

# F A L L E N

Original Screenplay

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Fourth Revision  
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EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. NIGHT.

A BODY careening toward the CAMERA.

Lurches to a stop, almost falls. Eyes wild, face glazed with sweat.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)

I want to tell you about the  
time I almost died.

Bright magnesium moonlight. Behind the body's silhouette:  
shadow of a country house.

HOBBS plunges forward again, veering toward some bushes.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)

I never thought it would happen.  
Not to me.  
Not at this age.

Falls to his knees, dives face-first into the bushes.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)

Beaten...outsmarted...

Digs under the bushes, clawing dirt like a wild animal,  
breaking branches, cursing under his breath.

HOBBS (LIVE)

God damn, God damn, God damn!

Digging getting more desperate, manic: he's searching for something, and it's life and death.

Finally he sees it.

Lunges, grabs. Car keys.

Pauses to catch his breath. Can't.

Tries to pull himself up onto all fours. Can't.

Glances toward the car, makes one last effort to rise. Can't.  
Spins, falls onto his back. Hyperventilating. MOVE IN ON HIS  
FACE: 40, normally handsome, now ravaged, in pain...

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)

The name is Hobbes. John Hobbes.  
Most decorated detective on the  
Chicago police force and all that  
jazz.

He grabs his chest in pain -

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
But all the medals, hard work,  
...none of it is worth a damn now.

SLOW PAN from him...to the surrounding landscape...

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
How did I get in this fix?  
How did it all begin?

Leaves rustle: wind. Supersaturated moonlight gives everything an eerie cast, like a photographic negative. MUSIC emphasizes a subliminal feeling: we're seeing things which do not exist.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
No, no if I go back to the  
beginning, it'll take forever.  
Let's start more recently.  
Somewhere...  
Anywhere...  
(strong, decisive)  
Here.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON. DAWN.

Hyper-clear image, like a post card. HOLD.

INT. PRISON. EXECUTION ROOM. DAWN.

Another gleaming stylized image: the chair, polished bright.  
SLOW PAN TO: the ceiling. Hole where the cyanide pellets drop.  
SMASH CUTS, BANG/BANG/BANG: Ceiling, floor: other holes for the  
poison gas.

The chair, waiting.

INT. PRISON. CELL. DAWN.

EDGAR REESE (30, white, large-bodied, vacant eyes, bald head)  
sits on his bed, legs stretched out casually, hands behind his  
head, twiddling his thumbs at a fantastic speed.

A GUARD goes by. Rattlesnake strike: Reese kicks the door -

REESE  
Hey shithead, where's Hobbes?

The Guard walks on.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: TWO QUARTERS

In a man's hand. He's playing with them. Nervous habit. Hobbes. He is:

EXT. PRISON. INSIDE THE GATES. SIDE ENTRANCE. DAY.

Hobbes stands by the entrance. His boss, MAGUIRE (54, tough, smart) is approaching. Behind Maguire, a limo is pulling up -

HOBBS

The Governor? I thought he didn't approve -

MAGUIRE

The more they don't approve, the more they want to watch. So what's this, hotshot, six notches on your belt?

HOBBS

Eight.

MAGUIRE

(slightly ironic)  
Congratulations.

HOBBS

(friendly)  
Fuck you.

MAGUIRE

Ask more nicely, huh?

A PRISON AIDE opens the side door, stares blankly at Hobbes:

PRISON AIDE

He wants you.

Hobbes glances at Maguire, rolls his eyes -

INT. PRISON. CELLBLOCK. DAWN.

A dimly lit cellblock, streaks of light and darkness; the pattern of the bars falls across Hobbes's face as he walks...

He slows, stops in deep shadow, looks in at Reese.

Reese smiles, indicates Hobbes, talks to someone we can't see:

REESE

Well, well. The brilliant detective  
who sealed my brutish fate.

(back to Hobbes)

I thought you'd be too cowardly to  
show.

Hobbes sees, in with Reese: a GUY IN A SUIT with a camcorder.

HOBBS

Network?

As the Guard unlocks the cell to let Hobbes in:

REESE

Some Prison schmoo. For the Governor.  
The Gov hates capital punishment,  
wants to make a video record of this  
vile ceremonial. Says he'll show it  
to legislators, but I think he'll  
use it for a circle jerk with his  
dinner guests.

(strikes exaggerated pose)

My veins bulging...

(smiles)

It's good to see you, Hobbes.  
My best pal.

Reese lunges.

Grabs Hobbes' hand, kisses it -

Hobbes yanks the hand back in disgust, wipes it off

HOBBS

Why'd you ask for me?, I'm not a  
priest.

REESE

No?

Reese mutters under his breath. Nonsense syllables of some  
kind. Fast and unintelligible: a private joke.

Hobbes watches, irritated.

Reese flies into a pantomime. Grabs the air. Gives Hobbes the  
finger. Rubs palms together.

Hobbes starts to speak. Reese stops him with a gesture and slides smoothly into words again:

REESE  
 You remind me of someone, Hobbes.  
 Indeed you do. Indeedy deed. Do  
 you like riddles? (CONT.)

HOBBS  
 No -

REESE (CONT.)  
 Here's a "beaut": Why is there a  
 space between Lyons and Spakowsky?

HOBBS  
 I don't know what you're talking  
 about.

REESE  
 Don't you? Open your eyes, pal.  
 Look around sometime.

HOBBS  
 Go to hell, Reese. The Express  
 Train.

Reese flashes Hobbes a nasty smile, but Hobbes has already turned back toward the door, toward the Guard.

REESE  
 (suddenly strong, commanding)  
 Before you leave, remember this.  
 (Hobbes turns back)  
 In a day, a week, month. Remember:  
 (Speaks in a foreign tongue)

HOBBS  
 German?

REESE  
 (mocking)  
 Dutch.

HOBBS  
 Meaning?

REESE  
 What goes around...really goes  
 around.

INT. PRISON. VIP VIEWING ROOM. DAY.

VIPs are assembled, silent, nervous. How to behave at an execution? The room is rectangular, with a one-way mirror as the long wall: looks into the execution room.

Clock reads: 7:57.

The Prison Aide with the Camcorder is at one end of the room: best vantage point.

The WARDEN and the GOVERNOR are exchanging whispers.

Hobbes stands with Maguire. Hobbes fiddles with his quarters.

Everyone's head turns:

Reese is being led into the execution room by TWO GUARDS. Hypervigilant. Casing the room, the chair, one-way mirror. He spreads his arms wide, facing the mirror; we hear perfectly:

REESE

Howdy, ladies. Gents.  
Cocksuckers and pederasts...

He slows his entrance, blowing kisses toward the mirror...

REESE

Hope you like the show...  
(another kiss)  
Hello Gov, my love.

GOVERNOR

(irritated, to WARDEN)  
He's certainly enjoying himself.

WARDEN

Since he's been in, he's started a fire, a riot, and founded a KKK unit. We're very pleased to see him graduate.

The Guards strap Reese into the chair, securing his hands and feet. Another Guard, a REDHEAD, is watching...

When the first two Guards retreat, the Redhead steps forward, checks everything.

As the Redhead leaves, his hand trails casually up Reese's arm...

Reese is smiling. His lips seem to be moving...

The Redhead enters a cubicle at the end of the room, glances up at the clock: 7:59. He sits behind a small monitor, and we realize: this is the executioner.

A sound is coming from Reese -

GOVERNOR  
What's he doing?

ANOTHER PRISON AIDE  
He's... I believe he's singing, sir.

Reese increases his volume; the old Rolling Stones song:

REESE  
"Time...is on my side...  
Yes, it is.  
Time...is on my side...  
You know it is... (etc.)

His singing becoming more raucous, inappropriate...

The VIPs getting more uncomfortable. Not the solemn spectacle they'd anticipated.

Sweep second hand on the clock getting closer to the 12, closer to 8:00 a.m.

Reese sings loud and wild; a maniac with good pipes:

REESE  
"I'll come runnin' back...  
I'll come runnin' back...

The Redhead is staring at the Warden, waiting for the okay...

The Governor, enraged by the singing, elbows the Warden: do it.

The Warden nods: Yes, yes, but not until... He waits, waits...

The second hand hits the 12 -

Warden nods.

The Redhead throws the switch -

Pellets clatter down -

A cloud of cyanide gas billows -

Reese holds his breath, bulging cheeks, as the gas rises, sensuous and deadly, around him.

Turns toward his audience. Last grin.

Gives 'em the finger -

Violently sucks in the poison.

His body shakes -

Faces of the Observers. Repelled, excited, transfixed...

After a long moment, their expressions change. Shocked aftermath. It's over so fast.

Reese's body. Slumped. The CAMERA MOVES across it as if to say, subtly: something is still happening. We come to rest on:

HIS LEFT HAND. A final muscular twitch, just the pinkie...

OVERHEAD SHOT, TIGHT ON REESE, collapsed in his chair. In an odd effect, SOUND becomes distant, muted.

The CAMERA RISES TO THE CEILING AND MOVES.... Over to the Warden, chatting with the Governor. It hovers over him, then MOVES AGAIN, over the Governor himself, lingers...

...and slides away, out of the room...

...into the next room, the Executioner's cubicle.

The CAMERA ARCS DOWN onto the Redhead's face. SOUND eases back to normal. The Redhead's jotting a few notes. For the first time we get a good look at him: 28, boyish, efficient.

The Warden sticks his head in the door:

WARDEN

You okay, Jimmy?

JIMMY (REDHEAD)

(hint of admiration)

Never saw one sing before.

For the Governor's sake, the Warden acts like a good guy:

WARDEN

Take the rest of the day off, huh?

The Warden closes the door and Jimmy smiles to himself. Stares at the door. Hold this 1/2 second too long -

EXT. PRISON. MORNING.

Maguire and Hobbes walking to their cars.

MAGUIRE

I don't know why you even come,  
Hobbes. I gotta hold hands with the  
Suits, but - (you could)

HOBBS

The scum we see day to day?, they  
never accept consequences. Beat  
somebody up, rob somebody, kill  
somebody; somehow or other it  
ain't their fault.  
This is the consequence of what  
I do; I gotta be here.

MAGUIRE

(dry, friendly)  
This ain't your fault.

Hobbes smiles, appreciating it, gives Maguire a friendly cuff  
with the back of his hand. As Hobbes gets into his car:

THE CAMERA PANS. Driving slowly toward them in an old  
convertible is Jimmy, the Redheaded Executioner. As he passes,  
he gives them a casual glance. Contrary to what we expect:

The CAMERA MOVES AWAY, with him, as he sings to himself:

JIMMY THE EXECUTIONER

Not for just an hour...  
Not for just a day...  
Not for just a year, but always,  
all the time...

Just a beautiful summer morning and a happy guy who got off  
work early.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN MALL. DAY.

Gorgeous day. Jimmy drives into the parking lot, parks in the  
handicapped spot.

INT. SUBURBAN MALL. DAY.

The mall's just opening; a smattering of people.

From an OVERHEAD ANGLE we watch Jimmy stroll along, whistling. MUSIC tells us, subtly: something odd is happening.

Jimmy stops, buys a bagel and walks on, eating it.

As he walks, his hand brushes casually against a BUSINESSWOMAN coming the other way.

The CAMERA EXECUTES A 20 DEGREE REVERSE TURN, FOLLOWS the Businesswoman. Crisp efficient walk. After a few steps:

She touches a SMALL BOY, holding his MOTHER's hand.

We FOLLOW the Mother and Boy. They wander slowly, looking in store windows, chatting... The Mother's shoulder bumps against a thin ANOREXIC MAN with a scruffy beard.

The Mother and Boy move on. We HOLD on the Anorexic Man as he stops, looks around...stands up a little straighter...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Facing the Anorexic Man. Thin smile. He checks his watch.

Walks into a PET STORE. The MIDDLE-AGED OWNER is opening up.

MIDDLE-AGED OWNER

You're late, Charles.

CHARLES THE ANOREXIC

Fuck your booty with a garden hose.

MIDDLE-AGED OWNER

(completely stunned)

What did you - (say?)

CHARLES THE ANOREXIC

You're an imbecile, you reek like a rhesus, and your wife is boffing that moron who runs the cookie shop.

MIDDLE-AGED OWNER

Charles, I hate to do this, but

CHARLES THE ANOREXIC

Put the job where the hose goes.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BAR. NIGHT.

Lively scene, ethnic neighborhood. In the back is a table of off-duty cops: Hobbes, LOU (half-Jewish, half-Italian, 40, a jaded extrovert), TIFFANY (black, 28, totally one of the guys), LAWRENCE (35, bland), and JONESY (55, Hobbes' partner: the ultimate cop, a worker, a bear in polyester).

LOU

(What I don't get is)...this  
cockamamie three strikes thing.

TIFFANY

If it was me, I'd make it Lucky  
Strikes.

(puffing her cigarette)

Arrest 'em, give 'em a cigarette,  
'n' shoot 'em.

HOBBS

Not a bad idea. Just...

(waving away a cloud)

...blow your smoke the other way,  
huh Tiff?

A WAITRESS has come to their table -

LOU

(slight flirt, to Waitress)

Hey, Gracie.

(to others)

So whatta we got here? Three  
Heinekens...

(turns to Jonesy)

JONESY

Becks dark.

LOU

(to Hobbes)

Hotshot?

Hobbes and Jonesy are the only non-regulars. Jonesy usually works late; Hobbes is here celebrating Reese's execution.

HOBBS

A Bud.

LOU

A Bud?

HOBBS

Yeah.

LOU

What, you can't afford imported?  
I'll treat.

HOBBS

I can afford -

LOU

At least get a Bud Ice, huh?  
(as Hobbes shakes  
his head)  
Bud Lite? Bud Extra Dry?

Lou is baiting Hobbes, but Hobbes won't bite, won't descend to that level. He just gives a straightforward answer:

HOBBS

No thanks.

GRACIE

It's just a Bud, Lou, okay?

She leaves, irritated with Lou for wasting her time. Lou, who has fantasies of side action with Gracie, is unhappy to incur her disfavor and becomes further annoyed at Hobbes.

LOU

You're an unusual cop, Hobbes.

Hobbes shrugs as Tiffany pipes in, not at all where Lou was going:

TIFFANY

Yeah, for one thing, he takes  
crime personally.

HOBBS

That's right. No one kills anybody  
on my watch.

TIFFANY

Oh man.

LOU

What're you talking? The city is  
your watch. People kill each other  
on the hour.

HOBBS  
That's what I mean. I gotta do  
something about it.

Half a joke on himself...but also half serious.

ANOTHER ANGLE. MINUTES LATER.

Gracie finishes serving their beers. Lou is still staring at  
Hobbes, considering whether to raise a certain subject...

LOU  
Let me ask you something, Hobbes.  
(after Gracie leaves)  
I've only been (in) your precinct  
ten weeks, but they say you never  
take cream, is that true?

Hobbes shrugs -

LOU  
Come on, you can tell me: true or  
not?

HOBBS  
I don't like cream.

LOU  
So that means no?

HOBBS  
Yeah.

LOU  
"No" as in "No, never"? or "No" as  
in "Rarely," or "No" as in you do it  
but you don't talk about it?

HOBBS  
Never.

LOU  
Hobbesy. This is Chicago. We got a  
tradition to uphold...

JONESY  
What's a matter, your ears don't  
work? The man says something, he  
says it.

HOBBS

(calmly, to Lou)  
I have a bed, roof, car. When I'm  
hungry, I eat. I meet a nice girl,  
I can afford to take her out.  
What else do I need?

TIFFANY

A life.

LOU

So. Hypothetical. Other cops,  
who have families -

LAWRENCE

Hobbes has a family. Sort of -

LOU

(pushing on)  
Other cops, who do feel the need  
once in a while, (to) skim a little  
something on the side -

HOBBS

I don't judge.

LOU

I see.  
You don't judge.  
(under his breath)  
He's a fucking saint.  
(aside, to Tiffany)  
You got any thorns?

TIFFANY

I left 'em home.

HOBBS

I don't let anybody else judge  
either, not around me, 'cause you  
take any cop on the force, bad or  
good, cream or no, 99% of the time  
he's still doing his job, right?

JONESY

Ninety-nine five.

