses him a Newsweek.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

(subtitled French)

We are lucky the FBI is sending her. She is the Michael Jordan of criminal profiling.

(off Reynaud's look)

The Guy Le Fleuer of profiling. She will save our ass.

The PHONE RINGS. Laval answers.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

(subtitled French)

Inspector Laval.

(a beat)

Have the airline check again. Look around baggage claim.

(to Reynaud)

She was on the flight but they can't find her.

Reynaud's CELL RINGS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
(into phone)

Oui?

Reynaud grabs his coat. Turns to Laval.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
(subtitled French)

I know where she is.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

We hear BREATHING and the SOFT RUSH of a RIVER. Soft, rhythmic. Then FOOTSTEPS.

Two eyes open, reflect moonlight. The FOOTSTEPS drawing closer.

CLICK! A FLASHLIGHT turns on. REVEALING:

EXT. FOREST CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

GRACE VANDERHOLT lies in the grave where the body was discovered. It has been excavated by criminologists, the soil sifted, the grass and brush removed. Grace sits up.

Grace holds out her FBI creds, shielding her eyes from the bright light.

GRACE

It's okay, I'm supposed to be here.

CLICK. The LIGHT goes off. REVEALING Laval and Reynaud.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Agent Vanderholt, we requested your help. I'm Inspector Laval, this is Inspector Reynaud.

GRACE

Hi. Look, I'm not ready to talk to you guys yet. I need a little more time here.

Reynaud and Laval trade looks, walk toward two UNIFORMS guarding the site.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace lays back down. Sighs. Concentrates on the sounds. The RIVER. WIND in the trees. Then: LAUGHTER (O.S.).

GRACE

Would you mind trading one liners somewhere else? I need to hear the natural sounds. I appreciate it.

The policemen have gathered in a chummy knot. Laval gestures for them to walk down the road.

ON GRACE

She steps out of the grave. Sits by it. Writes some notes. Everything glistens in the moonlight, alive. Grace takes it in for a beat.

Then: HOWLING, the lonely song of a distant WOLF.

Grace rises, crosses to the river, to a big gravel bar. Used as a campsite complete with a large fire pit. Grace sits by the fire pit.

More HOWLING, CLOSER this time.

Grace looks down river, SEES the glowing eyes of a TIMBER WOLF staring from a clump of trees. The animal stares a beat, then runs off. Grace has the chills.

Grace walks quietly toward the trees. Grace just a few feet away. RUSTLING. She cautiously moves aside a sapling.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GRACE'S FLASHLIGHT - NIGHT

A TIMBER WOLF nestled amidst the trees gnaws on something; a HUMAN HEAD.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Grace stands there alone, the wolf is long gone. She stoops, pushes aside brush. She finds a hollow under some roots. Grace CLICKS on her FLASHLIGHT.

WHAT SHE SEES

A human skull stares up from the hollow. Picked clean, weathered.

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

Laval and Reynaud, and the two UNIFORMS smoke and joke. A quiet beat as the WIND picks up. Their cars up the road in the b.g.

SOMETHING MOVES in the woods. Inspector Reynaud draws his Glock. SHUSHES the men.

A beat. MOVEMENT. Laval signals for the men to spread out. Holsters are UNSNAPPED. Reynaud is all eyes and ears as he picks his way toward the trees.

GRACE emerges from the trees, a laser-aiming dot on her forehead. She REACTS to Reynaud, raises her hands.

GRACE

Don't shoot, I'm on your team.

Reynaud holsters his gun. The men relax. Grace takes Inspector Laval aside.

GRACE

Call who you have to call. I found his head.

Laval REACTS.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Gloved hands carefully remove the skull from a box. The MEDICAL EXAMINER places the skull on an exam table and begins cleaning it.

Grace walks around the headless body. The wetsuit has been removed, the body has been autopsied. Headless, skeletal hands, the legs are surprisingly well-preserved.

DIRECTOR GILLET is tall, heavy, smoking a cigar. He's a cop's cop and all-around nice guy.

DIRECTOR GILLET

I can't tell you how excited we are to have you here.

GRACE

You only have one victim. Usually there's two or three by the time I get called in.

DIRECTOR GILLET

This case made page one of the Globe. The tabloids say there is a headhunter on the loose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR GILLET (CONT'D)

The Mayor wants closure. That's his vacation house they were building. I get calls from supervisors I didn't know I had.

GRACE

You clear the Mayor?

DIRECTOR GILLET

We cleared the Mayor. He read the article on you in Newsweek and insisted we fly you up. The papers say two campers had a drunken fight and the loser lost his head.

GRACE

What do you think?

DIRECTOR GILLET

I don't solve crimes anymore, I balance budgets.

GRACE

This was not a heat of the moment killing. And the victim was buried complete with head. The grave was five-foot ten. The victim's height. With square corners. Dug with a shovel the killer had the foresight to bring.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Thirty-five detectives searched the area Saturday. My investigators think you're a witch.

GRACE

I've been called worse.

The Medical Examiner finds two small holes in the skull, waves the PHOTOGRAPHER over.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Jeez. Look at that, looks like he got ice-picked.

She simulates fangs with her hands, they match marks on the skull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

No. A large canine did that.  
Probably an old or sick timber  
wolf that couldn't hunt. It dug  
up the body and chewed off the  
head. It felt safe in the trees,  
away from the riverbank, away from  
the other wolves.

The Medical examiner looks at a chewed vertebrate.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'd say you're right.  
(into tape recorder)  
Postmortem scavenger damage to C-1.

The Medical Examiner examines the skull's teeth.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

The victim was afraid of dentists.  
Bad teeth.

Inspectors Laval and Reynaud enter. Both give Grace wary  
nods. Inspector Laval hands the Medical Examiner a paper  
bag marked HUMAN REMAINS.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

This was a meter from the skull.  
At soil level.

The Medical Examiner opens the bag. Removes a wig. No,  
not a wig; someone's ponytail and leathered scalp.  
Tangled with the hair is a braid of green nylon cord tied  
to two pieces of broomstick. The Photographer SNAPS some  
shots.

The Medical Examiner gingerly untangles the cord.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Look at this.

Grace crosses, grins. Grace studies the cord, noting the  
intricate knots.

GRACE

Bingo. That's your murder weapon.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

It might be trash a camper left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

No. Look at it, braided parachute cord, two pieces of broom stick. You approach the victim from behind, loop it around his head and hold on for all your might. The more the victim struggles, the quicker he passes out. And now you have convenient handles to drag around two hundred pounds of dead kayaker.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

That is a theory.

GRACE

That's exactly what it is. A theory. That evidence supports. When the suspect is in custody you can ask him yourself what happened and you won't need me. Inspector.

Laval bristles, he crosses to check his cell messages. Gillet looks at Grace, at the cord. Turns to her quietly.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Laval and Reynaud are my stars. Very smart, very persistent investigators. On the street; they're magnificent.

GRACE

I can see that Director. You're lucky to have them.

A beat.

GRACE

Go ahead, Director, say what you have to say.

DIRECTOR GILLET

You're the expert. If you have any suggestions on how to proceed...

GRACE

Sure. A forensic anthropologist can draw the victim's face based on the skull. I know someone at Quantico who can do it by tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR GILLET

We have people.

GRACE

Call 'em. Then show the results to everybody around who was selling outdoor goods two years ago. You have his initials; MRC, inside the wetsuit. The long hair is distinctive, someone may recognize him. It's a semi-long shot.

DIRECTOR GILLET

No, that's bread and butter detective work. Thank you.

(checks his watch)

We should get upstairs.

They cross to the exit. Director Gillet barks orders in FRENCH at his two-star Inspectors.

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

Photos, maps, newspaper articles cover the walls. Twenty-four Hour News ON a TV. Six DETECTIVES man the phones. ROOKIES fetch reports, pour coffee.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The long table is crowded. Inspectors Laval and Reynaud. Three more POLICE OFFICIALS. A pair of CITY COUNCILMEN. Grace sits next to Gillet.

COUNCILMAN #1

You found the skull. Incredible.

GRACE

I had a case once where wild dogs had removed remains.

COUNCILMAN #2

So I can tell my people there isn't a headhunter running around the wilds of Quebec?

GRACE

No headhunters, sir. However, a killer is out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUNCILMAN #1

Director Gillet. Do you have the victim identified?

DIRECTOR GILLET

No name yet, sir. We have someone from the University recreating his face from the skull.

COUNCILMAN #1

Why, after two years, has nobody reported him missing?

GRACE

He wasn't missed. He had no family, or moved often. He had the musculature of a serious outdoorsman. He spent a lot of time in his kayak.

COUNCILMAN #1

The big question is who killed him.

GRACE

Always is, sir. I can give you a rough profile; white male, thirty to thirty-four. Has some college but no degree. Neat in appearance. At least six feet tall. Very intelligent. Charming when necessary. He uses murder as a tool, probably in furtherance of a criminal endeavor. He's killed before and will again unless caught.

Laval and Reynaud write furiously. Gillet is impressed. As are the Councilmen.

COUNCILMAN #1

We really appreciate the FBI sending you. When can we expect your report?

GRACE

A couple days, sir.

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Grace writes notes on a yellow pad. Inspectors Laval and Reynaud cross, Laval shows her an artist's sketch of the victim.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Say hello to a dead man.

INSERT SKETCH: The victim has a deep stare, rugged features, long hair.

GRACE

Shame. Good-looking guy.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

This is more than we had. Thank you.

Laval has declared peace. Grace smiles. Reynaud still keeps his distance.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A very nice bed and breakfast. Grace enters and finds her luggage waiting. She loves the room. Antiques, art. Grace finds a bottle of wine and a note from Gillet. She smiles. Grace checks the mini fridge; bingo. Cracks a Moosehead. Her CELL RINGS.

GRACE

(into phone)

Vanderholt?

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)

(filtered)

We named the victim; Curtis Kohler. The forensic dentist just verified the ID.

GRACE

With a C?

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)

(filtered)

No. K-O-H-L-E-R. The initials are for the Montreal River Company. Kohler worked there as a guide three years ago. The owner remembers him because he stole the wetsuit.

GRACE

Can you do a full records search? Criminal, credit, commercial history. Transcripts. Everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Yes, of course.

GRACE  
You're an awesome investigator,  
Inspector. Run his name on every  
database you can. I'll see you in  
the morning.

Grace hangs up. Makes notes on the sketch. Slips it  
into a picture frame.

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

Grace, Reynaud and Laval look through a haystack of  
computer printouts for needles of information. Grace  
stretches. Grabs a donut from a box. Offers the box to  
Laval.

GRACE  
Fruit of the Gods. You know you  
want one.

Laval gives in, takes a plain cake. She offers donuts to  
Reynaud. He rubs his eyes, shoves aside papers, quietly  
to Laval:

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
(subtitled French)  
Let's take her down the street. I  
will not eat one of those hockey  
pucks.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Let's go down the street. Very  
good food. We are inviting you.  
Please.

Grace grabs her jacket and an armful of reports.

INT. BISTRO - DAY

Locals only. The Inspector's favorite spot, they are  
like family here. Grace, Laval and Reynaud at a table in  
back. Covered with reports and plates. Grace stops  
reading. Tosses aside a printout.

GRACE  
Mr. Kohler has been dead two  
years. No doubt about that.  
Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Very solid time of death. Two years ago.

GRACE

So before he died he got his paychecks, paid his taxes. Patronized sporting goods stores. And had long spending gaps where he was enjoying the great outdoors. That pattern continues a year after his death. He gets some paychecks. Rents an apartment. Buys a three thousand dollar kayak. Pays his taxes. Dead and buried and still paying his taxes. Then everything stops. Last Visa charge was to Travelocity for a plane ticket to Mexico city.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Dead men don't pay their bills. It's identity theft.

GRACE

This isn't someone renting limos and fancy dinners on someone else's credit. Lifestyle and habits don't change.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Computer error?

GRACE

Too many independent systems.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

(beat)

We work organized crime sometimes, maybe a hit man wanted to lay low. He assumed the life of a civilian until things cooled off.

GRACE

You really think a gangster is going to break his stride and become a long hair groovy river guide? Inspector, this guy's whole life has been stolen. Someone killed him and became him. Down to profession and taste in clothing.

Laval and Reynaud trade looks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

The lights are still on, Grace has fallen asleep on her bed, still in her clothes, paperwork everywhere. Case photos now fill the picture frames, cover the walls, even on the ceiling. KNOCKING at the door. Grace stirs.

Crosses to the door, groggy. She checks the peephole. Cracks the door. It's Inspector Laval.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You are a heavy sleeper.

GRACE

You're everywhere. What's up, Laval?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

A man was killed tonight. Attacked from behind. Asphyxiated with a nylon cord with handles. And there's a witness. Or a suspect. We're not sure yet. We should go.

EXT. PARKING LOT CRIME SCENE (DOWNTOWN MONTREAL) - NIGHT (4:00 AM)

Cop cars everywhere. Crime scene tape. The Coroner's van. A couple NEWS CAMERAMEN. Grace crossing with Laval.

Reynaud places a HANDCUFFED MAN in workout gear in the back of a cop car.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

That's him. He says he saw the killer.

Reynaud SLAPS the cop car, it quickly drives away. Grace and Laval arrive at a BODY dressed in sweats. A gym bag nearby. A pair of UNIFORMS stand guard as a CRIMINALIST processes the body. Thirty-ish, healthy, his generic looks marred by bulging, bruised eyes. Face bruised.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Meet Mr. Todd Ford.

Grace squats by the body. CLICKS on her Mag-Lite and inspects the victim. Bruises on his neck.

GRACE

He's still warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace shines her flashlight along the corpse. A couple hairs glow in the strong light beam.

GRACE

Want to get those?

The Criminalist takes a lint roller, collects the hairs.

GRACE

Where is it?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

There. Under his car.

