

# **VENGEANCE UNLIMITED**

**“Victim of Circumstance”**

**Episode #4  
(Production #467854)**

**Written by  
Charles D. Holland**

**Directed by  
James Frawley**

**McNamara Paper Products  
in association with  
Warner Bros. Television**

**Production Draft: *July 27, 1998*  
FULL Blue Rev.: *Aug. 11, 1998***

Copyright © Warner Bros. Television

# VENGEANCE UNLIMITED

## "Victim of Circumstance"

PRODUCTION DRAFT: BLUE 8/11/98

[CHANGES ARE NOTED BY AN \*ASTERISK]

### CASTLIST

MR. CHAPEL

KC GRIFFIN

---

Agent Alan Walker

Joe Riley

Agent Stuart Brownstein

Michael London

\*Andy Horn [formerly Greg Reneau]

Tilly McGiniss

Asst. Director Bobbie Green

Reporters (various)

\*Cop 1

\*[News Commentator is now V.O.]

\*[Joe's Mom is omitted]

\*[Police Sergeant is omitted]

\*[Maggie Price is omitted]

# VENGEANCE UNLIMITED

## "Victim of Circumstance"

PRODUCTION DRAFT: BLUE 8/11/98

[CHANGES ARE NOTED BY AN \*ASTERISK]

### SET/LOCATIONS LIST

#### INTERIORS:

**FBI Offices: War Room**  
**Agent Walker's Office**  
\*[Corridor is omitted]  
\*[Bobbie Green's Office is omitted]

**N.D. Spooky Location**

**Joe Riley's Apartment:**  
**\*Mom's Room**

**Locker Room**

**Bar**

**Courtroom**

**Joe Riley's Death Row Prison Cell:**  
**\*Prison Phone Area**

**TV Studio**

**Book Store**

**McGinniss' Apartment: Living Room**  
\*[Bedroom is omitted]

**Paladin Motel: Chapel's Room**

**Walker's Home: Den**

**Doyer Boat\* [formerly Boat Hold]**

**Storage \*Garage [formerly Locker]**

**\*Chapel's Van**

\*[Coffee Shop is omitted]  
\*[N.D. Bedroom is omitted]  
\*[Prison Visitor Center is omitted]  
\*[Press Conference Room is omitted]  
\*[Office Bldg. Corridor is omitted]  
\*[Walker's Car is omitted]

#### EXTERIORS:

**Riley's Apartment Bldg.**

**Parking Lot**

**Paladin Motel**

**Phone Booth**

**Storage \*Garage [formerly Locker]**

**N.D. Spooky Location #1**

**Walker's Home**

**McGinniss' Apartment**

**Alley (sc. 4)**

**N.D. Spooky Location #2**

**Bar**

**\*Various Hotels & Motels**

**\*Street Outside Courthouse**

\*[Newsstand is omitted]

\*[N.D. Street is omitted]

\*[N.D. Streets, various, are omitted]

# VENGEANCE UNLIMITED

## "Victim of Circumstance"

PRODUCTION DRAFT: BLUE 8/11/98

[CHANGES ARE NOTED BY AN \*ASTERISK]

### CHRONOLOGY

*Scenes 1 - 4	-	Night #1
*Scene 5	-	Day #1
*[Scene 6	-	Omitted]
Scene 7	-	Night #2
Scenes 8 - 10	-	Day #3
Scenes 11 - 12	-	Night #3
*Scenes 13 - 18	-	Day #4 [Scene 15 omitted]
*Scene 19	-	Night #4
*[Scene 20	-	Omitted]
*Scene 21	-	Day #5
*[Scenes 22 - 23	-	Omitted]
*Scene 24	-	Day #6
*[Scenes 25 - 26	-	Omitted]
Scenes 27 - 28	-	Night #6
*Scenes 28A - 39	-	Day #7 [Scenes 32, 36, 40 omitted]
*Scenes 40A - 41	-	Night #7
*[Scenes 42 - 43	-	Omitted]
*Scenes 44 - 48	-	Day #8
*Scene 49	-	Night #8
*Scenes 50 - 52	-	Day #9
*Scenes 53 - 70A	-	Night #9 [Scenes 55, 56, 63, 64, 66, 70 omitted]
*[Scenes 71 - 73	-	Omitted]
*Scenes 74 - 77	-	Day #10
*Scene 78 - 80	-	Night #10

TEASER

1 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - NIGHT 1 \*

Bullpen-style. Special Agent ALAN WALKER -- forties, at  
once inspiring and fearsome -- stands in front of a  
blackboard-sized street map of the city with red dots  
highlighted. Alongside, a rough sketch of a white male,  
wearing a wool cap, titled "MAGIC MAN". Below the map,  
photos of four women, all labelled "MISSING." Walker  
calmly addresses his AGENTS, all silent, still, absorbing: \*

WALKER \*

Our killer is highly intelligent. \*

2 INT. JOE RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2 \*

Gentle giant JOE RILEY plays CHESS with unusual intensity. \*

WALKER (V.O.) \*

Controlled. Methodical. \*

3 EXT. JOE RILEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 3 \*

Joe exits his house. \*

WALKER (V.O.) \*

The hunt excites him... \*

Another man comes out of an apartment building on the same  
street and crosses by Joe. We follow this man and notice  
a very similar build and dress to Joe's -- except he wears  
a wool cap, Joe doesn't. \*

WALKER (CONT'D; V.O.) \*

...but never causes him to break  
profile. He kills within a  
rigidly safe framework. \*

Call this new man CLAUDE DOYER and watch him as he follows  
an unsuspecting young woman with dark hair and glasses. \*

4 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 4 \*

This woman is now dead, glasses broken beside her. \*

WALKER (V.O.) \*

We can assume he collects  
trophies. \*

A man's GLOVED HAND reaches down and YANKS a distinctive  
earring out of the dead woman's ear. \*

REVEAL the hand belongs to Claude Doyer. He puts the  
earring in his own ear. Then hefts the body up, his BOOT  
traipsing through a blood trail. \*

CONTINUE

4 CONTINUED:

4

WALKER (CONT'D; V.O.)  
But unique among other killers...

Doyer carries this dead woman out the other end.

WALKER (CONT'D; V.O.)  
...we have yet to find a single  
victim's body.

FLASH ON PHOTO

of this bespectacled woman, "COLLEEN BRENNAN," as it gets  
staked to the wall. Now the latest in the line of women's  
photos -- all dark-haired, all bespectacled, all with the  
word "MISSING" and a date above their names.

FLASH ON PHOTO

of the alley -- blood on the concrete chemically  
illuminated.

WALKER (V.O.)  
He kills with a knife. Only their  
blood is left behind.

FLASH ON MORE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

Rooms, garages, halls--

WALKER (CONT'D; V.O.)  
When he can, he scrubs each crime  
scene, making the blood invisible  
to the naked eye, until treated  
with luminol.

-- all with the same eerie chemically treated blood  
patterns on the floors and walls.

5 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

5

Like a freeway at rush hour. Everyone moving. Phones  
ringing. Keyboards clicking. And as calm as Walker was  
before, now --

WALKER  
(into phone, agitated)  
Yes, I said two teams at Quanti --  
(pause)  
You want to have this out in the  
Director's office?  
(MORE)

CONTINUE

5 CONTINUED:

5

WALKER (CONT'D)

Tell him you'd let another five  
women die over nine thousand  
dollars in overtime?

(to a young Agent,  
passing)

No, I said I want the latest  
eyewitness description modemed,  
not faxed --

(glances around)

Brownstein! Where's the new  
sketch?

BROWNSTEIN

Just came in.

