

DRIFT

"pilot"

Created by Paul Anderson

Written by John Glenn

TOUCHSTONE / ABC
BRANCATO SALKE

NETWORK DRAFT #2
JANUARY 3, 2006
(starred)

ACT I

EXT. CENTRAL PARK & 103 RD STREET - NIGHT

1:10 AM. Empty. Quiet and green. Peace at the heart of chaos. Most people sleep, but not all. This is confirmed when a --

NEON-COLORED GOLF BALL bounces into frame and rolls gently onto a pie tin. From O.S., a VOICE breaks the stillness --

RAY (O.S.)
Did he do it!? He did!

We PAN OVER to see RAY HAKANSOVICH (35) carrying a crappy old bag of golf clubs.

RAY (CONT'D)
Pitch in from twenty yards and the crowd
at Pebble Beach goes crazy!

Instantly there's something different about Ray, and it's not just the fact that he's golfing at 1 a.m. on a 'made-up' course in Central Park. It's his voice, glint in his eyes, his swagger, tilt of the head, and his sardonic smile.

Ray grabs the ball from the pie tin, saunters to a nearby oak. Crudely CARVED INTO THE TRUNK we see: *9th hole, par 5, 477 yards.*

Ray tees his ball, grabs his driver, settles in to swing....

RAY
(mockingly serious, to himself)
Everyone knew it would come down to
this... Ray Hakansovich, tired, haggard -
and Tiger Woods, combatants, men engaged
not only in battle, but men engaged in a
fight against the other's very destiny.

Ray quiets, concentrates, pulls back and WHACK! The ball sails a good 250 yards. Ray grins.

RAY
Tiger is hurting.

Then MUSIC -- a tinny, blaring rendition of *BLONDIE'S 'HEART OF GLASS.'* It's Ray's CELL. He answers.

RAY
Yeah?

GEORGIA (OVER CELL PHONE)
Hey, it's Georgia. I wake you?

RAY
No. I'm playing golf.

GEORGIA (OVER CELL PHONE)
I'm not joking, Ray. Get out of bed.
We have a body. Hudson Pier.

Georgia clicks off. Ray too. Ray slides his driver away and reaches for something we missed before: a holster hanging from the bag -- a .45 Caliber Glock tucked safely inside.

EXT. HUDSON PIER (BOARDWALK) - NIGHT (2:00 AM)

Ray appears from a nearby alley, golf bag over his shoulder. COP CARS surround the gated-entrance to the Hudson Pier which centers on a shop-laden BOARDWALK AREA.

Ray passes beneath yellow tape -- it seems night turns to day as he enters the glow of the NYPD's craned ZEON LIGHTS. TAYLOR (25), rookie, wide-eyed, offers an odd look before saying --

TAYLOR
Sorry we had to wake you, Detective.

RAY
I was up.

Ray walks onto the river's break-wall. We follow him from behind -- moving through the cops -- friendly and smiling nods from them all, Ray's a superstar amongst them.

Finally, Ray reaches the BREAK-WALL'S EDGE. We PULL UP to see --
THE BODY OF A WOMAN LYING ON THE RIVERBANK BELOW

She's beautiful, in her prime. A wound to her neck. Oddly, a bouquet of roses lies beside her. A lone set of SHOE PRINTS in the sand lead to her body. From this HIGH ANGLE we SWING BACK DOWN to --

RAY. He's just standing there -- silent -- *scanning the whole crime scene* -- almost like he were in some 'zone.' Then --

WILSON (O.S.)
Ray?

Ray turns to find WILSON (40). Wilson's wearing an ORANGE jacket with 'CSI' written on the back in trillion-size font. Wilson thinks of himself as God, indispensable, a modern crime solver.

WILSON
Look, before you go tearing into the
crime scene, give my men time with it.
I don't want it compromised.

Ray looks over to the CSI VAN: more guys in orange jackets -- they're putting on plastic booty's and hair nets.

RAY

Absolutely. Wouldn't want us
detectives getting in the way.