HOBBS  
 Yeah, point 5. So he -  
 (to Tiffany, equal time)  
 or she - is still doing more good  
 every single day than any lawyer,  
 stockbroker, insurance salesman, or  
 US President does in a lifetime.

Lou stares at Hobbes. He really didn't expect this last opinion. Let alone:

HOBBS  
 Cops are the chosen people.

It's hard to tell which way Lou's gonna go on this. Finally:

LOU  
 I'm switching to Bud.

Meaning: Hobbes is okay. Lou grabs the passing Waitress:

LOU  
 Hey, Gracie, bring me a Bud, huh?  
 (to others)  
 Anybody else want to go American?

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. HIS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Hobbes sleeps.

Phone rings.

He blinks, shakes his head, answers it:

HOBBS  
 'Lo?

Silence on the other end.

HOBBS  
 (mutters to himself)  
 Oh fuck.  
Hello?

Still no response.

He hangs up, takes the receiver off the hook and sets it down next to his beeper. Then he unplugs the receiver cord so that the line'll be busy but no annoying sound will emit.

He takes a drink of water, shakes his head: he's awake now.  
He climbs out of bed in his t-shirt and boxers.

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. HALL. NIGHT.

He walks down the hall. The door into the next bedroom is open, and a small Nightlite shines.

Hobbes pushes the door farther open, looks in:

Two beds, a single and a double. The single has been slept in but is empty. In the double are Hobbes' brother ART, and Art's son SAM, 8, curled up together.

Sweetest thing you ever saw.

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Sam is devouring his cereal. Hobbes sits with, drinking coffee. Art's at the counter, proudly packing Sam's lunch:

ART

Here we go: milk, pretzels, apple,  
peanut butter and jelly sandwich -

Simultaneous with this last phrase, Sam says under his breath:

SAM

Peanut butter and jelly sandwich.  
(still quietly)  
Uncle John, will you please make  
my lunch tomorrow?  
(as Hobbes nods)  
I can't eat the same thing every -

A bicycle horn honks repeatedly. Hobbes looks out the window, sees: TOBY, 9, on his bike.

ART

There's Toby!

And with Art's childish enthusiasm, we suddenly get it: Art's a little retarded.

Sam leaps up from the table, grabs a small bookbag and the sack lunch, gives his father a big hug, the irritation of a moment ago totally forgotten:

SAM  
I love you, Dad.

Sam heads toward his bike, standing by the front door -

ART  
Wait, wait, don't forget -

Sam tears back toward Hobbes, leaps -

Hobbes catches him in the air. Sam gives him a tight bear hug, and we sense: Hobbes as second parent.

Sam jumps down, sprints to his bike and wheels it out the door, which Art holds open. Art calls after him, part of the ritual:

ART  
Have a good day at school!

Art closes the door, shakes his head.

HOBBS  
What a kid. Come here, Art.  
(pats chair)  
Have breakfast with me.

ART  
You're not in a hurry or something?

HOBBS  
Reese is dead, (so) I can relax,  
go in late for once.

Art is pleased: he rarely has time alone with Hobbes. Art comes to the table, readies his breakfast, speaks shyly:

ART  
I love you, Johnny.

Hobbes smiles wistfully. It's almost painful that his brother can hit this simple emotional level so naturally, gracefully.

ART  
You ever think it would be easier...  
your life would be so much easier or  
something if Sam and I -

HOBBS  
Stop.

ART  
Maybe Marcy wouldn't have - (left)

HOBBS

Art. Marcy was a jerk for leaving me. You're my brother. Sit down, huh?

Art sits, dutifully.

HOBBS

I love you too.

Art smiles, brighter than any sunrise.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

TIGHT ON A CORNFLAKES BOX. Was cornflakes on the table before? As THE CAMERA PULLS BACK we see we are now:

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT. MORNING.

Charles the Anorexic sits eating a bowl of cornflakes. Erect posture, slightly formal manner.

Before he was casually dressed, now he's in a suit.

Incongruous with his present appearance, the apartment around him is in disarray: books strewn, furniture knocked over: as if it was recently the scene of an enormous struggle.

On the wall beside Charles, out of focus, something is scrawled in magic marker.

Charles sets his spoon in the bowl.

He looks down. There are four - and only four - objects on the table: cornflakes, milk carton, sugar bowl, and, in the center, the bowl of half-eaten cereal.

He adjusts the angle of the cornflakes box, moves the milk carton slightly.

The four objects now form an odd and distinctive configuration, like Stonehenge.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Charles is carefully applying Crest to his toothbrush. Starts to brush. THE CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE...

His technique is just like the dentist teaches: small circles along the gum line. The toothpaste foams.

His face is blank. He's certainly doing a very thorough job on those teeth. Behind him we see the window, the bathtub...and something sticking out of the tub -

A MAN'S FOOT -

SHOCK MOVE: THE CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN to the BODY. Eyes open, terrified; mouth twisted. HOLD on the horror...then back to:

Charles carefully rinses his toothbrush and leaves the room.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Charles exits the bathroom, walks to the door, opens it.

Turns to examine the apartment.

Everything just as he wants it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT. DAY.

From a distance, we watch Hobbes park his car.

Get out.

Walk into the precinct.

REVERSE ANGLE.

Charles The Anorexic stands near a phone booth, watching Hobbes, twirling a fat cigar like a self-satisfied mafioso.

Takes a little puff.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Hobbes doing paperwork. (*HOBBS' DESK is very clean. Only a few objects: carefully, almost geometrically, placed.*)

Jonesy's messy desk is on one side of Hobbes, he's also working. On the other side, Tiffany is listening to a SECRETARY-TYPE (33, spectacular nails, big hair).

## SECRETARY TYPE

He threatens me?, fine. He hits me?, I can deal. But how can you tell, Officer? If one day, no warning, he's gonna really do it?

Hobbes looks at the woman, pondering this question, as his phone rings. Quick draw:

HOBBS

John Hobbes.

CHARLES' VOICE

Hey, pal, got a pen?

HOBBS

Who's this?

CHARLES' VOICE

17197 South Kedzie, Apartment 12C.

HOBBS

(jotting it down, bored)  
What's there?

CHARLES' VOICE

A clue, Magoo.

The line goes dead. Hobbes hangs up the phone, considers...  
Turns to Jonesy:

HOBBS

Couldn't sleep last night.

JONESY

Who can?

HOBBS

Remember Reese used to call two,  
three a.m.?

JONESY

(tease)  
He loved you, Hobbes, he truly did.  
That kind of devotion -

HOBBS

I had another call last night.

Jonesy raises an eyebrow, wondering...

Hobbes flicks the piece of paper with the address.

HOBBS

Yo, Tiff, see if we got a car near  
17197 South Kedzie, huh?  
(gives her the paper)  
12C. Have the landlord let 'em  
in if necessary.

TIFFANY

Hot tip?

HOBBS

Probably some bozo saw my name in  
the Trib, wants to impress his girl.

As Tiffany goes off with the slip of paper -

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSKAVICH'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

An unmarked police car pulls up, Hobbes and Jonesy get out,  
hurry into the building -

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Hobbes and Jonesy looking at the naked man's body in the  
bathtub. A most unpleasant sight.

JONESY

(reading from notes)  
Muskavich. Russian expatriate,  
unemployed electrician. No family,  
no friends, no enemies.

HOBBS

Everybody's got enemies. What's  
the cause of death?

JONESY

(shrugs)  
(We need an) Autopsy.

He points to the number 7 spray-painted on the man's chest.

JONESY (CONT.)

What's this (mean), it's the  
killer's seventh victim?

HOBBS

(leaving bathroom)  
I guess. We better check the m.o.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

The place crawls with Cops, Coroners, etc. Hobbes and Jonesy walk to the table, look at the breakfast stuff: the Mini-Stonehenge configuration of objects. Stare at it.

JONESY  
(joke)  
Looks like your desk.

HOBBS  
(gives Jonesy a look)  
Whose eats?

Meaning the cornflakes.

JONESY  
Killer. Body's cold 18 hours,  
(but the) milk's not spoiled.

HOBBS  
(incredulous)  
He killed this guy, slept here, had  
a quiet breakfast and left?

JONESY  
Seems like.  
(sees something)  
Hey check this.

He's looking at the magic-marker writing on the wall.

Hobbes turns.

Stares.

His blood runs cold as ice.

Written on the wall in a cursive scrawl:

**Lyons**

???

**Spakowsky**

Hobbes continues to stare...

JONESY  
What?

Hobbes shakes his head, finally finds what's left of his voice:

HOBBS  
It's a riddle.  
Something Reese asked.

JONESY  
Come again?

HOBBS  
In his cell before he died, Reese  
asked me: "Why is there a space  
between Lyons and Spakowsky?"

On Hobbes' face:

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Maguire stands at Hobbes' desk looking at photos of the writing  
from Muskavich's wall. He lowers them, shakes his head:

MAGUIRE  
Reese had an accomplice?

HOBBS  
I guess.

MAGUIRE  
Fuck me.

HOBBS  
Fuck us all, Mack.

Maguire walks off as Jonesy hangs up the phone, turns to  
Hobbes:

JONESY  
Fingerprint. The perp didn't wear  
gloves. Left prints on the spoon,  
cereal bowl, toothbrush. It's like  
he's advertising.

HOBBS  
Must be he's not in the databank.

Jonesy nods agreement. Lou walks by headed for the FAX. He  
overhead their conversation; says in his arrogant way:

LOU  
I hate to be stupid, huh? (CONT.)

JONESY  
Enjoy it, Lou -

Lou glares back. Jonesy is sassing him because of the lip Lou gave Hobbes in the bar.

LOU (CONT.)  
But is motive still something we ask here?, or are all crimes just done for their own sake, out of sickness?

TIFFANY  
(mimes hitting buzzer)  
Bzzzz. Number 2.

JONESY  
(off-hand, as always)  
Everything has motive.  
Sickness is a motive too.

This thought hovers for a moment -

In the b.g., SCHWAB (a trainee with an earring and spiky hair) is distributing burritos. Lou picks up from the FAX machine: something for him, something for Hobbes and Jonesy. He reads theirs on his way over, drops it off on Hobbes' desk:

LOU  
Look sharp, Bud.  
(he now calls Hobbes "Bud"  
because of his beer choice)  
Coroner's prelim on the Roosky.  
Isn't this that wacko poison  
Reese used on those Arabs?

Hobbes examines the FAX with concern. Lou is right.

Schwab reaches Hobbes' desk with the burritos.

SCHWAB  
Chicken, spicy with onions?

Hobbes looks up at Schwab. Nods absentmindedly.

HOBBES  
Hey Schwab, you're hip, right?

SCHWAB  
Hip, thigh, and crotch.

Schwab glances around nervously to see if anyone else heard this un-trainee like remark.

HOBBS  
Tell me this: why is there a space  
between Lyons and Spakowsky?

Schwab stares at him blankly.

SCHWAB  
I don't know, man. That's not a  
hip query.

Hobbes looks around. Everyone's stopped to eat their burritos.

HOBBS  
Tiff, you like puzzles and shit,  
brainteasers?

TIFFANY  
Long as I'm doing the teasing...

HOBBS  
Why is there a space between  
Lyons and Spakowsky?

Beat. She frowns.

TIFFANY  
What's that even mean, man?

Hobbes shakes his head: he doesn't know.

A lingering beat...

JONESY (O.S.)  
We had a Lyons once. What an  
asshole.

Hobbes turns toward Jonesy, who's chomping away...

HOBBS  
Come again?

JONESY  
Not your Lyons. This guy was a cop.

Hobbes gestures, keep talking.

JONESY (CONT.)  
I tell you: he was the King Kong of  
assholes. I'm talking legend, huh?  
His name is on the fuckin' wall.

Hobbes blinks.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. HALLS. DAY.

Jonesy leads Hobbes down the dingy back halls of the station.  
(Here, as elsewhere: small areas which are poorly lit give a spooky sense, as though something is lurking there.)

JONESY

Some chief in the 30s thought it'd boost morale... I think they kept with it till '75 or...(so), it got like a booby prize.

He stops in front of an old metal plaque with an ornate crest and the words: FOR OUTSTANDING AND COURAGEOUS VALOR.

JONESY

Remember? It was out front till they went with the remodel. (CONT.)

Jonesy runs a flashlight down the names. In bronze:

1964           GEORGE LYONS

1965           (blank, but with a residue of old solder.  
A name was once here, but has been removed.)

1966           ANTON SPAKOWSKY

Hobbes stares at the plaque.

JONESY (CONT.)

You musta passed it a thousand times.

HOBBES

(Yeah.) Right out in the lobby.

(quoting Reese)

I just had to "open my eyes,  
look around sometime."

JONESY (O.S.)

I don't know Spakowsky, but Lyons was so mean his wife finally shot him in a foot. Son of a bitch couldn't get disability -

HOBBES

Jonesy. Why is there a space here?  
Who is '65?

JONESY  
I got no clue, man. Not a clue,  
not a memory.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGUIRE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Hobbes has just asked Maguire the same question. Maguire looks up at him with a clear honest face:

MAGUIRE  
'65? I don't know, Hobbes, that  
was before my time.

Hobbes stares at him....

Maguire stares back, then lowers his eyes. He's lying. He does know something.

HOBBS  
Maguire...you know I'll find out.

MAGUIRE  
Then find out.

Odd. He doesn't care if Hobbes knows, he just can't tell him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS APARTMENT. HIS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Hobbes sits at this desk. Only a few objects: computer, address book on the corner, etc.

He's on line, going through old issues of the Chicago Tribune.

He's found a front-page article with a photograph of George Lyons and a headline: "LYONS NAMED COP OF THE YEAR FOR 1964."

He looks at the top of the page, the date: February 12, 1965.

He presses SEARCH and types in: February 12, 1966.

The 1966 front page pops up. He searches it: nothing.

Hits two keys, gets the front page for February 11, searches that one: nothing.

ON HIS FACE as he tries more front pages, without success.

Then he stops. Moves closer to the screen as he reads -

Headline:

ITALIAN DETECTIVE COP OF THE YEAR 1965.  
Robert Milano nabbed "Kiddo Killer"

The photograph shows a handsome man with an honest face, in a blue uniform.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Hobbes presses SEARCH and types in "Robert Milano."

The screen says "Searching..."

An article pops up about Milano making another arrest.

Hobbes scans it quickly, hits SEARCH again. The name "Robert Milano" reappears, and Hobbes hits Return...

He waits...waits...

Something comes up.

He stares. The eerie computer light flickering over his face.

He hits: PRINT.

Paces in front of his window.

Goes to the printer, picks up the printed page, reads it again as he continues pacing...

EXT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

From across the street, we see Hobbes pacing in his window.  
He is being watched.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGUIRE'S OFFICE. MORNING.

Morning coffee cups; Hobbes has come in first thing. He's waving the page he printed from the 1966 Chicago Tribune:

HOBBS

Six months after he's named Cop of the year, he goes to Canada and blows his brains out. But the article on the suicide is page nine, somebody buried it! (CONT.)

HOBBS (CONT.)  
 (slaps print-out)  
 And there's no information here  
 'cept Milano was on suspension at  
 the time. What gives, Maguire?

MAGUIRE  
 It's old laundry.

HOBBS  
 I gather, and dirty, but I need this,  
 okay? For a guy who's out killing  
 people right now, and he's telling  
 me, right now, by writing on the  
 fucking wall, that I should look at  
 what happened to Milano!

Beat.

MAGUIRE  
 I can't help you, Hobbes.

HOBBS  
 I request access to our reports on  
 the suicide -

MAGUIRE (overlapping)  
 Get real, huh? I said I can't -

Pissed, Hobbes turns to go -

MAGUIRE (CONT.)  
 I got something else though.  
 (holds up videotape)  
 Reese. From the prison.

HOBBS  
 (slight sarcasm)  
 Thanks, Maguire. You're a  
 white man.

He takes the tape and leaves. FOLLOW HIM OUT into:

INT. PRECINCT. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

Hobbes comes out, goes by Jonesy's desk.

HOBBS  
 Tape on Reese, wanna view?

JONESY  
You know I hate video.

HOBBES  
Anything on Muskavich?

