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PROD. #62003
June 16, 1986 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE
SHADOW IN THE DARK
(formerly SPENCER)

Written by
Chuck Adamson

#62003

06/16/86

MIAMI VICE

SHADOW IN THE DARK

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
ZITO
GINA
TRUDY

GRANT
NEIGHBOR #1
NEIGHBOR #2
DIXON

WOODS
WOMAN
BARNEY
LAB TECH
FIGURE
DOCTOR
YOUNG WOMAN
GIRL

SETS

INTERIORS:

TEASER RESIDENCE
BEDROOM
HALLWAY
KITCHEN
METRO OFFICES
APARTMENT
COFFEE SHOP
PET SHOP
BACK ROOM
OCB
STRATEGY ROOM
OBSERVATION ROOM
INTERROGATION ROOM
HOUSE (END OF ACT ONE)
HALLWAY
KITCHEN
CUBAN RESTAURANT
TUBBS' APARTMENT
YOUNG WOMAN'S RESIDENCE
BEDROOM
KITCHEN
HOSPITAL
CORRIDOR
ROOM
GLASS-FRONT HOUSE
BEDROOM
ST. VITUS

EXTERIORS:

RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD
YARD
STREETS
TEASER RESIDENCE
STREETS
MIAMI
ST. VITUS
ALLEY
GLASS-FRONT HOUSE
VARIOUS HOUSES
METRO PARKING LOT

VEHICLES:

FERRARI
CAR
CASTILLO'S SEDAN
N.D. SEDAN
SURVEILLANCE VAN
PATROL CARS

#62003

MIAMI VICE
SHADOW IN THE DARK
SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

(* INDICATES ORIGINAL DRAFT)

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>WRITER(S)</u>	<u>PAGE(S)</u>
6/16/86	White*	Chuck Adamson	1-52

MIAMI VICE
SHADOW IN THE DARK
TEASER

FADE IN

- 1 EXT. MIDDLE CLASS RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 1
Neat rows of quiet homes, full of sleeping families.
- 2 A FIGURE 2
darts between buildings, through slashes of light from street lamps. Then crouches down, suddenly as --
- 3 A CAR 3
turns onto the street, headlights illuminating --
- 4 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - A WINDOW 4
open to accomodate a humming A.C. unit -- while, below --
- 5 HANDS 5
caress the side of the house, over which we hear a slight groaning -- then --
- CUT TO
- 6 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 6
Camera holds on the darkened dining room - over which more heavy breathing -- then --
- CUT TO
- 7 A PAIR OF SNEAKERS 7
ascending a staircase, pausing at the top, while camera moves past to --
- 8 ANGLE -- OPEN BEDROOM DOOR 8
to show a middle-aged couple asleep in their bed.

- 9 REVERSE -- THE HALLWAY 9
now empty.
- CUT TO
- 10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 10
scanning cupboards, counters, table -- and end on --
- 11 A DRAWER 11
from which rubber-gloved hands remove a spoon, a fork, and
a knife. Off the knife's glistening blade --
- CUT TO
- 12 THE REFRIGERATOR 12
Gloved hands feverishly searching, and finally siezing a
package of frozen meat -- which they place on --
- 13 KITCHEN TABLE 13
where a place-setting has been arranged, next to --
- 14 A CANNISTER OF FLOUR 14
which a gloved hand dumps onto the table. More rapid
breathing as a huge handful of flour is scooped up -- then
jammed into the camera -- as we reverse to --
- 15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 15
The middle-aged couple sleeping peacefully in their bed.
- 16 REVERSE 16
The figure -- in the shadows -- by the bed, rivulets of
sweat streaking his flour covered face. Eyes gaping like
the windows of a burned out tenement.
- The figure moves silently to the dresser -- examines the
contents of a jewelry box -- ignores them in favor of a
lighter, which he puts in his pocket. A pair of striped
trousers are draped over the back of a chair. He removes
and neatly folds them, places them on the floor, lies down,
his head on the pants, and assumes a fetal position,
rocking himself back and forth like a baby in a crib.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED 16

HOLD on the figure for a few beats noting the kitchen knife now tucked in his waistband. As the sound of a siren builds in the b.g. we --

CUT TO

17 EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY 17

from which the siren issues, as it weaves through the knotted traffic in front of --

18 EXT. RESIDENCE - DAY 18

now cordoned off -- neighbors with angry, frightened looks huddling behind the barriers. Patrol cars, a couple unmarked units and crime lab vehicles are crowded in front along with ---

19 CASTILLO 19

standing by his car, waiting as ---

20 THE FERRARI 20

rolls up. Crockett and Tubbs exit -- neither exactly sure why they're here -- as they move to Castillo.

CROCKETT
Looks like burglary's handling this.

CASTILLO
They are. You're helping.

-- as Crockett and Tubbs react ---

21 LIEUTENANT RAY GRANT 21

the wired and more than a little jaded burglary cop in charge, approaches from the house.

GRANT
(to Castillo)
These the lucky guys?

CASTILLO
(introducing)
Lieutenant Grant, Detectives
Crockett and Tubbs.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

GRANT
 (handshakes)
 Make it Ray...till you think of
 something cuter.

CROCKETT
 (to Tubbs)
 He acts like we're not gonna like
 this.

GRANT
 You won't.
 (resentful)
 Neither do the people in this
 neighborhood. Ten of their homes
 hit in two months. Now they're
 reading the riot act to Councilman
 Buell --

CROCKETT
 And we get the fallout.

TUBBS
 Departmental gravity.

GRANT
 Know the case?

TUBBS
 Vaguely. The guy's a cat.

GRANT
 (wry)
 You could say that. Personally,
 I've never heard of a cat burglar
 who specialized in pants.

TUBBS
 What do you mean pants?

GRANT
 Trousers. No necklaces, no hoops --
 just pants.

-- whereupon they're interrupted by --

22 TWO IRATE NEIGHBORS

22

A middle-aged, rugged looking guy, and a younger yuppie
 type, who push against the barrier as they taunt the
 detectives ---

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

NEIGHBOR #1

That's beautiful. We got a nut running around the neighborhood and they just stand there, posing for pictures.

NEIGHBOR #2

Buy yourselves some coffee and donuts while you're at it...

23 RESUME CROCKETT ET AL

23

GRANT

(bitter)

The locals have been full of good suggestions.

NEIGHBOR #2 (O.S.)