AGENT STUART BROWNSTEIN -- thirties, smarter than he is  
self-assured -- yanks the old sketch of the killer down and  
tacks a more detailed sketch to the board. PUSH IN ON this  
new SKETCH and --

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

6 OMITTED

6 \*

7 INT. JOE RILEY'S APARTMENT - MOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

7

Joe Riley in CLOSE-UP, the stunning resemblance to the  
sketch evident. Joe Riley's infirm MOTHER lies in bed  
under the covers, uncomfortable, breathing ragged. Joe  
pulls a bottle of pills out of a bag.

JOE

Got your medicine, Mom.

Off Joe's CLOSE-UP --

MATCH CUT TO:

8 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

8 \*

Claude Doyer in CLOSE-UP. He and Joe Riley could be  
brothers. But, as Doyer pulls his wool cap off, we see he  
is bald, whereas Joe has a full head of hair.

Doyer places his cap inside the open locker, catches sight  
of himself in the door's small mirror. He is wearing the  
earring he took off his last victim. He turns his head,  
admiring himself. Flicks the earring with his finger and  
smiles, savoring gruesome delights.

9 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Souvenirs of Walker's budding fame. Two frames with previous book covers, photos with dignitaries, articles about "America's Foremost Profiler." Walker is talking to MICHAEL LONDON, a smooth customer in a two thousand dollar suit.

LONDON

I hear the Times is a rave, so --

Brownstein enters.

BROWNSTEIN

Sir, we --

WALKER

Hold on. Where're we on the movie deal?

LONDON

Coming along. But...

WALKER

But?

LONDON

You're catching a lot of press on this Magic Man thing and that's good unless... well, unless you don't get him, right? Then...

(pause)

Anyway. Let you get back.

Walker turns and straightens a framed book cover, then wipes dust, as London exits, off which --

BROWNSTEIN

The last victim, Colleen Brennan? Left blood drops at the scene of her abduction. The Magic Man stepped in the blood, we got a bootprint --

WALKER

(biting)

Yes, Stuart, I was there. And?

BROWNSTEIN

We found trace elements of an insecticide the city sprayed last week. Different chemicals, different neighborhoods.

CONTINUE



9 CONTINUED: 9

Walker turns to Brownstein, impressed. \*

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

The compound in the killer's  
bootprint was used on only one -- \*

10 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY 10

WALKER

(addressing the  
troops) \*

-- city block. Our print is from  
a Cadena work boot, so I crossed  
credit card purchases against  
residents and got a hit. Name -- \*

11 INT. JOE RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 11

WALKER (V.O.) \*

-- Joseph Riley. \*

Joe plays chess, alone. His front door BLASTS OPEN. FBI  
flood in led by Walker. Joe, startled, leaps up. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)

FBI. Hands up. Palms out. \*

Agents search the apartment. Joe looks back and sees his  
Mother, awake, frightened, as the Agents thunder past her.  
She SCREAMS. \*

JOE

Leave her alone! \*

He moves protectively to the door. Walker steps into his  
path. Joe tries to shove past. Walker snaps open his  
extendable baton. Whacks Riley hard. Riley arches.  
Walker lashes him. Beats Joe to the floor, and over and  
over. Then stands, sweating, looking down at the prone man. \*

WALKER

Cuff him. \*

12 INT. BAR - NIGHT 12

Claude Doyer is laughing his ass off, watching a TV above  
the bar that flashes a photo of Joseph Riley: \*

CONTINUEI

12 CONTINUED:

12

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Today, Joseph Riley was arrested  
for the murders of five women.  
Dubbed the Magic Man killings  
because the victims disappeared  
without a trace...

Doyer howls, loving this, and accidentally spills beer all  
over a WOMAN next to him. Her HUGE BOYFRIEND is not  
amused. He shoves Doyer. Doyer lashes back and --

FLASH ON PHOTOS

Mug shots of Doyer, holding his number. Full-on. Profile.

CUT TO:

13 INT. COURTROOM - DAY (MOS)

13

Walker on the stand with the boot:

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

In the case of accused serial  
killer Joseph Riley, the  
prosecutor presented damaging  
forensic testimony from FBI Agent  
Alan Walker.

TIME CUT:

JURY BOX (MOS)

The FOREMAN stands.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

And the verdict, after two hours  
of deliberation -- guilty.

GALLERY (MOS)

Joe Riley, stunned, remembers his mother and turns. Joe's  
Mom is in a wheelchair, feeble and crying her eyes out.  
Joe tries to go to her. Bailiffs restrain him.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

A tremendous victory for the  
prosecution. And a ringing  
endorsement of --

14 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

14

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

-- famed profiler and best-selling author, Alan Walker.

Stacks of Walker's new book, Darkness All Around on his desk, coffee table, floor. Brownstein enters.

BROWNSTEIN

We've got a problem.

Brownstein drops mug shots of Claude Doyer on Walker's desk. The mug shots we saw right after the bar fight.

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

Claude Doyer. Lived on the same street as Joe Riley. Arrested for a bar fight the same night we arrested Riley. In Doyer's personal effects, I found Cadena work boots... and this.

Brownstein holds up a baggie, containing the earring Doyer took off his last victim.

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

Your profile predicted the trophies would be something personal. This had a flake of blood on the tip -- it's a perfect DNA match to the last victim.

WALKER

Oh, my God.

BROWNSTEIN

Joe Riley's not the Magic Man --

Walker looks sick. He paces away from Brownstein.

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

-- Claude Doyer is.

WALKER

How the hell... ?

BROWNSTEIN

Sorry, was.

Walker looks at him. Hard.

CONTINUE

14 CONTINUED:

14

WALKER

What?

BROWNSTEIN

Doyer got in a fight with one of  
the guards -- got shot -- he's  
dead.

Walker's panic abates. He stares at Brownstein, who hands  
him a death certificate from a file. Walker looks at it.

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

But this earring should exonerate  
Riley.

WALKER

Leave everything, Stuart. I'll  
take it from here.

15 OMITTED

15 \*

16 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

16 \*

Walker walks with Michael London --

LONDON

The offer from Warner's is two-  
point-five million; there's a  
competing bid from Twentieth,  
hundred fifty less but Tom Hanks  
is attached --

Brownstein catches up to Walker --

BROWNSTEIN

Sir?

WALKER

(to London)

Meet you at the restaurant.

London snaps his cell open and exits.

BROWNSTEIN

What are you going to do about Joe  
Riley?

WALKER

Nothing.

CONTINUE

16 CONTINUED:

16

BROWNSTEIN

Sorry?

WALKER

You misinterpreted the evidence,  
Stuart.

BROWNSTEIN

Well, okay, I could run it again --

WALKER

(shakes head)

My examination destroyed the  
samples.

BROWNSTEIN

Wait, wait --

WALKER

But you're a good agent, Stuart.  
You're going to be my new second-  
in-command.

(smiles)

I want to keep you close. And I  
don't think you'd like the  
alternative.

17 INT. COURTROOM - DAY (MOS)

17 \*

The Judge coldly stares down on Riley:

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Citing his refusal to admit guilt  
and lack of remorse, Judge Torrey  
sentenced Joseph Riley to death by  
lethal injection.

Joe Riley crumbles, his PUBLIC DEFENDER tries to comfort  
him. REVEAL we are in:

18 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - CHAPEL'S ROOM - DAY

18 \*

KC hits the pause on the TV's VCR: the frozen image of  
Riley's anguish. She turns to MR. CHAPEL.

KC

I'd been hearing all these rumors  
that Riley was the wrong guy.