Grace shines her light under a car. A garrote is there, made of broomsticks and knotted nylon cord.

GRACE

Holy shit. Has Le Directeur been notified?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

I'm letting the poor man sleep a couple more minutes.

(pointing things  
out)

Twenty-four hour gym is there, next door. He has a membership card in his wallet. That's his car. Car keys.

Grace looks around the garage. Taking it all in. Getting a feel for the scene.

She carefully examines the victim's car with her flashlight. The door has been brushed with black print dust.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT (4:43 AM)

Director Gillet sips bad coffee in a rumpled suit and T-shirt. Looking through a two-way mirror. Grace, Reynaud are with him.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Is that our killer?

GRACE

Maybe. So far he checks out as an art dealer from Winnipeg.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN COSTA, 33, sits at the small table. Glasses, moppish hair. Laval sits across from him. Costa is sincere, and frightened.

COSTA

I walk out of the gym. Walk to my car. I'm unlocking it and I hear a scuffle, a fight. Over by this car I see this guy getting choked from behind and I shouted.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

What did you shout?

COSTA

'Stop.' I ran towards them. Then the person doing the choking lets go and pointed a gun at me and ran. I'm so stupid. I could of been shot. I called the police gave him CPR until the paramedics came.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You touched him?

COSTA

Of course. I was giving him CPR.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You removed the Garrote?

COSTA

The thing around his neck? Yes. I took it off, it was choking him.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Did you see where the attacker went?

COSTA

Away from me.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

What kind of gun did he have?

COSTA

(frustrated)

The kind that puts really big holes in people.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Was it black? Was it silver?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

Black.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Okay, see? I am getting information.  
He had a large black handgun.

COSTA

Listen to me. I can draw a  
picture of his face. I saw him.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You want to draw a picture?

COSTA

A sketch. I can sketch him. I'm  
very good.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

How could you see his face in the  
dark?

A beat. Costa realizing he is under suspicion. He leans  
forward, looks Inspector Laval in the eye.

COSTA

I did not do this. I saw two guys  
fighting and should of ran the  
other way but I didn't.

(as if to a child)

You need to find the person who  
killed this man.

(in French)

You need to find the guy who did  
this.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Grace doesn't like the turn.

GRACE

You need to confirm he's a suspect  
or clear him and kick-start a  
manhunt based on Costa's ID. If  
he is a legit witness, he'll get  
heated up and start forgetting  
details. I think there's a way to  
clear him without pissing him off.  
May I?

DIRECTOR GILLET

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace KNOCKS on the Interview room door.

GRACE

Inspector. I need a moment with you.

Laval exits the room, shutting the door behind them. A ROOKIE hands Director Gillet a cup of coffee and a new dress shirt wrapped in plastic.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

I was getting into his mind.

GRACE

I have a shortcut. Can you get any of his school transcripts?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Sure. It's all on-line.

Grace takes an evidence bag containing the garrote from the latest crime scene. She drops it in her computer bag.

Grabs a case file.

GRACE

Call the Winnipeg Police and have them fax or e-mail his driver's license photo.

Grace crosses, opens the door, enters.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

John Costa smiles at Grace as she enters. Sets her bag on the floor. The case file on the desk.

COSTA

I hope you guys are playing bad cop smart cop.

GRACE

Sorry. I'm the dumb one. Agent Vanderholt. Call me Grace.

They shake. She slides typing paper and a pencil over to Costa.

COSTA

Thank you. He had these real intense eyes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Costa about to start drawing.

GRACE

Hold on. Before you do that, I need some personal information from you. Can you write down the name of the elementary school you attended? And your elementary school teachers, as many as you can remember.

Costa looking at Grace a beat.

COSTA

Are you kidding me? Lady, I saw someone get killed tonight and you're asking me about grade school?

GRACE

I apologize, I know it's random, but it's the best way you can help me.

COSTA

I don't remember any of that.

GRACE

Please, Mr. Costa. You'd be surprised.

COSTA

(writing)

I attended two. Holy Trinity and Mother of Good Counsel. I remember Sister Bernard. And. I don't know, Father Jeffrey. Mr. Johansen. Oh, and Mrs. Sebastien, she had a glass eye.

GRACE

May I?

She takes the list of names. She tips over her briefcase with her foot, the evidence bag spills out. Costa glances at the garrote, REACTS.

COSTA

Omigod. That's it, isn't it?

GRACE

That's what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

The thing around his neck.

Costa looking at Grace, realizes it's a mind game.

COSTA

I told the other guy, I'll tell you. I did not do this. Grace. I saw who did this and I can show you what he looks like and you can go catch him.

Costa is unambiguously sincere. Grace's attitude softens a bit. She tucks the garrote back in her bag.

GRACE

Go ahead and draw the face of the man you saw.

Costa draws a simple smiley face. He shows her.

GRACE

We'll get an artist to help you.

COSTA

I can draw him, thank you.

Grace crosses to the door. Costa begins drawing in earnest.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Grace emerges from the interrogation room. Reynaud hands her a printout of Costa's school records. Grace checking Costa's list against his transcripts.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You left a file in there.

GRACE

I know. See if he tries to peek in it. The real killer couldn't resist. He'll want to know what we know.

Laval watches Costa.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Costa draws with skilled hands, delicate but strong. The file is ignored.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Grace hands Laval back Costa's file.

GRACE

Can you remember any of your grade school teachers? He remembered three.

A Rookie crosses with a photo, hands it to Laval.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Here's his provincial driver's license photo. He's checking out.

Laval shows Grace the photo. It is definitely Costa. A beat.

GRACE

Have a nurse take a DNA sample. Just to make sure his DNA isn't in the victim's car or anything weird.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

We'll run the tests.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Costa has finished the sketch. He holds it up to the mirror, for those he assumes are watching.

REFLECTED in the two-way mirror is COSTA'S SKETCH. Cold piercing eyes, chiseled features.

The door opens, expecting Grace, Costa is disappointed to see a tough-looking PARAMEDIC unwrapping a cotton swab.

PARAMEDIC

Please open your mouth.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY (7:08 AM)

THE SKETCH is taped to the dashboard, now labeled: UNKNOWN ASSAILANT. The cops cruise the business district, eyeballing the arriving OFFICE WORKERS.

EXT. COFFEE STAND (MONTREAL) - DAY

GRACE slams an espresso shot as she reads the Globe.

INSERT HEADLINE: MONTREAL MAN MURDERED OUTSIDE GYM.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

This is his personal space, tons of hockey paraphernalia. A couple tired easy chairs. The Medical Examiner eats a slice of pizza. Grace studies an evidence bag containing a man's ring.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Fell out of his T-shirt when I removed the clothing. It doesn't fit the victim.

GRACE

(off the ring)

WVSS. 1995. What's that?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

West Vancouver Secondary School  
Class of '95.

GRACE

CWE? Whose initials? Not the victim's.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No. I called the school and had someone find them in a yearbook. Here's the original owner's name. But it could have been through a dozen pawn shops since then.

He hands her a piece of paper. Grace has a big smile.

GRACE

Doctor, can I take you back to Quantico with me?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Sorry. I must remain where the hockey is good.

Grace hands the paper to Reynaud.

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICES - DAY

Reynaud and Grace crossing through the parking lot.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

(into radio, subtitled  
French)

This is Special Unit Fourteen. I want a complete name search. Clark William. Surname is Edwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Inspector Reynaud. Can we swing  
by the crime scene before we head  
back?

Reynaud nods: yes. They get in his unmarked car.

EXT. PARKING LOT CRIME SCENE - DAY

Tape still up. The 24 Hour gym is closed for the day.  
Grace looking around. Laval studies a shrine of candles  
on the sidewalk.

Grace sneaks up on him. She gets real close. Laval  
watches the candles burn.

GRACE

Inspector.

Laval startles.

GRACE

C'mere a second, please.

They cross to the victim's car.

GRACE

Borrow your keys? Stand there  
like you're going to choke me.

Grace pantomimes unlocking the door, drops the keys and  
reaches for her throat.

GRACE

Keys drop straight down, how'd  
they end up over there under that  
car?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

They were kicked. During the  
struggle.

GRACE

(points)

Okay. Kick them as hard as you  
can that way.

Laval looks at her, kicks his keys.

GRACE

Not even halfway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace crosses to the candles. Laval follows.

GRACE

I had this case. This young  
hundred-pound woman was abducted  
from a parking lot. She kicked  
off a mirror, broke a window,  
dented her door. She struggled.  
This guy? Nothing.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Everything you are saying, you are  
saying one thing, do we trust  
Costa?

GRACE

Good question. Do we trust Costa?

An unmarked car pulls up. Reynaud drives.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

Get in.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - DAY

Grace and Laval get in, Reynaud guns it. Grace belts in.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

I found a current address here in  
Montreal.

Reynaud leans on the HORN, aggressively maneuvering  
through traffic.

GRACE

You guys have an extra weapon? I  
didn't want to cross the border  
armed.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

The glove box.

Grace opens it and finds a compact Glock. She checks it,  
shoves it into her pocket.

Reynaud swerves into the wrong lane. Stops cold in front  
of an apartment building. And gets out. Great driving.

A mere two blocks away from the crime scene. Laval gets  
out. Then Grace.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

An upper floor. Grace, Reynaud and the MANAGER cross to a door. The Manager studies Costa's sketch of the attacker.

SUPER

I never met him. We conducted our business by phone.

They arrive at a door. Reynaud about to knock. Grace stops him, listening at the door.

GRACE

I smell smoke. Back where I'm from anyone can kick a door if there's a fire. It's the 'citizen's arrest' of search warrants.

Then: The SMOKE ALARM inside the apartment BUZZES O.S. Reynaud and Laval trade looks. Reynaud cocks a leg...

The Manager unlocks the door a beat before Reynaud kicks it. Laval is no danger junkie, he's a little hesitant to enter. Grace gets down low, enters carefully, she knows what she's doing.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's dark, drawn shades. A small studio. Reynaud and Grace move tactically with drawn guns. Grace enters the kitchen. Light smoke.

Reynaud approaches the futon, a person-sized shape under the blankets. Reynaud whips aside the blanket. Just pillows.

Grace checks under the sink.

Reynaud checks the bathroom and shower.

A coffee pot smokes, SIZZLING sludge on the bottom. Grace checks around the fridge, now satisfied no one lurks in there.

GRACE

Clear.

Grace turns off the burner. She crosses to a window, whips aside the curtains, and opens it. Coughing.

GRACE

Ugh. Got a lung full.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace looks at a glass of orange juice, a half-eaten plate of food on the table.

GRACE

Looks like this guy ran out in the middle of breakfast.

Laval has entered, he stares out the window. Grace looks out the window, REACTS.

WHAT GRACE SEES

The apartment window has a perfect view of the gym parking lot where the killing occurred.

BACK TO SCENE

Reynaud sees that and also REACTS.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

We should get out of here. Don't touch anything.

They back out of there.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (AN HOUR LATER)

Grace watches a CRIMINALIST bag a comb from the medicine cabinet. A couple hairs entwined in its teeth.

In the kitchen another CRIMINALIST dusts for prints. Reynaud taking pictures with a large still camera. Laval KNOCKS on the walls.

Laval moves a picture frame. A photograph falls out. Laval picks it up with surgical gloves.

INSERT PHOTO: A dead ringer for Costa's sketch, carousing in a Thai bar.

Laval shows Grace.

GRACE

Resembles the man Costa sketched.

(beat)

Have you released him? You don't want your star witness steaming in a holding cell.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL

He went home twenty minutes ago.  
Agent Grace, where do you think  
Monsieur Edwards is?

GRACE

I bet Monsieur Edwards is in a  
deep grave with square corners  
like Messieurs Kohler and Ford.  
Which looks like all the victims.  
Maybe he's subconsciously killing  
himself.

Grace finds a guitar case. Opens it. It's a mobile  
office; it has postage stamps. Postcards. Assorted  
stationery, different address labels. Neat, organized.  
Holiday cards. A CD titled: "Learn Flamenco Guitar."  
Hundreds of practice signatures. Forged documents.  
Victim's personal effects.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

We'll take that with us.  
(in French)  
Put a number and seal on that case.

Reynaud SNAPS pictures of the guitar case.

Grace is absorbing everything this little apartment can  
tell her. Bonding with the space. She smells a pillow.  
Thinking.

GRACE

Ever see a Hermit crab?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

No.

GRACE

It's a crab that lives in the  
shells of dead sea snails.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Yes, yes. They have one big claw  
and curl up tight.

Laval takes a long, sharpened screwdriver from his  
jacket. Begins prying off a door molding. Grace sits at  
the kitchen table.

GRACE

When they outgrow an old shell,  
they search for a new empty shell,  
crawl up to it and quickly switch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (CONT'D)

They live in these beautiful shells because they have these soft ugly bodies. They couldn't survive without the shells. Neither can the guy we're after.

Laval exposes several MINI DV and MICRO-CASSETTES hidden under the molding.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN - DAY

Surprisingly clear video shot with a long night-vision lens. TODD FORD exits the 24 Hour Gym, gets in his car.

WIDEN TO:

The Director, Grace, Reynaud and Laval watch the video on the TV. Director Gillet turns it off. He is not in a good mood and that has Laval and Reynaud on edge.

DIRECTOR GILLET

We could have had him this morning.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Director, please. We are getting close. The hairs recovered from the apartment match the hairs recovered at the crime scene on Ford's body. We found hours of video like that of the victim. He has been following him, filming him for weeks. He tapped his phone and has recordings of Ford's calls. Even a CD with copies of Mr. Ford's E-mail folders.

GRACE

With that much detail, you could become anyone.

DIRECTOR GILLET

So he hunts people and wears their lives as a kind of trophy.

GRACE

More like a kind of camouflage.

DIRECTOR GILLET

What's his real name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL

We know what he looks like, we have his fingerprints, we know what he had for breakfast. But his name eludes us still.