It's only taxpayer's money!

-- with which he starts for the house.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett and Tubbs)

Go.

As Crockett and Tubbs follow Grant --

CUT TO

24 A BIZARRE DRAWING - ON A WALL

24

scrawled in lipstick with crude, violent slashes. A camera flashes as we pull back to ---

25 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

25

Where a lab tech has just photographed the above while carefully straddling the flour residue on the floor near the wall. Crockett and Tubbs look on as Grant informs --

GRANT

At first, he just swiped the lipstick. Now he's into redecorating.

CROCKETT

When did that start?

GRANT

The last two hits.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

TUBBS
What's this guy look like?

GRANT
No one's seen him.

TUBBS
He never wakes anyone up?

GRANT
(ominous)
Not, yet.
(beat)
C'mon, the good stuff's downstairs.

The others head out while --

26 C.U. - CROCKETT

26

lingers to examine the scrawlings. Beat. Then the light goes off in the room and Crockett turns to see --

27 GRANT

27

by the light switch, staring him down --

GRANT
This is how he saw it when he drew it.
(beat)
You want to catch these guys -- you gotta see like them, think like them, feel like them.
(beat)
Course, you undercover boys know all about that...

He flips the light on and moves out -- as we --

CUT TO

28 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28

a silent beat as Crockett, Tubbs, and Grant study the aftermath: a gnawed chunk of meat, still wrapped in cellophane, on the table; flour spilled on the table and floor, where a female lab tech kneels beside a smudge ---

TECH
Looks like the same tennis shoe.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

GRANT
(to our guys)
He always hits the kitchen.
(to tech)
You dust the sills?

TECH
Nah. Too porous for prints.

GRANT
Dust them. Send the meat for teeth
impressions and have serology check
for saliva.

TUBBS
(to Grant)
Entry?

GRANT
Never any sign of forced entry. Our
working theory was he does the
kitchen first, then the bedroom...
(a dare)
But I'm sure you can dream up
something better.

CUT TO

29 EXT. RESIDENCE - DAY

29

as Crockett and Tubbs exit behind Grant --

GRANT
Get over to Metro and hit the files.
I want you guys starting in fifth
gear.

Underwhich the two locals parallel them behind the barrier,
as Grant continues ---

NEIGHBOR #1
When are you people gonna stop
pulling your chains and catch this
guy?!

GRANT
(to #1)
What guy? We drive the garbage
truck.

NEIGHBOR #2
Pretty fancy uniform!

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

GRANT

Today's our office party, pal all
right?!

CROCKETT

(to Grant)

Relax.

NEIGHBOR #2

Suppose you bought your wardrobe on
our backs, too!

Grant suddenly goes wild -- lunges across the barrier to
collar Neighbor #2 ---

GRANT

What's your problem, slick?!

Crockett immediately separates them --

CROCKETT

Pull it together, Grant!

-- and Grant yanks away, squares off against Crockett ---

GRANT

That's Lieutenant Grant. Who the
hell are you?!

TUBBS

Take it easy.

GRANT

(contemptuous)

Coupla vice hot shots.

(beat)

Get to first base with this cat,
then talk to me.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

30 CLOSEUP -- TUBBS

30

giddy with fatigue, on the phone with a Lab Tech --

TUBBS

(cozy)

That lab report ready yet?

(beat)

So what do I have to do to get you
to bring it up here?

(listens, smiles)

Is that in the manual?

-- camera slowly panning past a mountain of files as we
pull back to --

31 INT. METRO OFFICES - NIGHT - ON CROCKETT

31

across the desk from Tubbs, surrounded by paperwork, and
practically cross-eyed with exhaustion, as Dixon, a good-
spirited Detective, passes --

DIXON

Hey, look who's back downtown.

(to Crockett)

Come to scrape your gum up from
under the desk?

-- as they shake hands --

CROCKETT

I see your wife's still gotcha
working graveyard shift.

DIXON

I figure it's cheaper than alimony.

(grins)

So, they got you detailed to
Burglary.

CROCKETT

(gestures to
files; weary)That cat case. Been through 200
pages of M.O. files since this
morning ...

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

DIXON
So why didn't you catch him already?
(moves off)

CROCKETT
(calls after)
I did, but they made me let him go
... they didn't want to embarass
your family.

TUBBS
(yawns)
Do we want to wait for the lab
report?

Beat as Crockett considers, then rubs his eyes --

CROCKETT
Not unless it's in Braille. My eyes
have had it.

TUBBS
I heard that.

-- and as they stand to leave --

GRANT (v.o.)
Yo!

32 GRANT

32

approaches and without ceremony shoves two computer
printouts into their hands --

GRANT
Coming-out sheets for this year. Go
pull the case reports on everyone
sent up for burglary and see if the
M.O.s match our guy's profile.
(beat)
Tonight.

Crockett and Tubbs share a ragged look -- off which --

GRANT
(sharp)
What's that supposed to mean?

CROCKETT
The Records Room closed at 11 ...
and we're pretty wasted. We'd do a
better job in the morning.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

GRANT

The guy we're chasing doesn't sleep.
You don't sleep.

TUBBS

(explaining)

Lieutenant, with all due respect, we
know our own pace. We've worked
Burglary before --

GRANT

(over)

Then I shouldn't have to tell you
how to turn on the juice!

(pissed)

Call Security for the key -- and get
it in gear!

He moves away. Off Crockett and Tubbs' unease --

CUT TO

33 EXT. METRO PARKING LOT -- NIGHT - ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS 33

each carrying a stack of files, heading for the Ferrari --

CROCKETT

What's Grant's problem?

(assertive)

No way he thinks we're finishing
these tonight.

TUBBS

(hard)

Problem is, he's not thinking.

(beat)

CROCKETT

If he wants to know who's on the
street, I've got a better source
than these files -- guy named Woods
I busted back in '78. Knew every
cat burglar South of Atlanta. And
he's crazy to boot.

TUBBS

Then he and Grant should have a lot
to talk about.

-- whereupon they notice --

34 CASTILLO'S SEDAN

34

idling beside the Ferrari, Castillo behind the wheel.

CASTILLO

Grant asked to have you taken off
the case.

Crockett and Tubbs share a confused look, then --

CROCKETT

Fine with me. If he doesn't think
we can help ...

CASTILLO

He never did. The department does.

Beat, as they digest this.

CASTILLO (CONT)

You have any problems with him, come
to me.