(MORE)

CONTINUE

18 CONTINUED:

18

KC (CONT'D)

When I tried to talk to a friend  
I have in the FBI, he said, "Don't  
mess with Alan Walker." But he  
also said he heard the same rumors.

\*  
\*  
\*

Chapel is reading a copy of Darkness. Studies the Walker  
photo on the back.

\*  
\*

MR. CHAPEL

Yeah, I think I'm gonna have to  
get into this. 'Cause I hear he  
sold this to Tom Hanks? I love  
Hanks but this guy, he's more...  
Al Pacino. Think he'll be open to  
some of my casting ideas?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

19 INT. JOE'S DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT

19

Drifting in are the eerie, frightening SOUNDS of a maximum  
security prison -- CLANGING metal doors, MOANS, and the  
worst SCREAMS a civilized man can hear. Joe tries to  
ignore them as he studies the paired newspaper clippings in  
his hands: "Plumber Charged With Armed Robbery... Plumber  
Freed." "Teacher Convicted of Murder... Teacher Released  
on New Evidence." Joe flips to the last page. A phone  
number.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

21

Mr. Chapel is in a slow-moving line, on his cell phone:

\*

MR. CHAPEL

Do we have a deal?

\*  
\*

INTERCUT: JOE RILEY - ON PRISON PHONE

\*

JOE

You get me out, cleared,  
everything...and all you want is  
a favor?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MR. CHAPEL

Yep.

\*  
\*

JOE

Are you for real?

\*  
\*

CONTINUE

21 CONTINUED:

21

MR. CHAPEL

I am if you say yes.

JOE

Yes.

JOE OUT as Chapel snaps his phone shut and the person in front of him steps aside, revealing Alan Walker, signing books for his adoring public. Chapel lays his copy down on the table.

MR. CHAPEL

Hi. Can you make it... from the most famous FBI agent ever?

WALKER

Well, that's very kind but I'm not.

MR. CHAPEL

Call it, I dunno, intuition. You are gonna be the most famous FBI agent -- ever. And I want it written down.

WALKER

Well, I never argue with a customer. Who should I sign it to?

MR. CHAPEL

Your biggest fan.

(as Walker writes)

Boy. I'm gonna remember this day for a long time.

(Walker hands him the book)

But you're gonna remember it for the rest of your life.

Walker's gaze meets Chapel's as Chapel takes the book. Chapel grins.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

22 OMITTED 22 \*

23 OMITTED 23 \*

24 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY 24

Walker on the ANDY HORN show: \*

HORN

(holding up the book)  
Again, it's called Darkness All  
Around. Adventures of a Modern Day  
Dragonslayer. The book is  
fantastic and we're speaking with  
its author, a real life Sherlock  
Holmes, Dr. Alan Walker. Alan,  
psychological profiling. You're  
literally inside the killer's  
head? \*

WALKER

It's not quite as dramatic as  
that; you're just trying to  
clarify what they've done to  
anticipate what they'll do. \*

HORN

Ever put you on the edge? Make  
you feel like one of your killers? \*

WALKER

(laughs)  
Not since I switched to decaf. \*

25 OMITTED 25 \*

26 OMITTED 26 \*

27 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 27

Agent Brownstein stumbles out, hammered, keys in hand. \*

Chapel slips out of nowhere and takes them. \*

MR. CHAPEL

Whoa there, you're in no condition  
to drive. \*

Before Brownstein can recover, Chapel reaches into  
Brownstein's coat and palms his pistol. \*

CONTINUE



— 27 CONTINUED:

27

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)  
(pockets the pistol)  
I'll take that.

Chapel hustles Brownstein to a van parked nearby. \*

BROWNSTEIN  
Who're you?

Chapel throws open the back door of the van. \*

27A INT. CHAPEL'S VAN - NIGHT

27A\*

A mini-War Room -- fax machine, phone, computer, high-tech  
listening equipment, telephoto camera. \*

MR. CHAPEL  
In you go, tiger. \*

Chapel pushes Brownstein in and shuts the doors behind him.  
Brownstein sees a cork wall adorned with stills of Walker,  
Brownstein, Joe Riley and Claude Doyer. Another wall has  
surveillance photos of Walker and Brownstein. \*

BROWNSTEIN  
Oh, my God. \*

MR. CHAPEL  
Cappuccino? \*

He offers Brownstein a takeout cup. Brownstein's head sags  
into his hands. \*

BROWNSTEIN  
You're Internal -- ? You guys've  
been following us?  
(Chapel nods)  
So you know...? \*

MR. CHAPEL  
I know an awful lot, Stu. You  
boys have have done some bad  
things. Things that would really  
upset Efrem Zimbalist, Junior. \*

BROWNSTEIN  
(off the wall of  
photos)  
You know about Riley. And Doyer?  
(MORE) \*

CONTINUE!

27A CONTINUED:

27A

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)

(Chapel nods)

Okay. Look. I didn't have  
anything to do with flushing the  
evidence --

MR. CHAPEL

(sips)

Uh-huh.

BROWNSTEIN

-- Walker did it, you don't know  
the guy. He's crazy. Something  
doesn't go his way, he blows and  
you do not want to be around. I  
tried to help Riley.

MR. CHAPEL

Well. Time to try harder.

He hands Brownstein a book and a pencil sharpener.  
Brownstein is confused.

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Cameras, microphones. You're  
going to plant them.

BROWNSTEIN

You want me to bug Walker? No.  
No way.

MR. CHAPEL

Why, you afraid of him?

BROWNSTEIN

You see the pictures of Riley when  
they brought him in? Fifty-two  
stitches, two broken ribs -- just  
for getting in Walker's way.  
I saw him shoot an informant once,  
bullet right in the back of the  
knee, 'cause he thought the guy  
turned. You don't cross Walker,  
everybody knows that.

MR. CHAPEL

Well, then, I think you'd have to  
agree, Stu, he's just not cut out  
for public service.

Chapel holds out the book and pencil sharpener.

CONTINUE

27A CONTINUED: (2)

27A

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

And you're not cut out for a  
twenty year stretch.

Brownstein takes them.

28 INT. TILLY MCGINNISS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

28 \*

TILLY -- a nurse just off her shift; young, dark hair,  
glasses -- opens her front door, revealing Mr. Chapel.  
Uncharacteristically, Tilly is happy to see him.

TILLY

Mr. Chapel.

MR. CHAPEL

(entering)

How've you been, Tilly?

TILLY

Good. You?

MR. CHAPEL

Heard from your ex-husband?

TILLY

No. And thanks to you, I'm sure  
I won't. Are you here for the  
favor?

MR. CHAPEL

Yeah, yeah I am.

TILLY

What do you want?

MR. CHAPEL

These walls... covered with your  
blood.

28A INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

28A\*

Brownstein plants the pencil sharpener Chapel gave him on  
a table in a corner.

29 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

29

Brownstein plants the book Chapel gave him on Walker's  
shelf.

30 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY

30

Chapel and KC finish plugging his laptop into the room's TV. A picture appears. \*

ON TV: It's Brownstein, in Walker's office, backing away from the camera he just planted. \*

Chapel hits a button on the computer. \*

ON TV: The image CUTS to the war room. \*

Chapel hits another button. \*

ON TV: CUT back to Walker's office. And there, suddenly, Walker appears in frame behind Brownstein. Brownstein is still staring into the book-camera lens. \*

KC \*

(hides her eyes) \*

Oh, no. \*

MR. CHAPEL \*

(picks up room  
service menu) \*

Want popcorn? \*

ON TV: Brownstein backs into Walker. Brownstein jumps. \*

KC jumps, feeling Brownstein's startled fear. \*

BROWNSTEIN (ON TV) \*

Sorry, I was just -- \*

WALKER (ON TV) \*

-- yes? \*

INTERCUT: WALKER'S OFFICE \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

-- looking for you. We caught a  
call. Missing persons. The M.O.  
is the same as the Magic Man. \*

Walker turns and stares at Brownstein icily. \*

WALKER \*

That's impossible, Stuart. Isn't  
it. \*

CONTINUE

30 CONTINUED:

30

BROWNSTEIN

(shrugs, checking  
notes)

Victim's female, late twenties;  
dark hair, glasses, last seen in  
her apartment on the --

WALKER.