DIRECTOR GILLET

(angry)

Find it, Laval. Find him.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Yes, sir.

Laval and Reynaud quickly exit. Grace stays.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Director Gillet and Grace walk down the hall.

GRACE

They're working really hard.

DIRECTOR GILLET

I know.

GRACE

Someone died last night because the asshole we're after isn't in custody. It's happened to me before and I'm sure it will happen again. It's a pretty miserable feeling.

DIRECTOR GILLET

I haven't felt it in a long time.

(a beat)

Dinner?

GRACE

Thank you. I promised the boys I'd hang out tonight. I'm sorry.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

Grace, Reynaud and Laval have mussels and beer. Laval watches the GUITARIST, a little melancholy.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

I'm fair and I keep my promises. My informants trust me. I have eyes on the trains, on the buses. If they see him, they will tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
(subtitled French)  
Maybe they will tell you. Why do  
you trust junkies?

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
(makes a fist)  
I trust their fear of this.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
(subtitled French)  
Don't say that in front of her.

GRACE  
(subtitled French)  
It's okay. I was a street cop in  
Philadelphia for three years  
before I joined the FBI.

Grace speaks French. Reynaud REACTS. As does Laval.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
Very nice. You like to play  
games.

Grace smiles.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Mr. Ford worked as a cruise-ship  
musician. He would walk around  
and play his guitar on the decks  
at night.

GRACE  
Life is pretty cold sometimes.  
Man's just trying to spread a  
little music and gets murdered.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
He targeted Mr. Ford the night  
before he was supposed to get on a  
plane and meet a ship in Aruba.

GRACE  
Only the new improved Mr. Ford was  
going to meet he ship.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
Think he has a plan B?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I doubt it. He's been so meticulous and effective in the past, I bet he's never needed one. We can assume he has all sorts of fake IDs and passports. Disguises. But that's not enough for him, he has to be someone else. He gets off impersonating people. And he knows his current persona is compromised.

Laval and Reynaud have stopped eating, are looking at her.

GRACE

What?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You're always thinking. Save something for tomorrow. We have three boxes of evidence to go through.

GRACE

Pretty cavalier attitude for a man who just got his ass chewed by his boss.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

My papa dropped dead of a heart attack in front of a drill press at work. Not me.

Grace understands. Laval CLINKS her beer, Reynaud too.

GRACE

I'm dropping by Costa's, I still have a couple questions.

(off Laval's look)

I can't turn it off.

EXT. ART GALLERY STREET - NIGHT

A warm night, people are out. TEENS, COUPLES. Some OLD MEN argue politics. Grace approaches the gallery, keeping a low profile as she finds an angle to look inside.

INT. ART GALLERY - GRACE'S POV - NIGHT (MOS)

John Costa shares some Merlot with a statuesque ELEGANT WOMAN. She's laughing, flirting. Costa is making her laugh.

EXT. ART GALLERY STREET - NIGHT

Grace quickly crosses to the entrance.

INT. ART GALLERY - GRACE'S POV - NIGHT

An OLDER MAN joins them, the woman is his arm candy. Costa shakes his hand. The Older Man and the Elegant Woman exit.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Grace enters. Costa sees her, REACTS, genuinely glad to see her. And that throws Grace a beat. She really likes his smile.

GRACE

Mr. Costa.

COSTA

You caught me.

GRACE

Not yet.

Grace looks over the art.

COSTA

Toussant Jean Bernard. I met him in Haiti last year. Very troubled life. Outlived all his children. And he had ten. He lost his wife to cancer and went blind. Passed away last year.

GRACE

Overpriced folk art. Is it the work of a soul that has suffered? Sure. Are his explorations as an artist groundbreaking? No.

COSTA

Ouch. And I was going to send you two and charge them to your Amex.

GRACE

I couldn't afford it.

Costa is looking at her, looking through her.

COSTA

What about Daddy's Amex? I've sold quite a bit of art to poor little rich girls like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace grows tense.

GRACE

Excuse me.

COSTA

Try the wine.

GRACE

I'm partial to beer. And I don't have long. I came by to thank you for your help. And I apologize if you were detained. You did the right thing. Trying to save him.

COSTA

Why, thank you. Agent Vanderholt.  
(gives her a card)  
I'm having a show Friday. You should come by and meet some good people.

GRACE

Who knows. Where'd you learn CPR?

COSTA

Medical school. Before I dropped out. I had a moment of clarity: in anatomy class I realized I'd rather draw bodies than cut them up. And when I realized I couldn't make art, I decided to sell it.

GRACE

Some journey.

COSTA

It's taken me all over the world.

GRACE

About Monday again, did you see Mr. Ford fighting back?

COSTA

At first I thought I was interrupting something, you know?

GRACE

No, I don't.

COSTA

I thought they were hugging. Then the gun came out when he saw me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I guess that's it. Thanks.

Grace hands him a card.

GRACE

If you remember any details or need anything.

(off his look)

Anything related to the case, please call me.

COSTA

Okay. Think about Friday. Please, Grace?

Grace will; she exits.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grace has turned the romantic little room into a cave of paperwork. Notes and photos cover the walls. Grace reads a phone bill taped to a lamp. Circles a number that keeps reappearing.

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY (6:03 A.M.)

The place is gearing up for a new day. Grace crosses to where Laval and Reynaud struggle awake with coffee and the morning paper. Grace takes a seat, grabs the sports section. A YOUNG DETECTIVE eats a grapefruit.

GRACE

Morning. Can you run this name? She got twenty hang-up calls from Edward's phone.

The Young Detective takes a Post-It from Grace and crosses.

GRACE

What happened to that beautiful thumbprint on the orange juice glass, you get an ID?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

No hits. He's never been fingerprinted.

GRACE

Shit. Any activity on Edward's accounts?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Nothing. I think he became  
Edwards a year ago. He was a  
software engineer. Did everything  
by the internet, he never met  
anyone face to face.

Grace trades Reynaud for the front page.

GRACE  
Why a year ago.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Edwards went on a river trip.  
Kohler was a guide.

Grace REACTS. Laval tosses her some papers.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Those are E-mails between Kohler  
and Edwards discussing the trip  
one year ago.

GRACE  
You connected Edwards and Kohler?  
Somebody was working all night.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
I couldn't sleep.

GRACE  
Our suspect kills Kohler on the  
river, lives his life a year,  
kills Edwards and assumes his ID  
for a year. Then he stalks Ford,  
kills him but is interrupted by  
Costa. Think he's pissed at  
Costa?

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
Of course.

The Young Detective returns with a report, hands it to  
Grace.

YOUNG DETECTIVE  
Agent Vanderholt, a report came  
back on the name.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - DAY

Laval drives fast through a neat, modest neighborhood.  
Grace marveling at the police report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

She must have sounded like a total fruitcake.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

This is it.

Grace watching Laval. He looks pretty rough this morning.

GRACE

Let me go and be non-threatening.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - DAY

KNOCKING on the front door. The WOMAN from the ferry answers the door. Her name is REBECCA ASHER. She opens the door, smiles warmly at Grace.

MRS. ASHER

Hi, please come in. Thank you for coming.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Classy decor. Grace sips Earl Grey. Admires the impressive antiques.

MRS. ASHER

I'm glad they finally sent someone, those hang-up calls have me terrified. They started right after I saw him.

(a beat)

I looked him directly in the eye. There was a moment of mutual recognition.

GRACE

Do you think it's Martin calling and hanging up?

MRS. ASHER

It couldn't sound crazier, but who else?

GRACE

Were you ever asked to identify his body?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ASHER

The body? Yes, they showed me some remains that had been hit by a pickup truck. The upper body was crushed. There was no face. I got physically ill.

Mrs. Asher studies Grace.

MRS. ASHER

You're not Canadian, are you?

GRACE

No. I'm with the FBI.

Grace shows her creds.

MRS. ASHER

There was three. About two weeks ago. I began turning off my telephone when I go to bed.

GRACE

You have some very nice things, Mrs. Asher.

MRS. ASHER

Thank you. Some of them have been in my family for several generations. Please call me Rebecca.

Grace looking at pictures on the wall of a good-looking, athletic kid. They stop at age fourteen.

GRACE

Is that Martin?

MRS. ASHER

No. That's Reese. Martin's older brother. He drowned in a terrible accident.

Grace notes a photo of a smiling young REESE receiving a long distance swimming trophy.

GRACE

I'm so sorry, Rebecca. How did he drown?

MRS. ASHER

The San Michel River. Martin fell out of their raft and Reese jumped in to save him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ASHER (CONT'D)

There was a lot of snowmelt that year. Martin reached the bank. Reese didn't. It was their fourteenth birthday.

GRACE

Their fourteenth birthday?

MRS. ASHER

They were twins. Identical twins.

GRACE

You said Reese was older.

MRS. ASHER

By three minutes. They were very different boys.

GRACE

To lose one son so young, then to lose the other two years later; to think you've lost him. That must have been devastating.

Mrs. Asher lights a cigarette. Crosses to the window, so poised, so tragic. Grace studies her with a critical eye.

MRS. ASHER

Reese was very charismatic and outgoing. Martin was introverted. He never thrived like Reese. He was a very disturbed young man. Reese was Martin's world. Martin never recovered his equilibrium after we lost him. He changed. Martin began to intimidate me. He could be very menacing. He began imitating Reese at school and that lead to fights with other students. At sixteen he stole some jewelry that was very precious to me and ran away. A few days later the Thunder Bay police called and said my son had been killed changing a tire.

GRACE

The police want you to sign this so they can exhume the body in Martin's grave and verify identity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Asher takes the paper.

MRS. ASHER  
I'll sign it. I already know  
somebody else's son is in that  
casket.

The PHONE RINGS.

MRS. ASHER  
Excuse me.

Mrs. Asher crosses to the kitchen and answers.

Grace looking around, takes a look down a hallway.  
LAUGHTER O.S. as Mrs. Asher chats with a friend.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Grace pokes her head in, looks around. Nothing of note.

INT. MRS. ASHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Grace peers in. Flowing silk, throw  
pillows, like a Sultan's tent. Interesting.

INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - DAY

Grace opens the door. Bingo. More LAUGHTER O.S. A bed,  
still made. Old toys. Sports equipment. An "R" on the  
headboard.

On the other side; shadows on the wall where pictures  
used to hang. Indents in the carpet. Where a bed used  
to be.

Grace's brow furrows. Martin has been erased.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

GROWLING. Grace turns. Sees a diminutive DOBERMAN  
SNARLING at her. The miniature hound guards a door.

A door with several locks. Grace takes a step toward it.

The tiny dog bares its fangs. Grace reaches for a  
deadbolt. The little DOG GROWLING. One deadbolt is  
open. CLICK. Grace opens the other one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace cracks the door. Darkness, stairs leading to the basement.

MRS. ASHER (O.S.)

The bathroom is there.

Grace startles. Mrs. Asher is right behind her.

GRACE

I know. I was snooping.

Grace closes the door. Mrs. Asher escorts Grace away, past the boys' room.

MRS. ASHER

(re: the boys' room)

My friends call it the shrine. It can be difficult to let go.

GRACE

I know.

A beat.

MRS. ASHER

He's killing people, isn't he?

Grace nods: yes. Mrs. Asher assumed as much.

GRACE

That doesn't surprise you?

MRS. ASHER

No. It doesn't.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - DAY

Grace gets in. Laval shaving with an electrical razor. Laval pulls out.

GRACE

That lady is definitely a queen without a country. I should have curtsied.

(watches him shave)

Hygiene on the road. Very efficient.

The razor dies. Leaving Laval half-shaven.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Merde!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace trying not to laugh, hands him a form.

GRACE

She signed. Start digging.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A back hoe rips a bucket of earth from amidst the graves.  
A couple UNIFORMS watch.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

A cheap wood coffin sits on a gurney. The lid has been removed. Grace, Laval and Reynaud peer inside and REACT. Reynaud looks ill.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Hmm. Could be worse after getting  
run over by a pickup and twenty  
years in the ground.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY (10 MINUTES LATER)

The body has been moved to the exam table. Covered with mold the corpse seems to be upholstered with baby blue velvet. The Medical Examiner checks the scale.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Bodies get mixed up all the time.  
Police found the wallet, called  
the mother and nothing was cross-  
checked. This was his head.

Medical Examiner pulls a plastic bag from the coffin.  
Slices it open, revealing skull fragments and teeth.  
Passes them off to an ASSISTANT.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(to the assistant)

Get that to Doctor Shivani and  
make sure someone signs for it.

(to Grace)

She'll rebuild his jaw line and  
check it against Martin Asher's  
dental X-rays.

GRACE

How soon, sir?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(shrugs)

This is a priority case, this  
afternoon maybe.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Five XL-sized COPS pump iron before their shift.

CAMERA FINDS GRACE.

She's doing sit-ups on a decline bench, holding a 25-pound plate to her chest. She's a machine. Sweating. Intense. The cops can't help but to be impressed. Grace's CELL RINGS. She doesn't stop, does sit-ups faster. At the last second she answers.

GRACE  
(into phone, panting)  
Vanderholt.

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Am I interrupting something?

GRACE  
Yes. What?

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)  
The X-rays don't match.

GRACE  
Find the real Martin Asher. He's  
your killer.  
(a beat)  
You better get his mother someplace  
safe.

EXT. POSH HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An UNMARKED parked with Laval and Grace inside. They watch:

INT. POSH HOTEL LOBBY - GRACE'S POV - NIGHT

MRS. ASHER checking in.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

GRACE  
How'd she finagle a room there?

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
She's a very slick woman.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRACE

She didn't have one picture of Martin. Not one. Even cut him out of the old yearbooks. And she had a basement door like a vault. She's hiding something. In the basement of her house. What is it, ten minutes away from here? Her house.