TUBBS

Lieutenant, he's the one with the
problem -- the man's strung out.

CASTILLO

That's not your decision.

Castillo lets it sink in. Then he pulls away, and we --

CUT TO

35 C.U. - A BARE LIGHT FIXTURE

35

in a darkened room. As a gloved hand pulls the chain,
lighting the bulb, pull back to ---

36 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

36

A dungeon. Dark and damp. Littered with garbage,
newspapers, empty cans, broken furniture, naked peeling
walls, a cot shoved in the corner with a bare stained
mattress and pillow -- and --

37 A DRESSER

37

where hands opening a drawer to remove the lipstick and
lighter we recognize from the Teaser. Sounds of heavy
breathing as we --

CUT TO

38 ANGLE - THE FLOOR 38

strewn with old newspapers. More heavy breathing as clothing is thrown down -- we move to ---

39 THE BED 39

above which hands quiver with anticipation, then flick the lighter -- slowly bringing the lipstick to meet the flame -- glistening beads of melted residue dribbling to the mattress below -- over which guttural groaning as we ---

CUT TO

40 INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING -- ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS 40

finishing breakfast. Tubbs has a file in front of him --

TUBBS

(reads)

George T. Woods ... Twenty-two counts burglary ... convicted June '78.

(beat)

Thinks he knows the guy we're after?

CROCKETT

If anybody does. He knows every second-story man south of Atlanta. Woods was a first class cat.

TUBBS

How'd you grab him?

CROCKETT

I found him. He fell off a terrace and broke his back. The way he tells it, I pushed him.

TUBBS

(understands)

All these cat burglars have their wires crossed.

CROCKETT

Woods' twist was animals. He only hit homes with pets. Used to strangle them and leave 'em in the sink.

TUBBS

(sickened)

Just who I wanna go see after breakfast.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

CROCKETT

(wry)
Here's the guy to put us in the mood.

-- with which he nods at --

41 GRANT

41

haggard but wired, as he arrives at the table -- and remains standing --

GRANT

Your Lieutenant talk to you last night?

TUBBS

(guarded)

Yeah.

GRANT

I'll tell you what I told him: I don't care what the Department thinks, I'm gonna catch this mib. And I don't need any extra hands on the wheel.

CROCKETT

(level)

Grant, we want this guy as much as you do.

GRANT

(intense)

No. You don't.

CUT TO

42 C.U. -- A PUPPY

42

cradled in a young girl's arms. The girl's mother looking on as she exclaims ---

GIRL

He's adorable. Can I put him on the floor?

-- which question she poses to ---

43 INT. PET SHOP - DAY - ON GEORGE WOODS

43

a man so unctuous that the wheel chair to which he's confined only renders him more grotesque ---

WOODS
(perverted smile)
You can do whatever you like.

As the girl and her mother trail the puppy down the isle

CROCKETT (O.S.)
Keeping your hands off the
merchandise, Georgie?

-- at which Woods abruptly swivels to face ---

44 CROCKETT, TUBBS AND GRANT

44

-- the last a picture of restrained intensity as Crockett and Tubbs surround Woods --

WOODS
(to Crockett)
What the hell do you want?

CROCKETT
Just a little conversation.

WOODS
(tense)
Not now.

CROCKETT
Right now.
(beat)

WOODS
Couldn't have the decency to call
first, could you Crockett?! Gotta
just bust into my life --

CROCKETT
Isn't that how you used to do it?

WOODS
(yells)
I paid my dues! Five years and six
months worth!

TUBBS
You making an announcement?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

Woods looks around, realizes the attention he's drawing, then quietly nods to the back of the store --

WOODS

In the back.

Crockett, Tubbs and Grant follow him. They pass a dumpy woman who stops shelving pet food to shoot Woods a worried glance -- and prompting Woods' ---

WOODS

Just an old friend.

CUT TO

45 INT. BACK OF PET STORE - DAY

45

Tubbs stands by as Crockett paces in front of stacks of empty cages, and a clearly stressed Woods.

WOODS

I'm telling you, I'm straight. I stay away from my old people. Besides, they were into merch -- not hamburger and cake mix.

-- under which Grant seems more than a little restless --

CROCKETT

You're not giving me anything, Georgie.

WOODS

I got nothing to give! The guy you're after's like this guy that was in the joint. Worked penthouses only. The higher the building, the more he got off.

(shakes his head)

Used to climb fifteen stories just to wag himself at the old lady.

Grant's suddenly in Woods' face --

GRANT

Where's this guy now, you freak?

WOODS

(startled)

Got fried at Raiford.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

GRANT
Not for burglary!
(collars him)

WOODS
(frightened)
For carving up a girl and her kid
... and get off me!

-- with which he tries to break Grant's grip -- and Grant
slams the wheelchair into a wall.

CROCKETT
Grant!

-- but Grant doesn't hear it -- flips the chair over as --

46 CROCKETT

46

tackles him. Grant twists free and --

47 TUBBS

47

staggers him with a punch. Crockett rides Grant to the
floor -- gets him in a figure-eight --

CROCKETT
(struggling -- to
Tubbs)
Cuff him!

CUT TO

48 EXT. STREET - DAY

48

as a couple of buttoned-down Internal Affairs cops are
shoving a cuffed Grant into an unmarked sedan while --

49 CASTILLO, CROCKETT AND TUBBS

49

look on --

CROCKETT
(sympathetic)
I'd like to give him a break in my
writeup.
(still faintly
stunned)
He just flamed out ...

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

CASTILLO

Write what you saw.
(beat)

TUBBS

(to Castillo)

When do we go back on Vice?

CASTILLO

Now. We're taking the case.
(beat)

Get the writeup to Internal Affairs,
and go back to work.

CUT TO

50 INT. OCB - NIGHT

50

On a pin map we see a small tight cluster of red pins surrounded by a more sparse application of different colored pins. Beside the map is a chart, with columns labeled Location, Date, Entry, Items taken -- which we pan past to ---

51 CROCKETT

51

staring at the chart with weary intensity. Tubbs is beside him. Switek, Zito, Gina and Trudy sit behind him in various states of attention. A beat, as a portable radio crackles with dispatch calls, then ---

CROCKETT

(frustrated)

Entry, zilch. Description, zilch.
Guy's like Casper the ghost. All we
know is that he's hit homes in the
northeast grid.

TUBBS

And that he'll do it again.