(exits)

You're coming with me.

31 INT. TILLY MCGINNISS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

31 \*

Crime scene. FOUR crime techs, including a Supervisor.  
Swabbing, dusting, taking polaroids and murmuring. Walker  
strides in with Brownstein and all murmuring stops dead.  
Walker and Brownstein put on rubber gloves as they enter.  
Brownstein catches the eye of the Supervisor. He shakes  
his head in Brownstein's direction.

BROWNSTEIN

No trace evidence. Same as the  
others.

WALKER

(scanning the room)

No signs of struggle. He didn't  
blitz her... talked his way in.

Walker leads Brownstein in. Walker notes a photo of Tilly.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Spray these walls for blood traces.

Shades are pulled. The Supervisor uses a spray can on the  
walls. Then steps back. Walker flicks the lights off. IN  
THE DARKNESS of the room, splash marks against the wall  
illuminate with an eerie, BLUE GLOW.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Well, I think it's pretty obvious  
what's going on here.

Everyone looks at him.

WALKER (CONT'D)

We have a copycat.

The apartment phone RINGS.

CONTINUE

31 CONTINUED:

31

WALKER (CONT'D)

Don't touch it.

Walker goes over, picks it up without speaking.

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Hi, Al. Remember me, your biggest fan?

WALKER

Yes. What do you want? \*

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

I heard you got a movie deal.  
Well, guess what? I'm your sequel. \*

CUT TO BLACK. \*

32 OMITTED

32 \*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

33 INT. N.D. SPOOKY LOCATION #1 - DAY

33

Chapel is calmly amused, while KC watches, concerned, as Brownstein paces back and forth, on the verge of implosion.

BROWNSTEIN

You're not FBI. ATF? State PD?

MR. CHAPEL

I'm Triple A. That count?

BROWNSTEIN

You killed that woman.

KC

Nobody's been killed... right?

This last to Chapel, who just smiles, shrugs.

BROWNSTEIN

There is blood all over that woman's apartment!

MR. CHAPEL

Oh. Well, gee, Stu, you're a federal agent, why don't you arrest us?

(off Brownstein's hesitation)

Come on.

BROWNSTEIN

All right, okay.  
(draws gun)  
Hands in the air.

Chapel raises his hands and in one palm reveals a small tape recorder, which plays:

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D; ON TAPE)

I didn't have anything to do with flushing the evidence --

MR. CHAPEL (ON TAPE)

Uh-huh.

BROWNSTEIN (ON TAPE)

-- Walker did it, you don't know the guy. He's crazy.

CONTINUI

33 CONTINUED:

33

Chapel stops the tape. \*

MR. CHAPEL \*

I don't know who'd love this more. \*  
The feds I'd send it to... or \*  
Walker. Care to weigh in? \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

What do you want? \*

MR. CHAPEL \*

That gun outta my face, for \*  
starters.. \*

(Brownstein holsters, \*  
capitulating) \*

Now, Walker wants to make double \*  
sure Doyer's dead, right? He's \*  
asked you to pull the death \*  
certificate again? \*

(Brownstein nods) \*

Good. Then the next part is easy. \*  
You just... tell the truth. \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

That's it? Then I'm done? \*

MR. CHAPEL \*

(so very amused) \*

Oh, no. No, no... \*

34 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Brownstein and Walker. \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

Claude Doyer's death certificate. \*

WALKER \*

(scans) \*

We don't mention him again. Clear? \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

Yes, sir. \*

BOBBIE GREEN, Assistant Director, 40's direct, attractive, \*  
knocks and enters. \*

GREEN \*

Agent Walker? Talk to you? \*



35 INTERCUT CHAPEL - INT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY 35 \*

watching on the TV screen as Brownstein exits and Walker  
confers with Bobbie Green. \*

36 OMITTED 36 \*

GREEN

We do have the right man on Death  
Row for the Magic Man killings? \*

WALKER

Absolutely.

GREEN

We got that conviction with no  
bodies. No murder weapon. Never  
even found the trophies you  
predicted. If the Magic Man's  
still out there.... \*

WALKER

Bobbie, this new guy's a copycat,  
looking to get famous off me.  
I'll get him. \*

37 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY 37

Walker paces in front of an assembled group that includes  
Brownstein. Tilly's photo is now alone on a bulletin board  
under COPYCAT. \*

WALKER

Our copycat approached me at a  
book-signing prior to killing  
Tilly McGinniss. A composite's  
been worked up.

REVEAL an 8x11-sized computer sketch of Chapel. When  
Brownstein sees this, he damn near has a cow. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)

He's approximately six-two, two-  
ten -- \*

A phone RINGS. Walker is surprised to discover that it is  
his cell phone.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Walker.

CONTINUE

37 CONTINUED:

37

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Hi there, Al?

WALKER

How'd you get this number?

Walker snaps his fingers and points to his phone.

BROWNSTEIN

(to Agent; muted  
nervousness)

Get a capture.

The Agent rushes to a desk, snaps up a phone.

38 INTERCUT CHAPEL: INT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY

38 \*

Chapel on a cell phone, holding a newspaper with Walker's picture and the headline: "YOUNG WOMAN DEAD. MAGIC MAN OR COPYCAT?"

ON TV: A wide shot of the war room, Walker pacing, on his cell.

MR. CHAPEL

Boy, you got the front page.  
That's great, Al. Hey, is that an  
old picture or did they touch it  
up?

WALKER

You aren't really reading about  
me, you're reading about yourself.  
I bet you even know how many  
people get that paper each day.

MR. CHAPEL

Actually, I don't. Hang on.

Chapel mutes the cell, crosses the room and picks up the  
room phone.

WALKER

(offended)

He put me on hold. Where's my  
trace?

The Agent brings Brownstein a slip of paper.

CONTINUE

38 CONTINUED:

38

BROWNSTEIN

It's a cell. We have the number  
and we're using the reverse  
directory to get an address.

MR. CHAPEL

Still with me, Al?

WALKER

Listen --

MR. CHAPEL

Just a second.

WALKER

(can't believe it)  
He put me back on hold.

Chapel mutes his cell phone again as the motel phone he is  
holding rings. \*

In the war room, Brownstein's desk phone rings. \*

ON TV, Chapel watches as Brownstein answers: \*

BROWNSTEIN

Brownstein.

MR. CHAPEL

Hey, Stu. Got a little job for  
you. You know how FBI telecom has  
that computer you use to trace  
calls? I need the codes. \*

Brownstein blanches.

BROWNSTEIN

(hushed)

I can't give you those -- \*

MR. CHAPEL

But you have to. See, later, I'm  
gonna re-route a trace so  
Walker -- well, I don't wanna give  
too much away but I promise, it's  
gonna be really funny. \*

BROWNSTEIN

Those codes are classified, it's  
a felony -- \*

CONTINUE

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

WALKER

(to Brownstein)

What's wrong? Who is that? \*

BROWNSTEIN

(sweating bullets)

Oh. It's... the Lab.