(smiles)

But Wilson, there are *some things*
detectives see that CSI guys miss.

Wilson, adjusting his head-worn, plastic-pronged snake lamp,
throws a skeptical glare towards Ray.

WILSON

Really? 'Things' like what?

RAY

'Things' like the tide.

Wilson turns to the riverbank below -- river water now laps
against the woman's body -- THE TIDE IS COMING IN, *FAST*.

WILSON

Oh, damn....

SMASH TO:

A MAD HOUSE OF ACTIVITY -- as the CSI unit races to the woman's
body with evidence collection gear... but they won't beat the
TIDE. It washes over the body, DESTROYING THE CRIME SCENE. *

QUICKLY, the CORONER'S MEN sweep in and remove the woman.

Ray is on the remaining beach -- examining one of the shoe prints
in the sand: an impression of Jordan slamming a basketball.

GEORGIA (O.S.)

So much for evidence.

We pull wider to REVEAL GEORGIA FIELDS (29), Ray's partner.
Georgia is smart, good, and refreshingly absent the normal
gruffness forced upon women working in a 'man's world.' *

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I hate starting at zero.

RAY

We always start at zero.

GEORGIA

(off the water-logged crime scene)

Then call this one negative ten.

Ray jumps back onto the boardwalk, joining Georgia. They
begin a familiar ritual. *

RAY

Over, under?

GEORGIA
I need more information.

RAY
She's been dead for only an hour.
Not homeless, too well dressed.

GEORGIA
ID?

RAY
No ID found on her.

GEORGIA
Over.

RAY
Under.

GEORGIA
We're gonna solve this in under 48
hours? ID can take a day.

RAY
I got a feeling.

GEORGIA
You and your feelings. What's on the
line?

RAY
Dinner?

GEORGIA
Dinner? We always do dinner.

RAY
Do we not have fun at dinner? We have
fun at dinner.

GEORGIA
We have fun, Ray. Fine, dinner.
(beat)
So who found the body?

SAM (V.O.) *
Fish bite good here at night.

EXT. BOARDWALK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Georgia speak with SAM (60). Sam holds a fishing rod in *
his hand -- he has a Morgan Freeman vibe -- an old 'smokehound' *
with a checkered past he's only recently moved beyond. *

SAM (CONT'D) *

I was just arriving and I see her
laying there, not moving. I thought
she was asleep at first.

RAY

You saw no one else?

SAM *

Boardwalk was a ghost town. Not a
soul around.

The Coroner's men wheel the BODY away. Sam watches. *

SAM *

I already got twice as much life as
her. That doesn't seem fair. *

RAY *

Georgia, write him up. I want to
check something out.

THE BOARDWALK

Ray facing the PIER and the RIVER. At the break-wall's edge,
the street lamp's light falls off into oblivion. The riverbank
it isn't visible from here at all.

THE PIER

Ray walks through the now open gate. He sits, looks over the washed-
out bank below, studying the crime scene. Then something odd -- *

A pair of TINY LEGS pass behind Ray. These belong to an eight
year old named MADDIE. She sits beside Ray, legs playfully
dangling over the pier's edge. It's an odd, strange moment.

MADDIE

So?

RAY

So?

MADDIE

So what about the tide? Just our bad
luck?

RAY

It could have been.

MADDIE

Mmm. Something about it's off, like
your socks.

Ray looks to his socks: they're mismatched.

MADDIE

You have to stop that. It's a sign of
mental fatigue. And people who don't
sleep much can start seeing things.

*
*

A beat -- feels like Ray might address this last point -- he doesn't.

RAY

They're socks. Who notices?

MADDIE

People notice. Trust me.

(beat)

What are you thinking about?

RAY

The woman. What was she doing up in
the middle of the night?

MADDIE

You're up in the middle of the night.

RAY

Because she's dead -

MADDIE

- You were up before that.

RAY

That's different.

A beat. Maddie and Ray thinking, then --

*

MADDIE

The bouquet of roses. I'm guessing
she worked at the flower shop across
the street?