TRUDY

No particular nights, so he probably
doesn't have a night job.

ZITO

(innocent)

And he's not a vegetarian.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

SWITEK
(suddenly
realizing)
A guy who works days and eats meat!
I know him!

Crockett gives him a look. Then everyone's attention is suddenly riveted to the police radio as a call comes in ---

V.O.
(radio filter)
Attention units -- a prowler --
Northeast 13th and Bay Drive. Any
units in the area please respond --
we've got a cat working the area.

CROCKETT
Close enough.

As they all hurriedly exit the office ---

CUT TO

52 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

52

an N.D. car crawls by, lights out, door slightly ajar, Trudy and Gina barely discernible in the front seat -- as it passes ---

53 A HOUSE

53

where Tubbs slinks across the lawn, while ---

54 CROCKETT

54

moves down an alley, eyes keyed. He passes a garbage can -- and freezes at the sound of a gunshot. Then a woman's scream draws his attention to ---

55 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

55

as Crockett and Tubbs rush up, badges and weapons out, Zito and Switek trailing as more shots ring out -- the rush into ---

56 INT. HOUSE - A HALLWAY

56

where a hysterical Woman in a bathrobe almost runs into them --

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED 56

TUBBS
Police officers!

WOMAN
Oh my God, help me!! This crazy man
just broke into my kitchen and ...

-- at the sound of another volley of gunfire, Crockett and
Tubbs dart past the Woman towards --

57 THE KITCHEN -- ON GRANT 57

in combat stance, firing round after round into an upright
freezer. He doesn't move as --

58 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 58

ready to fire, cheat a look around the doorframe, then
stare at each other in amazement --

TUBBS
(shouts)
Grant!

59 GRANT 59

his face a mask of dizzy triumph as he faces the freezer --

GRANT
(to freezer)
Gotcha, you slick mother --

-- then he empties his gun into the freezer -- and --

60 CROCKETT 60

grabs the gun --

61 TUBBS 61

subdues Grant, whose eyes remain locked on the freezer --
as --

62 SWITEK AND ZITO 62

arrive -- and surround Grant -- under which Crockett opens
--

63 THE FREEZER 63

-- revealing nothing but shattered ice trays and exploded cuts of frozen meat.

64 RESUME SCENE 64

GRANT
(smiling with grim conviction)
I got him. I got him good.

CROCKETT
(quietly)
Yeah. You got him good.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

65 C.U. - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING 65

it's edges ripped and yellowed -- camera holding a beat on headlines reading: Prowler Drives Cop to Breakdown -- then widening to---

66 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 66

where the paper lies in a corner with other bits of refuse, scraps of decayed food, a stained towel -- and ---

67 SNEAKERS 67

as feet slide into them, shuffle to ---

68 THE COT 68

hands groping beneath the mattress, finally pulling out the striped trousers we recognize from the teaser.

69 ANGLE - WINDOW 69

stale gray light filtering through dusty glass, in the shadows beside which a silhouette pauses to peer out at the world beyond -- as we ---

CUT TO

70 SERIES OF SHOTS 70

Stark disconnected images of a paranoid vision -- including ---

Skyscrapers looming menacingly over claustrophobic urban canyons.

Sidewalks swarming with pedestrians swept up in the emotionless momentum.

Streets choked with cars butting for position in the early morning rush.

CUT TO

71 EXT. MIAMI - DAY - MOVING 71

a panoramic view, seen through the window of a metrorail car -- then reversing to ---

72 INT. METRORAIL CAR - P.O.V. - THE PASSENGERS 72

their eyes lingering a bit too long -- some curious, some frightened, all hostile.

CUT TO

73 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 73

where a girl gathers her books and boards a school bus. As the bus pulls away pick up ---

74 A FIGURE 74

watching from the shadow of a distant tree, recognizable only by the striped pants which are slung over one arm.

75 CLOSER - THE STRIPED PANTS 75

Hands spread them on the ground, then produce a lighter, which they apply to the pants -- camera holding as the pants begin to burn, over which we hear heavy breathing -- and off the flame of which we ---

MATCH CUT TO

76 CLOSEUP -- CROCKETT 76

holding a lighter, concentrating on the flame -- then pull back to --

77 INT. OCB -- STRATEGY ROOM -- NIGHT 77

Castillo stands beside Tubbs, across the table from Crockett, camera noting the files and photographs spread across the table as Tubbs fills Castillo in --

TUBBS

All we know is, he's got a chipped right central incisor, and his sneaker size is 10D.

(beat)

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

CROCKETT
(looking away)
There's something about those
drawings ...

As Castillo studies one of the photos --

78 INSERT -- PHOTO

78

of a lipstick scrawl, over which --

TUBBS (v.o.)
He's still stuck on single family
homes in the northeastern grid. He
always does his kitchen act and
always takes the pants.

79 RESUME SCENE

79

CROCKETT
First he drew on the kitchen wall.
Then the stairs. Then the bedroom
...

CASTILLO
He's moving closer to his victims.

He and Crockett share a look -- as though they've come to
this realization simultaneously. Beat.

CROCKETT
I need to go back to the crime
scenes.

He stands wearily to grab his coat -- and Castillo, noting
his fatigue, stops him with a look --

CASTILLO
(an order)
In the morning.

Beat. Crockett sees he means it. Off his weary
acquiescence --

CUT TO

80 EXT. ST. VITUS -- NIGHT

80

lolling gently in the evening tide -- while inside --

81 INT. ST. VITUS -- NIGHT -- CROCKETT 81
stares uneasily at the ceiling, then glances at the case
file beside him on the bed.

CUT TO

82 CLOSEUP -- THE GLISTENING HOOD OF CROCKETT'S CAR -- NIGHT 82
as it rolls towards --

83 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT 83
Peaceful. Empty. Vulnerable. Then --

84 THE FERRARI 84
glides through --

85 CROCKETT 85
stares out at the streets. Reflections of branches and
streetlights crawl over his windshield.

CUT TO

86 INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - MORNING 86
where Crockett's at the bar, nursing a drink. Behind him,
the bartender's polishing glasses and setting up for the
day. Above him is a T.V., blaring the morning news -- from
which Crockett's frazzled eyes are distracted as ---

87 LT. CASTILLO 87
moves up beside him.

CROCKETT
Morning, Lieutenant.