MR. CHAPEL

Hang on, Stu.

Chapel mutes the motel phone.

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Al. Sorry to keep you waiting.  
My goodness, a million people read  
that paper. Your face is lining  
a lotta bird cages. You're a big  
star. What you need is a theme  
song. Let me see if I can find  
some tapes you can listen to? \*

WALKER \*

Tapes? \*

Brownstein hears this and may just pass out. Chapel puts  
Walker on mute, picks up motel phone, un-mutes that. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)

He did it again. \*

Walker picks up a pencil, taps it relentlessly.

MR. CHAPEL

What do you say, Stu? \*

BROWNSTEIN

Okay. Okay.

MR. CHAPEL

Same place. One hour.

Chapel hangs up. Chapel goes back to Walker.

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Al, I can't seem to find my tapes  
right now. I'll have to call you  
later. \*

CONTINUE

— 38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

Chapel hangs up. Walker snaps the pencil between his fingers.

39 EXT. N.D. SPOOKY LOCATION #1 - DAY

39

KC looks on as Brownstein hands a slip of paper to Chapel.

MR. CHAPEL

There, that wasn't too hard, was it? \*

BROWNSTEIN

I don't believe this... \*

KC

And I don't believe an innocent man's in prison, waiting to be executed -- \*

BROWNSTEIN

You think I want that? You think I spent ten years in the Bureau so I'd end up here? I don't know what to do. \*

KC

How about your job? \*

MR. CHAPEL

All right you two, break it up or no cookies after the nap. Now Stu, since you seem a little lost, I'll tell you what -- finish the Doyer investigation. \*

BROWNSTEIN

Sorry? \*

MR. CHAPEL

Dig into the guy's life. Find the bodies, or the trophies. \*

BROWNSTEIN

Wait, that's -- I mean -- that's a huge -- I don't know if I can -- \*

MR. CHAPEL

(nods) \*

I know, which is why you'll have help. \*

(MORE) \*

CONTINUE

39 CONTINUED:

39

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)  
(smiles at KC)  
From a concerned taxpayer.

\*  
\*

40 OMITTED

40 \*

40A INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

40A\*

Empty, dark. KC and Brownstein (wearing gloves) enter,  
switch on a light.

\*  
\*

BROWNSTEIN  
Doyer was a janitor.  
(consults notes)  
He had this locker here...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They move to Doyer's locker.

\*

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sure they cleaned it out.  
This is a waste of time.

\*

KC  
Look.  
(opens it)  
Not locked, nobody using it.  
Guess nobody wanted a dead guy's  
locker.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The locker is empty.

KC (CONT'D)  
Okay. What would you do now in a  
normal investigation?

\*

BROWNSTEIN  
Have it dusted for prints, go over  
it for hair and fiber. Check for  
latent fluids, blood.  
(a pause; tapping)  
Or hidden compartments...  
(taps with his foot,  
gets a hollow sound)  
False floor.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Brownstein pulls on gloves, removes the false floor and  
finds a filthy handkerchief, rolled up in a ball.

\*

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)  
He was wearing a victim's earring  
when he died. You think -- ?

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUI

40A CONTINUED:

40A

KC

Please don't let it be fingers. \*  
Don't let it be fingers. And not \*  
a nose. Or an eyeball. I can't \*  
look at a -- \*

Stuart unwraps the handkerchief, REVEALING a framed photo \*  
of a woman who is the spitting image of the Magic Man \*  
victims and a tight-lipped, shell-shocked, little boy. \*

KC (CONT'D) \*

That Doyer? \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

And his Mom, I guess. \*

KC \*

Dark hair, glasses. How come \*  
these guys never want to kill \*  
their fathers? \*

The frame rattles. Brownstein finds a KEY behind the photo. \*

BROWNSTEIN

(turns the key over)

It's numbered. I'll run a search,  
find out what it fits.

41 INT. WALKER'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT

41

Walker enters, hearing the sound of a TV blaring. The TV \*  
is on. A "Bugs Bunny" cartoon in which Elmer Fudd hunts \*  
"da wabbit" but Bugs Bunny is sneaking up behind him. As  
a perplexed Walker looks at the T.V., Chapel comes up \*  
behind him and we see Bugs behind Elmer on TV, Chapel \*  
behind Walker in this room as -- \*

MR. CHAPEL

What's up, doc?

Walker draws and whirls. Chapel disarms Walker and there \*  
is a terrible CRUNCH from Walker's shoulder. Walker \*  
staggers. Chapel calmly ejects the clip from Walker's gun, \*  
lets it hit the floor as he tosses the gun away. \*

WALKER

How'd you get in here?

MR. CHAPEL

Magic.

CONTINUE

41 CONTINUED:

41

Using his other arm, Walker whips out his extendable baton. \*

WALKER

You like games, huh? You wanna play? \*

MR. CHAPEL

(completely unfazed)

You ever get a song in your head and just can't get it out? \*

Walker makes his move, clubs at Chapel. Chapel traps the wrist, palm strike to the interior bicep. Walker drops, stunned, in agony. \*

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Hey. I hope you don't mind, I was going through some of your case files here. \*

(crosses to desk, stacks of FBI files) \*

You put a lot of bad guys away; you were a hell of an agent. \*

(flipping) \*

And your Dad, too, huh? Worked with Hoover. Now, did they have to wear dresses back then or was that, like, optional? \*

WALKER

Don't talk about my father. \*

MR. CHAPEL

Yeah? You looked up to him? That's kinda surprising. He just did the job; never wrote a best-seller; never went on Larry King; never met Tom Hanks. Oh, and speaking of which, I want to pitch you an idea -- Pacino. \*

(grins) \*

Gives it a whole different spin. Mull it, get back to me. 'Cause forget life -- it's the movie you gotta get right. And like I said: you're gonna be famous, Al. \*

(exits) \*

So famous you won't believe it. \*

As soon as he's gone, Walker dives for the phone, dials. \*



— 42 OMITTED 42 \*

43 OMITTED 43 \*

44 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - CHAPEL'S ROOM - DAY 44 \*

KC and Chapel eating popcorn, watching TV. \*

45 INTERCUT: INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY 45 \*

Walker looks like shit, has not slept a wink, wearing the  
same clothes as the day before. \*

WALKER

...eleven crime techs, five  
analysts, three so-called  
investigators. And nobody...  
nobody can find trace evidence on  
the man who was in my house? He  
wasn't even wearing gloves. Have  
you forgotten how to take  
fingerprints? \*

BROWNSTEIN

We found oils, we know he touched  
things. But there were no prints.  
It's like... I don't know... he  
doesn't have any. \*

WALKER

He's got to have prints -- \*

KC glances over at Chapel's hand. Too late. Chapel moves  
his hand underneath the table where she cannot see. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)

-- run it again. \*  
(address the team) \*  
All right, listen up. Here's what \*  
we're looking at. An organized \*  
offender. Someone skilled and \*  
experienced in violence. \*

Brownstein looks uncomfortable. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)

He'd never use a gun -- it \*  
wouldn't be personal enough. \*

KC reacts with amazement, looks at a stoic Chapel.

CONTINUEI

45 CONTINUED:

45

WALKER (CONT'D)

A dark sense of humor, with roots  
in personal tragedy; the stressor  
that put him on his current path;  
a searing personal loss which has  
cut him off from all personal ties.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Chapel reacts, pained. KC pretends not to notice.

WALKER (CONT'D)

He needs to control his emotions  
and his environment, yet requires  
complete freedom. So. He'll seek  
familiarity by staying in a hotel  
chain. The same one wherever he  
goes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KC

(nervous)

Wow. Good guess, huh?