JONESY  
Fingerprints are a bust. All we  
got is:  
(consults notes)  
Killer's tall, left-handed -

HOBBES  
(idle, no significance:)  
Like Reese -

JONESY  
Yeah. And his teeth are bad.

HOBBES  
(Shit.) He bit Muskavich?

Hobbes reaches his desk, puts down the tape. In his other hand, he's still holding the page he printed from the newspaper. He looks at it, picks up the phone, dials 411.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
This is Debra, what city?

INSERT

The clipping. At the bottom: "Detective Milano is survived by his wife, Sylvia, 35, and daughter Gretta, 8 months old."

HOBBES (V.O.)  
Chicago. Sylvia Milano.  
M-I-L-A-N-O.

BACK TO SCENE.

Maguire is crossing. Hobbes calls to him, slightly nasty:

HOBBES  
Hey, Lieutenant? This silence on  
Milano. Is it your own idea, or  
are you "just following orders?"

Maguire stops in his tracks:

MAGUIRE

Look. Somebody promised somebody something a long time ago. I'm keeping that promise, huh?

Hobbes thinks about this as Maguire moves away and:

OPERATOR'S VOICE

I'm sorry, there's no such listing.

HOBBS

Okay, thanks.

(starts to hang up, then:)

Wait. What about... Are you there?

(examines clipping)

You have a Gretta Milano?

JONESY

(stands; to Hobbes)

Okay, I'll watch.

Hobbes tosses him the videotape -

JONESY (CONT.)

You know, I been thinking -

LOU

(as to a horse)

Whoa, easy boy...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Please hold for the number.

Hobbes jots down the number as Jonesy comes over:

JONESY

Whoever killed Muskavich knows the poison Reese used, he's quoting Reese... He could be a cop.

HOBBS

(as he dials Gretta's number)

I've thought of that.

(points jokingly at Lou)

GRETTA'S VOICE (FROM PHONE)

Hi. Please leave a message.

Beep -

HOBBS  
 Ah. John Hobbes. 845-9594. It's  
 important.

He hangs up, and they walk off:

JONESY  
 You're giving your home number?

HOBBS  
 I don't know why, I...

JONESY  
 What is it, some girl with a cute  
 voice?

Hobbes playfully cuffs Jonesy...but Jonesy is right, Hobbes  
 liked her voice -

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. VIDEO ROOM. DAY.

On screen (from a different angle than before): Reese is  
 singing, wild and raucous:

REESE  
 I'll come running back...baby baby  
 I'll come runnin' back...to you...

JONESY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Used to have a lounge act, huh?  
 (as Hobbes rewinds tape)  
 You don't want to watch him get  
 gassed, make sure he's kaput?

HOBBS  
 I gotta see this priest again.

He presses PLAY. The tape runs:

Inside Reese's cell, a scene we haven't seen before. A PRIEST  
 is talking to the Guard, trying to get the door unlocked.  
 Reese mutters something O.S. and the CAMERA PANS to him...

REESE  
 (quiet, deadly)  
 Father.  
 (You) Step in here, I'll kill you.

PRIEST (O.S.)  
You don't really mean that -

REESE  
Five seconds. (is all it'd take)

This registers on the Priest's face.

Reese is calm, motionless, homicidal.

THE CAMERA PANS to the Priest, hesitating.

The Priest looks at the Guard, who shrugs.

CAMERA PANS BACK AND FORTH on this primitive game of chicken:

Reese staring.

Priest staring back, trying to make a judgement.

Reese gestures with his hand: come on in, dude...

Priest still staring...

He blinks. Lost it.

Turns, speaks softly to the Guard, and walks away.

REESE  
Coward!  
(yells after Priest)  
How can you serve God if you ain't  
got any balls?!  
(flat, to CAMERA)  
Make sure Hobbes gets a copy of this,  
huh?  
(diff voice)  
Johnny boy, you watching?  
(waves at camera)  
I hope you're paying close attention  
...every gesture, every word...

Abruptly Reese shuts down. Freaky sight: live to dead in two seconds. Eyes closed. Motionless. End of scene.

Hobbes fast-forwards, to his own entrance, and beyond -

JONESY  
Hold a sec. I wanna...

He takes the remote, presses PLAY, and we see:

REESE (ON TAPE)  
Open your eyes, pal. Look around -

Jonesy presses REVERSE, and the tape rewinds.

He presses PLAY again, and we see Reese lunge for Hobbes' hand and kiss it.

After a moment, Reese begins babbling nonsense syllables, making weird gestures...

JONESY  
What's he talking later, Dutch?

HOBBS  
So he says.

JONESY  
So this is Dutch too?

HOBBS  
(isn't it obvious:)  
This is gibberish.

JONESY  
Oh.  
(beat)  
You sure on that?

Hobbes blinks, wonders...

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. TWILIGHT.

Fading light. BOYS play stickball in the street.

Hobbes sits in his car, laptop on his knees, plugged into his car phone. He's on line, going through old newspaper files, stories on Robert Milano.

He glances idly up at a window, starts to look away, then looks again, more closely...

Yes, he did see something. A SHADOW inside.

He folds up the laptop.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING. HALL. EVENING.

Hobbes rings the bell.

GRETTA (32, beautiful in a glancing way, ethereal but grounded, a charming casual manner) opens the door.

HOBBS  
Gretta Milano?

She nods v. slightly -

HOBBS (CONT.)  
My name is John Hobbes.

GRETTA  
Oh yes. You called.

Neither friendly nor stand-offish. She's just there.

HOBBS  
(flashing badge)  
May I come in a moment?

She looks at his badge, then again at his face. Says nothing.

HOBBS (CONT.)  
I want to ask about your father.

Her face reacts. Here it is, the moment she's long expected.

She walks away, leaving the door open for him to follow.

INT. GRETTA'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

Like a loft, high ceilings. The evening light gives the white walls a soft glow. This effect is intensified by the art work: massive reproductions of Raphaelite and Pre-Raphaelite angels. The impact is quite striking, and Hobbes comments:

HOBBS  
You're surrounded by angels.

GRETTA  
I teach theology at Northwestern.

HOBBS  
They're beautiful.

He looks at her: she's beautiful too.

GRETTA  
 (soft, neutral)  
 Why do you want to know about my  
 father?

HOBBS  
 The files on his case are sealed.

She seems to have no reaction.

HOBBS (CONT.)  
 Even now, 30 years later, my  
 boss won't say anything.

GRETTA  
 Good.  
 (considers, then:)  
 Mr. Hobbes, I could tell you what  
 my mother told me before she died.

HOBBS  
 I'm sorry - (about her death)

GRETTA  
 She's not. But first I have to ask  
 again: why do you want to know? Is  
 it idle curiosity, or -

HOBBS  
 No. See... I'm the guy who caught  
 Edgar Reese, who was just executed -

GRETTA  
 Yes, I read about - (him)

HOBBS  
 Reese kind of...gave me your  
 father's name.

She looks at him rather blankly, says softly:

GRETTA  
 Did Reese like to sing?

Hobbes nods.

GRETTA  
 And at the end, he touched you or -

HOBBS  
 (slightly spooked)  
 Kissed my hand.

She closes her eyes. When she opens them again, her voice is different, more somber:

GRETTA  
You want some coffee?

He nods. As she pours coffee for him, gets out milk and sugar:

GRETTA  
One condition: you and I never spoke.  
No reports, nothing in the files.  
My name, and everything I say, is  
just between us. Is that agreeable?

INT. GRETTA'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

They sit with their coffee. She's watching him, thinking...

GRETTA  
You look married.

He's surprised by the personal remark, but he answers:

HOBBES  
Divorced. 4 years.

GRETTA  
Kids?

HOBBES  
One nephew. Why do you -

GRETTA  
(gentle, efficient)  
A family man shouldn't risk it.  
You believe in God?

HOBBES  
Just Sundays. My job, seeing what  
I see, faith isn't easy to sustain.

GRETTA  
(factual)  
What you see in your job is nothing.

He nods, intrigued...

HOBBES  
Risk what?  
You said "A family man shouldn't  
risk -"

GRETTA

Yes. I'm thinking that perhaps you're here for a purpose you yourself don't yet see.

He starts to respond to this, but before he can get a word out, she launches into her story:

GRETTA

According to my mother, who was admittedly biased, my father was the best cop on the force. Smart, dedicated, incorruptible. He received an award for catching someone named the Kiddo Killer, who was preying on...

(there's more she could say but this will suffice:)

...small boys. After Kiddo was executed, copy-cat crimes occurred. My father was implicated. The evidence against him mounted: phone calls, fingerprints, witnesses. He went kind of...crazy. Bought a house up in Canada...went there, and shot himself.

HOBBS

(idly)

Can I go up to the house?

GRETTA

(subtly paranoid)

Why?

HOBBS

(picking up something)

Why not?

She nods, taking this under advisement, and proceeds with her story:

GRETTA

The Department told my mother - for the sake of her pension and my father's good name, all he'd done for the force - they'd hush it up. I guess they're still keeping their word.

Hobbes nods.

GRETTA (CONT.)

Please understand, Mr. Hobbes, that everyone including my parents saw the evidence against my father and considered it incontrovertible.

She leans forward. She looks him right in the eye and speaks quietly but with enormous intensity:

GRETTA (CONT.)

But I know - for a fact - that my father was innocent of those crimes.

HOBBS

How do you know?

She stares at him.

HOBBS

How do you know he was innocent?

GRETTA

'Cause I know who did it.  
And I think you're next, Mr. Hobbes.  
I'm afraid you're next.  
That's all I can tell you.

(stands)

In fact, that's more than I can tell you.

She walks toward the door.

HOBBS

Wait a second. You were suggesting before that there might be some other reason I'm here?

She gives the slightest of nods as she opens the front door.

HOBBS (CONT.)

I don't understand.

GRETTA

Who does?

(nods politely)

It was nice to meet you.

He's thrown by her sudden insistence on getting rid of him:

HOBBS

Well. If I have further questions, or... Can I at least - (call you)

INT. HALL. EVENING.

GRETTA  
I'd rather you didn't.

He nods, taken aback again.

She starts to close the door, says softly:

GRETTA  
Go with God.

He stops short, turns -

But the door is already closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Hobbes parks his car, gets out.

Walks down the street lost in thought... (There should be a few other pedestrians, not many.)

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
Sometimes it seems like the basic job  
human beings have is to figure out  
what the hell is going on. (CONT.)

Though we don't pay attention at this point, a MAN is strolling up the street, toward Hobbes.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
Example: Gretta Milano.  
What was she hiding?  
What was she afraid of?  
Why did she end things so abruptly?  
And her final words, "Go with God,"  
what did they mean?

The Man has reached Hobbes. With a chilling shock we recognize: Charles the Anorexic.

As he passes, he looks Hobbes in the eye -

Hobbes looks back -

For an instant their eyes lock -

On Charles' face: the hint of a mocking smile -

They pass each other.

Hobbes blinks, a vague apprehension skating across his consciousness...

On his back, as he walks away from the camera:

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
 One never knows, down to the smallest thing. The man who catches your eye in the street. Does he know you? Did you go to high school together, or is he a stranger? Is he a homicidal maniac who hates your guts on sight, or is he thinking about robbing you, or is he (just) some poor creature trying to make a homosexual advance? (CONT.)

Charles the Anorexic returns to sight, his back becoming a foreground silhouette, as he watches:

Hobbes disappears down the dark street.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
 Or was it nothing, nothing at all?

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hobbes enters, stops short. Spooky conspiratorial VOICES.

He silently closes the front door.

He moves warily down the unlit hallway... It feels as if (use subliminal images?) monstrous creatures lurk in the darkness.

At the end of the hall, Hobbes steps decisively into the living room -

Art and Sam have fallen asleep in front of the tv, which is now playing some b&w film noir. Sam is clutching a teddy bear. Hobbes gently shakes his brother, who turns, disoriented:

ART  
 Johnny??

HOBBS  
 Time to go to sleep, Art.  
 Come on, pull down his covers...

Hobbes picks up Sammy. Art goes ahead, wiping sleep from his eyes with his knuckles like a little kid...

The spooky film noir MUSIC fills the apartment. As they move, the phone rings. Art picks it up:

ART  
Hello? Hello?

Without any reaction or comment, he hangs up. These calls are such a routine occurrence Art barely notices them.

INT. ART AND SAM'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Art pulls down Sammy's covers, and Hobbes lays the boy in the bed. The phone starts ringing again.

Art pulls the covers up, smooths them.

Hobbes watches from the doorway.

ART  
Johnny...?  
You ever get scared?

HOBBS  
Sometimes.

Art nods. The phone keeps ringing. The room is very dark.

ART  
Me too.

The phone stops. Hollow silence.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATED SUBWAY CAR. SLIGHT OVERHEAD ANGLE. NIGHT.

Charles The Anorexic stands, holding the strap. The car is crowded: tired, unhappy people going home after a long day.

Many people are pressing against Charles. (One is a man, MOUSE FACE, whom we will soon meet.)

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Charles opens the door, looks around: the place is immaculate. He enters, drops his jacket on the floor, his hat on the couch.

ANOTHER ANGLE. LATER.

Charles is at the stove, making himself a grilled-cheese: lonely guy special. The ingredients he's using are spread over the counter in a messy way.

He glances at the portable phone sitting in its cradle. It seems to be guilt-tripping him.

He picks it up, dials as he cooks.

CHARLES

Mrs. Moohr, this is Charles.  
Apparently... It seems I've had  
some kind of nervous breakdown, and  
I insulted your husband. I'm very  
sorry for whatever -

MRS. MOOHR'S VOICE

It's too late, Charles. We hired  
someone.

CHARLES

I figured you did, - (CONT.)

The doorbell rings -

CHARLES (CONT.)

And I'm sorry about it, but...  
(heading for door)  
The important thing is: will you  
please apologize to your husband?

MRS. MOOHR'S VOICE

(taken aback)  
I will, Charles, thank you,  
that's... (very nice of you.)  
We always liked you, Charles.

She hangs up.

He presses OFF on the phone and opens his door -

A VIOLENT FORCE BURSTS IN. A man, but a man possessed by the  
most primitive homicidal fury -

Wielding a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE -

Plunging the needle in, again and again, like a knife

SAVAGE BLUR of images, different angles, hand-held CAMERA, shocking effect.

Charles fights back, waving his arms ineffectually, slapping at the intruder. Useless. The attack is savage, relentless -

Charles staggers back, falls.

Like a wild beast, the attacker leaps: In for the kill.

ANOTHER ANGLE. MOMENTS LATER.

A foot. Laces being undone. The shoe being removed.

Sock removed.

Hands go to Charles' belt. His shirt is already off.

The intruder, Mouse face, slowly, pleurably, strips Charles' body...

*Note: Descriptions of Charles The Anorexic and Mouse Face are for reading purposes only. Their specific physical characteristics are immaterial. What's important is that these roles be cast with actors who have pronounced physical traits so we instantly recognize them when we see them a second time.*

ANOTHER ANGLE. SLIGHTLY LATER.

Mouse Face dumps Charles' body into the bathtub.

ANOTHER ANGLE. SLIGHTLY LATER.

Mouse Face stands at the counter eating the grilled cheese sandwich Charles was cooking. The thoughtful victim prepared a post-murder snack.

As he eats, Mouse Face takes milk from the fridge and a box of Cornflakes from the cabinet.

He carries the Cornflakes to the table, sets it down.

Looks at it.

Adjusts the angle.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Hobbes has a map of Canada on his desk. An "X" is marked. There are no roads near the "X." He's on the phone:

HOBBS

...John Hobbes. I apologize for calling but your Dad's house in Canada seems to be seven miles from nowhere. Can you get me directions? Call me at the precinct.

He hangs up and folds the map as Jonesy drifts over:

JONESY

I played Reese's tape on the phone to a linguist guy. He's coming down.

HOBBS

Prelim?

JONESY

Says it sounds Middle Eastern

HOBBS

Any more on Muskavich?

JONESY

Only his pizza.

LOU

(passing by)

Hitting your area of expertise, huh Jonesy?

JONESY

(turns on Lou)

Look, man: Pizza is the staff of life. Without pizza and other fine Italian foods, there is no happiness, okay?