A beat. Laval looks at Grace, decides he can trust her.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

If she's under our protection and something happens to her house, her belongings, the department could be liable. There could be a lawsuit.

GRACE

You're right. We should make sure her front door is locked.

Laval makes a U-turn.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens. Revealing Grace, and Laval as he pockets a lockpick gun.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

I'll stay outside. Kill him if he's in there.

GRACE

Yeah, I'll get 'em.

Grace enters with a flashlight and a pistol. She cautiously clears each room until she is sure she is alone.

Grace crosses to the hallway. The little dog is there. GROWLING. Grace tosses it a hamburger patty.

GRACE

Let's be friends.

The dog happily attacks its treat as Grace opens the deadbolts on the door the little dog was guarding.

## INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace descends CREAKING STOPS. Shining her light around. Old boxes. Furniture. Forgotten things. Dust.

Grace is looking for something and she's not sure what. She spots a door chain. She moves some boxes. Finds a leather razor strop hanging next to a small door.

Grace's hand undoes the chain. Lifts the latch and opens the door as rusted HINGES SQUEAL.

## INT. MARTIN'S CELL - NIGHT

Grace moves aside cobwebs with her big flashlight. The room is tiny. Exposed joists overhead. Grace sits on the cold concrete. A sleeping bag rolled in the corner. One wall is just chicken wire. Her flashlight beam stabs at the yawning darkness beneath the house.

There is a public school desk chair combo. The name MARTIN neatly carved into it, then scratched out. A broken light bulb overhead, its wires running to a corner of the house.

Grace cautiously unrolls the sleeping bag. A pair of socks, underwear, T-shirt neatly folded inside. She rolls it back up. Finds a large jar, picks it up. Very old feces inside, a makeshift toilet. She sets it down.

Grace pulls the door shut. And turns off her flashlight. Pitch black. So quiet.

She sits there, in the musty little cage. Listening to her BREATHING, to her HEART BEAT. So lonely, so frightening. A tear rolls down her cheek. She SNIFFLES, wipes away the tear. A beat. Grace hears SCRATCHING. She clicks on her light.

GRACE'S FLASHBACK - INT. MARTIN'S CELL - NIGHT

YOUNG MARTIN ASHER IS HUDDLED in the corner, shivering, CRYING and WHIMPERING. Martin looks AT us with haunted eyes.

## INT. MARTIN'S CELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Grace REACTS, nothing is there. Chuckles for scaring herself. Grace feels the chicken wire. MORE SCRATCHING. Grace freezes. Listening carefully. Mice?

SOMETHING moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She swings her flashlight on: TWO FIERY EYES.

WHAM! Something big slams into the chicken wire. Teeth flashing, GROWLING. It's a BADGER. Grace almost shoots it. The fearless beast GROWLS.

Grace kicks the door open and runs out of there.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Laval driving back to Montreal. Grace is shaken.

GRACE

I think I just shaved ten years  
off my life.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Ah, you do feel fear.

GRACE

Yes. Rabies scares me. Only  
rabies. Nothing else.

Her CELL RINGS.

GRACE

(into phone)

Vanderholt.

COSTA (V.O.)

(filtered)

Grace. Someone broke into my  
office. Minutes ago.

GRACE

At the art gallery?

COSTA (V.O.)

Yes. My office here.

GRACE

Are they still there?

COSTA (V.O.)

No.

GRACE

Did you call the police?

COSTA (V.O.)

You told me to call you if  
anything happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

We'll be right there. I'm sending  
a car. Don't touch anything.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Two POLICE CRUISERS SCREECH to a stop outside.

INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - NIGHT

Wooden painting crates everywhere. A table saw for  
making frames. Costa is distressed. Grace looking at a  
message typed onto his computer screen.

COSTA

I do all my calls to Europe and  
shipping stuff at night. My  
address book was on the screen  
when I went out for coffee. I  
came back and this was on the  
screen.

GRACE

How long were you gone?

COSTA

Ten minutes. Maybe. When I  
returned, that was on the screen.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: MR. COSTA: MEET ME TONIGHT @ LES  
FRERS ON RUE CHAUCER. CU @ THE BAR 1:30 A.M.

Reynaud takes a picture of the screen. Laval checking  
the door's lock. Finds no marks. Gives Costa a look.

COSTA

Is this about the strangling? Is  
that guy after me?

GRACE

Please relax, Mr. Costa. We don't  
know if there's a connection yet.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Is anything missing.

COSTA

No. Everything's here.

(a beat)

Shit. He took my organizer and my  
business checkbook.

Grace nods for Laval to step outside with her.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GALLERY - DAY

Grace and Laval.

GRACE

How do we know Costa didn't stage this? For attention or something.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

He's happy to see you. But the alarm was jumpered. Do you think Costa knows how to jumper an alarm?

GRACE

We should take the computer.

Costa who has followed them out, overheard.

COSTA

Don't take the computer. That's my brain.

Costa turns to Grace.

COSTA

I'm not making this up. Believe me.

Grace shrugs, sees an ATM facing the alley.

GRACE

Should I believe you?

Grace crosses to the ATM. Peers into its security camera.

GRACE

Or should I believe this.

COSTA

Believe what you want.

He's cocky, Grace likes that.

EXT. ALLEY - ATM VIDEO - NIGHT

Being fast forwarded. COSTA exits his office. Locks the door. He walks TOWARD CAMERA and EXITS FRAME.

A MAN'S SILHOUETTE in the alley. Crossing towards the office door. An ATM CUSTOMER blocks the shot. The ATM customer moves on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nobody is there. Then:

MARTIN ASHER exits Costa's office. Closes the door. APPROACHES CAMERA, nonchalant. His face is clear; the piercing eyes, the sharp features. Asher EXITS FRAME.

Fast forward some more until Costa ENTERS FRAME and crosses to his office with a cup of coffee. The VIDEO STOPS. It REWINDS. FREEZES ON ASHER.

CUT WIDE TO:

INT. TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

Costa, Grace, Laval and Reynaud. Costa stands there looking at Asher's image on the video monitor.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Is that the man you saw choking  
Mr. Ford?

Fear flashes across Costa's face.

COSTA

I must of walked right past him.

GRACE

Mr. Costa, is that the man you saw  
kill Mr. Ford in the parking lot?

COSTA

Yes. That's him. That is the man  
I saw murder Todd Ford in the  
parking lot outside my gym. No  
doubt. Now will you go catch him,  
please?

GRACE

Thank you. I just needed you to  
say it.

COSTA

Who is this guy? He's like a  
Ninja. Sneaking into my office.  
How dangerous is he? Does he want  
to kill me?

GRACE

John, no harm will come to you.  
Listen to me. No harm will come  
to you. I promise. Anyone who  
wants to hurt you will have to get  
through these two for starters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures at Laval and Reynaud. Costa turns to them.

COSTA

How many people have you killed?

Reynaud shrugs.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

You will be safe, my friend.

GRACE

We want you to be there tonight.

A beat, Costa smiles. Realizes she's serious.

COSTA

No. I'm not meeting him.  
Absolutely not. You ever go  
fishing? The bait always dies.

GRACE

He won't get within fifty feet of  
you. The second we see him, the  
cuffs go on.

COSTA

(adamant)

Grace, no.

INT. STAKEOUT VAN - NIGHT

Costa gives Grace a look as Reynaud tapes a microphone to the BODY ARMOR he is wearing.

COSTA

What if he shoots me in the head?

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

I will take the bullet for you  
like the Secret Service. Okay,  
friend?

Reynaud is serious. Grace helps Costa with his shirt.

COSTA

You're good. You could move a lot  
of art if you wanted to.

Their eyes meet for a beat.

COSTA

And inspire some too, I'm sure.

Right then something very rare happens; Grace blushes.

INT. LES FRERS - NIGHT (1:29 AM)

Ultra-hip. The dance floor THROBS with CLUBGOERS. THE DJ THUMPS a EUROBEAT.

Costa sits at the bar. PEOPLE all around him, jostling to buy drinks. Two busy BARTENDERS sling booze.

Costa finds the noise and crowd absolutely nerve-wracking. He twirls the ice in his Scotch with a finger. Staring at the clock. 1:31 AM. He's nervous, sweat beads his forehead. A big BARTENDER, an undercover cop, pours Costa a Scotch.

BARTENDER

Don't worry. You're doing fine.

COSTA

Could you look any more like a cop?

BARTENDER

What?

COSTA

Could I have some water? I'm cooking in this thing.

Costa scratches around the neck of the hot BODY ARMOR. The Bartender gives him a Dasani.

VARIOUS ANGLES: A half-dozen UNDERCOVERS are mixed in with the CLUBGOERS.

CAMERA FINDS Reynaud sitting at the bar near Costa, gives Costa a reassuring nod through the crowd.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT (1:53 AM)

Parked outside the club. Grace and Laval watch Costa via the TV built into the dash.

GRACE

Costa fits Asher's choice of victims. Travels the World looking for art. Single. No kids or anything.

(looking around)

Asher's here somewhere. Watching. With all the patience in the world.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSPECTOR LAVAL

I wish I had his patience. He should be a cop. His mother should be punished. Like the owner of pit bulls that attack kids.

GRACE

You got kids?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Three.

GRACE

Don't keep them in a cage.

INT. LES FRERS - NIGHT (2:03 AM)

Costa looks miserable. Overheating, anxiously nursing his water. He looks around. Then REACTS. A note sits on the bar top. Right in front of him. Costa looks around. Only sees strange faces.

Costa carefully unfolds the note. It reads: "MEET ME IN THE RESTROOM NOW."

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Costa walks down a narrow hallway. Paint peeling. MUSIC MUTED. Red light bulbs hanging from the ceiling.

Approaching the men's room, Costa looks over his shoulder. No one is watching.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Costa cautiously pushes open the door. Stepping inside. Dingy tiles. DRIPPING FAUCET. Several stalls.

The room seems empty. Costa swallows, bends down. Checks under the stalls. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing...

Then. Something. At the far stall. A pair of men's shoes. Black. Polished. Facing the stall door. Waiting...

Costa freezes. Backs away as...

The stall door slowly swings open. HINGES CREAK. A foot, a trouser cuff. A leg stepping out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BLACK MAN emerges. One of the guys at the end of the bar. Costa exhales. A bundle of nerves.

BLACK MAN

Go outside.

Costa eyes him.

COSTA

What?

BLACK MAN

We're calling it off.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

Costa bursts from the fire exit, fed up. He rips off the wire, he struggles out of the body armor. Grace and Laval watching.

COSTA

I have a life. I can't play superhero for you. I don't handle stress very well. I have an art show to open tomorrow and I don't know what I'm putting on the walls yet.

GRACE

I know you have a life. So did the people who have lost theirs. Someone else might die if you do not help us. Every time someone dies it affects forty, fifty lives.

Costa looks at her, arms on his hips.

COSTA

Grace, I've been cooperating. I even drew you a picture. You can't put your responsibility on me. You have a badge, not me.

GRACE

If somebody else dies, and you know you could have done more to stop it, you're going to feel like shit for a very long time, Mr. Costa.

A beat. That resonates with Costa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

I want to help you guys but I don't have time to hang out and listen to bad techno.

A beat.

GRACE

It's okay to be scared.

COSTA

Scared? I'm off-the-charts terrified. There's a pissed-off serial killer after me. I mean, what did I do to him?

GRACE

You saw him and that's enough. Don't stop living your life. You'll be protected by armed officers twenty-four seven.

COSTA

Until he's caught?

GRACE

(softly)

I can't promise you that.

Costa is torn, Grace empathizes with him.

COSTA

I have a lot of work to do.

GRACE

A car is watching the gallery. You'll be okay.

Costa looking at Grace. He decides to trust her.

INT. DIRECTOR GILLET'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Gillet leans against a wall, smoking a pipe. Grace, Laval, Reynaud sit on the tired couches.

DIRECTOR GILLET

So who was in Asher's grave?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Dan Soulsby. He went missing from the Alberta Military Institute two days before the accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I'm sure Soulsby's death was a homicide, Asher saw the opportunity and took it. He became Soulsby and bummed around Seattle for a couple years.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Why is Asher after Costa? Why isn't he in Mexico getting a new face?

GRACE

Costa saw him. Costa caught him in the act, caught him being Martin Asher. Seen first by his mother, then by Costa. For the first time he's failed at taking a life, and since we found the apartment, he can't be Edwards. To be seen, to be recognized, is a horrifying thing to Asher. He has no identity and wants it that way.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Where is the real Mr. Edwards?

GRACE

Likely dead and buried south of the border somewhere.

(beat)

South of the American border somewhere. Visa records put Asher, using Kohler's ID and Edwards at a Mexican surf resort. Edwards' last charge was sixteen hundred dollars at a 'no questions asked' facelift clinic in Guadalajara.

Director Gillet taps out his pipe. Looks at a new, more detailed portrait of Asher.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Have you contacted the clinic?

INSPECTOR LAVAL

Yes. They are also 'no questions answered.' Mr. Kohler suddenly paid off his credit card bills, thanks to money from Edwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR GILLET

Keep's the collection agencies off the trail. How do we flush Mr. Asher?

GRACE

He's focused on Costa. Who fits the profile of Asher's victims. He went on Costa's computer and E-mailed copies of Costa's files to an E-mail account in Denmark. Constant threat of discovery, Asher will become more disorganized.

Laval and Reynaud agree.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Okay. My office will arrange a press conference. I will tell a room full of correspondents we have a suspect who is dead and murder victims who are alive. And I'll sound like a madman.

GRACE

It does sound crazy. That's what the press likes, sir.

INT. POLICE BUILDING LOBBY - NEWS VIDEO - DAY

Director Gillet stands tall before a podium. Blinded by lights. A bouquet of microphones in his face. Beside him is a haunting poster-sized portrait of Martin Asher.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Mr. Asher, we know who you really are. We will find you and we will arrest you. You can hide no longer.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Posters advertise SUMMERFEST. CITY WORKERS put up barricades and porto-potties.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Two CARPENTERS uncrate and hang paintings.