Castillo eyes Crockett's cocktail disapprovingly --
prompting Crockett's nervous grin and explanation ---

CROCKETT
Just an after-dinner drink. I'm on
a new schedule.

CASTILLO
You look it.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

CROCKETT

You know, when you work all night, it's like the world's not in synch with you anymore. You can sort of sneak up on it.

CASTILLO

Not if you're too tired to think straight.

CROCKETT

I don't need to think straight, I need to think like him.

CASTILLO

Working undercover is one thing. Thinking undercover is another. You can't always turn it off when you need to.

CROCKETT

The answer we need's not in a book. It's in his head. I can't explain it, but I feel like I'm getting closer.

CASTILLO

Just don't get too close.

CROCKETT

(edgy)
I'm a big boy.

CASTILLO

So was Grant.
(beat)

CROCKETT

The way I see it, Burglary's off and we're on cause somebody thinks we can catch this guy. That's my job -- even if I have to go to the edge.

CASTILLO

And making sure you don't go over is my job.
(beat)
Just so you understand.

CUT TO

- 88 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 88
obscured by a light mist. As the Ferrari pulls up ---
- 89 CROCKETT 89
steps out, uncharacteristically hesitant. More drifting
than walking toward ---
- 90 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 90
where, bathed in an eerily isolated pool of light, we see

- 91 A TREE 91
on the trunk of which are vague markings -- camera pushing
in as ---
- 92 CROCKETT 92
stops beside the tree, where we recognize one of the
lipstick drawings. Crockett smudges the lipstick, features
tightening with concentration as he pulls his weapon ---
- CUT TO
- 93 CROCKETT 93
Cautiously moving between two houses -- suddenly distracted
by ---
- 94 A WALL 94
on which another drawing is scrawled.
- 95 C.U. - CROCKETT 95
brow beaded with sweat, as he stops beside ---
- 96 ANOTHER TREE 96
with another drawing. Then a twig cracking draws his
attention to ---

97 A HEDGE 97

as Crockett approaches -- features drawing tighter -- the tension almost palpable as he peers between the bushes -- whereupon ---

98 A HAND 98

grabs his shoulder -- in a lightening gesture he swivels, lunges -- and we ---

MATCH CUT TO

99 INT. OCB - NIGHT 99

where a just awakened Crockett has swiveled in his desk chair to grab ---

100 BARNEY - THE NIGHT JANITOR 100

silently petrified for the beat it takes Crockett to realize where he is.

BARNEY

Just wanted to empty your trash.

CROCKETT

(sighs)

Barney...

BARNEY

Wuddya keep in there, gold?

CROCKETT

What time is it?

BARNEY

Time for me to ask for a raise! I'm too old for hand-to-hand combat. 'Course there was a time...

Barney moves off mumbling. Hold on Crockett, pulling himself together. Then, as he picks up a phone ---

CUT TO

101 INT. TUBBS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 101

where Tubbs and the lab tech are on the couch, having shared a bottle of red -- and clearly headed for further relaxation ---

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

LAB TECH

You know, I've never dated a detective before.

TUBBS

(kissing her neck)

Glad you decided to lower your standards.

LAB TECH

(smiles)

It's just that this other girl in the lab used to go with one, and she said he was too into his work. Never had time for the good things in life. Know what I mean?

TUBBS

Exactly. You want a man who's in control of his world...who can make things happen...

(unbuttoning her blouse)

when you want...how you want -- and as many times as you want.

And, as he moves in to make good on this offer, his beeper sounds. He freezes, hoping it's just his imagination. Then, as that delightful sound pierces the atmosphere again, he grabs the phone ---

TUBBS

(desperate grin)

Probably beeped the wrong number.

LAB TECH

(re-buttoning)

Tell me about it.

CUT TO

102 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT

102

with Zito and Switek, the former gazing wondrously at the heavens, the latter wearily tromping along ---

ZITO

(pointing)

It's a black hole. See, there're all these stars, then it just stops.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

102

SWITEK

(tired)

That's a branch, Larry.

-- this, as they cross the street toward ---

103 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

103

standing by the Ferrari, the bug van parked in the b.g.
Crockett seems frozen with intensity. Tubbs paces coolly
looks up as ---

104 AN N.D. SEDAN

104

pulls up, with lights out, and Trudy and Gina in the front
seat.

TRUDY

(to Crockett)

We didn't see a thing. Want us to
check along the bay?

CROCKETT

(distracted)

No.

Beat, as Switek and Zito return, Zito reporting ---

ZITO

Nada, Sonny.

Crockett hears this with silent frustration.

TRUDY

Guess we're gonna go, okay?

CROCKETT

Go ahead.

TRUDY

Night.

SWITEK

Thanks for inviting us.

Trudy pulls away. Switek and Zito head to the van. We
hold on Crockett, locked on the houses across the street,
while Tubbs studies him with tempered restlessness.

CROCKETT

I know he's here. I can feel it.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

TUBBS

(weary)

Let's walk it again.

CROCKETT

(doesn't move)

You think I'm crazy, don't you.

TUBBS

You haven't had much sleep lately.

CROCKETT

You didn't answer my question.

TUBBS

(compassionate)

Sometimes it's a thin line between
hard work and obsession.

Crockett takes in the surroundings for one more beat, then
turns back to the Ferrari.

CROCKETT

Let's pack it in.

As they move out of frame, hold on the tranquility of the
night -- camera slowly pulling back to ---

105 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

105

through the window of which we have observed the above and,
where, in a bed beside the window, a young woman reads by a
night light. A beat passes then, reflected in the window's
glass ---

106 A FIGURE

106

appears in the room, face covered with flour. At the sound
of the woman's gasp ---

107 RESUME THE YOUNG WOMAN

107

standing on the bed now in a teddy, paralyzed with fear.
She backs into the wall, tries to scream, then the primal
begging --

YOUNG WOMAN

(cries)

Please -- please -- don't hurt me!

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

108 INT. RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 108

Hazy picture, as if seen through a blindfold. Blurred figure moving toward the camera as we ---

109 REVERSE - THE YOUNG WOMAN 109

tied to a chair, blindfolded, her face covered with flour, and her nightshirt bearing a bizarre lipstick scrawling. A gloved hand pushes a piece of frozen meat toward her mouth ---

FIGURE (O.S.)
(eerily calm)

Open.

110 C.U. - HER MOUTH 110

opening, her breathing hard and fast as the meat is placed in her mouth.