(turns back to Hobbes)

There was one slice left. Deep dish: garlic, Linguisa and pineapple. An unusual combo, but Gina's over in Oak Park has it as a #17. Plus: there was nothin' in Muskavich's stomach, so it was the killer's eats.

HOBBS

You're saying the killer might be from Oak Park?

JONESY  
It's a shot.

LOU  
Hell of a clue, Jonesy. Better  
write this up for the journal.

Jonesy stares at him blankly.

JONESY  
Thanks, Lou. I'll do that.

ANOTHER ANGLE. LATER.

Hobbes is going through the files on Reese, which are still in folders, not in the computer. Childhood photos, old letters, school reports, a sports clipping from a high school newspaper.

Hobbes keeps going, examining a series of photos, looking into the eyes of a killer. Then a thought comes. He digs back and finds the old sports clipping.

Stares at it.

INT. PRECINCT. HALL. MOMENTS LATER.

Hobbes comes down the hall, opens the door

INT. PRECINCT. VIDEO ROOM. DAY.

Jonesy and RICHARD LOUDERS, a linguist, are watching the tape of Reese, as Hobbes enters:

HOBBS  
Any luck?

JONESY  
John Hobbes, Richard Louders, U.  
of C.

LOUDERS  
It's a language all right, but I've  
never heard it spoken before.

HOBBS  
Meaning?

JONESY  
It's an antique.

LOUDERS

I believe this is a Biblical tongue,  
Syrian Aramaic. Only a few nomadic  
tribes still speak it.

HOBBS

So you don't know what he's saying?

LOUDERS

No idea. But if you give me a copy,  
I can work it.

JONESY

Hey. Appreciate that, huh?  
(stands, walks Louders  
to door, they go O.S.)  
If you can hang about fifteen  
minutes, we'll make you a dupe.

We stay with Hobbes, who rewinds the tape back to Reese and the  
Priest. He turns off the sound, runs it forward. Watches.  
Jonesy returns:

JONESY

"Aramaic?"

HOBBS

I know.

Hobbes is playing over and over a short section in which Reese  
gestures for the Priest to come in and get killed, the Priest  
leaves, and Reese waves at the video camera...

JONESY

Edgar Reese drove a fuckin' bus.  
He was smart, but self-educated,  
so a little Dutch? Maybe. But  
some ancient tongue only a few  
tribesmen speak??

HOBBS

I found something else. In Reese's  
file was a clipping from his high  
school baseball team.  
He batted right, threw right.

They watch the tape. Reese is gesturing and waving with his  
left hand.

JONESY

So? He bats right and waves left.

Hobbes turns up the sound and we hear:

REESE (ON TAPE)  
 (diff voice)  
 John? Are you watching?  
 (waves at camera)  
 I hope you're paying close attention  
 ...every gesture, every word...

JONESY  
 (stops tape, ejects it)  
 We gotta get this duped.  
 (as they exit)  
 What're you saying, Hobbes? (CONT.)

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Conversation continues as they head back to their desks.

JONESY (CONT.)  
 Reese did some of the sickest shit  
 on record. He's speaking a language  
 2000 years old. And you're worried  
 'cause he's ambidextrous???

HOBBES  
 I'm worried about everything.

Jonesy goes to get the tape copied as Schwab comes up with a FAX and Hobbes' phone rings.

SCHWAB  
 You got an anonymous FAX here.  
 Some kinda map.

Hobbes stares at it as:

SCHWAB  
 You driving to Canada?

HOBBES  
 (to Schwab)  
 Why not?  
 (into phone)  
 John Hobbes.

VOICE (MOUSE-FACE)  
 Hey pal, need another clue?

Hobbes is silent.

VOICE (MOUSE-FACE)  
13393 South Grove, Apartment 9.

Dial tone.

Hobbess looks at Jonesy, who has returned to his desk. Beat.

HOBBS  
That pizza place, with the #17?

JONESY  
(pleased, hungry)  
You want a pie?

HOBBS  
Is it close to Grove Street?

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF FIXED SHOTS, LIKE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS. A VISUAL RECORD. A HORRIFYING MONTAGE.

EXT. CHARLES' APARTMENT. DAY.

Icy crisp image of a nondescript building. COPS and CORONERS moving in and out, in slow motion.

INT. CHARLES' APARTMENT. DAY.

The empty apartment, seen through the open hall door.

A half-eaten grilled cheese sandwich on the counter.

A syringe on the floor.

A gaunt body face down in the bathtub.

An unrinsed, toothpaste-laden toothbrush on the sink.

Charles' clothes piled in the middle of the floor.

The gaunt body being turned over onto its back. Written in magic marker on Charles' chest are the numbers "5-6."

Charles' eyes are open. Wide.

Hobbess looks at Charles, glances at Jonesy, then back at Charles. *Does Hobbess recognize Charles...?*

In Hobbes' hand: his two quarters going nervously...

The kitchen table. A box of cornflakes, a container of milk, a sugar bowl, and a half-eaten bowl of cereal. Carefully placed in a distinctive configuration. Mini-Stonehenge redux.

JONESY

(stares at them)

It ain't just the same objects.  
They're in the same place. Exact.

(dourly)

It's like he's laughin' at us.

Hobbes turns toward the wall where last time they found writing. This time there's a mirror there. Hobbes is relieved. Casually he moves the mirror aside.

There's writing underneath it.

Slowly, forcing himself, Hobbes pushes the mirror farther... until he can read:

**ARMAGEDDON.**

HOBBS

Killer has a pretty high opinion  
of himself.

JONESY

Not the first.

Hobbes looks around the place...

HOBBS

You know what's scary?

JONESY

What ain't?

HOBBS

Last night, going home, a guy  
walking the other way looked me in  
the eye. One of those looks like  
he knows you, you know?

Jonesy nods.

HOBBS (CONT.)

It was the guy in the bathtub,  
Jonesy. The stiff, it was him.  
Why would he look at me? Did he  
already know he was gonna die?

JONESY

Tell you the truth, man. I'm not smart enough to figure out what's going down here.

HOBBS

Me neither. But I have to.

(starting anywhere)

It's gonna be the same poison, right?

Jonesy nods -

HOBBS (CONT.)

How 'bout the numbers on his chest? Seven was last Friday, now he's back to five and six? Where's six?

Jonesy shrugs. The CORONERS go by, carrying Charles' body, wrapped in a sheet.

HOBBS

Who is this guy anyway?

JONESY

Everything's under Charles Olom, but it's some kinda alias. We're running his prints.

Hobbes nods. Turns. Finds:

His own image, staring back from the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL PLAYGROUND. MORNING.

A BLUR of moving bodies.

Art on the sidelines, watching:

Hobbes is playing basketball with Sam, Toby, and Toby's father LUCIUS (34, Caucasian, bug-eyed, gravelly voice, a street black in white skin). Lucius drives past Hobbes, makes a complete hot-dog move for a game-winning lay-up, and gloats:

LUCIUS

You can't beat us, JH! You got too much flab, man! Sittin' on your glutes all day. You need some gym work!

HOBBS  
We can beat you, Loosh, but it'll  
have to be next week. I gotta go.

SAM  
Come on, Unc. Just one more...

In the background, Lucius hand-rolls a cigarette, lights up.

HOBBS  
I can't, Sammy, I got a long drive.  
Get your Dad in here, huh?

SAM  
(soft, so Art can't hear)  
But he's a spaz.  
(instantly, off Hobbes' look)  
I'm sorry, I know, I -

Hobbes sees Jonesy approaching, says firmly to Sam:

HOBBS  
Cherish what you got, kid.

Hobbes tosses the ball to Art and goes to Jonesy. Art warms up  
with Sam and Toby as Lucius puffs on his smoke.

JONESY  
Hey, Lucius, how's pharmaceuticals?

Lucius tokes on his cigarette as if it were a joint. Jonesy  
smiles, turns to Hobbes:

JONESY  
Tiffany get you?

HOBBS  
I left my beeper, what gives?

JONESY  
You know how weird this case is?

HOBBS  
(There's more?) Tell me.

JONESY  
We got an i.d. on "Charles Olom."  
Real name Mickey Noons, born in  
Oslo, illegal resident, small-time  
shithead.

HOBBS  
That's not bad.

JONESY  
That's not it.  
Noons is the guy who killed the  
Roosky. It's his prints all  
over Muskavich's apartment.

Hobbes thinks.

JONESY (CONT.)  
Noons poisons Muskavich, dumps him  
in the tub, and sets out the  
cornflakes. Three days later  
somebody does the exact same thing  
to Noons. Exact.

HOBBS  
Yeah. Exact. 'Cause Noons and  
Muskavich were actually killed by  
the same person.

JONESY  
Some kinda ringmaster?

Hobbes nods -

JONESY  
Who?

HOBBS  
I don't know, man, but I got a bad  
feeling.

JONESY  
Me too.  
(dourly)  
Like somebody's playin' with my  
dick and it ain't me.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD/HOBBS' CAR. DAY.

Hobbes drives through beautiful desolate landscape. Water  
everywhere. Lakes. Narrow roads between the lakes. It feels  
like the moon if the moon were mostly water. MUSIC accentuates  
this sense of being in spooky alien territory...

The pavement stops. Fork in the road. Overgrown dirt roads in  
both directions. No signposts, no aids to the traveller.

Hobbes consults Gretta's FAX: both written instructions and diagrams...

CUT TO:

EXT. MILANO'S HOUSE. DAY.

A dilapidated farmhouse set back from the road, surrounded three sides by water.

Hobbes' car turns down the long driveway, parks.

As he walks toward the house, we realize: this is the house from the opening of the movie...

The WIND blows, creating a disquieting effect...

Just before he reaches the house, Hobbes stops, looks around.

There are bushes but no trees for several hundred yards. This location has one distinctive feature: it would be impossible to approach by car or boat without being seen.

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. DAY.

The windows are covered with decades of grime, so the room is dark. Hobbes flicks a switch but the electricity's off.

His eyes adjust to the light, or lack of it. A very creepy place. Are there rats living here? Snakes? Monsters?

Salvation-Army-style furniture, but nothing's in the right place. The desk is in the middle of the room. Chairs are turned over. There's plaster on the floor, from a place where one wall was torn up. Every drawer is pulled out onto the floor, and old papers are scattered everywhere.

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

Hobbes looks in. Empty, barren, as if it had never been used.

Hobbes notices marks on the floor. He sweeps away the dirt. Gradually, to creepy effect, the painted outline of a sprawled body becomes discernible: this is where Milano died.

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM.

Monastic: a simple cot, an old dresser. A dark sheet hangs over one wall.

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. BATHROOM.

Empty, spartan. Movement. The ancient shower curtain is moving slightly. Something or someone is behind it.

Hobbes hesitates...

Steps forward...

Yanks it back -

An empty tub. On the wall over it is a broken window; the curtain was moving in the breeze.

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

Hobbes sits among the papers, slowly sifting through them.

He picks up one covered with some form of ancient writing...

A second piece of paper has similar writing.

He turns a sheet of paper over: it's a photograph.

He holds it up to the light, sees:

A family. Father, mother, three-month-old child. A joyous - now ironically joyous - image.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Hobbes stands by a bookcase. Only one shelf is filled: with old books.

Hobbes takes one down, leafs through it. Photographs of paintings and drawings: Demons, gargoyles, monsters.

Hobbes leafs through a second book, a large one, with photos of churches. He's about to put the book back when he notices an 8 x 10 black-and-white photograph wedged into it.

He takes out the photo, examines it:

A CRUDE PAINTING. At the top are angels. Some seem to be pushing others out, expelling them from Heaven. The ones who were expelled fall toward the bottom of the painting. Their arms are outstretched, fingers pointing at, almost touching, the men and women walking along the bottom of the painting. The men and women's faces are filled with horror and grief.

Hobbes removes the photo, closes the book, looks around.

He moves to the hall, glances for a last time, into the bathroom, into the bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Casually, to check every possible contingency, he pulls down the sheet that's covering one wall of the bedroom:

Under the sheet is the painting he just saw. Full sized, in color, it's powerful, creepy.

Hobbes stares at it. Blinks.

Looks down at the photograph.

He's comparing them, looking back and forth. He's noticed something.

He goes to the window, holds the photo up to the light... He's looking at the lower right corner:

In the photograph, that corner is white, perhaps unfinished.

But not in the painting. The painting is complete.

INT. KITCHEN.

In the back of the kitchen is a pantry. Most of the shelves hold old cans of food, etc.

One shelf is filled with paint and brushes. From this shelf Hobbes grabs a can of turpentine.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY. VARIOUS ANGLES.

Hobbes is using the turpentine and an old rag to remove the surface paint from the lower right corner of the painting.

Gradually he uncovers the white wall underneath.

But the wall is not entirely white.

Underneath the surface layer of paint, over one section of the white wall, something is written in small black letters.

Hobbes applies more turpentine, rubs harder, harder...until the letters are visible.

He stares at them:

A A E L Z Z

Hold image.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. HOBBS' CAR/FREEWAY. NIGHT.

Hobbes drives. Dark. Few surrounding cars. But when they do come, their lights arc ominously across Hobbes' face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

Hobbes walking. Still thinking. The pattern of lights and his solitary figure make a stark and beautiful image.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
When I want to think, I walk.  
(CONT.)

Seedy neighborhood. Strip joints and hock shops.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
I love the night.  
The streets. Smells.  
The sense of strange possibilities...  
(CONT.)

Hobbes blinks. His face changes, snapping from reverie to alert. Footsteps. Scary MUSIC plays...

He walks a few more steps. Confirms: Someone is following him.

HOBBS (V.O., NARRATION)  
Sometimes you come face to face  
with your self.

Hobbes glances over his shoulder -

Sees no-one.

Walks a few steps. Puzzled.

Quickly stops and turns again, looks:

Still no one in sight. The footsteps have stopped too.

Hobbes resumes walking.

The footsteps resume.

There's a powerful spooky sense that he's being followed by something invisible.

He walks...slower...slower...coming to a decision. He can't run. He can't hide. He must face it. He stops, whirls -

Runs back toward the footsteps -

Sprinting down the street, looking every direction, every dark building, every doorway, every parked car.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

He stops, frustrated and winded. ...And spooked.

JUMP BACK TO A STRANGE ANGLE.

Someone is there... Someone is watching him...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRETTA'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

A clear sunny day, the kind of day which makes the idea of evil seem almost absurd. Hobbes waits by the entrance.

Gretta comes out, sees him, walks toward the street.

HOBBS

I went up there.

She keeps walking. He walks with her.

HOBBS

What do the letters AAELZZ mean?

She glances at him. Does she recognize the letters? We can't tell. And she still does not speak.

HOBBS

Your father wrote those letters on the wall and painted over them. They're alphabetical so maybe they're scrambled or -

GRETTA

(reaching her car)

Walk away.

HOBBS

What?

GRETTA

(getting in car)

If you enjoy your life, if there's even one human being you care about or who depends on you: give this case to someone else.

HOBBS

I can't do that.  
This is my job.

She glances at him, starts her car.

GRETTA

For your sake, I hope not.  
(beat)  
I'm late for class.

She drives away.

CUT TO:

A SHEET OF PAPER.

At the top are the letters AAELZZ, followed by the 720 permutations of these letters. Hobbes is going through them, crossing out the ones that are clearly gibberish. We are:

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. LATER. DAY.

A musty library, leather chairs and big oak tables. Twenty names remain on his list: Hobbes is checking them in a dictionary. He stops, having found something. Stares at it. ZOOM IN ON THE dictionary and the definition:

**AZAZEL: In the Old Testament: an evil spirit.**

Hobbes stares at this.

ANOTHER TIME CUT.

Hobbes now has ancient books on the occult spread out over the table. He picks up one of the books. We see a list of Biblical names, including **Azazel**, followed by:

**"It is said they must have a host body to survive."**

He thinks about this. Walks around the table picking up one book after another. As he looks at each, a piece of the text flashes up briefly in boldface:

"They speak all the tongues of Babel."

"Azazel goes by the left hand and has stolen the gift of song."

"When they move as spirit, no man can resist."

Hobbes stops, shakes his head. What am I doing?