RAY

I thought about that.

Maddie's voice is sophisticated and knowledgable. It's surreal
listening to her speak with the confidence of a seasoned
detective. She unwraps a piece of gum -- pops it in her mouth.

*

MADDIE

No one could see the body from the
boardwalk, too dark and hidden by the
break-wall. And pier closes at eight.
The Old Man, he only saw her because
he sneaks onto the pier to fish.

*

(pointing to a loose mesh of fence)

He slipped in over there.

*

(ruminating on something)

*

What about this theory: The Old Man
sees the victim leaving work. He
decides on a quick score. Robs her,
she fights, he kills her.

*

*

*

*

*

RAY

If he killed her, why's he wait around
for the cops to show? Doesn't track.

*
*
*

MADDIE

Maybe. Say it wasn't the Fisherman,
we know if it weren't for him, she
washes away in the river and no one
finds her for days. Killer gets a
nice head start, clues all go cold.

*
*
*
*

RAY

Then our victim's a target - not a
random act or a robbery. We don't
have any evidence of that.

*

MADDIE

I have a feeling.

RAY

You and your feelings.

GEORGIA (O.S.)

Ray!?

Ray turns to find -- GEORGIA. From her POV: RAY IS ALONE.

GEORGIA

Talking to yourself again?

Ray looks back to Maddie -- SHE'S GONE. He answers Georgia.

RAY

Just thinking out loud.

Ray stands, grabs his clubs. Georgia watches, worry in her eyes.

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Clock reads 3:17 AM. Georgia yawns as she enters the 911
BANK: A ROOM full of OPERATORS who answer call after call.
Georgia's greeted by THOMMS (33), rotund, not easy to miss.

*
*

THOMMS

Whaddaya doing lurking about in the
middle of the night? You bored?

GEORGIA

Homicide. I need tonight's call-logs.

Thomms types a command into his computer -- turns to his printer
as it begins to print.

THOMMS

People ever stop killing? I mean,
when da'ya get a break?

GEORGIA

Same time world peace takes hold.

THOMMS

Least you don't have too much longer
to wait. I look around New York today
and I'm feeling a goddamn Xanadu
coming on.

Thomms rips a sheet of paper from his printer -- hands
Georgia a record of tonight's 911 calls.

THOMMS

So, what 'a ya looking for?

GEORGIA

A place to start.

RAY'S OFFICE

Ray, carrying two coffees, walks in to find Georgia looking
through the print-out of the 911 calls. He hands her a coffee.

RAY

Anything.

GEORGIA

No. Two missing persons calls. One a
teenage boy. The other a ninety year
old man with Alzheimers.

RAY

That's surprising. She looks like the
kind of girl someone would miss.

GEORGIA

You want to go see Sal now?

CAPTAIN DICARO (O.S.)

You son of a bitch.

Ray and Georgia spin round to find CAPTAIN JOSEPH DICARO (48)
filling in the doorway. Dicaro is usually soft-spoken, but not *
now because it's late and he's tipsy.

RAY

What?

CAPTAIN DICARO

What? Jimmy Rose, Ray. Jimmy Rose!

RAY
(blank)
 And?

CAPTAIN DICARO
 His retirement party was last night.

RAY
 Jimmy Rose is retiring?

Dicaro and Georgia give Ray a stare.

GEORGIA
 Ray, you planned his party.

RAY
 Really... ? Well, that is unusual,
 then.
(then)
 Was he pissed?

CAPTAIN DICARO
 Yeah he was pissed. He was your first
 partner. What's wrong with you?

RAY
 Just... forgot. I gotta call him.

Ray walks out. Georgia stands, but Captain Dicaro stops her --

CAPTAIN DICARO
 I don't get it. Guy catches details
 of crime scenes that pictures don't.
 But then he forgets his first
 partner's retirement party.

GEORGIA
(shrugging off concern)
 He's Ray.

CAPTAIN DICARO
 Commander has him up for a psych review.