FIGURE (O.S.)

Bite.

Her breathing quickening as she bites into the meat, and a knife flashes through the frame, smoothly ripping through her shirt as we ---

CUT TO

111 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 111

as an orderly hurries a gurney down the hall past ---

112 CROCKETT, TUBBS AND DOCTOR 112

huddled outside a patient's room in quiet conversation ---

DOCTOR

...just some superficial cuts. But, needless to say, she's emotionally very fragile right now.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

TUBBS

Was she sexually assaulted?

DOCTOR

He apparently tried but wasn't able to perform.

(beat)

I know you're anxious to talk to her, but maybe it'd be better for everybody if you came back later. She's very upset, and a little incoherent --

CROCKETT

(over; urgent)

We just need a couple minutes, Doc.

CROCKETT (CONT)

(beat)

It's very important.

P.A. (V.O.)

Dr. Adamson, call I.C.U.
stat. Dr. Adamson.

Under which the Doc has been distracted by the announcement --

DOCTOR

Wait here. I'll be right back.

As the Doc hurries off, Crockett nods toward the room --

CROCKETT

(intense)

C'mon.

CUT TO

113 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - ON THE YOUNG WOMAN

113

clearly tremulous as Crockett and Tubbs stand beside the bed, questioning her -- the latter as worried about his partner's edginess as he is about the woman's fragility --

TUBBS

Go on.

YOUNG WOMAN

After the kitchen, he carried me into the living room and laid me down on the floor. Then I felt the blade against my throat.

(sobs)

I thought he was going to kill me.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

CROCKETT

Just -- please -- keep going.

She reaches out and grasps Tubbs' hand -- works at regaining her composure --

TUBBS

Go back upstairs to when he first came in the bedroom. What did he look like?

YOUNG WOMAN

I really can't remember. I was just terrified.

(beat)

I think I wet the bed.

CROCKETT

(restrained
impatience)

When he walked towards you, was there anything about him that registered? Walk, build...

YOUNG WOMAN

I can't remember.

CROCKETT

What was he wearing?

YOUNG WOMAN

I think it was a tee shirt.

CROCKETT

What color?

YOUNG WOMAN

I can't remember.

CROCKETT

Come on lady -- he was there -- you saw him -- please help us!

TUBBS

(restraining)

Crockett.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm trying.

(cries)

It was horrible.

She turns her head away.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED (2) 113

CROCKETT
(sotto, to Tubbs)
This is nowhere.

-- he starts to leave -- and, off Tubbs' look --

CROCKETT (CONT'D)
The answer's out there -- with him.

Tubbs is still holding the Young Woman's hand as Crockett leaves, followed by Tubbs' troubled stare -- off which we --

CUT TO

114 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - THE FERRARI - DAY 114

Cruising.

115 TIGHT ON CROCKETT 115

driving. Lost in his thoughts.

116 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - ON CROCKETT 116

standing alone, scanning the area. Windows of the houses seem to be gaping holes in peoples' privacy. Sound of a car on the street -- Crockett draws back into some bushes, invisible until the car passes.

117 CROCKETT'S P.O.V. - A HOUSE 117

noting an air conditioner, loosely fitted into a window -- possible point of access -- a sliding door, protected by thick shrubbery along --

118 THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE 118

as Crockett's hands touch it lightly, play across the surface.

119 A WINDOW 119

looking into a family room, where a housewife sits, taking in some daytime T.V.. Crockett suddenly slides into frame, watching her.

- 120 THE HOUSEWIFE 120
turns her head, as if she senses Crockett watching --
- 121 HER P.O.V. -- THE WINDOW 121
Nothing. Just the sunshine playing across her yard.
CUT TO
- 122 CLOSEUP -- CROCKETT 122
a picture of intensity. Reverse to --
- 123 INT. ST. VITUS -- DAY 123
where Crockett's studying himself in a mirror. On the desk
before him is the case file, a cellophane-wrapped package
of meat, and --
- 124 A MOUND OF FLOUR 124
from which Crockett's hand slowly takes a small pinch.
- 125 RESUME CROCKETT 125
as he touches it to his cheek. Beat, as he studies himself
in the mirror -- off which --
CUT TO
- 126 INT. OCB - DAY 126
Tubbs and Castillo are studying Crockett's pattern on the
map. There's an increased number of pins, each with a
small tag attached. Crockett's off to the side, wrapped in
private thoughts.

CASTILLO

What did you learn from the girl?

TUBBS

He's an earthling -- he walks and
talks.

CASTILLO

Get her a mug book.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED

126

TUBBS
(unhopeful)
Her description was weak.

CROCKETT
(distant, locked
on a picture in
his mind)
I've read and reread every one of
those reports. I've visited every
house. I can sense when he's going
to move. He likes bushes alongside
the house...

INTERCUT

127 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

127

a shadowed figure moving through a hedge beside a house,
over which Crockett's voice continues ---

CROCKETT (V.O.)
He pops a window by the air
conditioner, or a sliding door...

128 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

128

gloved hands prying at a sliding glass door.

CROCKETT (V.O.)
Then he finds a second way out, some
place near the kitchen...

129 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

129

in the darkened living room, the figure leaves a door
slightly ajar.

CROCKETT (V.O.)
(icy)
Then he eats.

130 C.U. THE FIGURE'S MOUTH

130

juice dripping like blood from the corners of his mouth as
he chews -- off which we ---

131 RESUME O.C.B. - DAY

131

A beat, as Tubbs and Castillo study Crockett. Then he faces them ---

CROCKETT

I want to set up an all night detail. I'll need everyone. We'll blanket the neighborhood...alleys, backyards --

CASTILLO

(over)

Do it.

As Crockett stands to leave ---

CASTILLO

(reminds)

You only get one shot at a cat. Miss him and he's history.

CROCKETT

That's all I need.

CUT TO

132 INT. OCB - STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

132

Crockett and Tubbs addressing a group of detectives that look like a squad of commandos preparing an invasion. Switek, Zito, Trudy, Gina and four other detectives are dressed in dark clothes and soft-soled shoes. Each is equipped with a walkie-talkie.

CROCKETT

I'll give you the first radio check, at midnight, then every hour thereafter. Otherwise, complete silence. If he turns up on top of you before you can use your radio -- take him alone. He's your responsibility. If we lose him, we lose him for good.

TUBBS

Just a click of that radio will carry a block in that night air. If he hears that, he's in the wind.