He notices an elderly CHINESE GENTLEMAN at the next table. Hobbes stares at him, gets an idea. He reads again:

"They speak all the tongues of Babel."

Hobbes puts the book down. Hesitates. Walks over:

HOBBS

Excuse me, sir. Can you teach me to say something in Chinese?

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Schwab hands a FAX to Jonesy. Behind Jonesy's desk are photos (living, dead) of Muskavich and Noons, their apartments, the writing on the wall, etc.

Hobbes is examining the crime-scene photos, wondering about what he's just read. Maguire comes up:

MAGUIRE

Hey hotshot, you still getting weird calls?

HOBBS

(surprised:)

Yeah.

Maguire hands Hobbes some bills:

MAGUIRE

Phone records for Muskavich and Noons. There were calls to your apartment around the time of the killings.

HOBBS  
Oh, that's cute -

MAGUIRE  
Yeah. I know it don't mean diddly,  
but it sure makes 'em nervous  
upstairs.

Maguire walks away, and Hobbes turns to Jonesy. Thinks.

HOBBS  
You know: I'm startin' to lose  
my sense of humor.  
(notices FAX)  
Whatchoo got?

JONESY  
Translation came in on the Aramaic.  
Whattaya make of this shinola?

Hobbes takes the FAX. Simultaneously we read and hear, from the videotape:

HOBBS (V.O.)  
(dry, irritated)  
Why'd you ask for me, I'm not a  
priest.

REESE (V.O.)  
No.  
(first in Aramaic, then cross-  
fading into the translation:)  
You're still pure. That's why I  
couldn't enter you. (CONT.)

INTERCUT: Hobbes' face, his stunned reaction to this translation, with a more distant POV: someone watching...

REESE (V.O., CONT.)  
And even when I can, even when I'm  
spirit, I won't. No. It's better  
I get you for real. I'll fuck you  
up and down, left and right, coming  
and going. (CONT.)

Hold on Hobbes' reaction to this, and then slowly, under the V.O. that follows, the more distant POV MOVES, pulling back, out a small window into an alley, where:

A CAT sits on the window sill, looking into the precinct. We FOLLOW it as it jumps down from the window, jogs toward the front of the building...

REESE (V.O., CONT.)  
 I'll get so close to you...so close  
 it breaks you. And if that doesn't  
 work? Well... (CONT.)

The Cat reaches the entrance to the precinct and rubs against a CAB DRIVER who's paused by the door to crush his cigarette.

REESE (V.O., CONT.)  
 I have other ways.  
 I have so many many ways...

The Cab Driver enters:

INT. PRECINCT. OUTER ROOM. DAY.

The Cab Driver walks to the front desk. As he goes, his hand lightly brushes against a BLOND COP.

The Blond Cop goes past the main desk, through the door into:

INT. PRECINCT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

The Blond Cop heads for the Water cooler. He passes Tiffany, touches her hair:

BLOND COP  
 Hey, Tiff, looking cute today.

Tiffany nods thanks, goes to her desk. Before she reaches it, the trainee, Schwab, comes up to her, hands her:

SCHWAB  
 Another memo -

Their hands touch as she takes it. We realize with a chill: we're watching Azazel move.

FOLLOW Schwab to Hobbes' desk. Hobbes is still staring at the FAX of the translation. He folds it up and mutters -

HOBBES  
 Fuck this shit.

- As Schwab hands him the memo. Hobbes tosses down his pen, picks up the memo, starts to read -

Schwab sits on the edge of Hobbes' desk. He's doing something odd: surreptitiously unbuttoning one cuff, pulling it down so it covers his fingers.

SCHWAB  
Hey, Hobbes, can you tell me something?

HOBBS  
Shoot.

Schwab leans across the desk - an oddly dominant posture for a trainee. He's supporting his body with his shirtcuffed hand.

SCHWAB  
That Fax you got the other day.  
(off Hobbes' look)  
The anonymous one, about Canada...

For one long instant, Schwab seems physically threatening to Hobbes... Is he about to leap over the desk and attack him?

HOBBS  
What about it?

The moment for Schwab to attack...passes.

SCHWAB  
It was directions, right...?

Now we see what Schwab is doing: While Hobbes looks at Schwab's face, Schwab is picking up Hobbes' pen with his shirt cuff.

SCHWAB (CONT.)  
Directions to someplace up in the Lake District?

Hobbes is wary. What's this line of questioning about?

HOBBS  
Yeah.

Schwab gets off the desk, stands back up.

SCHWAB  
It's beautiful up there, isn't it?

HOBBS  
Uh-huh...

SCHWAB  
Miles and miles of water...

Hobbes nods.

Out of Hobbes' sight: Schwab folds a copy of the memo around Hobbes' pen.

SCHWAB (CONT.)

I'm just curious. Why'd you go up there?

Hobbes stares at him.

Schwab smiles. He's backing up.

Hobbes suspects.

HOBBES

Why do you ask, Schwab?

Schwab's smile becomes overt, mocking...and to our astonishment he starts to sing. Under his breath, just for Hobbes:

SCHWAB

"Time...is on my side...  
Yes it is..."

Freaky. Same song Reese sang at his execution.

Hobbes is stunned -

Schwab backs into Lou, their hands touching. Out of Hobbes' vision: Lou takes the folded memo (with the pen) from Schwab's hand. And the song moves too:

SCHWAB

"Time..."

LOU

"...is on my side, Yes it is."

Hobbes knows he's watching something weird.

Lou's walking away, bumps into a YOUNG BLACK COP named MIKE. Hobbes sees the change in both of them after they touch.

And the song passes again:

MIKE

"I'll come runnin' back...  
I'll come runnin' back..."

Hobbes stands as Mike heads out toward the front desk -

HOBBES

Hey Mike -

Too late. Mike goes through the door -

Hobbes moves quickly after him -

INT. PRECINCT. OUTER ROOM. DAY.

Hobbes rushes out, looks toward the exit door: no Mike -

Turns, sees:

Mike is behind the main desk.

HOBBS

Mike?

Mike turns:

MIKE

What's the skin, Hobbesy?

Nothing strange there.

Hobbes looks toward the door -

Two people going out: a SOCIETY WOMAN 52, and a short man,  
ALMOST A MIDGET.

The Almost-Midget turns back, looks at Hobbes, and grins.

Hobbes sprints after him -

EXT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Crowded street. Hobbes rushes out, looks one way, then the  
other; can't see, can't see; finally spots the Almost-Midget

HOBBS

Hey! Hey you!

The Almost-Midget doesn't seem to hear. Is he hurrying away?

Hobbes shakes his head frustrated, doesn't know what to do -

An idea comes -

He stares after the Almost-Midget -

Shouts:

HOBBS

Wwa ie-dow Nee Shu-shay!  
Wwa ie-dow Nee Shu-shay!

SUBTITLES read: "I know who you are. I know who you are!"

The Almost Midget does not react, but, nearby:

The Society Woman turns her head -

Hobbes sees it -

Their eyes meet -

Frozen moment... It's her. And he knows it. The Society Woman is Azazel.

HOBBS

(stunned; mutters)

Holy shit...

Beat.

SOCIETY WOMAN

Mandarin. Very clever.

HOBBS

Thank you.

He approaches her.

She smiles. Makes no movement to flee. And we see: she's holding the memo which covers Hobbes' pen.

HOBBS (CONT.)

I do know who you are.

She just looks at him. Defiantly. Doesn't believe it..

HOBBS (CONT.)

Azazel.

Her face shifts, fast like slides: surprise/disbelief/fury. Her eyes small and red. Her voice savage and husky:

SOCIETY WOMAN

Where'd you get that, from  
 Milano's place?

There are some things, Pal, you  
 shouldn't know. And if you know,  
 you should never ever tell.

She touches the FAT MAN next to her, who mutters to Hobbes:

FAT MAN  
Beware my wrath.

Hobbes blinks.

The Fat Man turns away, touches someone. Then quickly touches someone else. We gather: the first person did not work.

We watch the demon move. And we see, though Hobbes does not, that with each touch, the sheet of paper with the pen also passes. One person bumps into another, another. In a matter of seconds, the demon could be any one of a hundred people.

Hobbes stands there pondering what the Society Woman just said, realizing: He made a mistake.

INT. PRECINCT. DETECTIVES ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Hobbes on the phone, listening to a line ring. As he waits, he's searching his desk top -

HOBBS  
(to the room)  
Hey, has anybody seen my pen?  
Huh?

GRETTA'S VOICE  
Hello?

HOBBS  
(into phone)  
It's Hobbes. I saw it. It came here. I spoke its name aloud.

She says nothing.

HOBBS  
Before I make another stupid mistake,  
will you please have lunch with me?  
(off her silence)  
I need to know something.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN RESTAURANT. DAY.

Subtly, eerily: this is more than an establishing shot. This is a warning. The restaurant is being watched.

INT. MIDDLE-EASTERN RESTAURANT. DAY.

Hobbes sits at a booth. The table is covered with appetizers.

He's looking out the window. It's lunch hour, and the sidewalk outside is filled with people casually brushing against each other. Any one of them could be the demon...

GRETTA (O.S.)

Hi.

He looks up, sees her.

HOBBES

Thanks for coming.

She nods.

Sits.

Says nothing.

HOBBES

You don't want to talk?

She shakes her head.

HOBBES

You're scared?

She looks warily around the restaurant - and nods again.

HOBBES

But not too scared to keep doing whatever you're doing. You just want to keep a low profile.

GRETTA

(smiles, nods)

Thank you. (for seeing who I am)

HOBBES

What else?

You'd like to help me, but you can't.

Her voice comes so quietly we almost don't hear it:

GRETTA

We're not supposed to know. We're not supposed to see. Like the mafia: they don't even exist.

Hobbes stares at her...

HOBBS  
Can they be killed?

GRETTA  
(stares at him,  
forcefully:)  
Don't try it, okay?

He nods thoughtfully, not necessarily in response to her question. He's looking her over...

HOBBS  
You say you're scared, but I don't  
feel it, I don't sense it -

GRETTA  
I'm also prepared.  
(casually)  
We all face death every day.

HOBBS  
Tellin' me.  
(hesitates)  
Can I ask you something personal?

GRETTA  
Everything is personal if you're  
a person.

He laughs -

HOBBS  
Being..."prepared"...is that why  
you live alone?

GRETTA  
There's a difference.  
(off his look)  
Between risking for yourself and  
for someone else.

HOBBS  
Go on.

She shoots him a look. He was right: These are the questions that cross the line, and she must decide now whether to cross that line with him...

GRETТА

If I had someone, I'd want to share:  
my life, thoughts, my work. But if  
I shared this, I'd put them at risk.  
I don't have a right to do that.

HOBБES

You can talk to me.  
(off her look)

I don't mean you have to. I don't  
mean there's anything else tied to  
it. Just: you can if you want to.

She hesitates, reaches across, almost touches his hand.

GRETТА

Thanks, maybe I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK. DAY.

We watch them from a distance. Though they themselves don't  
know it, they look like a couple. They're walking, not quite  
hand-in-hand, but there's a naturalness between them, an  
ease...

CLOSER ANGLE.

Now we hear what Gretta's saying:

GRETТА

I keep thinking...hoping...well,  
after what happened to my Dad,  
maybe I'll have luck the other way.  
Maybe one day, if I'm good and I  
surround myself with their images:  
maybe I'll see an angel.

HOBБES

(gentle, still skeptical)  
That would be something.

GRETТА

I always wonder...if they really  
have wings.

ANOTHER ANGLE. SLIGHTLY WIDER. MOVING.

Now their voices are just murmurs. We're moving with them, watching them through a speckled mass of bushes, branches. This is the POV of the demon.

EXT. PRECINCT. DAY.

From across the street:

Gretta nods, smiles, thanks Hobbes for a nice time. He goes inside. We hear: someone whistling. And what he's whistling sends a chill up us, for it is the same EERIE TUNE that has been playing each time the demon is around...

Gretta moves down the street.

The DEMON'S POV moves after her. He continues whistling. MUSIC underscores the tune...

Gretta's strolling happily, looking in windows, enjoying time outside of time.

DEMON'S POV moves diagonally across the street, to her side. Moving quickly now, closing ground.

She stops to look in a store window...

The CAMERA gains more ground, then has to stop, because Gretta can see the Demon, peripheral vision. The whistling ceases. THE CAMERA turns, looks into another shop window (lingerie?)... HOLD a beat, then PAN AGAIN:

Gretta's back on the move.

The CAMERA follows, slowly at first, then closing quickly, ominously -

Now only a few feet away -

A FINAL SURGE. A rush, an attack -

We pass a store window with signs: SALE!

A glint of steel as the Demon rushes forward -

We wince, want to cry out a warning -

A KNIFE flashes forward -

AT THE INSTANT OF IMPACT:

Gretta turns into the store -

She's going into a revolving door -

The knife gets caught in the door. It's pinned, then wrenched sideways and thrown to the ground.

Gretta is now in one revolving section, the knife in the next section.

The CAMERA hesitates, looks through the door: a half-dozen shoppers inside, milling around.

The CAMERA pushes forward, into the revolving door... The demon is entering the store.

But as the demon enters, the CAMERA stays outside, pans down: the revolving door comes back around...and delivers the butcher knife back out onto the sidewalk.

INT. STORE. DAY.

The CAMERA enters as the demon, then swings laterally and pulls back, so it's NO LONGER THE DEMON'S POV...

We see everyone in the store, including Gretta. Because of the way the shoppers are milling around, we can't tell which person the demon is occupying.

A couple of people move close to Gretta as she stands at the counter. One bumps idly against her, then another. Is this the demon's touch??? Behind them:

A PUDGY OLD WOMAN WITH THICK GLASSES (think Hitchcock) enters the store holding the butcher knife.

OLD WOMAN  
(concerned)

This was on the sidewalk outside.  
Did anyone...does anyone...

Gretta sees the knife, realizes she may be in danger -

She glances around at the other shoppers -

They all look perfectly innocent.

Gretta eases toward the door.

As Gretta goes by, The Old Woman (now holding the butcher knife by the handle, as an assailant would) gives her a sweet smile.

A THIN WOMAN makes a sudden movement, putting herself in Gretta's path, a collision is inevitable -

Like a halfback avoiding a tackler, Gretta arches her body, slips past the Thin Woman -

The Thin Woman grabs the man (MOUSTACHE) in front of her -

He lunges after Gretta -

She's rushing to the revolving door -

He's right behind her, reaching for her -

She pushes the revolving door -

Mustache is about to touch her -

The revolving door moves -

But his hand is in her section -

It stops the door.

His HAND, inches from her, wiggling like a squashed bug -

His FACE, smiling at her -

MOUSTACHE

Who are you?

She shoves the revolving door. It won't budge.

His hand strains toward her...

MOUSTACHE

(smiling)

Just tell me who you are.

She pushes again, with every ounce of her strength...

The door starts to move.

His hand is still in her compartment.

She glances back as she pushes, sees:

His face pressed against the glass, contorted in laughter or pain -

She pushes harder, frantic -

EXT. STORE. DAY.

She exits the revolving door, into heavy pedestrian traffic -

Mustache emerges after her, throwing people rudely aside -

She's shorter, thinner, weaves like a halfback -

A cab. Someone getting out, about to close the door -

She jumps in -

Moustache leaps after her -

She slams the door -

INT. CAB. DAY.

His hand lands - SMACK! - on her window.

She jams down on the lock -

His fingers are spread over the glass, his face grinning -

GRETTA

Drive!

The CABBIE peels out. She looks back through the rear window:

Moustache is smiling and waving after her like he's her friend.  
The hand he's waving is the one that was caught in the door.

It is broken and flopping slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

Hobbes sits at his desk staring at Reese's photo.

A shadow falls over him. Spooky.

He looks up quickly, sees:

Tiffany. She gestures with her head: that way.

INT. PRECINCT. MAGUIRE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Maguire sits behind his desk. Somehow it feels larger, more  
judicial. Hobbes sticks his head in the door.

HOBBS  
You wanted to see me?

MAGUIRE  
Yeah, yeah, come in.

Hobbes enters, sits. Fiddles with his quarters.

MAGUIRE  
So. How ya doing?

HOBBS  
Fine.