ON COSTA

Lost in thought. He studies a series of vivid paintings leaning against the wall. He crosses. Changes the order. Steps back. Something isn't right.

CARPENTER

Mr. Costa, some men in that car have been watching this place all morning.

The Carpenters looking out the window.

COSTA

They're protecting the art. Go ahead and hang those. Be very careful.

CARPENTER

Yessir.

Costa hears a POLICE RADIO. Spins around. Grace and Reynaud have entered. Costa is apprehensive. What now? Grace gives him a reassuring smile.

GRACE

Security is going to be very solid tonight.

She waves him out of earshot of the Carpenters. Their faces are close. Grace gets butterflies.

COSTA

Is he going to show up tonight? What do I do, offer him a drink?

GRACE

He won't show. But we want to be here in case he does. Four plainclothes officers will form a perimeter watching the four corners.

COSTA

A perimeter, excellent.

GRACE

Yes. And four plainclothes officers will be in here. Mingling.

COSTA

Mingling? I don't need four bruisers crashing through my clientele.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

The officers will be very discreet. We won't interfere with your thing.

COSTA

With my thing. Will you be mingling?

GRACE

Sure. If you feel safer.

COSTA

Much safer.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Summerfest, a street festival, is just warming up. It could be Mardi Gras, plastic cups and glowsticks.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT (9:39 PM)

A cutting edge club feel. A DJ spins a captivating mellow mix. The gallery is filled PATRONS ABUZZ with chit-chat. Inspector Laval and Reynaud study the patrons.

INSPECTOR LAVAL

(subtitled French)

This painting costs more than my house.

Reynaud shakes his head.

FIND GRACE

She's stunning and shy about it. She examines a painting. A gentle hand touches her back. She turns. It's Costa. He hands her a highball.

GRACE

Thanks.

COSTA

You look a little anxious.

GRACE

(re: her dress)

This isn't me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

It's all you.

Grace gives Costa a look. She sips her drink, nods at the painting.

GRACE

I'm trying to get into the show, but I mean. What is this? It looks like somebody napalmed the Garden of Eden.

COSTA

Mangos. Ripe mangos hanging on a branch.

Now she sees it.

GRACE

Oh. Okay. Why the borders? Almost every painting has one. Was he in prison or something?

Costa REACTS, impressed by Grace.

COSTA

Most people don't notice. This is from his prison series. He could see a mango grove through his cell window. He made some of the pigments himself. From flowers. From his own blood.

GRACE

What was his crime?

COSTA

He attacked his neighbor with a machete. There was a woman involved.

GRACE

Always is.

Grace sips her drink, letting herself relax. She enjoys Costa's company.

GRACE

He had a lot of lovers, didn't he?

COSTA

Dozens. He was a consumer of life's pleasures.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRACE

Now he's dead and you get rich?

COSTA

His children formed a corporation,  
I take ten percent. I'm not a  
buccaneer, Grace.

Grace looks at Costa and smiles.

COSTA

What?

GRACE

I don't think I've ever met anyone  
quite like you.

COSTA

You're very sensitive for...

GRACE

An FBI agent?

The ELEGANT WOMAN spots Costa and crosses. She lays a  
hand on Costa's shoulder. He turns and they kiss cheeks.

ELEGANT WOMAN

John, it's amazing tonight. I  
want to cry, I'm so touched.

Grace watches her hand linger on Costa's arm. And is  
amazed that she feels jealous. She catches Costa's eye.

GRACE

Mr. Costa, I would like to discuss  
an arrangement for the series.

The Elegant Woman REACTS.

ELEGANT WOMAN

Just a sec, John.

She crosses to the Older Man in b.g. Costa is miffed.

COSTA

What are you doing?

GRACE

She's not writing the checks.

The Elegant Woman returns with the Older Man. He grabs  
Costa's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDER MAN

John, it's incredible what you've put together.

(aside to Costa)

The thing we were talking about the other day, well I'd like to proceed. Hell, I'm sick of making two percent in the market.

COSTA

Dick, they're yours.

The Older Man smiles, shakes Costa's hand. The Elegant Woman looking at Grace, arms crossed, enjoys her victory. Grace plays along, stalks off, hiding a grin.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A few minutes later Costa finds Grace at the turntables looking through the DJ's records.

GRACE

Don't you miss wax?

COSTA

You helped me close the biggest sale of the night.

GRACE

What's my cut?

COSTA

What do you want?

Grace smiles coyly.

GRACE

I don't know.

Costa looks at Grace for a long beat. Not sure what her game is, or if he wants to play.

COSTA

Let me know when you do. Excuse me.

Costa walks away. Grace REACTS; she didn't want that.

INT. ART GALLERY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Costa takes a leak. He's in a good mood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The window above the stalls is open. The noise of the PARTYING CROWD on the sidewalks outside.

Costa finishes, washes his hands. Pauses. Smooths his hair.

SOMEONE BEHIND HIM

Costa looks in the mirror and REACTS.

MARTIN ASHER stares at him from the mirror. No doubt who it is. Asher is wound tight, not at all happy.

ASHER

Put your hands on the wall.

Asher jams a gun in Costa's back. Costa is very scared.

ASHER

Feel that?

COSTA

Please be cool with that. I don't wanna get hurt.

ASHER

I should blow your spine out. My face is everywhere. I have to hide in the shadows like a fucking animal because of you.

COSTA

Yessir. I apologize for everything you think I may have done.

ASHER

We're moved past sorry. You ruined everything. John, soon to be dead, Costa.

Asher's eyes flash. WHAM! Asher slams Costa's face into the mirror. Costa's nose bleeds.

COSTA

Stop it!

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Reynaud stands near the bathroom. He heard that. He approaches the door, tests the knob.

INT. ART GALLERY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Costa hits the deck. Asher spins, aims at Reynaud and FIRES. POP-POP-POP-POP! Reynaud drops and rolls out of the line of fire.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Asher bursts from the bathroom, running right over Reynaud, who draws his pistol.

Grace pulls a pistol, Laval too. Asher running through the patrons. Grace takes a knee and aims. She doesn't have a clear shot. Asher aims his gun straight ahead as he runs. People hit the deck.

ASHER

Out of my way!

POP! Asher SHOOTS a WINDOW, SHATTERING it. He shoulders his way through the safety glass. Grace and Laval follow.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Chaos. Summerfest is in full swing. A swirling, boiling CROWD of shiny faces. Asher dives into their midst. Grace plunges in after him. Inspector Laval follows.

INT. ART GALLERY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Costa is stunned, Reynaud checks him for bullet holes.

COSTA

I'm okay.

From Reynaud's radio:

INSPECTOR LAVAL (V.O.)  
(filtered, subtitled  
French)

Jean, he ran into the damn crowd.

Reynaud bolts out of there.

EXT. FESTIVAL STREET - NIGHT

Asher and his pursuers leave a wake of disturbed REVELERS that Reynaud follows.

Asher running. Careening, rolling, bouncing off PEOPLE. He has the tireless power of a soccer player.

ON GRACE

Running. Equally tireless. Locked onto Asher like a missile.

Grace is slowly gaining on Asher.

Laval behind her. Running. Screaming in his radio.

INSPECTOR LAVAL  
(subtitled French)  
We're heading East. Form a line  
at Seychelles.

A dozen UNIFORMS charge through the crowd.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Police RADIOS busy with CHATTER. UNIFORMS clear a path for two PATROL CARS. SIRENS WHOOP as they coast in, TAP bumpers, blocking the intersection.

POLICE OFFICERS form a formidable skirmish line. SHOUTING for REVELERS to move aside.

EXT. FESTIVAL STREET - NIGHT

Asher running. Gun in his pocket. Elbowing his way through the crowd. Asher REACTS. He sees the gauntlet of UNIFORMS and PATROL CARS blocking the intersection ahead.

Asher shoves his hand in his pocket...

BOOM! BOOM-BOOM! POP-POP-POP!

Thunderous GUNFIRE. Grace hits the deck. The Uniforms hit the deck. The CROWD SCREAMS, CLAPS and WHISTLES. It's not gunfire...

TILT UP.

FIREWORKS unfold in the night sky like giant flowers of fire. Rivers of sparks.

Grace recovers her feet with palpable relief, she thought she was dead for a second. Grace looking around for Asher. Laval reaches her.

GRACE  
Shit. You see him?

POP-POP-BOOM! More fireworks. Laval gestures for some Uniforms to spread out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SHRILL SCREAM O.S.

From an apartment building. Grace runs into the building. Laval follows her.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grace and Laval running. More SCREAMING O.S. They run upstairs.

INT. APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

An UPSET WOMAN is in the hall, standing by the just-been kicked-in door of her apartment. Grace and Laval charge inside.

INT. UPSET WOMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SLIDING GLASS DOOR to the balcony has been shattered. Below and beyond is a long rooftop.

Madly lit by a swirl of bright lights. A huge outdoor dance floor throbs with energy in a park along the St. Lawrence River.

GRACE SEES --

ASHER jump from the far end of the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Laval will go no further. Grace gets a running start, jumps from the apartment window, tucks and rolls. On her feet again, Grace sprints along the roof.

FIREWORKS BOOM and POP overhead. THUMPING TECHNO.

Grace reaches the edge of the roof. REACTS. Reynaud has caught up with her.

EXT. RIVER PARK - GRACE'S POV - NIGHT

Asher has vanished into a vast sea of DANCERS, adorned with strobing and glowing jewelry. The BEAT dominates all sound.

EXT. RIVER PARK - NIGHT

Grace and Reynaud trade looks, tenacious street cops at heart, they holster their guns and jump into the crowd.

FIND ASHER --

A dozen yards away. He stalks a dancing RAVER who wears a huge bundle of glowing necklaces.

Asher snatches necklaces. Disappears into a wall of DANCERS.

FIND GRACE --

She and Reynaud scan the moving bodies for Asher. Grace GLIMPSES the back of Asher's head. Grace and Reynaud tear through the crowd like bulls, working together, a bonding moment.

Asher is an arm's length ahead of Grace. She reaches out, her fingers snag the cloth of his shirt. Asher turns...

IT'S NOT ASHER.

Grace shoves him aside and moves on. She SEES a disturbance up ahead. Grace shoulders her way through the crowd.

Grace and Reynaud converge on the disturbance. They cleave through ONLOOKERS to reveal...

A FIGHT

Two drunk COLLEGE JOCKS slug it out. Grace looks around; no Asher. Angry, frustrated, Grace grabs one of the Jocks, hurls him to the ground. Six UNIFORMS swarm in and arrest the two Jocks.

Reynaud throws up his arms in frustration. He looks at Grace, they know they've been beaten.

EXT. RIVER PARK - CRANE SHOT - NIGHT

PULL BACK to reveal Grace and Reynaud surrounded by an ocean of bodies in motion.

CAMERA FINDS A DANCER.

Some dude with his shirt off grinds on three HOTTIES.

PUSH IN ON THE DANCER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Asher. His face is an evil green from his mane of pilfered gel glow necklaces. Red plastic cup in hand, Asher enjoys the boisterous anonymity.

ASHER'S EYES

Dangerous and cold. They track Grace as she moves through the crowd.

Asher grabs one of the hotties, begins making out with her.

Grace searching the crowd. Scanning faces.

Grace passes within feet of Asher.

Asher smirks. Now another hottie wants a kiss. Asher complies.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

It's late. Costa has a beer, his nose bandaged. INSPECTORS finish up questioning PATRONS. Grace enters, crosses to Costa. She's tense, wound tight.

GRACE (O.S.)

Need a ride home?

Costa looks at her. Despite everything, his face shows he is glad to see Grace.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - LATE NIGHT

Grace drives. Costa in the passenger seat.

COSTA

The night started out great. Everything gelled. Everyone was happy. You helped land a big fish and the feeding frenzy started. Six figure pieces were flying off the wall.

(shivers)

He said he was going to blow out my spine. I was thinking surgery. Six months in bed. Exercise pools. Never walking again.

Grace looks at him. Costa is worried.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

COSTA

He was in my bathroom and none of you could stop him. I need to leave town.

GRACE

That might be a good idea. Until then I'll check under your bed for monsters.

Costa looks at her. Grace gives him a warm, open stare.

COSTA

I would appreciate that very much.  
(a beat)  
Can I profile you? I read your book.

GRACE

Please, don't.

COSTA

Thirty-something, single white female. Best schools best grades. Discovers adrenaline policing the inner city.

GRACE

(cuts in)  
John, stop it. Please. Let's shift the conversation from me and my business onto something inbound.

COSTA

Okay. Are you going to my funeral when Martin Asher cuts my throat?

They both know she's been lowballing the threat. We can tell Grace is truly concerned for Costa's welfare.

COSTA

You let him get away.

Grace takes that hard.

GRACE

No excuses. I'm sorry.

COSTA

I meant you in the general sense.  
(a beat)  
Can you catch him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

We got his name. We catch everyone sooner or later.

COSTA

Sooner, please.

INT. COSTA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (3:33 A.M.)

Spacious, lofty. Costa and Grace enter.

COSTA

Careful.

Costa scoots aside a pile of clothing. The newspapers.

Cool art, sketches, images all over the walls. Reminiscent of Grace's hotel room. And a very cool view of downtown.

Grace taking everything in. Art books, sketch pads. Piled high on the desk. She looks at the ceiling. SEES notes and sketches taped up. Grace laughs to herself.

COSTA

I'm sorry. It's a sty. Must be a profiling mother lode.

GRACE

I'm done profiling you. I got you figured out.

COSTA

A failed healer, a failed artist.

Grace looking at a drawing on the wall. Costa winces, he didn't want her to notice it.

GRACE

Is that how you see yourself?

COSTA

No. That's you. I did it last night.