ZITO

They why take the chance of radio check?

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

132

CROCKETT

We gotta know those radios are working in case we have to move up on a location

(pause)

Zito's got the only car. Box him in, we get the cavalry. Put your badge on your shirts. You see a uniform, identify yourself.

GINA

Do the people in the neighborhood know we're going to be there?

CROCKETT

Nobody knows.

Over a general negative reaction from the group.

CROCKETT

We don't want more than normal patrol coverage. And for all we know, he's from the neighborhood.

SWITEK

'Scuse me for asking a stupid question but: What the hell does this guy look like?

TRUDY

Yeah, lie in the yards and watch for who?

CROCKETT

We don't know.

ZITO

Great. I can just see me coming around a corner and next thing, Stan's got iron in my ear.

SWITEK

I've never shot anybody in the ear.

CROCKETT

Just don't aim at anybody that owes you money.

(beat)

You've got an hour to get to your positions.

CUT TO

- 133 CROCKETT 133
standing in the shadow of a tree. He watches, expectantly.
- 134 CROCKETT'S POV 134
A residential street in the middle of the night. It's quiet -- nothing moves -- we wait and watch.
CUT TO
- 135 TUBBS 135
moves through the shadows in an alley. He hugs the fences and bushes as he moves, occasionally stopping to watch, to blend into the night.
CUT TO
- 136 SWITEK 136
lies on his stomach, motionless, in the grass near a clump of bushes. Suddenly, he's covered by the reflection of a porch light. The sound of a back door opening and closing. Then Switek buries his head in his arms as he's being sniffed by a cocker spaniel with big floppy ears. The dog growls softly, then backs away from the suspicious hulking menace.
CUT TO
- 137 EXT. RESIDENTIAL YARD - NIGHT 137
Trudy maintains her vigil in the shadows in a passageway. Suddenly, the silhouette of a man fills the entrance. Trudy tenses as the figure walks towards her.
- 138 TRUDY'S P.O.V 138
From the shadows emerges a sleepy looking man in his pajamas carrying a bag of garbage. He walks past Trudy giving her a curious look, proceeds to the garbage can, deposits his bag, turns and retraces his steps. He slows as he approaches Trudy, staring at her with a blank expression and continues on his way.

139 TRUDY

139

She leans against the building, exasperated, trying to shake off the numbness that's overtaken her.

CUT TO

140 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

140

An early twenties couple are sleeping peacefully with their arms wrapped around one another. We widen to include the figure hidden behind a grotesque combination of flour and mustard. We pan down and see a knife in his hand and that he's dressed in women's clothes. He steps back, removes the dress, and standing in his shorts pulls back the covers to get into bed with the sleeping couple.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

- 141 CLOSEUP - SNEAKERS 141
sticking out into the aisle from a booth, inside of --
- 142 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY -- ON A WAITRESS 142
approaching the booth with an armload of orders, including
--
- 143 A HAMBURGER 143
which she drops off, then silently moves away. Beat, then,
as an entire bottle of catsup is poured onto the hamburger
--

CUT TO

- 144 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - ANOTHER TABLE 144
where Castillo, Crockett, Tubbs, Switek, Zito, Gina and
Trudy have finished a late breakfast. They're a tired,
haggard looking group as they re-think their strategy and
vent some frustration.

SWITEK

Ten nights out there, we don't even
get a heavy breath!

GINA

It's like he knows we're there.

ZITO

Maybe we should take a few days to
re-think things.

SWITEK

Some of these island cruises give
group discounts.

CROCKETT

(edgy)

There's nothing wrong with the set
up, we've got it covered right.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

TRUDY

Aside from scaring the hell out of one another.

CASTILLO

What's the follow-up on that last couple he hit?

TUBBS

Husband's still in Intensive Care. The wife's staying with family and doesn't want to talk.

GINA

Can't say I blame her.

TUBBS

She really didn't see much anyway. She ran into the closet.

TRUDY

This guy's really getting out of control. Maybe we should spread out a little.

CROCKETT

(intense)

No, tighten up right where we are. He'll show.

Beat, as everyone registers their reluctance to share Crockett's confidence.

CASTILLO

The detail stands as is. In the meantime, everybody get some rest.

As the crew starts to leave ---

CASTILLO

Crockett.

Crockett stops -- informed by Castillo's tone to anticipate bad news.

CASTILLO

If nothing breaks soon, Homicide's gonna get the call.

CROCKETT

(gestures)

Dammit, I'm that close! I've put the time in. I know this guy --

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED (2)

144

CASTILLO

(over)

Knowing how to bow out is part of
the job.

They lock eyes, then Crockett sucks it in and heads out
past --

145 AN EMPTY BOOTH

145

where a half-eaten hamburger remains swamped in a puddle of
catsup.

146 ANGLE - CROCKETT

146

pausing to study the above -- off which --

CUT TO

147 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

147

Crockett and Tubbs plod along a residential street, victims
of a hot sun, heavy humid air, and a lack of sleep. As
they walk along, Crockett senses an inexplicable energy --
it's like he's studied these same houses on other days --
under different circumstances.

TUBBS

Castillo have anything good to say?

CROCKETT

Yeah. If we don't turn a trick
soon, it goes to homicide.

TUBBS

What are we doing wrong?

CROCKETT

Getting up in the morning.

TUBBS

The stakeout is smooth --
everybody's hanging in --

CROCKETT

(frustrated)

God what is it about this area?!
Sixteen houses in three square
blocks.

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

TUBBS

Maybe he's trying to drive the prices down so he can move in.

CROCKETT

(distracted)

Here's a joint he hit two weeks ago. Just an ordinary house.

(beat)

I mean if houses turned you on, what's different about this one -- or that one?!

TUBBS

Where'd he get in?

CROCKETT

I'll show you.

A bitchy, middle-forties woman steps out on the porch to shake a rug as Crockett and Tubbs enter the yard.

WOMAN

(suspicious)

What are you doing here? I've seen you poking around here before.

CROCKETT

Police officers ma'am!

(to Tubbs)

Rear window on the side there.

WOMAN

(screeches louder)

Where the hell were you when we needed you?! You weren't here then, you got no business here now.

(beat)

Go on, beat it!

CROCKETT

Forget this.