MAGUIRE  
That's good.  
These murders got you wound up?

HOBBS  
Bag the chocolates, Maguire.  
What's goin' on?

MAGUIRE  
Where were you when Muskavich  
and Noons got killed?

HOBBS  
Where was I?  
(amused)  
What, I'm a suspect?

MAGUIRE  
Not to me you're not, but...

HOBBS  
What's this, the phone records?  
I'd do that, wouldn't I?, if I  
was the killer, I'd call home to  
talk to myself and plant evidence  
against me?

MAGUIRE  
(shrugs, doesn't like this)  
Maybe you'd phone your brother or -

HOBBS  
Oh, right. "Art, I just killed  
someone, and I'm hungry. Fix me a  
burger, huh?"

MAGUIRE  
There's something else, Hobbes.  
Prints.

HOBBES  
...My prints?

Maguire stares.

HOBBES  
On what?

Maguire looks at Hobbes's hands.

Hobbes looks down himself, opens his palm: two quarters.

HOBBES  
Quarters? You found quarters with  
...(my prints?) But... Somebody  
could've picked my pocket, or...or  
when I bought something...

MAGUIRE  
Yeah, but you know how we always  
said this could be a cop?

Hobbes nods warily.

MAGUIRE (CONT.)  
Well, it's startin' to look  
embarrassing.  
Do us both a favor, huh? Save  
your ass and solve this thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Hobbes walks thoughtfully to his car.

As he puts the key in, he notices a piece of paper folded under  
his windshield wiper. Some kind of flyer?

He takes it, opens it. ZOOM IN on the print as we hear,  
softly:

SOCIETY LADY'S VOICE  
**They didn't crucify him because  
he was bad. I just had to convince  
a few people he was bad.**

Hobbes whirls around to see if anybody's watching him. No.

Looks back at the paper. Stares. Crumples it. Freaked out.

CUT TO:

EXT. V. LARGE DRUG STORE. DAY.

Hobbes gets out of his car, heads for the pay phone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Hobbes on the phone as a voice answers -

HOBBS

Hey Loosh, I'm outside. You got  
time for a consultation?

INT. DRUG STORE. REAR PHARMACY AREA. DAY.

Hobbes sits in back with Lucius, who we met on the basketball court. Lucius wears a white pharmacist's coat and is filling two prescriptions, one with each hand.

LUCIUS

JH, my man. Welcome to the candy  
store.

His eyes do a fast scan of the area. Like a juggler, he tosses one of the pills toward his face. Like a lizard, he sticks out his tongue and snags it. Gulp. So smooth and fast: did it really happen?

LUCIUS

Prozac: so good. So what's what?  
(before Hobbes can reply)  
I know, nobody left downtown knows  
jack about jack so you gotta quiz  
Lucius, right? What's the bag?, rare  
toxins? Some new synth narcotic?

HOBBS

I'm not here on drugs, Loosh.  
You were alone once. Chasing  
someone twice as good as you, twice  
as smart, no clues. You went out -  
too far - but you got him.

Lucius' act has imploded. This is the last thing he wants to talk about. He mutters:

LUCIUS

Mosher.

HOBBS

How? How'd you find him?

LUCIUS

(to end conversation:)

Luck.

HOBBS

It wasn't luck. (It broke you.)  
Good luck doesn't break somebody.

LUCIUS

(almost nasty)

Close your eyes, JH. Smell. Hear.  
Feel. You sense him near, hit out.  
But always to the side. Oblique.

HOBBS

What the hell does that mean?

LUCIUS

A great criminal's like a genius,  
man. You can't beat Einstein at  
relativity. If he's got genius, you  
gotta admire it, go with it, use it.

Hobbes considers this.

LUCIUS (CONT.)

Greatness destroys, know what I'm  
talkin'?

Lucius juggles four pills and catches them: two in each  
canister.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOBBS' APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING.

Hobbes walks from his car toward the apartment building.

SAM (O.S.)

Hi Unc.

Surprised, Hobbes looks around, sees Sam up in a tree with  
Toby. Sam smiles at Hobbes and waves.

Hobbes waves back, slows for a second as though disturbed by a  
thought he cannot quite articulate...and goes on.

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. EVENING.

Hobbes comes in, hears the shower running, goes into his room. Everything about his attitude says: the day is over, now I'm home and I can relax. And of course this attitude tells us: things just appear ordinary. Something is about to happen.

INT. HOBBS' BEDROOM. EVENING.

Hobbes takes off his jacket, starts to unbutton his shirt...

He stops. Looks around the room. Something's bothering him, he doesn't know what it is. Slowly his eyes scan the room...

And come to rest on his desk.

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Hobbes comes out of his room, sees Art moving down the hall in his bathrobe. He has a towel around his head and is drying his hair, his face...

HOBBS

Hey Art, you didn't move my address book, did you?

ART

What?

HOBBS

Have you seen my address book?

Art shakes his head, nervously, tries to move past Hobbes.

Something's strange. Art is holding his towel over his right eye. He's not drying his face, he's covering his eye.

Hobbes stops Art, gently pulls the towel down, revealing:

Art has a black eye.

He blinks, musters the best face he can...

ART

I fell.

HOBBS

What?

ART  
I fell or something.

HOBBES  
Art... People don't fall down  
and hurt their eye.

ART  
They don't?

Hobbes shakes his head.

ART  
Oh.  
(his face works, nervously)  
Well...something...

HOBBES  
It's okay, say it.

ART  
It's...Sammy. He hit me.

On Hobbes' face. Blinking, realizing...

EXT. HOBBES' APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING. (FLASHBACK)

Reprise the moment we just saw, Hobbes coming home. Only now there's different music and we notice different things:

SAM (O.S.)  
Hi Unc.

Sam's tone of voice is slightly mocking.

Hobbes, looks, sees Sam.

Sam is smiling down from the tree. But now his smile has a slightly superior, slightly sinister quality.

He waves - with his left hand. And in his right hand he's holding: Hobbes' address book.

BACK TO SCENE.

ART  
He didn't mean to, Johnny.  
Really. It was an accident.

But Hobbes is already sprinting toward the apartment door -

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT BUILDING. HALL. EVENING.

Hobbes tears into the hall -

Bumps right into Sam -

Grabs him, yanks him up hard to look him in the eye -

Bewilderment and fear on Sam's face; Hobbes is a little rough, out of control -

SAM

Uncle John?

Hobbes sees that Sam is now clear of the demon

HOBBS

Where's Toby?

SAM

Ahh. Still outside, I guess.

Hobbes drops Sam and sprints away, down the hall

EXT. HOBBS' APARTMENT BUILDING. EVENING.

Hobbes runs out of the building, sees:

Toby sitting on the hood of a car reading Hobbes' address book.

HOBBS

Leave them alone!

Toby smiles, which of course makes Hobbes even more enraged:

HOBBS

Leave my family alone!

TOBY

Why? You come after me, I come after you and yours.

Enraged, Hobbes runs toward him -

Toby runs too - with the speed of youth.

Hobbes sprinting as fast as he can -

Toby's going even faster. He swerves into the street, weaving recklessly through traffic -

Hobbes watches, alarmed -

Cars honk and hit their brakes - but Toby is smooth, fearless. He makes it across.

A SCRAWNY MAN has stopped to watch Toby's dare-deviling. Toby runs near him, lunges, grabs his arm.

The Scrawny man moves away, and Toby stops to catch his breath. Hobbes passes him. Like a concerned parent:

HOBBES  
Go home, Toby.

Up ahead, the Scrawny Man reaches in the open window of a big American car, unlocking the door. He gets in -

Hobbes walks toward the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Facing the American car. In the right side of the frame: Hobbes is walking toward the car.

Left side of frame: the Scrawny Man opens the glove compartment, sets something on the dash. He rips open his shirt and hunches over; he's doing something we can't see -

Hobbes getting nearer, nearer -

The Scrawny Man working on his chest. Something glints on the dashboard. What he placed there: a pistol.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOCK. The Scrawny Man leaps out, fires at Hobbes

Hobbes jumps to one side -

Scrawny Man keeps shooting

Hobbes falls, rolls behind a parked car, draws his gun

Silence.

Hobbes gets up, crouches. He's unharmed.

He peeks out, instantly pulls back...

Then looks out again:

The Scrawny Man is standing in the middle of the street.  
 His pistol is pointed at the ground.  
 His face is curiously blank.

SCRAWNY MAN  
 What's a matter, pal, (you) afraid  
 to fight me?

Hobbes thinks.

Composes himself.

Steps out from behind the car.

Face to face. Gunfight on Elm Street.

The Scrawny Man's face curls into a smile.

SCRAWNY MAN  
 I knew you'd come out.  
 I know you, Hobbes.  
 I know who you are.  
 (contemptuously)  
Wwa je-dow Nee Shu-shay!

Hobbes reacts to the Mandarin -

The Scrawny Man starts to slowly raise his gun. Very slowly.

A long suspended moment. Should Hobbes kill the demon or...

The Scrawny Man's gun is rising slowly, inevitably...

Then his arm jerks up, aiming -

Hobbes whips his own gun up, fires -

The Scrawny Man spins, falls.

Lies motionless.

Hobbes comes tentatively toward the body...

Looks down at it. A collapsed hunk of flesh.

Hobbes squats, feels the neck: no pulse.

He sighs with relief and almost a smile, believing he has  
killed the demon.

## OVERHEAD CAMERA

On the Scrawny Man...then rising...floating up...moving to the sidewalk. ALL SOUND CEASES. We've seen this camera move before, at Reese's execution.

The CAMERA COMES TO REST ABOVE a TEENAGE GIRL, 16, who's been watching the scene. The CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN ONTO HER FACE:

She LAUGHS MALICIOUSLY -

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Hobbes spins, looks at the Teenage Girl. A realization coming to him. No, it can't be. But it is:

TEENAGE GIRL

Wake up, Hobbes.  
My spirit's not that easy to kill.

She skips happily away.

Hobbes stares after her in horror...rage...

HOBBS

Hey!

She keeps going.

HOBBS

(very strong)  
Hey you!!!

She turns casually, almost amused -

HOBBS

Why don't you just kill me?!

She looks surprised he can even ask. Isn't it obvious?

TEENAGE GIRL

(feigning injury)  
But...I'm still having fun.  
(subdued, vicious)  
Aren't you still having fun?

She turns and goes.

Hobbes stares after her...

CUT TO:

SAME LOCATION. MINUTES LATER.

Cops swarm. Jonesy is interviewing a DIGNIFIED BLACK MAN who's saying the Scrawny Man fired first. Maguire talks to Hobbes:

MAGUIRE

We got a weird situation here.  
Seems like you're kinda  
specializing in weird situations,  
and that in itself is getting a  
little weird, huh?  
(looks at corpse)  
The guy was a schoolteacher.  
We know he fired first, witnesses  
corroborate, but his gun was filled  
with blanks.  
Plus: he got the gun outta someone  
else's car.

HOBBS

Yeah.  
(realizing)  
It was all a set up.

MAGUIRE

(sarcastic)  
He set it up for you to kill him?

JONESY (O.S.)

Now it's letters.

They turn, see:

On the schoolteacher's chest, in magic marker: The letters EZ.

They stare at it, bewildered.

HOBBS

"Easy." He's sending me some  
kind of message.

MAGUIRE

The killer's sending you a message?  
Hobbes? This time you are the  
killer.

HOBBS

Sort of.

MAGUIRE  
 No fucking "sort of!" No breaks!  
 No benefit of the doubt! We're  
 goin' back to the precinct, huh?

Off Hobbes -

CUT TO:

INT. MAGUIRE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Hobbes sits facing Maguire and Lou.

MAGUIRE  
 That's all you can say? You were  
 chasing this teacher 'cause he  
 stole your address book?

Hobbes nods.

MAGUIRE  
 (shakes his head)  
 As you know, you have to turn in  
 your gun till we get a formal  
 inquiry.

Hobbes stares at Maguire.

Someone knocks at the door. Lou goes.

Hobbes takes out his gun with two fingers (mimicking a suspect  
 carefully giving up a weapon) and drops it on Maguire's desk.

Lou is whispering with someone at the door.

HOBBS  
 (to Maguire)  
 You want my badge too?

Maguire shakes his head. Lou moves away from the door.

MAGUIRE  
 I don't exactly like this, Hobbes.

Lou whispers to Maguire. Maguire thinks.

As Lou leaves the room:

MAGUIRE  
 I understand you lost your pen, huh?  
 you were lookin' around yesterday  
 for your pen?

Hobbes thinks for a split-second -

HOBBS  
You found it?  
(off Maguire's silence)  
Where?

MAGUIRE  
In that schoolteacher's pocket.

Hobbes nods. Stands.

HOBBS  
Unless you're gonna charge me  
with planting evidence against  
myself, I'm gonna go.

MAGUIRE  
Go.

INT. PRECINCT. NIGHT.

Hobbes exits Maguire's office.

The precinct is empty except for Jonesy, working at his desk.

Hobbes stares at Jonesy. A Quintessential Cop: 55, overweight,  
corrupt yet incorruptible. Puffing away on his cigarette.

Hobbes walks over, sits on his desk. Thinks. Watches:

Maguire exits his office, turns out the light, and goes.

Hobbes walks to the coffee machine, pours two cups.

He returns, dropping one cup off on Jonesy's desk.

Jonesy nods thanks, keeps working.

Hobbes sits again on his desk.

HOBBS  
Hey.

JONESY  
(w/o looking up)  
Hey.

Beat. Hobbes waves Jonesy's smoke away from his face.

HOBBS  
Jonesy?  
What's the point of life?

JONESY  
The point?

HOBBS  
Yeah.

JONESY  
Of life?

HOBBS  
Yeah.

JONESY  
Don't worry 'bout that teacher.  
It was a clean shoot.

HOBBS  
It's not that. I'm really asking.

Jonesy nods. Considers it.

JONESY  
The point is: we catch bad guys.

HOBBS  
Not good enough.

Jonesy shrugs, goes back to work.

HOBBS (CONT.)  
Okay, shoot me for talking like this.

JONESY  
Hey, it's two in the morning, you  
can talk any weird shit you want.

HOBBS  
Good. 'Cause...  
What're we doing here, man? Why do  
we exist?, why does anything exist?  
Us, birds, trees, water -

JONESY  
Could be God, Hobbes.

HOBBS

Yeah, could be, but I have a hard time believing we're part of some huge moral experiment conducted by a being greater than we are. A being greater than we are shouldn't give a shit about us. Five billion human beings?? We're like ants, man! Do we care what ants do, from a moral standpoint?

JONESY

(an easy one)

Ants? No.

HOBBS

But if there's no God, how'd we get here? See what I'm saying? Go back to the beginning, the very beginning of time, the big bang or whatever you wanna call it.

JONESY

Okay, I'm with you, the beginning.

HOBBS

Right. Now what came before?

JONESY

(irritated)

Nothing. It's the beginning.

HOBBS

No no, sorry. Something as big as the universe doesn't just appear out of nowhere; somebody or some thing had to start it. It's like: even if there is a God...who made God?

Jonesy stares at Hobbes, puffs on his cigarette...

JONESY

I'm followin' you, Hobbes...but I'm losin' you at the same time.

HOBBS

I know, I know -

JONESY

Are we headed somewheres here, or...

HOBBS

That's what I'm asking you.  
If there's a purpose to life,  
we better figure it out.

JONESY

Maybe you figure it, you die.  
(snaps fingers)  
Heart attack, stroke. Like: if you  
know what's what, you aren't allowed  
to stick around anymore; you get  
promoted.

Hobbes nods. What Jonesy's saying makes an odd kind of sense.

JONESY (CONT.)

Meanwhile: Dolores says we're  
here to do one thing.

HOBBS

One thing?  
What is it?

JONESY

Different. It's different for  
everybody. Hers is lasagna.

HOBBS

One thing, not two?

JONESY

Maybe two, I don't know. It's  
just her opinion, Hobbes. It's  
like: a moment comes, you either  
do the right thing or the wrong.

HOBBS

How do you know when the moment  
comes?

Hobbes' phone rings.

They both look at it.

It rings again. The same thought has come to both of them:

HOBBS

Like: this could be it for me?  
(My moment?)