Georgia's face tells us that she didn't know. *

CAPTAIN DICARO
 Ray didn't tell you, huh?
(she doesn't answer)
 Look, we all know what happened, but
 he's getting worse. Talking to
 himself, carrying golf clubs around. *
 Commander's hearing the whispers. *
 He's bucking for City Hall and he
 ain't gonna let anyone screw that up. *

GEORGIA

Ray still closes every case. Whatever it is about his 'process,' it works.

CAPTAIN DICARO

Maybe. But no one's too good to get bounced. *

Captain Dicaro's words hang there.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE: ABOVE THE DEAD WOMAN'S BODY: William Orbit's 'Adagio for Strings' playing over the image.... WE'RE SPIRALING DOWN CLOSER....

GEORGIA (V.O.) *

I never get used to dead bodies. All that was once inside, movements, energy, a soul... just suddenly gone.

RAY (V.O.)

Get used to it and you're no good. Besides, getting used to it is just another way of saying 'I don't care anymore.' *

WE FLOAT DOWN TO THE WOMAN'S BODY -- PULLING UP AND WIDE to REVEAL Georgia and Ray standing beside it. We're in the M.E.'s office --* it's hospital clean -- a few CORPSES on tables -- otherwise empty.

GEORGIA

Where's Sal?

On cue the M.E., SAL BIANCA (35), enters. Sal is smart, kind, has red hair that is constantly flipping from one side of his head to the other -- like it were trying to escape his body. And Sal always has intelligent, neoteric techno playing in the b.g.

SAL

Okay, so here it is, all preliminary of course: she's around thirty. She *wasn't* raped, so we can rule out sexual predators. Blunt-force trauma to the back of her head, then she was stabbed with a thin, very sharp blade - surgical tool, maybe a scalpel.

Georgia points to the dead woman's left hand -- WE SEE a PALE CIRCLE round her 'ring' finger.

GEORGIA

Wedding ring's gone?

SAL
 Yep. That's it, folks.

GEORGIA
 Whole lot of zero. You still say under? *

RAY
 Not even worried.

Georgia just says, "Mmm."

SAL
 I'm thinking this is a robbery gone bad. Least everything points to that.

RAY
 It's too early to call.

GEORGIA
 Then where's her purse?

RAY
 Maybe the tide washed it away?

GEORGIA
 Tide pull the wedding ring from her finger, too?

RAY
 Might be an explanation for the ring.

GEORGIA
 Until we find it, robbery's the number one theory.

FOCUS ON RAY: thinking -- looking at the dead woman -- lying there -- her eyes open.... Ray staring into them.... we SLOWLY MOVE CLOSER TO RAY... the environment around us begins morphing, oscillating -- Ray's reality changing in front of him as we PUSH closer INTO HIS EYES -- *

SLAM TO:

A VIEW INSIDE RAY'S HEAD

We call this RAY'S **RECALL**... A CRYSTAL CLEAR 'MEMORY' of the CRIME SCENE BEFORE THE TIDE CAME IN. Being in this 'recall mode,' VISUALLY, it reminds us of "The Matrix's" BULLET TIME, a 360 DEGREE OPTICAL ANALYSIS COVERING EVERY ANGLE OF THIS PAST MOMENT. The effect is extraordinary. *

FLASHING IMAGES: WILSON AND THE CSI TEAM RACE TO BEAT THE TIDE. THE WOMAN'S BODY. THE ROSES ON THE GROUND. A SNICKERS WRAPPER. A DISCARDED 40 OUNCE BOTTLE OF BEER. THE SET OF SHOE PRINTS TRACKING TO THE BODY IN THE SAND. Then -- *

Ray's 'RECALL' focuses on -- *THE OPEN DOOR OF A POLICE CAR* parked on the boardwalk. *FREEZE FRAMES / SNAP SHOTS* take us closer, closer to the car -- *CONCENTRATING ON THE DOOR'S SIDE MIRROR* --

NOW WE ARE LOOKING INTO THE SIDE MIRROR -- *SNAP-SHOTING CLOSER IN*, until -- we SPY A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR: *THE FORM OF A MAN STANDING DOWN THE RIVER BANK, HIDDEN IN SHADOW, JUST WATCHING* --

GEORGIA (V.O.)