\*  
\*

WALKER

I already have local units --

\*

46 EXT. VARIOUS HOTELS & MOTELS/VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

46

- Police cars in motion.

- Cops swarming into lobbies.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER (V.O.)

-- spearheading a door to door  
search of every chain hotel within  
the city limits. They have our  
composite --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

- CLOSE ON A COP showing Chapel's picture to SOMEONE  
outside a motel.

\*  
\*

47 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY

47

WALKER (ON TV)

-- so I want a tactical unit ready  
to roll on their signal. Any  
questions?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Alarmed, K.C looks out the window.

CONTINUE

47 CONTINUED:

47

KC'S POV - EXT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY

Police cars out front. SIX COPS entering the premises in pairs. \*

BACK TO SCENE

KC

(scared) \*

So, this is part of the plan, right? \*

MR. CHAPEL

Actually, uh... no. \*

KC

What. \*

MR. CHAPEL

(studies TV) \*

This guy's good. \*

A LOUD KNOCK at the door.

COP 1 (O.S.) \*

Police.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

48 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - DAY

48

Two COPS burst in.

COP 1

Police!

The room's empty. No laptop, no cell phone, TV off. The Cops throw open the bathroom door -- KC, bare shoulders, behind the curtain, in the shower stall, SCREAMS --

KC

What are you doing in here!

COP 1

(holds a hand up to  
block his own view)

Sorry, ma'am. Sorry.

(fumbles for Chapel's  
composite)

Have you seen -- ?

NEW ANGLE REVEALS Chapel in the shower, right behind KC. She is mostly dressed, her top pulled down to her shoulders. Chapel is leaning against the wall, barely avoiding the spray of water, utterly calm, though the only thing that separates him from arrest is a thin film of plastic and KC.

KC

No! Out!

COP 1

We're out, we're out.

(leads partner to  
door)

Damn Fibbies oughta be doin' this.

The police exit. KC shuts off the water and pulls up her top.

MR. CHAPEL

(re: her back)

You should have that mole looked  
at.

Chapel keys his cell phone:

CONTINUEI

— 48 CONTINUED:

48

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)  
Brownstein. Go to Walker and  
say...

\*

49 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49 \*

Walker paces, pops candy -- beside himself.

BROWNSTEIN  
...the profile must have been  
wrong. They've covered every  
hotel chain in the --

\*

\*

WALKER  
Local cops. Useless.

\*

BROWNSTEIN  
Yes, sir. Uh, if I could make a  
suggestion? We need to draw him  
out, anger him, take charge. If  
you were to go on TV, you know  
he'd watch; get him riled up, get  
him to call and maybe we'd get a  
break on a trace.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WALKER  
Not bad, Brownstein.

\*

\*

50 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

50

Walker and Horn across a table. Walker is wearing an  
earpiece.

\*

\*

ON A STUDIO MONITOR: TAPE OF JOE RILEY IN PRISON

\*

JOE (ON TAPE)  
All I've tried to do is tell  
people the truth and pray to God  
someone would listen. I never  
hurt anybody in my whole life.  
This is a nightmare. For me. My  
Mom. I swear. I am not a killer.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

BACK TO TV STUDIO

HORN  
Agent Walker? How do you respond?

\*

CONTINUE

50 CONTINUED:

50

WALKER

Riley is a textbook psychopath.  
No remorse. Everybody's  
responsible but him.

\*  
\*  
\*

HORN

And the missing woman?

\*  
\*

WALKER

Again, we're in a well-established  
pattern.

(right into camera)

A copycat, whose only goal is  
fame; not even his own, a kind of  
sick, reflected glory; if it  
weren't so heinous, it'd be  
pathetic.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HORN

We have a caller.

\*

MR. CHAPEL (V.O.)

Hi there, Andy.

\*

Walker's eyes light up. He makes a hand signal --

\*

50A INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

50A\*

-- and Agents, Brownstein among them, watching Walker on  
TV, scramble --

\*  
\*

BROWNSTEIN

That's the signal. Go.

\*  
\*

51 INTERCUT CHAPEL AND KC IN THE PALADIN MOTEL ROOM

51

Chapel is also watching Walker and Horn on TV.

\*

WALKER

(to Horn)

It's him.

\*  
\*  
\*

HORN

Him? The -- ?

(Walker nods)

Oh, my God.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUE

51 CONTINUED:

51

MR. CHAPEL

(into cell phone,  
which is plugged  
into his computer)

Agent Walker, I was just  
wondering. How, after all that  
FBI training, could you turn out  
to be such a great big sissy?

KC rolls her eyes, tries not to laugh.

WALKER

Is that what you really called to  
tell me? I mean, is that the best  
you can do?

Chapel unfolds the paper Brownstein gave him. On it, the  
trace codes. He types them into his computer.

MR. CHAPEL

Well, I guess I could talk about  
your Dad, a guy who was a real FBI  
agent --

WALKER

No, let's talk about you, let's --

MR. CHAPEL

-- not some little scaredy boy  
saying, look, look, I'm on TV, I'm  
famous. My Lord, if he could see  
you now, he'd spank your butt and  
send you to your room.

KC

(shakes her head)

Boys.

WALKER

(losing it)

Keep talking, that's right, 'cause  
you're going down, you're gonna  
get the cage right next to Riley,  
and you're gonna get the same  
needle, you hear me!

51A INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

51A'

Brownstein leans into a computer screen that reads TRACE  
COMPLETE. He gulps.

CONTINUE

51A CONTINUED:

51A

BROWNSTEIN

Uh, tell Walker... we got it.

\*  
\*

51B INT. TV STUDIO/INT. CHAPEL'S ROOM (INTERCUT) - DAY

51B\*

Walker raises his hand to his earpiece. Listens. Nods.

\*

MR. CHAPEL

What are you getting so mad about?

I'm just expressing my opinion.

Gee, Andy, he hurt my feelings.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Chapel hangs up. TV STUDIO OUT. Chapel dials.

\*

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Hello, I'd like to speak to the news director? Yeah, about a false arrest? No, it's gonna happen.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

52 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

52

An OLD MAN is just exiting a phone booth. Sedans slam to a stop around him. Terrified, he freezes. FBI AGENTS fly out, draw down, as NEWS CREW arrives in a van and --

\*  
\*  
\*

53 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - NIGHT

53

Brownstein, Green, Walker and the rest of the Tactical Team watch the room's T.V. set --

\*  
\*

GREEN

This is running on every major news network.

ON TV: The FBI Agents cuff the Old Man and shove him roughly against the car.

\*  
\*

GREEN (CONT'D)

Leonard Sharf. Sixty-seven.

Arrested by the FBI for calling you a sissy.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

(exploding)

That was no old man on the phone, it was the copycat! He got our trace codes --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREEN

How?

\*  
\*

CONTINUE



53 CONTINUED:

53

WALKER

-- the hell do I know! He re-  
routed the call! He's trying to  
make me look ridiculous!

GREEN

Well, he's on his game.

WALKER

Kiss my ass.

An electric silence in the room. Green stays calm, in  
charge.

GREEN

No more talk shows, no more  
interviews, no more lunches with  
your editor. Catch this guy. Or  
step off.

She exits.

54 EXT./INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

54

KC and Brownstein approach.

BROWNSTEIN

I'm telling you, she wiped the  
floor with the guy, I've never  
seen anything like it, I mean,  
Alan Walker with nothing to say,  
jeez, it was beautiful. That  
camera in there, you guys are  
taping all this so I can watch it  
later, right?