CUT TO

148 EXT. STREET - DAY

148

moving with Crockett and Tubbs along the street, the latter wiping the sweat from his brow as Crockett suddenly stops, his eyes locked on two houses across the street. One house is non-descript, the other has an all-glass front. A beat, then ---

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

148

TUBBS

What?

CROCKETT

I don't like what I feel.

TUBBS

It's called humidity.

CROCKETT

(foreboding)

He's gonna hit one of those two.

(off Tubbs' look)

Don't ask me to explain it.

TUBBS

I won't. I just hope they put you
in a ward with visiting privileges.

CUT TO

149 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

149

150 A CAR

150

pulls to the curb. The lights are turned out; there's no
further movement.

151 TRUDY

151

Standing in the cover of shrubbery in front of a house,
maneuvers into position to watch for any movement. She
picks up her radio.

TRUDY

(quietly into
radio)

I got a car stopped in the middle of
the block, west side of Palm.

CASTILLO (V.O.)

(radio filter)

Anybody in it?

TRUDY

I can't tell.

CASTILLO (V.O.)

(radio filter)

Stand by.

152 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

152

moving expectantly through an alley.

ZITO (V.O.)
(radio filter)
I'm on the car --I don't see
anything.

-- suddenly, a tense whisper over the radio --

SWITEK (V.O.)
(radio filter)
Hold it! Hold it! I got a guy
coming down the street putting on a
pair of gloves.

-- Crockett and Tubbs pause -- exchange a look of tense
anticipation --

CASTILLO (V.O.)
(radio filter)
Switek, call it -- it's your show.

SWITEK (V.O.)
(radio filter)
He's on Palm between 56th and 13th
-- walking slow now.

CROCKETT
(to radio,
charged)
Stay with him.

-- and he breaks into a trot -- Tubbs on his heels --

SWITEK (V.O.)
(radio filter)
Bingo! He's moving off the street
between two homes.

CASTILLO (V.O.)
(radio filter)
All units, move up.

CROCKETT
(to radio)
Careful -- it's gonna get crowded.
(to himself)
Please, don't lose him.

-- this as he sprints towards --

153 AN ALLEY 153

Castillo, Crockett, Tubbs, Switek and Gina are huddled, hearts pounding.

SWITEK

He went into a yard, I lost him --
he's in this alley somewhere.

CASTILLO

Crockett, Tubbs take this side.
Switek, and Gina with me.

(into radio)

Zito get backup, I want the area
sealed off -- no sirens -- no
lights.

(to everybody)

Let's move.

154 CROCKETT 154

moves quickly through a yard, the anxiety pounding through his body. His eyes cut through the darkness, searching, fearful they've lost him.

155 CASTILLO 155

stands silently in the alley. His body rigid in expectation. He listens for a beat then darts into a yard.

156 TUBBS 156

moving along the house with the glass front, frantically looking, expecting the unexpected. He vaults a fence into the back yard where he sees a screen removed and an open window. He can't take the chance to use his radio.

CUT TO

157 INT. RESIDENCE BEDROOM - NIGHT 157

A young couple are sleeping on either side of a little girl who clutches a doll. The figure stands by the bed, knife in hand. He removes his shirt, then kneels down and says his bedtime prayers. Beat -- then --

158 TUBBS 158

gun in hand, fills the doorway of the bedroom.

159 TUBBS P.O.V. 159
the family, sleeping peacefully. He listens for a beat.
Then, as he steps into the bedroom --

160 THE LITTLE GIRL 160
awakens -- and screams as --

161 A KNIFE 161
flashes through the darkness behind Tubbs -- plunging down
towards his back -- when --

162 A HAND 162
knocks the knife to the floor -- pull back to --

163 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- ON CROCKETT 163
colliding violently with the figure --

164 THE FAMILY 164
watching, horrified, as --

165 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 165
wrestle the figure to the floor, where --

166 CROCKETT 166
cuffs him -- then flips him to reveal --

167 THE FIGURE'S FACE 167
seen clearly for the first time, the mask of flour
partially smeared, revealing the innocent features of a
sixteen-year-old.

168 RESUME CROCKETT 168
jumping back, shocked and revulsed, not wanting to touch
this creature again.

CUT TO

169 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - TWENTY MINUTES LATER 169

strobed by the red lights of half a dozen patrol cars; A television news crew setting up equipment in the b.g. while

170 CROCKETT 170

stands trance-like, eyes trained on the house with the glass front. Tubbs is beside him.

TUBBS

I don't know how you knew, but you knew.

CROCKETT

(uncomfortable)

Yeah...part of me wishes I didn't...

-- under which Switek, Zito and an escort of uniforms whisk

171 THE FIGURE 171

out of the house toward a waiting unmarked unit.

FIGURE

(child-like)

You know these handcuffs won't work against my magic powers.

SWITEK

(shoving him in)

Yeah, well these are magic handcuffs, pal.

Crockett moves slowly toward the car, almost hypnotized, as the Figure looks through the window at him ---

FIGURE

You live with me, don't you?

172 C.U. - CROCKETT 172

transfixed. A beat, then pull back to ---

173 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ON CROCKETT AND CASTILLO 173

the latter studying the former, who is glued to a one-way mirror, watching ---

174 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 174

where a uniform stands in the b.g. and a female lab tech uses a wood "doll" -- a wooden rolling pin device -- to take palm prints from the Figure, who is now clad only in underwear.

175 RESUME CROCKETT AND CASTILLO 175

CASTILLO

I want you at a desk for a couple days.

CROCKETT

(weakly protesting)

I'm just tired, Lieutenant. I think I'm all right.

CASTILLO

I know.

Castillo leaves. Crockett turns back to ---

176 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 176

where the tech has finished the palm prints, and is now filling out an I.D. card ---

LAB TECH

And where do you live?

FIGURE

On a street.

LAB TECH

I need the exact address.

FIGURE

Where the sun doesn't shine.

He licks the ink off one palm.

LAB TECH

That'll make you sick.

FIGURE

I am sick.

He suddenly grabs the rolling pin --lunging toward the mirror with a violent smash -- as we ---

MATCH CUT TO

177 INT. ST. VITUS DANCE - NIGHT 177
as Crockett bolts upright in bed, his eyes riveted on --

178 A NIGHT TABLE 178
where a gust of wind from the porthole above has blown over
a drinking glass.

179 RESUME CROCKETT 179
drenched in sweat, frozen for a beat. Then he lies back in
bed, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, as we ---

FADE OUT

THE END