JONESY

There's the beauty (of it), Hobbes:  
you never know.

Hobbes looks at the phone, looks at Jonesy...

Picks it up:

HOBBS

John Hobbes.

Silence. Hobbes shakes his head, mutters into the receiver:

HOBBS

Hey look, I'm not in the mood -

GRETTA'S VOICE

I can't believe you're there.  
It's Gretta. I just... I wanted  
to see if you're okay. I talked  
to your brother -

HOBBS

I killed somebody, Gretta.  
(softly, so Jonesy  
can't hear)  
I was trying to kill the demon,  
and I shot a teacher.

GRETTA'S VOICE

I'm sorry, John.  
I'm truly sorry.

HOBBS

Well: you warned me.

GRETTA'S VOICE

I tried to, but -

HOBBS

Azazel can move after his host body  
dies?

GRETTA'S VOICE

Yes. A short distance, a short time.

HOBBS

But he can be killed?

GRETTA'S VOICE

He must be. ...And I'm afraid you  
and I are supposed to do it.

He shakes his head. This is too much.

HOBBS  
Gretta...I'm just a cop, okay?  
I'm only a cop.

He hangs up, looks at Jonesy...

HOBBS (CONT.)  
I'm going home to sleep, and I'm  
gonna sleep all weekend, and  
nothin' better wake me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Dark, quiet, peaceful...

Hobbs' gasping face hurtles up into frame. Nightmare.

He looks around. Blinking, nervous.

Everything's fine. Windows closed, moon shining outside; clock  
reads 4:30. He heaves a sigh and curls up, tries to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' BEDROOM. MORNING.

He wakes to sunshine, the sound of birds; his curtains billow  
gently in the morning breeze...

He stretches, sighs. He's feeling better.

INT. HOBBS' BATHROOM. MORNING.

He washes his face.

He brushes his teeth.

He turns on the shower.

He pulls off his t-shirt and feels the water temperature: it's  
fine.

He turns back toward the mirror, starts to bend down to remove  
his boxer shorts -

Stops.

Face goes white.

Slowly he stands again.

Turns to face the mirror:

On his chest is written the letter E.

Massive adrenalin hit.

He hurtles out of the bathroom, sees:

The open window, curtains moving. It was closed last night.

Hobbes goes to his dresser, takes a pistol from the top drawer.

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

Hobbes' door eases open, he emerges. Looks, sees:

Everything seems normal. Sam sits on the floor in his pajamas. He's watching Saturday morning cartoons and playing with a bunch of toy cars -

Hobbes hides the pistol from Sam's view.

HOBBS

Are you okay?

SAM

Sure.

Hobbes heaves a small sigh of relief.

Sam is making car engine noises.

Hobbes looks around for Art or for other signs of disturbance.

Sees nothing unusual.

SAM

Hey.

(with a smile)

What were you doing last night?

Hobbes stops. The question sends him into a weird psychological torque...

HOBBS

(flat)

How do you mean?

SAM  
 You were doin' something funny,  
 you were tickling me.  
 (as Hobbes stares,  
 paralyzed)  
 Tickling my chest.

Like someone forced to confront a horrible fate, Hobbes walks slowly over to Sam.

Hesitates.

Unbuttons the boy's pajama top.

Printed on Sam's chest in magic marker are the letters: KI.

SAM  
 (still playful, amused)  
 Why'd you write that?

HOBBES  
 (strangled voice)  
 I guess...I was trying to remind  
 myself: there's something I gotta  
 do.  
 (suddenly realizes:)  
 Where's your Dad?

SAM  
 In the bedroom.  
 He's a sleepy head.

Hobbes whips his head around, looks at the clock: 9:30.

At this sight, Hobbes knows.

INT. ART & SAM'S ROOM. MORNING.

Shades drawn; just a little light spills in.

Silhouette. Art lies on his side, turned away from the door, away from Hobbes.

Hobbes enters frame, comes around the bed, kneels. He can see Art's face and we can't.

He touches Art's neck, feeling for a pulse...

The angle of Hobbes' head drops slightly.

He gently pulls down the covers.

He slowly opens Art's pajamas and looks at his chest.

SMASH IN TO CLOSE ON ART'S CHEST, the letters: **EL**.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Hobbes pulls the covers back up, as he found them.

He kisses Art's head...stands...walks out of the shot.

From this distance and angle it still looks like Art is sleeping peacefully.

INT. HOBBS' APARTMENT. DAY.

Hobbes closes the door gently behind him. He's carrying some of Sam's clothes.

As he crosses the room, somehow he pulls himself together. Says gently, without hint of his internal disturbance:

HOBBS  
We gotta get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOBBS' BUILDING. HALL. DAY.

Hobbes is carrying a small duffle for Sam. As they walk:

SAM  
Where're we goin'?

HOBBS  
...I'm not sure.

SAM  
(pleased)  
It's a surprise?  
(slowly)  
Why aren't we taking my Dad?  
(tentatively)  
Is he okay?

HOBBS  
He needs some extra sleep.

Beat.

EXT. HOBBS' STREET. DAY.

Two COPS in a green car watch Hobbes drive out of the basement garage. One of them picks up his radio mike:

FIRST COP

He's leaving. Should we pick him up?

MAGUIRE (ON RADIO)

I don't have the warrant yet. Just tail him.

The First Cop hangs up the mike as the other Cop pulls out and follows Hobbes' car, which is going slowly down the street...

Suddenly Hobbes makes a right turn, speeds down an incline into a basement parking garage -

ANOTHER ANGLE

Hobbes comes out the other side of the parking garage into a narrow alley and rams the accelerator.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO RISE...higher...higher...as Hobbes criss-crosses the neighborhood, going through alleys and driveways and parking garages...

CUT TO:

EXT. ETHNIC NEIGHBORHOOD. DAY.

Hobbes pulls into a yellow zone next to a subway stop. Hobbes jumps out, Sam scrambles across the seat, gets out Hobbes' side.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO PAN as Hobbes and Sam go down the subway stairs, KEEPS PANNING to a store window filled with TVs...

ON TV: The Schoolteacher's body lying in the street. WITNESSES talking. A photo of HOBBS. The news "headline" reads: "New Witnesses Say Cop Murdered Teacher."

INT. SUBWAY CAR. DAY.

Hobbes sits with Sam, feeling relieved. Gives the boy a hug.

A SMALL POLISH WOMAN across the way is staring at Hobbes.

When he notices, she glances quickly away -

The subway rolls on, a moment passes...

Hobbes sees: Over the Polish Woman's head is a religious advertisement: a Biblical quotation citing Chapter and verse.

He stares at this.

Blinks.

Fumbles in his pocket for pen and paper.

Writes:

7 5-6 EZ E KI EL

A beat, then he adds:

Ezekiel 7, 5-6

He's stunned.

The Polish Woman whispers to the MIDDLE-AGED NURSE sitting next to her. The Nurse glances at Hobbes, shrugs...

Hobbes sees this. Looks down the row of people across the way.

Most are reading the paper or staring off blankly. But ten yards down A SHORT MAN is also staring. Something is up.

HOBBS  
(whispers to Sam)  
Don't stand up, but we're  
getting off at the next stop.

Sam nods, pleased; to him this feels like a game.

The train rolls into the station.

Hobbes holds Sam's hand, keeping him seated as OTHER PASSENGERS stand up and approach the doors.

A COLLEGE COUPLE sits across the way. The Girl is now glancing subtly at Hobbes...

The subway doors open, people get out...

Hobbes waits.

Other people get in...

Finally: Hobbes squeezes Sam's hand -

They get up quickly and slip through the closing doors -

INT. SUBWAY STATION. PLATFORM. DAY.

Hobbes and Sam come out, turn to the right -

A COP is twenty feet away. He looks at Hobbes -

Hobbes turns Sam gracefully the other direction and they walk:

HOBBS

Fast but not too fast.

Sam nods. Hobbes hears footsteps approach from behind. His mind races as he tries to figure out what to do...

COP

(unsure of the i.d.)

Excuse me? Sir?

Hobbes whirls, punches -

Connects to the chin -

The Cop falls -

HOBBS

Run!

Hobbes and Sam sprint down the platform, out the exit doors, as OTHER PASSENGERS watch in astonishment.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION. DAY.

Hobbes and Sam run up the stairs. When they reach the top, they turn right and start to walk.

At the corner is a bus. Hobbes glances casually back toward the subway: no one's coming.

They board the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK. DAY.

A big park, in a lousy neighborhood. Clumps of trees and bushes. Hobbes and Sam are hiding in a dense thicket. Hobbes keeps a close look-out: watching the park, the street, the vacant lot across the street...

HOBBS  
 Okay, this is what it is. You  
 saw the police are after me.  
 They think I did something bad.

SAM  
 What?

HOBBS  
 I'm really not sure.  
 Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

SAM  
 (nods thoughtfully)  
 I saw that once, on a show.

HOBBS  
 Yeah.

There's nothing more to say. Sam has completely accepted his  
 word. He ruffles the boy's hair:

HOBBS  
 You want something to eat?

MINUTES LATER.

Sam stands on the sidewalk near the vacant lot, buying two hot  
 dogs and a coke from a STREET VENDER.

Hobbes is in the bushes, keeping an eye on the boy.

But slowly his focus changes.

He's looking past Sam, at the vacant lot: THREE HOMELESS MEN  
 cooking something over a large fire. Surrounding the fire is  
 an area 10 yards wide where grass is burned from similar fires.

Hobbes stares at it, mutters:

HOBBS  
 Scorched earth.

His mind is racing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER BY THE PARK. DAY.

Hobbes is in a phone booth. He keeps a vigilant eye on  
 everyone in the vicinity. Sam crouches nearby, standing guard.

HOBBS  
Lucius? Hobbes.

LUCIUS' VOICE  
Jesus, man. You're all over the news -

HOBBS  
So I gather.  
(looking around)  
I can't talk long. Lemme tell you what I want.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

Moving shadows. Hobbes and Sam slip from the roof of one building onto the roof of another.

Hobbes looks around nervously.

Starts down the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

Hobbes and Sam come down onto a landing, look in, see Gretta in her pajamas.

Hobbes knocks on the window.

She whirls, frightened.

Sees him.

Is relieved, and yet...

She approaches the window with a touch of trepidation.

He sees it.

She reaches the window. She's still uncertain whether to undo the security lock and open it the rest of the way.

Hobbes sticks his hand through the open window. The gesture is - curiously, horribly - reminiscent of the man with the Moustache reaching for her.

But of course it means something completely different. Touch me. Trust me. Trust I'm not bearing the demon.

She smiles almost wistfully.

Looks at his face...

Raises her hand...

Their palms meet. Joined.

Hold.

Their eyes are joined too.

She undoes the security catch.

As Hobbes helps the boy inside:

HOBBS

Gretta, this is Sam.

She smiles, instantly at the kid's level:

GRETTA

Hi Sam.

Sam grins at her. She glances at:

HOBBS

Can I see your Bible?

MINUTES LATER.

Hobbes leafs through the Bible...

HOBBS

Ezekiel...

(finding it)

Chapter 7, verses 5 and...

"And mine eye shall not spare thee,  
neither will I have pity: but I will  
recompense thy ways upon thee, and  
thine abominations shall be in the  
midst of thee: and ye shall know  
that I am the LORD.

Thus saith the LORD GOD: An evil,  
an only evil, behold, it is come."

He lowers the book, somewhat stunned.

GRETTA

Azazel. An age of darkness.

HOBBS  
 (nods)  
 It's coming.

GRETTA  
 No. It's already begun.

Hobbes nods again. Stares at Sam, who's having a snack, and blinks. Comes back to reality, back to what he must do:

HOBBS  
 Azazel wrote on Sam's chest.  
 Unless I do something, he's next.

MINUTES LATER.

Sam sits on the floor. Sweet classical music plays. Gretta is taking down small glass figurines, angels for him to play with.

GRETTA  
 Now these are the great angels:  
 Michael, and Raphael, and Metatron.  
 And this is Chochma, he's very  
 wise...Sandalphon: very tall, don't  
 you think?...and of course Shekinah:  
 she's a personal favorite of mine  
 'cause she's a girl.

Sam laughs -

GRETTA  
 (playfully)  
 Which one do you like best?

He smiles. His eyes are dancing.

ANOTHER ANGLE. MOMENTS LATER.

Sam is now playing with the angels, making them fly and kiss each other, acting out some child's fantasy...

Gretta and Hobbes watch from across the room. This is their first real chance to talk:

HOBBS  
 Tell me what's in the news.

She reacts. Hadn't wanted to say anything, but since he asked:

GRETTA  
They found your brother this  
afternoon.

He nods, pained.

GRETTA  
And that teacher? Yesterday? Two  
new witnesses say you shot first  
and you planted his gun.

HOBBES  
Yeah. I'm public enemy number one.

GRETTA  
Just like my Dad.

Meaning she knows he's being framed. He smiles gratefully.  
At least she still has faith in him.

HOBBES  
So it's okay?, we can stay here?

She nods. Of course.

HOBBES  
He'll take the couch, I'll take  
the rug.

She looks at him...considers it...

Shakes her head.

INT. HER BEDROOM. NIGHT.

She lies in the bed, watching him.

He's taking off his clothes, down to t-shirt and boxer shorts.  
Gets in next to her.

Beat. She decides something.

Under the covers, she takes off her pajamas, drops them by the  
bed.

HOBBES  
What're you doing?

GRETTA  
I want to hold you.

Beat.

He takes off his t-shirt and boxers, drops them.

GRETTA  
That's better.

They embrace.

The CAMERA RISES slowly to the wall, the image of an ANGEL.  
The Angel's mouth is open as though crying out in ecstasy...

GRETTA (V.O.)  
Near as I can figure, we're  
vessels. (CONT.)

ANOTHER ANGLE. LATER.

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES to discover them: in bed, cuddled together.

GRETTA (CONT., O.S.)  
When we sing, we're vessels that  
hold song. When we're like this,  
we hold God,  
(finally ON CAMERA)  
and when we die: our souls depart  
and we aren't vessels anymore.

HOBBES  
And when Azazel enters us?

She shakes her head; won't say it. He does:

HOBBES  
We hold evil.  
I'm scared, Gretta.  
I'm scared the demon will enter me.

GRETTA  
I don't think it can. Some people  
are -

HOBBES  
Not by touch. As spirit. When its  
host body dies, it can move as  
spirit, right?, isn't that what you  
said? A short distance, a short  
time?  
(quoting book)  
And "no man can resist."

GRETTA

Well sure. If people are stronger  
when we're fighting for our  
lives... (Why not demons?)

He nods. Thinks.

HOBBES

Greatness destroys.

GRETTA

What?

HOBBES

I'm just saying: sometimes a  
strength can be a weakness,  
know what I mean?

CUT TO:

INT. GRETTA'S APARTMENT. DAWN.

Under another print of a floating angel: Hobbes, dressed to go,  
sits on the floor by the couch, holding Sam's hand. The boy is  
barely awake.

HOBBES

Sam: I have to tell you something.

Sam's eyes open a little farther. He looks at Hobbes.

Beat.

SAM

My father.

HOBBES

Yes.

SAM

I know.

Hobbes looks in his eyes, sees he does know.

Hobbes squeezes his hand.

HOBBES

Also...I have to go away. You're  
going to stay with Gretta.

Sam looks past Hobbes, to where Gretta stands in her doorway,  
in her pajamas.

HOBBS

I want you to know: Whatever people say about me, and whatever I do... I'm doing it for you, okay?, because I love you.

Sam looks up at him. Blankly for a long moment.

SAM

I'm going to go back to sleep.  
(closes his eyes)  
And when I wake up, everything's going to be better again.

This almost breaks Hobbes' heart.

Gretta sits: beside Hobbes, beside Sam.

HOBBS

(to her, indicating Sam)  
You sure it's okay? (For him to stay here?)

She nods. Not a casual consent.

HOBBS

You know what that means, don't you?

She looks at him blankly.

HOBBS (CONT.)

You're not "low profile" anymore.

GRETTA

Yeah. It's okay.  
(slightly ironic)  
I'm ready.