GRACE

This is how you see me?

COSTA

No. It's how I think you see yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

And how do you see me?

Costa licks his lips.

COSTA

That would be out of bounds.

Grace looking at him. Costa looking at her. A staring match. Costa and Grace try not to laugh. They end up giggling.

COSTA

What was that?

GRACE

I don't know. John, games are fun. But head games are dangerous.

COSTA

Then keep your head out of it.

A beat. Grace shrugs, back to business.

GRACE

The Justice minister is going to relocate you to another city until Mr. Asher is in custody.

COSTA

I don't know what your deal is. One second you're so there, then all I get is the badge.

GRACE

I apologize if you've been getting the wrong signal.

COSTA

Yeah. Relocate where?

GRACE

Another province. They want you on a flight tomorrow morning.

COSTA

This monster comes into my life and I have to leave?

A UNIFORM SERGEANT enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT  
My people are in place.

GRACE  
Thank you, Sergeant.

The Sergeant exits.

COSTA  
This is surreal. What do I pack?

GRACE  
What you need. Movers can get the rest.

COSTA  
I need tomorrow morning to finish up my business here.

GRACE  
I'll let them know.

This is goodbye. Neither of them feels very good about it.

COSTA  
I thought you were going to check under my bed.

Grace smiles, plays along, crosses, looks under the bed, stretching for Costa. Driving him nuts.

GRACE  
No monsters.

COSTA  
Thank you.

Grace holds out her hand. They shake.

GRACE  
I probably won't see you again until the trial. If there is a trial.

COSTA  
Goodbye, then.

Costa leans across her, braces himself against the wall. A bold move. Now they are eye to eye. Grace kisses Costa for a long beat.

Grace breaks the kiss. Holds a finger to her lips; shhh. She turns and exits. The door shuts behind her. Costa is going to miss Grace.

EXT. COSTA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The next morning. Laval pulls up in UNMARKED #1, next to the patrol car that has been guarding Costa's apartment.

With a wave the UNIFORM behind the wheel drives off. Laval exits his car. Crosses to Costa's door.

NEW ANGLE

Reynaud and Grace have just pulled to the curb a half block away.

INT. UNMARKED #2 - DAY

Reynaud behind the wheel, turns to Grace.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
You spent a lot of time with  
Costa.

Grace isn't sure if that's an accusation.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
I like him. He's a good guy.

Grace smiles.

EXT. COSTA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Laval RINGING the bell.

A white PLUMBER'S VAN pulls up behind Laval's unmarked.

A PLUMBER gets out. Coveralls, clipboard. Crosses to another apartment.

Costa opens the door. With two packed bags. Laval takes one. Costa takes one last look at his home. Locks the door.

Laval watches the plumber KNOCKING a couple doors down.

Costa and Laval cross to unmarked #1.

The plumber approaches them. Costa looking at him, REACTS.

The plumber is MARTIN ASHER. A gun in his hand. Laval drops Costa's bag, reaches for his holster...

POP-POP-POP! Asher drops Laval with three to the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Costa stares in disbelief at the mortally wounded cop.

Asher shoves Costa into the driver's seat of unmarked #1.

ASHER

You're driving.

INT. UNMARKED #2 - MOVING - DAY

Reynaud GUNS IT.

INT. UNMARKED #1 - DAY

Costa behind the wheel. Asher in the passenger seat.

COSTA

You just shot a cop.

ASHER

Let's go. Go!

Costa hits the gas and pulls out.

EXT. COSTA'S APARTMENT - DAY

SCREECH! Reynaud slides to a stop. Leaps from the still-moving car and checks his friend Laval. Who is no more. Grace wants to get Asher.

GRACE

You staying or going?

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

I'm not leaving.

Grace slides behind the wheel. And takes off in the muscular cop car.

INT. UNMARKED #1 - MOVING - DAY

Costa driving. Scared to death. Asher has the gun in his lap aimed at Costa's face. Asher looks exhausted. Hounded.

Asher notes the police radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHER

Jesus, he was a cop. He's dead because of you, because you made the choice. The choice to fuck with me. That, John, was a very bad choice.

A T intersection ahead.

COSTA

Which way? Left, right?

ASHER

Left.

Costa makes the turn. It leads to a HIGHWAY.

ASHER

You're dead, John Costa. You fucked with the wrong man, shitsmear.

Costa is shaking, looks in the rearview. Asher rips the rearview off the windshield.

ASHER

Faster, asshole.

COSTA

I'm flooring it.

ASHER

Shut up. Faster.

Costa pulls onto the highway, buckles his safety belt. Asher scoffs at the gesture, then does likewise.

ASHER

Give me your wallet. Give it over. Right now.

Costa does. Asher looks through it, pockets it. Costa tries to focus on driving.

COSTA

Are you going to kill me?

ASHER

You're goddamn right I am. I've been dreaming about it, John.

INT. UNMARKED #2 - MOVING - DAY

Grace FLOORING IT. Sails onto the highway.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY- DAY

Costa's unmarked races northward, out of the city.  
Grace catching up.

INT. UNMARKED #1 - MOVING - DAY

Costa gets stuck behind a slow-moving truck.

ASHER

Pass the truck, John. Before I  
blow your head off!

COSTA

God help me.

Costa swings out to pass the truck.

AN ONCOMING TRUCK

A head-on imminent. The Buick swerves onto the shoulder.  
Just missing them.

INT. UNMARKED #2 - MOVING - DAY

Grace watches Costa's unmarked SCRAPE past the truck. A  
side mirror is knocked off.

The oncoming Buick swerves back onto the asphalt.  
Overcompensates, now heading right for Grace...

Grace REACTS, swerves.

BAM! The cars hit. Grace gets a face full of airbag.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Grace's car spins off the road. Stops in a ditch. A  
beat. The Buick's hulk blocking the road.

Grace exits the unmarked. Dazed but unhurt. She crosses  
to the Buick. Three HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS are in the car.

GRACE

Is everyone okay?

They seem alright.

GIRL #1

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GIRL #2

I think so.

GIRL #3

Omigod, I have to call my mom.

A POLICE CAR SCREECHES to a stop. Then another POLICE CAR. Grace runs to one of the police cars.

GRACE

They're okay. Let's go.  
(points up the road)  
He just shot a cop.

Grace jumps in the passenger seat. The COP looking at her.

GRACE

Let's go. Bad guy's that way.

The Cop nods, PUNCHES IT.

INT. UNMARKED #1 - MOVING - DAY

Costa is driving towards the mountains. Driving through the pine forest.

ASHER

There. Turn there.

A hard-to-see side road. Costa JAMS the BRAKES to make the turn. Asher SLAPS him.

ASHER

Careful.

COSTA

Okay. Sorry. Sorry. You don't want to do this.

ASHER

Yes I do. John, do you have any idea how many people I have killed? It's always been business. This time is personal.

COSTA

Please be cool. C'mon, we don't even know each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHER

Shut up. Art Man. You are stupid or crazy or both. Will you drive faster? I'll shoot you in the thigh. Will that get your attention.

Costa speeds up.

COSTA

Don't, man. I got money. You want money, I'll give you money. I got paintings. What do you want? Talk to me, Martin.

ASHER

I am not Martin. There is no Martin.

COSTA

Of course. No Martin. What do you want? What's my life worth to you?

ASHER

Nothing. And everything. This is deeper than money. Shut up. Talk is done. Talk is over. Understand that. You are over. Just shut the fuck up.

Asher lights a cigarette. A sharp turn ahead. Costa speeding up.

COSTA

Okay, please, Martin. Martin. Be cool.

Asher aims his pistol at Costa's head.

ASHER

(really pissed)  
Who the fuck is Martin?

Costa sets his brow in determination; he is driving straight at a large tree...

Asher REACTS.

Costa jams his thumb into the release button of Asher's seatbelt...

Asher angrily pulls the trigger of his pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The unmarked car hits the tree...

POW! Airbags deploy.

Costa's body is slammed by crash forces but stays put...

Asher goes over his airbag. Asher's head goes through the windshield.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

The Cop GUNS it into the mountains. A fork in the road.

COP

Which way do I turn?

GRACE

Which way's the river? Go to the river.

The Cop makes a right.

EXT. FOREST CRASH SITE - DAY

Oil smoke and steam pour from the unmarked #1. Costa is alive, cut bad. He looks at Asher.

COSTA

Rot in hell, Martin Asher.

INT. UNMARKED #1 - COSTA'S POV - DAY

Asher's head is stuck through the windshield, his throat cut bad by glass. He's alive. Asher panic-sucks deep breaths.

EXT. FOREST CRASH SITE - DAY

Costa undoes his safety belt. Grabs the door handle. The door pops open.

Costa pulls himself from the wreck. Flames spread under the car.

EXT./INT. UNMARKED #2 - MOVING - DAY

They race along a mountain road with a view of the St. Lawrence River below. They can see far up the road, no sign of the unmarked #1.

Grace looks behind them, reacts.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - GRACE'S POV - DAY

A COLUMN OF SMOKE rises from behind a ridge.

INT. UNMARKED #2 - MOVING - DAY

GRACE  
(subtitled French)  
Turn around.

EXT. FOREST CRASH SITE - DAY

Costa lays by the road. Motionless, he may be hurt bad.

UNMARKED #1

is now Martin Asher's funeral pyre. Flames engulf everything. Even the glass is melting.

BOOM! A TIRE EXPLODES.

Costa stirs, crawls on his hands and knees, into the road away from the wreck.

POP-POP-POP! AMMUNITION in the unmarked EXPLODES from the heat.

A police car arrives. SCREECHES to a stop alongside Costa.

Grace leaps from the passenger side. She grabs Costa, helps him into the back. POP-POP-POP! More AMMO COOKING OFF.

GRACE  
Let's go!

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

The Cop backs up fast. BOOM! Another tire. Now the tree has caught fire.

Grace examines Costa, running her hands over Costa's battered body.

GRACE  
Nothing broken?

COSTA  
I think my hand is broken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace looks at it. There is no doubt.

GRACE

Don't move, okay.

Presses his split scalp.

GRACE

This hurt?

COSTA

God yes. Stop that.

GRACE

You're going to the hospital.  
You'll be fine.

COSTA

Is he dead?

GRACE

Very dead.

Costa relaxes significantly. He realizes Grace is holding him in his arms. So does Grace. It feels good.

A FIRE ENGINE heading to the crash passes them.

EXT. FOREST CRASH SITE - DAY

Crime scene tape. POLICEMEN form a perimeter. The fire is out. A Fire Truck pumps water for a three-man HOSE TEAM cooling the hot metal. A plume of steam rises up the scorched tree trunk.

The car is nothing more than blackened sheet metal.

Asher has been reduced to a charred torso.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Reynaud sits by himself, his head between his knees. Mourning Laval, dead on a nearby gurney. Director Gillet crosses to him. Lays a comforting hand on Reynaud's shoulder. Reynaud sees who it is, stands crisply, wipes his tears, embarrassed.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

I am sorry, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR GILLET

Please, Jean. I called your wife.  
I'm having someone take you home  
to her. There is nothing left to  
do here.

Reynaud doesn't want to leave his dead comrade.

DIRECTOR GILLET

I'm ordering you home.

Reynaud acquiesces. A Uniform escorts him out of there.

Director Gillet crosses to Grace, who was watching him.  
She sips coffee, an icepack on her ankle.

GRACE

You're really good with people.

Gillet shrugs.

DIRECTOR GILLET

How's Mr. Costa?

GRACE

He got off light. With a broken  
wrist and fifty stitches. Lucky  
man.

DIRECTOR GILLET

My luck has run out. Until today  
I have never had to bury a friend.

Grace squeezes his arm.

GRACE

I'm sorry, Director.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Thankfully it's over. We have our  
man. Asher's DNA matched the  
hairs recovered on Ford's body and  
in the apartment.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Costa's scalp is being stitched shut. Costa's wrist is  
in a splint. She watches the DOCTOR sew flesh for a  
beat.

A KNOCK. Grace enters. Grace smiles warmly at Costa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Hey.

COSTA

Hey.

(winces)

Ouch, Doc. That's not rawhide.

DOCTOR

I'll inject more anesthetic.

Grace leans against the wall, smiles.

GRACE

You okay?

COSTA

I'm okay. Thank you for rescuing me.

GRACE

Anytime. Do you know where he was taking you?

COSTA

To my grave. He was going to kill me.

GRACE

It's over.

(a beat)

Let me take you out tonight.  
Let's have some fun. I owe you that.

COSTA

What's fun for you? You want to go to the shooting range or the morgue?

Grace is hurt by that.

COSTA

I'm sorry.

GRACE

It's going to take a couple days to depose you and get a full statement. I thought you might enjoy a break before you have to...

COSTA

I know a place. You drive.

INT. SUPERKOOL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Ultra mellow. Grace and Costa chill on throw-pillows and tapestries. Persian trip-hop and hookahs.

Grace and Costa have melted into a corner where they sip tea. Nobody has been more comfortable. Costa pours beer from a pitcher.

COSTA

I'm happy to be alive but it's like this door has been opened. I don't think I was naive. But everything is different now.

GRACE

You'll fold this experience into your life and be stronger for it.

COSTA

How do you deal with it? All the misery and pain and violence.

GRACE

I can stop monsters, John. And because I can, I have to.

COSTA

So is it a calling or a curse?

GRACE

Neither. It's just my job.

COSTA

When I was in med school I saw a guy on a Harley get T-boned by a Daihatsu. He was screaming in pain and needed help and I knew what to do, I had all my certs, but I saw all this blood and froze. I failed the big test. Bye-bye, med school. Hello, graphic design.

GRACE

Roy Wilson.

COSTA

The man on the Harley.

Costa REACTS. Sighs.

COSTA

So you knew about that. No wonder you knew what to say to keep me cooperating.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRACE

You're a sharp one, John Costa.