Ray? Ray?

BACK TO SCENE

GEORGIA'S VOICE SNAPS RAY BACK -- he was just standing -- motionless for a few seconds -- a slip in time. Sal eyes Ray, raising a brow.

GEORGIA

What's wrong?

RAY

There was someone there.

Off Sal and Georgia's peculiar looks, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON PIER - NIGHT

Ray and Georgia exit their sedan. Windy. Dark. Ray eyes the pier, then looks to his right. Down that way the riverbank widens where a cluster of large rocks crop up to the boardwalk.

RAY

He was standing down by the rocks.

GEORGIA

Why didn't we grab him then?

RAY

I didn't see him then. It's something I remembered.

WALKING NOW: Georgia fumbling over rocks, trying not to ruin her * shoes.

GEORGIA

These are DKNY, Ray. Brand new. I *
screw them up, it's on you.

RAY

How's it on me? We're solving a crime here, not working a fashion show.

GEORGIA

We're walking in mud over rocks
because you had one of your
'memories,' which are granted, usually
good. But there's nothing out here.
You saw a shadow.

*
*
*

RAY

That look like a shadow?

*
*

Georgia follows Ray's gaze to see a makeshift TENT tucked between
two large rocks.

*
*

CLOSER

*

Georgia searching the tent with her flashlight -- it's empty, save
for one intriguing item: A WOMAN'S PURSE. Georgia reaches for it --
opens the purse and finds the VICTIM'S DRIVERS LICENCE.

*
*

GEORGIA

Angela Wells. Least we know her name.

*
*

In that moment, they hear a shuffle from behind a large boulder.
Georgia points her light behind the rock when --

*
*

WHAM! A MAN BOLTS -- SMASHING INTO GEORGIA! RUNNING! Georgia
falls -- but Ray instantly trips the man, who drops face first.

*
*

HOMELESS MAN (V.O.)

I didn't do anything. I just don't
want to get blamed for the girl.

TIME JUMP

The Homeless Man, ELWOOD (35) is cuffed now -- this is clearly the
man Ray saw in the cop car's mirror during his 'recall.' Ray and
Georgia question him -- Georgia looking through the purse.

*
*
*

RAY

You don't want to get blamed, you
better start talking.

ELWOOD

I was asleep, I heard a scream. But
you know, wind, kids come up here. I
didn't anything of it. So I'm up and I
had to take a leak. Up the beach, I
see her. I walk to her, check her,
she's dead. Then I see an old man with
his fishing pole. I split.

*
*
*

RAY

Let me see the bottom of your shoes.

*
*
*

Elwood turns a shoe bottom-side up -- he's wearing old Nike's -- *
 an image of *Jordan slam-dunking on the bottom.* *

RAY
 You saw no one else?

ELWOOD *
 No one. Riverbank was empty.

GEORGIA *
 You had her purse, Elwood.

ELWOOD *
 She was dead. What would she need *
 with it, I thought. *

From the purse, Georgia pulls out a wedding picture of Angela and *
 a MAN, smiling. *

GEORGIA
 Looks like she was married.

RAY
 Then let's go talk to the groom.

INT. RAY'S POLICE SEDAN - NIGHT

Ray drives -- car clock says 4:06 AM. Georgia yawns.

GEORGIA *
 Elwood and the Fisherman, Sam, both have *
 records. We should be grill 'em. *

RAY *
 Elwood's in jail. We know where Sam lives. *

GEORGIA *
 You buy Elwood's story? *

RAY *
 He had a dead woman's purse on him, *
 kind of a big strike against him. But *
 I'm guessing he was an opportunist. *

(then) *
 Shoe prints, they were Elwood's. It *
 makes me wonder. *

GEORGIA *
 Wonder what? *

RAY *
 Say Elwood or Sam didn't kill her, *
 how's the killer walk off without *
 leaving tracks in the sand? *

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

Or without Sam or our homeless friend
seeing him? *

GEORGIA

Sometimes luck is all you need.