KC

Careful, Stuart, you almost sound  
like you're having a good time.

BROWNSTEIN

Yeah, well...

As KC looks on, Brownstein tries the key from the photo  
frame in the lock. It works. They exchange a look and  
roll up the metal door, REVEALING a cobwebbed pile of junk  
(including a huge aquarium). And in the center of it all,  
a boat.

CONTINUE

54 CONTINUED:

54

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D)  
(moving around the  
boat)

No wonder we never found the  
bodies.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

54A INT. BOAT - DAY

54A\*

KC pulls a penlight out of her purse. She and Brownstein  
scan the darkness. The inside of the boat is dusty but  
very orderly.

\*  
\*  
\*

BROWNSTEIN  
He was a janitor, liked everything  
clean; scrubbed the crime scenes,  
dumped the bodies in the ocean.  
Water, soap. Everything with this  
guy was about being clean...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KC  
(points)  
What about that?

\*  
\*  
\*

BROWNSTEIN  
What?

\*  
\*

She moves to a door, opens it.

\*

KC  
This bathroom is filthy. Look.

\*  
\*

The penlight shows a rusted, dirty toilet, backed up water,  
filth on the floor, the walls. And next to the toilet, a  
loose panel on the floor. She kneels and pulls the panel  
up. Peers into the black maw.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KC (CONT'D)  
There's something down there.

\*  
\*

She starts to reach. Brownstein stops her.

\*

BROWNSTEIN  
Hang on.

\*  
\*

He picks up a steel-handled mop, pokes it in and --

\*

SNAP! Pulls the mop back up, into the light, a steel  
beartrap now clamped to it.

\*  
\*

KC  
Thanks.

\*  
\*

CONTINUE

54A CONTINUED:

54A

He throws it aside, takes her light, shines it into the hole and gropes around in there. \*

And comes up with a small steel box. Looks like a kid's treasure chest. Also rusted, filthy. \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

Some things he wanted to be dirty. \*

Brownstein opens it. Inside, four earrings. Each distinct. Each bloody. \*

KC \*

Oh, my God. \*

55 OMITTED

55 \*

56 OMITTED

56 \*

57 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

57 \*

Walker pacing, smoking, on edge. He goes to the window, a boiling cauldron inside. That's when he sees it. A tiny reflection of light. Walker follows the reflection to the book that Brownstein planted for Chapel. Walker passes by the book, smoking and checking it out nonchalantly. And his face tell us that he knows it's a camera. He shouts to an assistant: \*

WALKER \*

Page Brownstein. Tell him to meet me at the Race Street parking lot. \*

58 EXT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

58 \*

Brownstein and KC walk to their cars. Brownstein hears his beeper, checks it. \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

Walker. 911. I better go. \*

KC \*

Can I have the, uhhh...? \*

BROWNSTEIN \*

(hands her the treasure chest) \*

This is going to the police, right? \*

CONTINUE

58 CONTINUED:

58

KC

Eventually.

(he hesitates)

Don't worry, Stuart, you're doing  
the right thing.

She uses her sleeve to cover her fingers as she takes the  
chest.

BROWNSTEIN

Thanks.

KC

For -- ?

BROWNSTEIN

Y'know, doing the right thing.

59 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - NIGHT

59 \*

Chapel opens the treasure chest, sees the earrings.

MR. CHAPEL

Oh, my, my, my.

KC

Now what?

MR. CHAPEL

In twenty minutes, I want you to  
call Agent Walker. Tell him  
you're a news producer and his  
boss, Bobbie Green, is at his  
house, giving a press conference,  
accusing him on camera of  
dereliction of duty. And would he  
like to respond?

He exits with the treasure chest.

60 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

60

Brownstein enters the lot. Looks around. Checks his pager  
again. Then, out of the shadows, Walker appears behind  
him. He snaps the baton open. Brownstein turns. Walker  
strikes.

61 INT. WALKER'S HOME - DEN - NIGHT

61 \*

Chapel dials his cell phone.

62 INTERCUT: INT. FBI WAR ROOM - NIGHT 62 \*

Bobbie Green answers -- \*

GREEN

Green.

MR. CHAPEL

This is Ray Colburn at KPJT news. \*  
We're interviewing Dr. Walker and  
we thought you might want to  
respond to his charges.

GREEN

I don't know what you're talking \*  
about.

MR. CHAPEL

Incompetence. Mismanagement. \*  
Says you're to blame for this  
copycat being on the loose. And  
my goodness, the interview starts  
at...

(checks his watch --

6:45)

...7:30. I sure hope you can be \*  
at Walker's house to tell your  
side. \*

Chapel hangs up and hefts a sloshing bucket of something \*  
wet and shiney-red. \*

63 OMITTED 63 \*

64 OMITTED 64 \*

65 INT. PALADIN MOTEL - NIGHT 65 \*

KC

(into phone)

I'm with KMKK and I need to speak \*  
to Agent Walker. Can you get word \*  
to him? \*

- KC watches the war room on TV. No Brownstein. No Walker. \*  
She CUTS TO Walker's office. Empty. \*

KC (CONT'D)

What about Agent Brownstein? All \*  
right. \*

- Worried, KC rings off and and dials. \*

65A INTERCUT: CHAPEL - INT. WALKER'S DEN - NIGHT 65A\*

He's whistling as he drops a scrub brush and a spray can into the bucket. His cell phone rings. \*

MR. CHAPEL  
(into phone) \*

Yeah. \*

KC  
I've got a weird feeling. I can't get ahold of Walker or Brownstein and nobody knows where they are. \*

66 OMITTED 66 \*

67 EXT. N.D. SPOOKY LOCATION #2 - NIGHT 67

Brownstein is on his knees, cuffed to the handle of an open door, dazed, bleeding. The car's still running. Walker's under the hood -- \*

WALKER  
Stuart, I'm very disappointed in you. \*

BROWNSTEIN  
What're you doing?

WALKER  
I took you fresh out of the Academy. Shepherded your career. \*

REVEAL Walker hooking jumper cables up to the battery. He brings the other ends toward Brownstein --

BROWNSTEIN  
Walker. Walker, you don't have to do this. \*

WALKER  
Tell me why you put the camera in my office. \*

Brownstein looks at Walker, defiant. \*

WALKER (CONT'D)  
See? I do have to... \*

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

68 EXT. N.D. SPOOKY LOCATION # 2 - NIGHT 68 \*

Walker clicks the jumper clips -- they spark. \*

WALKER

Who're you working for, Stuart? \*

BROWNSTEIN

Joe Riley. Remember him? \*

WALKER

Internal Affairs. \*

BROWNSTEIN

Worse. Believe me. \*

WALKER

(closer with the  
clips) \*

Who? \*

Brownstein will not answer. Walker's cell phone RINGS. \*

BROWNSTEIN

If I had to guess... that's him. \*

WALKER

Who. \*

BROWNSTEIN

Answer it, find out. C'mon, Alan.  
What's the matter? He got you  
scared? \*

Walker throws the cables down and answers his cell: \*

WALKER

Walker. \*

69 INTERCUT - CHAPEL - INT. WALKER'S DEN - NIGHT 69 \*

MR. CHAPEL

Hey. This a bad time? \*

Walker looks at Brownstein. \*

WALKER

You're working with my agent. \*

CONTINU

69 CONTINUED:

69

MR. CHAPEL

Oh, it's so much worse than that,  
Alan. Your boss is going to be at  
your house in about... ohhh...  
fifteen minutes.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

How do you know?

\*

MR. CHAPEL

I talked to her. Bobbie Green.  
I like that... woman with a guy's  
name. Is that weird?