COSTA

You threw me in a tiger cage like a piece of meat.

GRACE

That's right. You were the cheese in the trap. We stopped a monster. That's what matters.

Grace is utterly unapologetic. It makes Costa like her even more.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grace is in manic cleaning mode. She pulls papers off the walls. Shoves a pile of clothing in the closet. Sweeps coffee cups into a wastebasket.

She opens the door for Costa. He enters. The room is still a mess, but it feels safe, cozy.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I'm a pig.

COSTA

I don't trust anyone who's too organized.

Grace puts some MUSIC ON the CLOCK RADIO.

GRACE

Want a beer?

COSTA

Please.

She grabs a couple cold ones from the mini-fridge.

COSTA

Which is it, are you a runner or chaser?

GRACE

What's that mean?

COSTA

People like you --

GRACE

People like me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

Yeah, people like you. Hardcore. Gung-ho people like you. And you know what I mean. People like you are either runners or chasers.

Grace looks at Costa.

GRACE

You are a trip, John Costa.

He's not letting her off the hook. She plays along.

GRACE

Okay. I guess I'm running and chasing.

Costa REACTS.

COSTA

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

GRACE

Growing up I quit speaking after that. I didn't say a word for three years. When you're not in the conversation, you get forgotten real quick. So I'd watch people. Study them. The mouth can say anything, but the body doesn't lie. The tilt of the head, the way the hands move.

Grace draws closer. Costa watching her mouth.

COSTA

How'd you get your voice back?

GRACE

The day my Uncle died. The truth exploded out of me like a vision. My Uncle and Father had been arguing, there was a gunshot and my father was dead.

COSTA

You are very intense, you know that?

GRACE

I remember my Uncle telling me not to say anything. And I didn't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (CONT'D)

I made myself forget why. The day he died my voice and my memory came back. I screamed for an hour. Very primal. I haven't shut up since.

COSTA

Why did your Uncle do it?

GRACE

Land. Great-grandpa owned half of Pennsylvania. My Uncle wanted control and sold it all. All that's left is an old farmhouse and a horse pasture.

(sadly)

My father's murderer got away with it because I couldn't open my mouth.

COSTA

That's a hell of a lot of responsibility for you to put on the shoulders of an eight-year-old girl.

Grace blinks, looks at Costa. That's exactly what she needed to hear.

GRACE

Something good game out of it. The dead can't speak. Now I'm their voice.

Costa cups her face and kisses her. Grace breaks away, a little hesitant. Something is bothering her.

GRACE

Martin Asher is dead, right?

Costa REACTS.

COSTA

Can we please forget about him?

GRACE

That's the point. He's dead, so there won't be a trial where you or I would have to admit under oath that we did anything inappropriate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

We haven't done anything.

That's about to change. Grace stands, pulls him off the couch. Begins undressing him.

She finds horrible dog-bite scars.

GRACE

Jesus.

COSTA

In college we tried to make my friend's German Shepherd take a bong hit.

GRACE

How mean. Serves you right.

Costa pulls Grace to her feet.

Grace retreating. Step by step across the room. Costa. Pursuing. Slowly. Determined. The heat. The immediacy building.

Costa grabs her. Pushing her. Up against the wall. The phone CLATTERS to the floor. Grace's eyes widen.

Two mouths. Inches apart. Costa's hand reaches up her skirt. Exploring. Grace swallows. His hand reaching into her panties.

Grace's eyes looking away. As she grabs his arm. Pulling. Pushing. Wanting. Her mouth. Avoiding his. Their breath mingling. Until. Costa's lips crush down on hers. The kiss devouring. Knocking pictures off the walls. Grace's hands pulling him closer.

Costa picks her up. Throws her on the bed. He tears at her blouse. Her white lace bra. Grace's back arching. Her legs wrapping around him. As her eyes flutter open. Looking up at the ceiling, she gasps.

Costa stops. Turns. To see what she's looking at. Surprised to see pictures of Asher's victims, the crime scenes. Staring down at them.

Costa turns to Grace, whispers.

COSTA

Let them watch.

Grace looking deep into Costa's eyes. Nods her head. Costa flips her onto her stomach...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (5:41 A.M.)

Grace and Costa spoon. Grace stirs. Kisses the back of Costa's head. He's utterly still.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Grace enters, groggy. Turns on the sink. Flips on the light.

Grace reacts, stumbles back.

She's covered with blood. Grace panics, feels herself for wounds.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Grace shakes Costa. Tears well in her eyes.

GRACE

John. John.

Costa stirs.

COSTA

Mmmmm. Morning.

He sees the blood. Doesn't really react.

COSTA

My stitches must have ripped.

Grace hands him a towel. Presses it against his shoulder.

GRACE

I thought you were scared of blood?

COSTA

You better take a shower.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT (4:30 A.M.)

Mrs. Asher looking at Martin Asher's remains. The charred torso, blackened thighbones.

Mrs. Asher reaches for Asher's red swollen face.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Please don't touch the remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gives him a withering look.

MRS. ASHER

Nineteen years ago I stood in this same room and your predecessor showed me a washtub full of blood and guts and told me it was my son. I will touch anything I want, Doctor. I'm not going through this a third time.

He hands her a pair of rubber gloves. Mrs. Asher SNAPS them on, she reaches for an eyelid, peels it back. Stares into the clouded eye. Mrs. Asher REACTS, quickly withdraws her hand.

MRS. ASHER

It's not him. That's not my blood. You people are incredible.

The Medical Examiner SIGHS, thinks she's a kook.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'll swab your cheek and test your DNA against the body. Will that do it?

MRS. ASHER

Good idea, Doctor. He's smarter than all of you, do you know that?

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

The Doctor staples Costa's scalp.

COSTA

Is that going to hold? I'm not coming back.

Grace enters, in a serious mood.

COSTA

What's wrong?

GRACE

That was my boss. I'm going back to Quantico tomorrow.

Suddenly that seems like the end of the world. Costa looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTA

Washington, DC has some of the best art in the world. Georgetown would be a great place to open a gallery.

Grace realizes what he's saying. Smiles.

GRACE

Staple his mouth too, Doc.

Grace's CELL RINGS. She exits to take the call.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Grace leans against a wall.

GRACE

Vanderholt.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)

Grace. I ran Mrs. Asher's DNA against the suspect down here. No way it's her son.

A beat.

GRACE

Not her son? You're sure?

MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)

Lab ran the test twice.

GRACE

That's weird. Was he adopted, switched at birth?

MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)

Listen for a minute. There was a match. John Costa is Mrs. Asher's biological son.

Grace laughs. It's a joke.

GRACE

So John Costa is really Martin Asher?

MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)

Dear God, I wish I was joking.

Grace turns and REACTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Costa has been standing there. Listening. He tries to read Grace's expression, worry etching his face.

Grace is looking at Costa, her mind racing a million miles an hour.

Grace's world crumbles as she puts it together.

GRACE

Are you Martin?

Costa gasps. The very thought is painful.

COSTA

Grace, I'm John. Okay? I'm John.

Costa hoping against hope everything is okay. But it's not okay. Grace has a calamitous expression.

GRACE

Holy shit.

Costa takes a step toward her. The street cop motions for Costa to stay back. Costa REACTS.

INT. HOSPITAL - COSTA'S POV - DAY

Grace's purse sits on a chair in the exam room. Her pistol visible.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Costa takes the gun from her purse, pockets it, along with her FBI credentials and car keys.

Costa backs away from Grace.

Costa's physicality transforms from hip art dealer to something much more menacing. The monster Martin Asher. Grace looks him dead in the eye, more angry than scared.

(NOTE: Costa will now be called ASHER.)

ASHER

She screwed it up, didn't she?

GRACE

Who?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ASHER

I should have cut her throat when I saw her on the ferry. That's the least she deserves. Please don't do anything, Grace. It would hurt me so much if I had to hurt you.

GRACE

Good idea. Don't hurt me.

Costa shakes his head, his brow set with a grim determination. He turns, enters a stairwell and exits the building. Grace's heart is breaking.

GRACE

Shit!

She kicks the wall and gives chase, runs into the stairwell.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Asher gets into Grace's unmarked. And drives away.

Grace exits the building, watches him go.

Grace has no way to follow. Then...

She sees a COP talking to a cute NURSE by his patrol car.

GRACE

Police emergency. We need to pursue him. He's a murder suspect.

The Cop cocks his head, looks at Grace like she's a nutcase. Grace dials her cell phone.

GRACE

Director Gillet, there's an emergency, can you please tell this officer to cooperate with me?

Grace hands the cell phone to the Cop.

EXT. NICE HOTEL - DAY

A patrol car stops in front. Grace leaps out and runs into the building. An Unmarked pulls up. Reynaud jumps out and enters the building.

INT. NICE HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Grace running. Reading room numbers. Reynaud appears in the hall.

Grace finds the right room. Reynaud joins her, gun drawn.

The door is ajar. Grace pushes it open.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - GRACE'S POV - DAY

A MAID changes the sheets. Mrs. Asher is gone.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Asher answers a KNOCK at her door. Mrs. Asher REACTS.

ASHER

Hello, Mother.

Asher forces his way inside. Mrs. Asher SCREAMS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

SIRENS SCREAMING, flashing lights as six police cars zip by at 90.

INT. UNMARKED - DAY

Grace over the shock and harder than steel. Reynaud drives fast. Grace on her cell.

GRACE

No answer. She turns her phone off.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Asher sits on her couch. Asher stands. The teeny Doberman walks into the room, sniffs Asher.

ASHER

What happened to Rex? He was a real dog, right, Mom?

Rolls up his sleeve, revealing the dog bite scars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ASHER

Don't show me that, Martin. I had  
Rex put down after you ran away.  
Martin, sit.

Asher looks at her defiantly. Mrs. Asher stands, gets in  
his face.

MRS. ASHER

How dare you defy me. You will  
sit down on that couch and you  
will do it now. Martin.

Asher sits. Mrs. Asher lays a hand on his, leans  
forward, her eyes intense and earnest.

MRS. ASHER

Martin, you have severe emotional  
problems. I know you're in a lot  
of pain. There's hope and help,  
Martin. Look at me, Martin. I  
love you very much.

MARTIN

I know now that what you did to me  
was not love.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Asher sitting on the couch. Then stands.

ASHER

I'll stand if I want to stand. I  
can do anything I want to do. And  
I've done some great things,  
Mother. I'm not a scared little  
boy you can push around anymore.

NEW ANGLE

Mrs. Asher's head neatly adorns a silver platter.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

Grace holds on as Reynaud slaloms around a corner in  
Asher's neighborhood.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

I hope the son of a bitch doesn't  
shoot me with the gun you gave  
him. What else did you give  
Asher?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An accusing look.

GRACE

Shut up and focus. That kind of  
shit helps no one right now.

EXT. ASHER HOUSE - DAY

Reynaud's car SLIDES to a stop. Police cars take  
position around the block, forming a perimeter around the  
house.

Grace and Reynaud exit the car. Grace has a shotgun.  
Four UNIFORMS, also with shotguns, join them.

The ad hoc entry team runs up the steps, onto the porch.

GRACE

Get right, I got left.

WHAM! Reynaud KICKS the door. Grace is first in.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - DAY

Grace, Reynaud and the four Uniforms enter. Weapons  
sweep for targets and clear sectors.

Grace moving down the hallway. Slowly, breathing hard.

INT. ASHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grace enters, approaching the couch. SOMEONE is there.  
Grace sidesteps quickly, raises the shotgun.

GRACE

Don't move!

It's Mrs. Asher. Sans head, sitting on the couch. Grace  
turns away, REACTS.

She sees Mrs. Asher's head.

GRACE

Omigod.

Reynaud enters. Sees Mrs. Asher's head.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD

He's gone.

Reynaud looks at Grace. Grace feels hollow, miserable.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Grace's hotel room is now a crime scene. CRIMINOLOGISTS process the scene. The sheets are bagged as evidence.

ANGLE ON GRACE

watching this. Reynaud crosses to her. SLAPS her.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
My best friend died protecting a  
serial killer so you could get  
laid. Very nice.

Grace REACTS. The cat is out of the bag.

GRACE  
That's none of your business.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
No? It's my case.

GRACE  
Back off, Reynaud. Asher fooled  
you too.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
At least I didn't fuck him.

Grace walks off. Reynaud intercepts her.

GRACE  
Touch me again and I will kick  
your ass.

INSPECTOR REYNAUD  
I am taking you to the Director.

INT. DIRECTOR'S GILLET'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillet sits at her desk across from Grace. His eyes are harder than normal.

DIRECTOR GILLET  
They're on their way from the  
airport.

Grace nods, chews a nail.

DIRECTOR GILLET  
Your old life is over. There is  
no going back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I know.

DIRECTOR GILLET

You're still young. Whatever happens, be strong.

(beat)

Where is he, Grace? How do we find him?

GRACE

Director, I'm the last person you should be discussing the case with at this point.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Grace. You know his mind, and his heart. Where is he?

A beat.

GRACE

Not here. This city no longer has the psychic gravity to hold him here. Try Mexico, getting a facelift.

DIRECTOR GILLET

We ID'd the remains in the morgue. The real ID.

He hands her a picture of the man whom we thought was Asher.

GRACE

(reads)

Richard Hart.

FLASHBACK - INT. HART'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hart rolls painting canvases into a tight cylinder. Inserts it into a fancy lamp. A hypodermic stands by to reward his work.

DIRECTOR GILLET (V.O.)

He was an addict. And a thief. An art thief. He hits galleries in Europe and North America. Traveled back and forth smuggling and selling stolen canvasses.

INT. DIRECTOR GILLET'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Grace puts it together.

GRACE

Let me guess, Costa was selling stolen art for Hart and never gave him the money. Now Hart is just another one of Asher's victims.

Director Gillet.

DIRECTOR GILLET

Costa owed him eight thousand. Those are E-mails off Hart's computer.