He takes her hand, squeezes it. Looks at her -

HOBBS

They don't have wings.  
(off her look)  
You want to see one?, look in the mirror.

She kisses his hand. Ferribly. CAMERA MOVES IN on her face. She's covering his hand with kisses. Like a silent movie shot. And then slowly...his hand pulls away. She's left alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCIUS' HOUSE. DAY.

Suburban neighborhood. Gretta's car pulls up, Hobbes honks.

Lucius bounces out of a modest split-level house. He wears pants, no shirt, no shoes. He glances around warily, hands Hobbes a small paper bag.

Hobbes slips him a wad of hundred dollar bills.

HOBBS

Loosh: I know you think I've crossed over, I know you think you're insane to do this, but I truly appreciate your trust.

In his time, Lucius has heard a lot of similar horseshit from addicts, killers, con-men:

LUCIUS

Yeah, yeah. Just be careful, huh?

He turns away, and Hobbes drives off:

INT. GRETTA'S CAR. DAY.

Hobbes punches a number on the car phone. As it starts to ring, he removes the contents of Lucius' paper bag and slips it into his shirt pocket.

JONESY'S VOICE

Jonesy.

HOBBS

Hey.

JONESY'S VOICE

Hey. Where are you?

HOBBS

Yeah, right.  
I just want tell you: when the moment comes...the right time, the right place: you know it.

JONESY'S VOICE

What place?

Hobbes smiles slightly (Jonesy has taken the bait) and says nothing.

JONESY'S VOICE (CONT.)  
Where you goin', Hobbes?

HOBBES  
Nowhere. Literally. Gonna take a long drive, go someplace no-one'll find me. Sit by the water and think.

*(THE ACTION SLOWS DRAMATICALLY, down to eerie nanoseconds...)*

HOBBES (V.O., NARRATION)  
You must be wondering: what's Hobbes doing? Doesn't he know he's giving it away? Doesn't he realize "Azazel" will enter every cop on the force until he finds this out? Of course, that's the idea. But I have to be careful. Very careful...

*NORMAL TIME AND ACTION RESUMES:*

Hobbes still driving.

JONESY'S VOICE  
Hey Hobbes, I gotta ask you something.

Hobbes sees a POLICE CAR coming toward him...

As calmly and naturally as he can, he pulls to the side of the road.

HOBBES  
Shoot.

JONESY'S VOICE  
We been partners a long time.

The police car glides past. The COP looks casually in Hobbes' direction. Hobbes uses the phone receiver to block his face.

HOBBES  
Yeah, twelve plus.

Hobbes looks in his rear-view mirror, watches the cop car continue...slowly...up the street...

JONESY'S VOICE  
So. Is there something you wanna say? (Do you want to confess?)

Hobbes sees the cop car turn the corner, vanish from view.  
Hobbes sighs relief, focusses on Jonesy's question:

HOBBS

Yeah.  
You're a good partner, Jonesy.

JONESY'S VOICE

(a smile in his tone)  
You too, Hobbes.  
See you, huh?

I'll never see you.

HOBBS

Yeah.

He hangs up, drives back out into traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Hobbes driving. His face is grim. HOLD this shot so that it seems to pierce inside him and give a sense of time passage: the long drive up there. Then he turns the wheel and we are:

EXT. MILANO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

As Hobbes turns in the long driveway, his headlights catch metal on a distant hill. Another car is hidden in the bushes.

HOBBS

(blinks, mutters)  
You flew up, huh?

He parks, gets out.

He's got a FLASHLIGHT in one hand, car keys in the other.

As he goes toward the house, he flicks the keys into the bushes. The action is so quick and minimal that someone at a distance wouldn't read it.

He walks up onto the porch, glances in the window:

It's dark inside; no sign of anyone.

Hobbes moves to one side of the door (in case someone comes out), leans against the wall of the building, shouts out into the darkness:

HOBBS

Come on out!  
I know you're here!

MOVING POV

At some distance from Hobbes. A spooky, menacing shot, the POV of a stalker: bushes in the foreground, Hobbes in the b.g.

HOBBS (CONT.)

What do you want now?  
Haven't you had enough fun?  
(answering himself)  
Or is there something more? (CONT.)

SECOND MOVING POV

Different angle, from the other side of the building so that we realize: there are two people after him. Like the other shot, this one says: vicious killer.

HOBBS (CONT.)

What? Another test? Another torture? You got me to kill someone. You murdered my brother. What more do you want?!

Maguire steps out into view.

MAGUIRE

I just want to bring you in.

Hobbes turns to face Maguire.

HOBBS

So it's you.  
Wwa ie-dow Nee Shu-shay!

MAGUIRE

I know you've got a gun. Drop it.

HOBBS

(moving toward Maguire)  
Or else what? You'll shoot me?  
That'd be too easy.  
Where's the fun in that?

MAGUIRE

Just drop the gun, huh?

Beat.

JONESY (O.S.)  
Do what he says, Hobbes.

Hobbes whirls around. Sees Jonesy. Mutters:

HOBBS  
Two of you?

This doesn't fit his plan. He looks back and forth between them, trying to decide which one is Azazel, and then focusses on his partner:

HOBBS  
(pained at the idea)  
Jonesy? (Are you Azazel?)

Jonesy says nothing.

The other men are on opposite sides of Hobbes, 40 yards apart, and so far: both of them are in character.

Hobbes carefully takes out his gun, drops it, stalls for time:

HOBBS  
I didn't do it, guys.  
I didn't do any of it.

JONESY  
I know that, Hobbes.

MAGUIRE  
We'd both like to believe that.  
But we have to bring you in.

Beat.

JONESY  
Why?

Maguire blinks in astonishment, shoots Jonesy a look -

JONESY (CONT.)  
What if we came up here and he'd  
disappeared into the wilderness...  
and we drove his car into the lake,  
end of story?

MAGUIRE

What the fuck're you talkin',  
Jonesy? We came to bring in the  
son-of-a-bitch so he could stand  
trial. If he did it, fine. If  
he didn't, even better. But  
it's not our job to decide that.

Half beat.

JONESY

You're quite right, Mack. I don't  
know what got into me.

(steps forward)

Sorry Hobbes.

(raises his gun, aims:)

I gotta put on the cuffs.

Jonesy moves forward.

Hobbes' eyes are shifting; he's trying to figure out how to  
escape. And which - if either - of these men is the demon.

Jonesy stops 20 feet from Hobbes. Still aiming his pistol  
right at him, so Hobbes has no chance to run.

An odd frozen moment. Why did Jonesy stop?

JONESY

You know, Maguire...

Life is chock full of surprises.

Jonesy moves his gun just five degrees - from Hobbes to  
Maguire.

Maguire frowns.

Jonesy shoots.

A look of complete astonishment on Maguire's face...and he  
falls dead.

Hobbes is also stunned. Is this the real Jonesy or the demon?

HOBBES

Why'd you do that?

JONESY

(casually)

Come on. I'm your partner.

(gestures toward woods)

Go on, you're free. Run.

Hobbes looks at the woods, then back at Jonesy. He isn't sure. If he runs and Jonesy is the demon, won't Jonesy shoot him in the back?

JONESY  
(smiles)  
Keep thinking, Hobbes.

Hobbes' expression changes; he suspects -

JONESY  
(nasty, amused)  
So. Now Jonesy's fucked too.  
He just shot his boss.

Hobbes dives through the closed window into Milano's house -

"Jonesy" laughs.

He walks casually toward the house...

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
How 'bout that, Hobbes?  
You're fucked, Jonesy's fucked.  
One at a time, eh? That's how  
we get you. One by one...

"Jonesy" moves around the house, glancing quickly in windows, as if trying to draw Hobbes' fire...

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
See the deal? (If) I kill you, it's  
the final pathetic chapter in the  
life of another disgraced hero.  
You're just one more piece-of-shit  
human scum. (CONT.)

"Jonesy" comes to the kitchen door. Standing to one side, he throws it open.

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
(cheerfully)  
Or, turn it around! If I die, I'll  
enter you - and before you go down,  
I'll put 20 more murders on your tab!

He jumps:

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

"Jonesy" hurtles into the kitchen, eyes dancing with anticipation: he loves this shit.

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
Do I have a preference? Huh?  
What's maximum fun? I think  
you can guess, can't you?,  
what maximum fun is?

His eyes have adjusted to the darkness. He sees no sign of Hobbes. Gun lowered, he steps from the kitchen into:

INT. MILANO'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

He enters, looks around, sees nothing.

Slowly he raises his pistol toward his own head...

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
Sure you can.

His gun moving slowly, inevitably, toward his temple...

"JONESY" (CONT.)  
Maximum fun is...  
(with a big smile)  
I become you.

Just before the barrel reaches his skull -

Hobbes flies at him out of the darkness -

They careen to the floor -

They're wrestling over Jonesy's pistol. Varying shades of blackness, a few streaks of slashing moonlight. Their bodies entwined, grappling. Visually: it feels like we're watching something mythic.

HOBBS  
What do you want? My heart?  
Soul?  
You'll never get 'em.

"JONESY"  
Fuck you, and fuck your heart,  
and fuck your soul.  
And that's a promise.

Is "Jonesy" weakening...or is it intentional: the pistol is now pointed at his head.

But Hobbes does not fire. Why? He keeps pushing the point of the gun lower, lower...till it's aimed at "Jonesy's" chest.

A wrenching burst of energy. The men fly apart as the gun goes off -

Silence. We can't tell who was hit. Both bodies lie immobile in the darkness.

We HEAR "Jonesy" laugh.

He's on the ground. Bleeding.

Hobbes appears over him.

"JONESY"

(pained, playful)

Eww, you got me, Hobbes.

But isn't that just ego?, huh?, to want to kill me yourself?

What difference's it make?

HOBBS

Not much.

(CONT.)

Hobbes takes a cigarette pack from his shirt pocket. Knocks one out, lights it.

HOBBS (CONT.)

But sometimes little things are important.

'Sides, I want to talk.

(puffs on cigarette)

I think you were right: what Reese said? Milano was just like me.

And he was trying to do just what I am. That's why he bought this place, seven miles from nowhere...

(another puff)

But you didn't get it, did you?

He didn't quite pull it off, so you didn't get it.

"JONESY"

Get what?

HOBBS

You didn't get it with him, and you still don't get it with me.

"JONESY"

I don't get it, and I don't give a  
shit.

HOBBS

Don't you? Open your eyes, Azazel.  
Look around sometime.

The way Hobbes says this is creepy, as though he's won. For the first time in any human body, Azazel (as "Jonesy") looks nervous. His eyes scan the room...

HOBBS (CONT.)

Don't you see anything...different?

"Jonesy's" eyes come back to Hobbes, puffing away.

"Jonesy" stares at him.

"JONESY"

(frowns)

You don't....

He stops talking, overcome by a wave of pain.

Hobbes smiles casually, takes another puff.

HOBBS

What'd you say?

"JONESY"

I said...you don't...

(talking with great difficulty)  
you don't smoke.

Hobbes smiles again, takes an even bigger draw, a long and heavy draw, pulling the smoke down into his lungs.

HOBBS

That's right, Jonesy. I don't.

A horrible look of realization coming onto "Jonesy's" face.

HOBBS (CONT.)

'Cause cigarettes kill.

"JONESY"

No...

HOBBS

Especially: cigarettes laced with  
poison.

"JONESY"

Noooooo!

He spins, writhes, his body contorting, his eyes rolling back -

HOBBS

Ever hear of a "scorched earth" policy? An army destroys its own country before the enemy invades.

"Jonesy's" body clenches...

He glares at Hobbes...

HOBBS

Seven miles from nowhere. You got no place to go but me.

"Jonesy" starts to shake...harder, harder.

HOBBS

Come on, Azazel. Enter me, and we die together.

Suddenly "Jonesy" has a huge horrifying spasm -

And stops. Completely.

Dead.

OVERHEAD SHOT, TIGHT ON "JONESY". ALL SOUND CEASES. The CAMERA floats up slowly...moves over Hobbes...

Hobbes stares down at Jonesy's body...

ON HIS FACE as he waits for the demon...

Very softly, almost inaudible, saying goodbye to this world:

HOBBS

God bless you, Gretta.  
God bless you, Sam.

He closes his eyes.

His face starts to sweat. We sense the invisible battle to enter Hobbes.

Very subtly: his breathing becomes harder, more intense. He takes another drag on the cigarette...frowns...winces...

BACK TO THE OVERHEAD CAMERA. IT HOVERS...HOVERS...AND GOES:

SWOOPING DOWN VIOLENTLY ONTO HOBBS' FACE -

He yanks the cigarette from his mouth, hurls it across the room -

His face hard, enraged. "Hobbes" is now Azazel.

He staggers out the door. Beside the door we see: his cigarette has landed on some scattered papers -

EXT. MILANO'S HOUSE. MOONLIGHT.

"Hobbes" flies out onto the porch, looks at the car in the driveway, pats his pants pocket - and then remembers. Curses. Heads for the bushes.

(HERE THE ACTION REPEATS, FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE, WHAT WE SAW AT THE OUTSET OF THE MOVIE. "HOBBS" STAGGERS FORWARD, SEARCHES THE BUSHES FOR THE CAR KEYS AS HE MUTTERS "God damn, God damn, God damn!", FINDS THE KEYS, THEN TRIES WITHOUT SUCCESS TO MOVE AWAY FROM THAT SPOT. Under this:)

"HOBBS" (V.O., NARRATION)

Like I said at the start. I was  
beaten. Outsmarted. Poisoned.  
(snide, outraged)

By John Hobbes. (CONT.)

At this moment we realize, with a horrifying chill: this movie has been narrated not by Hobbes but by the demon Azazel occupying Hobbes' body.

"HOBBS" (V.O., NARRATION)

He'd thought of everything. Even  
throwing away his keys 'cause he  
saw I'd parked far away so I'd want  
to use his car.

His body crashes to the ground. Falling onto his back. His hand moves to his chest -

"HOBBS" (V.O., NARRATION)

Can you imagine what it feels like  
to be alive for thousands of years  
and then actually die 'cause some  
self-righteous Chicago cop decides  
he is going to save the fucking  
world??!

His eyes flicker. He's fading. And something else is happening too: his voice is changing...becoming deeper, raspier, full of air... The "natural voice" of the demon is coming through...

"HOBBS"/AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)

Thank God.  
Thank God there are other demons.  
We will prevail.

He dies.

Silence.

Everything still and beautiful in the moonlight.

Hold.

The CAMERA DRAWS SLOWLY BACK FOR THE END OF THE FILM...Closing music starts...and happy music too. The audience must feel a sense of real satisfaction: Hobbes (the real Hobbes) has won. With his "scorched earth" maneuver, Hobbes has killed "Hobbes," killed the demon.

We pull back farther, farther...and as if to cement our relief:

"THE END" appears on the screen.

The instant these words appear there is a HORRIBLE NOISE -

The words are wrenched away -

Something's moving in the moonlight. A tail flickering...

SMASH IN CLOSE ON:

A CAT YOWLING! Hair up on end, arching its back: Possessed by the demon!

The Cat slowly turns...TOWARD THE CAMERA.

And winks.

AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)

(playful)

Fooled you.

The Cat sits, licks its paws contentedly...

AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)  
 Don't you remember?  
 I said I was going to tell you  
 about "the time I almost died."

Behind the Cat: light is flickering...a red glow... Milano's house is going up in flames, providing a spectacular backdrop to the Demonized Cat.

The Cat looks over at Hobbes' body, at the burning house...

AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)  
 I better get moving.  
 I have a long way to go. (CONT.)

The Cat heads up the road. Trotting at a steady pace...

AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)  
 At least seven miles.

The Cat's figure gradually disappears into the night...

AZAZEL (V.O., NARRATION)  
 (slightly mocking)  
 See you around.

The Cat vanishes.

Only darkness.

END CREDITS.

POSSIBLE SEQUENCE UNDER TITLES:

The cat disappears into darkness. The darkness intensifies, becomes BLACK. Then the black turns mottled, gray, grayer, we're seeing something but we can't tell what it is. Gradually more definition appears. We're on a city street. People are moving. Lots of people. Walking: some casually, some in a hurry. And idly, casually, without even knowing what they're doing: they're touching one another.