\*  
\*

WALKER

What did you say to her?

\*

MR. CHAPEL

Put it this way. You get here  
before she does, everything'll be  
okay. You don't... well, it's  
gonna be really bad for you. All  
that Joe Riley, Claude Doyer  
stuff, it's coming out, Alan,  
unless we talk. In thirteen  
minutes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Chapel hangs up.

\*

70 OMITTED

70 \*

70A INT. WALKER'S DEN - NIGHT

70A\*

Walker shoves Brownstein through, using him as a shield.  
Chapel is at the desk, feet up, leaning back, eating  
peanuts.

\*  
\*  
\*

MR. CHAPEL

You made good time.

\*  
\*

WALKER

Who the hell are you?

MR. CHAPEL

Think of me as a bill collector.  
And you're a little past due.  
Mind if I hit the lights?

\*  
\*

WALKER

What -- ?

\*  
\*

CONTINUE



- 70A CONTINUED:

70A

MR. CHAPEL  
(crossing to switch)  
I'm moving slow, hands up, palms  
out, I know the drill.

Chapel flicks off the lights. REVEAL the walls decorated  
in eerie glowing blue marks from a spectacular splashing of  
blood and luminol treatment.

WALKER  
Oh... my... God.

MR. CHAPEL  
Great stuff, isn't it? Makes your  
bloodstains kinda hard to miss.

WALKER  
My -- ? I didn't --

MR. CHAPEL  
You're a very sick man, Al, did  
you know that? Very sick, you  
need a lot of help.

WALKER  
What is this?

MR. CHAPEL  
You're the killer. That's why you  
sent an innocent man to jail; why  
the killings didn't stop. You're  
the Magic Man, Al.  
(laughs)  
Gonna make a great headline.

WALKER  
This doesn't prove a thing. I'll  
tell you what really happened.  
You killed them, then I killed you  
and Brownstein in self --

Chapel turns the light back on.

Walker blinks at the brightness and in that moment, Chapel  
steps close and WHACKS Walker's arm.

MR. CHAPEL  
Still a little sore?

Chapel snatches the gun.

CONTINUE

70A CONTINUED: (2)

70A

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Hey, Al? Remember the Magic Man's trophies? The earrings you never found 'cause, well, you never looked?

(holds up one)

Brownstein found 'em, all four. And the other three are somewhere in this room -- hidden.

Walker shoves Brownstein away and turns his gun on Chapel.

WALKER

Where?

MR. CHAPEL

Boss'll be here in two minutes. Tick-tock, Al.

WALKER

(to Brownstein)

What the hell are you doing this for? For Riley? Nobody's gonna believe you --

BROWNSTEIN

I don't know, Alan, working for you, I got to be a pretty good liar.

Furious, Walker tears at the bookcase, pulling down copies of his own books. Then yanks drawers of his desk open, ripping out files, frantic. The DOORBELL RINGS.

MR. CHAPEL

Sorry, Al, time's up. But --  
(picks up a book from  
the floor)

-- if it's any consolation, when your boss walks in, sees the blood and finds the trophies and Brownstein testifies against you 'cause you're this insane serial killer, well, guess what? That's gonna make you --

Walker looks at his own autograph in the book: "From the most famous FBI Agent ever to his biggest fan."

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED: (3)

70A

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

-- the most famous FBI agent,  
ever. Just like I promised.

The DOORBELL RINGS a long time, someone leaning on it.

WALKER

What do you want from me?

MR. CHAPEL

Joe Riley isn't a killer. You  
knew that. But you didn't care.  
Start caring --

The DOORBELL RINGS even LONGER.

MR. CHAPEL (CONT'D)

-- and all this could go away --

Now, the sound of a door opening.

GREEN (O.S.)

Walker!

Mr. Chapel moves to a doorway.

MR. CHAPEL

-- like magic.

Chapel exits out one door just as Green comes in another.

GREEN

What the hell's going on?

Brownstein looks at Walker.

BROWNSTEIN

Alan? Want to fill her in?

71 OMITTED

71 \*

72 OMITTED

72 \*

73 OMITTED

73 \*

73A EXT. WALKER'S HOME (MOS) - DAY

73A\*

A cuffed, dispirited Walker gets led through a gauntlet of  
reporters with flashbulbs popping.

CONTINUE

73A CONTINUED:

73A

BROWNSTEIN (V.O.)  
Agent Alan Walker today confessed  
to concealing evidence, in order  
to secure the conviction of Joseph  
Riley --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

74 INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

74

Brownstein stands tall, holds a press conference,  
surrounded by popping flashbulbs.

BROWNSTEIN  
-- in the Magic Man Serial Murders.  
(murmurs sweep  
through the room)  
As a consequence, Agent Walker has  
resigned from the Bureau and pled  
guilty to perjury and obstruction  
of justice.

\*

75 OMITTED

75 \*

76 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE (MOS) - DAY

76 \*

BROWNSTEIN (V.O.)  
Joseph Riley's conviction is being  
overturned.

\*  
\*

Joe Riley plunges through a throng of reporters.

\*

BROWNSTEIN (CONT'D; V.O.)  
The FBI issues an apology to Mr.  
Riley and his family --

\*  
\*  
\*

76A INT. FBI WAR ROOM - DAY

76A\*

BROWNSTEIN  
-- for the hardship and injustice  
he has endured. A full  
investigation into --  
(refers to enlarged  
mug shots of Doyer  
on wall)  
-- Claude Doyer, deceased, is  
under way. Thank you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

77 EXT. TILLY MCGINNISS' APARTMENT - DAY

77 \*

Tilly gets out of a taxi, carrying bags. Reporters flock  
to her.

CONTINUE

77 CONTINUED:

77

REPORTERS

(various)

Ms. McGinniss -- McGinniss...

Tilly reacts to this reception, startled --

REPORTERS (CONT'D)

(various)

Where've you been?... Why did you  
let people think you were dead?

TILLY

I didn't.

REPORTERS

How'd the blood get on your walls?

78 INT. TILLY MCGINNISS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 78

REVEAL Tilly watching herself --

TILLY (ON TV)

I don't know anything about it.  
Excuse me.

ON TV: Tilly pushes her way to her front door. The  
reporters pursue, trying to get in another question.

Tilly remotes off the set.

MR. CHAPEL

Thank you, Tilly.

Tilly jumps, finds Chapel.

TILLY

You must cause more heart attacks  
than high blood pressure.

MR. CHAPEL

Sorry.

TILLY

I've got about a million phone  
calls to return, everybody  
thinking I'm dead, telling them I  
was off camping by myself. Who's  
gonna believe that? Everybody  
knows I hate camping.

CONTINUE

78 CONTINUED:

78

MR. CHAPEL

Well. I appreciate what you did.  
We're done, now. And I'm out of  
your life forever.

\*  
\*

She looks at him, wanting to say something. He smiles  
sadly and moves to the door.

\*  
\*

79 INT. JOE RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

79

Joe opens his refrigerator, takes out a beer, cracks it and  
swigs, savoring. The phone RINGS.

\*  
\*

JOE

(into phone)

Hello?

MR. CHAPEL (O.S.)

Hi, Joe.

\*

JOE

Mr. Chapel.

\*

80 INTERCUT CHAPEL OUTSIDE JOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

80

MR. CHAPEL

How's your mom?

JOE

Fine. She's sleeping.

MR. CHAPEL

And you?

JOE

Glad to be home.

(a pause)

I'll never be able to thank you.

MR. CHAPEL

You don't have to. Just live your  
life... and I'll be in touch.  
About that favor.

Chapel hangs up and slips into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END