GRACE

(reading)

Go to hell. I won't pay you a dime. I'm not scared of you.

FLASHBACK - INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Richard Hart checks his E-mail and nearly has a heart attack.

GRACE (V.O.)

Come and get me. I will never pay you, dumbass.

(thinks a beat)

Asher taunted Hart into a confrontation. Jesus. It was right there in my face. I was interpreting behavior from two different suspects.

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

DIRECTOR GILLET

He had us all fooled, Grace. All of us. If Asher can do that, what else can he do?

GRACE

Anything he wants.

KNOCKING. Gillet stands, crosses, opens his door. Two FBI SUPERVISORS enter. Grim, silver-haired. Grace stands.

GRACE

Ah, the undertakers have arrived for my career.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace hugs Gillet. And the FBI Men escort her out of Gillet's office.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Grace is on the spot. Her LAWYER by her side.

Facing a panel of seven SENIOR AGENTS. Microphones, water pitchers.

SENIOR AGENT

Have your rights been explained to you and has an indication to that effect been made in your employee record?

GRACE

Yessir.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Grace is exhausted, but holding up well. The questions don't stop.

SENIOR AGENT

Agent Vanderholt. Why would Asher kill Ford, if nobody knew he was Costa. If he wasn't going to use Ford's identity?

GRACE

He needed a murder he could link not only Richard Hart to but also to his past victims.

FLASHBACK - INT. HART'S APARTMENT - DAY

Upscale Euro-hip. Hart SLAMS down the phone. Shoves a gun in his belt and exits.

GRACE (V.O.)

Hart's behavior was consistent with a disorganized drug addict following the rules of the criminal road by attempting to kill a debtor who won't pay. He had no idea he was being manipulated by a serial killer.



INT. HART'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Asher enters through the front door. Hart isn't home.

INT. HART'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Asher steals floss from the garbage can. Takes Hart's toothbrush. Some dirty laundry.

GRACE (V.O.)

Asher wasn't becoming disorganized  
and decomposing into madness, he  
was evolving.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Asher, his face obscured with a sweatshirt hood, pulls Todd Ford from the trunk.

GRACE (V.O.)

The Ford murder was staged and I  
missed it. Asher drove Ford's car  
there with Ford unconscious in the  
car. Ether maybe, GHB. Something  
that disappears. Asher works out,  
heads to the parking lot. Pulls  
Ford out of the trunk. And  
strangles him. He left a couple  
of Hart's hairs on the body.

Asher leans over Todd Ford, strangling the unconscious man with the garotte.

Asher places a couple of Hart's hairs on the body.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Asher drawing the sketch of who we now know was Hart. Is that a sly grin Asher has?

GRACE (V.O.)

He draws a nice portrait of Mr.  
Hart and he's now inside the heart  
of Montreal PD's investigation.

INT. ASHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the bathroom, Asher, wearing surgical gloves, places Hart's comb in the medicine cabinet. Puts Hart's trash in the wastebasket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (V.O.)

Evidence at the Ford crime scene led to an apartment with more of Hart's DNA. And evidence linking Hart to Asher's crimes. Hart never set food in that apartment. Asher staged everything.

EXT. FESTIVAL STREET - NIGHT

Grace chasing Hart.

SENIOR AGENT (V.O.)

Mr. Hart, not Asher, murdered the Montreal Inspector, correct?

GRACE (V.O.)

Yes. Hart thought Costa was systematically destroying his life. Hart's violent explosion was inevitable.

SENIOR AGENT (V.O.)

How could Asher plan on Hart snapping like that?

GRACE (V.O.)

He couldn't. My guess is Asher intended to kill Hart and make it look like suicide. The authorities would find the body and close the Martin Asher file.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY (PRESENT)

Things are wrapping up.

SENIOR AGENT

This ethics panel has no choice but to recommend terminating you for misconduct. Do you wish to make a statement?

Grace shakes her head: no.

SENIOR AGENT

Please speak up for the record.

Grace leans into her mike.

GRACE

No. I have nothing to say.

INT. FBI BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE UNIT - DAY

Grace does the walk of shame in front of her former COLLEAGUES. She carries a cardboard box full of personal stuff from her office. Two GSA POLICE escort her.

EXT. QUANTICO PARKING LOT - DAY

Grace heaves the box into the back of her Audi. A GSA police car stands by.

DICK COLTON, her ex-boss intercepts her before she gets in.

COLTON

Grace. This is a bitter loss to the unit.

GRACE

You'll manage.

COLTON

Want some good news? RCMP closed their investigation and the Minister isn't indicting you. This could have been a real train wreck for you, Grace.

GRACE

It wasn't?

Grace gets in her car.

COLTON

No one has any clue where Asher is. That son of a bitch might fixate on you. Please watch your back, Grace.

GRACE

I'll dig a hole and hide in it.

COLTON

Don't fade away, Grace. You're still my friend, okay?

Grace pulls out. Heads for the road that will take her out of Quantico.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Grace has the top down. The WIND snatching papers from her box. Grace doesn't care.

INT. ECONOMY MOTEL - NIGHT

Grace watches TV in the dark. Drinking a beer.

Her CELL RINGS. Grace looks at it. Sees OUT OF AREA on the caller ID. She answers.

GRACE

Hello?

ASHER (V.O.)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you lost your job.

A beat. Grace grabs the big .45 by her thigh.

ASHER (V.O.)

Hello?

GRACE

I'm here.

ASHER (V.O.)

I miss you.

GRACE

Why don't you come and see me. I miss you, too. I'm at the Gainesville Virginia. The Motel 6 off Highway 29. Stop by.

There is a strange tension in her voice. She hangs up. Turns off the TV. She gets off the bed, crosses to a corner. She sits, settles in for a long vigil.

INT. ECONOMY MOTEL - DAY

The rising sun reveals Grace has not moved. She is now realizing Asher isn't going to show. Grace drops the .45 and begins to cry.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

Grace exits the clinic reading a test result. She freezes in her tracks, returns inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE STORE - DAY

Grace shopping. She has a quarter ton bag of dog food. Gallons of spaghetti sauce. Stocking up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wintertime. It's an ice storm. Freezing rain accumulates on existing snow and ice. Grace loading her supplies into her truck. It's miserable out and getting worse.

HONKING. Grace turns to watch a car slowly sliding helpless across the ice. It stops just short of hitting a parked car.

INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

Ten minutes later Grace checks her P.O. Box. Finds some baby catalogs. A local PREGNANT WOMAN enters.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Wow, you know the question?

GRACE

Six months.

WIDER TO REVEAL:

Grace is very pregnant.

PREGNANT WOMAN

That's it?

GRACE

Twins.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Good luck, sweetheart. Get yourself home, it's miserable out.

Grace smiles, exits.

EXT. OLD PRIVATE ROAD - NIGHT

Old and falling apart. Overgrown with branches. The wind picking up. Grace's truck slowly navigating the ice. The only vehicle around.

INT. GRACE'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

The accumulating ice is beautiful but deadly. Grace drives with extreme caution, picking through the ice in low gear. She drives around a fallen tree branch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The State Police have said to stay off the road unless it's an absolute emergency. Several of their cruisers have already been damaged. There is ice everywhere. On the way in tonight I saw the snowplow slipping and sliding. Everybody, stay where you are. This is only the beginning.

Grace turns OFF the RADIO. Turns on the defroster.

SOMETHING MOVING.

WHAM!

Her WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. Grace REACTS.

A tree branch overburdened with ice has fallen on her truck.

The truck slides across the ice. Grace fights to regain control, to keep it out of the ditch.

Grace stops. Gets out. Pulls the branch off the hood.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The last remnant of the once-proud Vanderholt holdings. Grace pulls open a large garage door.

Assaulted by rain and sleet. She slips on the ice. Regains her feet, finishes opening the door.

She gets back in her truck and parks it inside the garage.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DAY

Restored. Filled with family heirlooms. Another family that has decayed from glory.

Grace enters. Dripping wet. She turns OFF the ALARM. Then hangs up her heavy jacket. Bone tired.

Grace crosses to the kitchen.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grace takes a Glock from her pocket and sets it on the counter. She pours water into a kettle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Puts the kettle on the stove. Turns on the stove. Grace notices water on the kitchen floor. Wait. Wet footprints.

Grace REACTS. Reaches for the Glock.

A hand lands on top of her hand. It's MARTIN ASHER.

ASHER

Hi, Grace.

CLICK! He snaps a handcuff around Grace's wrist.

Asher has the upper hand, he spins her, pulls her down into a chair. She throws a punch. Asher blocks it.

Asher yanks on her cuffed arm. SMACK! Grace slaps him.

Asher pulls her into a chair. CLICK! Grace is now cuffed to the chair. She struggles futilely against the cuffs.

Asher catches his breath.

ASHER

Knock it off. You're not going anywhere.

Grace stop struggling. Asher looking at her huge belly.

ASHER

I'm not going to hurt you.

GRACE

You're so full of shit your eyes turned brown.

Asher is happy to see her.

ASHER

They're contacts. You're glowing.

Grace looking at him. Still astonished to see him. Her arms behind her back, her belly is so vulnerable.

GRACE

How the fuck did you find me?

ASHER

You told me everything I had to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Get it over with. Just get it over with.

ASHER

Ever since I met you, you're all I can think about. I had a way of life. And I can't go back to because of you. I want you in my life, Grace. Please listen to me, Grace. I have a proposal.

Asher takes out a couple passports, a pair of driver's licenses.

ASHER

You become her. I become him. We are married, see?

Asher slides a woman's wedding ring across the table. Already inscribed.

ASHER

We have the babies. We raise them. However you want. I just want to be with you.

Grace looking at Asher, not sure whether to laugh out loud or start crying. He seems edgy; he needs her decision quick.

GRACE

What happens if I don't want to assume this woman's identity and raise my babies with a serial killer?

ASHER

Grace, don't be morbid. If anyone can deal with this, you can. I know you felt what I felt. It's real.

GRACE

Answer my question.

ASHER

I'll shoot you in the head and burn this place down.

Grace reacts. She can respect that. Grace looking at Asher. He's scary, feeding off some fantasy about her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRACE

You'll do what you have to do. I can respect that. How do you know it's still real? Maybe it's gone. What we felt.

Grace tilts her lips, looking in his eyes. Asher leans over to kiss her. Slow, delicate. Asher kneels beside her, the kisses become hungry, desperate.

Grace's eyes are so open, so vulnerable.

GRACE

God, I missed you so much.

Asher leans in to kiss her...

Grace head-butts him. CRUNCH! Smashes his nose.

She drives her feet down and her shoulder into his chest.

Asher, already on his knees, falls back.

Grace scrambles over him, gets out of the chair. She shoulders over the kitchen table...

There is a holster mounted underneath the table.

Grace turns her back so she can grab the gun from it.

Grace REACTS. There is no gun in the holster.

Asher looking at her, matter of fact:

ASHER

I searched everything.

Asher stands, reaches for the Glock on the counter.

Grace can't let him get it. She lunges at Asher, collides into his knees, hurting him.

ASHER

Damn you!

Asher grabs a large knife from the butcher's block.

THWACK! Plunges it into Grace's belly.

Grace GASPS, looking at the knife embedded in her stomach.

A beat as Grace and Asher stare at the knife.

Grace uses the pause to kick away from Asher. She gets on her feet and runs from the kitchen.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Grace exits the kitchen door, running with her hands cuffed behind her. Running for her life.

She runs for the nearby woods. Her shoes CRUNCHING through a layer of fresh ice over old snow. Fighting for balance.

POP-POP-POP! Asher OPENS FIRE on her from the house. BULLETS HIT the ice around her.

Grace runs into the woods. Branches sheathed in ice. Smacking her face.

Asher exits the house, FIRING -- POP-POP-POP-POP!

BULLETS EXPLODE the ice around Grace. She dives to the ground. She takes the opportunity to move her handcuffs from behind to in front.

She unties and removes the heavy prosthetic belly she wears. Grace is not pregnant. She pulls the knife out.

Grace runs deeper into the woods.

Asher running in the woods behind her. The gun in his hand at the ready. Asher is hunting. He intends to kill her.

ASHER

Keep fucking running, Grace,  
you're only going to die tired!

ON GRACE

Running. Batting away ice-covered branches. Drenched with sleet. Hypothermic conditions.

EXT. OLD PRIVATE ROAD - NIGHT

Grace emerges from the woods. Running along the icy road. She slips and falls. Cuts her hand on the ice. Grace stands, and keeps running, her hand bleeding, the knife getting slippery.

ON ASHER

Gaining on her. Grace slips again, scrabbling on the ice, trying to keep moving. A slow motion nightmare.

Here comes Asher. No mercy. He aims the gun at her face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace raises her hands to protect her face...

POP! Asher FIRES. DING! The BULLET intended for Grace's forehead hits the knife -- RICOCHETS into the trees.

A beat. Grace looking at the now-creased knife.

Asher's gun is out of rounds. The slide is locked back on an empty chamber.

SWICK! Grace slices Asher's legs with the knife. Slices each shin deeply.

ASHER

Shit!

Asher kicks the knife from her hand. Then kicks her in the face. He tries to kick her again but she grabs his leg.

WHAM! Asher slips, hits the ice hard. Grace is on top of him, wraps the handcuffs around his neck. Wraps her legs around his body.

Grace chokes Asher for all he's worth. His eyes bulge, his face reddens as he meets the same fate as his victims. Asher has a seizure as his oxygen depleted brain dies.

Grace doesn't let go. A long death embrace. Finally, when she is sure, Grace releases from Martin Asher's body.

She checks his pulse. He's dead. Grace stands.

The rain falling on her. Ice and moonlight. Grace spits blood, looks around. Looks at Asher's corpse.

GRACE

Better you than me, asshole.

Walks back toward the house. Alone. Strong. Whole.

FADE OUT.

THE END