RAY

Most of the time you need more.

They drive in silence, Georgia looking straight ahead. Then she squints at Ray, who is steering, his eyes vacant. Georgia looks back to the road, but she notices a jerky nod of Ray's head. She again turns to him -- sees his eyes blink heavy... then close --

GEORGIA

Ray?

NOISE! A HORN! Georgia screams! Ray snaps 'to' -- realizes he's RUN A RED LIGHT. Ray YANKS the wheel -- jerking the car OUT OF THE PATH OF A HUGE TRUCK. They skid to a stop. A pregnant pause.

RAY

Did I just almost kill you, there?

GEORGIA

That would be a fair description of what just happened. You fell asleep.

RAY

No... I ah... I just missed it.

GEORGIA

How's the sleeping? I thought it was better? *

RAY

It is. I'm sleeping like a rock. *

Georgia nods, but she doesn't believe him -- neither do we.

INT. / EXT. SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT - 4:39 AM

Ray and Georgia knock on a door. A tired and exhausted SCOTT WELLS (35) answers. Scott's a wiry guy with a nervous manner -- a kind of hard-to-pin edge that comes from fear or drugs.

RAY

Detectives Hakansovich, Fields, NYPD.
Are you Scott Wells?

SCOTT

Yes.

RAY

You have a wife named Angela? *

Maybe it's the way Ray phrased it, maybe Scott's seen one-too-many cops shows, but in that instant, Scott's gut does back-flips.

SCOTT
Where's my wife?

Ray's face -- Georgia's -- silent -- what can you say? And Scott -- he knows -- and he already looks devastated.

INT. SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT (TIME JUMP)

A small two-bedroom. On a wall of bookshelves: FRAMED PHOTOS of Scott with ANGELA -- plants -- baseball glove -- a gold awards *
plaque from work with Scott's name and company initials (M.M.I.) on *
it. Scott sits on the couch, crushed. *

GEORGIA
Anything you can think of? Anyone
argue with her at work?

RAY
Trouble with family? Friends?

SCOTT
No one disliked her. I can't think of
anything... any reason. She was an
angel. Everyone will tell you so.

GEORGIA
You last saw her when?

SCOTT
Yesterday morning. She went to work
at our flower shop. I think she
stayed late to do inventory.

RAY
The shop is at the Hudson Pier?

SCOTT
Across the street.

GEORGIA
You didn't report her missing?
Weren't you worried about her? You
haven't seen her since yesterday.

SCOTT
I wasn't worried. We ah... got into a
fight before she left for work.

Ray and Georgia exchange a look, "interesting."

RAY
Why'd you argue?

SCOTT

Money... I quit my insurance job a few months back. I'm not making as much now. She ah... she sometimes stays with her Mom when she's mad. I figured she was there.

RAY

Angela's wedding ring? Do you know where it is?

SCOTT

(sad, embarrassed)

Somewhere in here. She pulled it off, threw it at me before she left.

Ray offers Georgia a look: 'told you we'd find an explanation.'
Scott vacantly stares at the wall.

*
*

SCOTT

I can't believe this is happening....
Is this real?

*

Ray is warm, empathetic, he understands Scott's loss.

RAY

I'm sorry. I truly am.

INT. EMPIRE DINER - NIGHT (5:15 AM)

Ray and Georgia sitting in an old-school New York diner.
Eclectic night-owl crowd, Gotham classic.

RAY

Doesn't look like it was robbery.

*

GEORGIA

It's gonna be the husband. No alibi for the time she was killed. We should have pulled him in.

RAY

What's his motive?

Georgia reaches for a pack of Saltines, opens them, eats.

GEORGIA

My hunch, Angela calls Scott out on money. Scott gets angry, stewes all day about it. He goes to the shop after it closes to continue the argument. He loses it, stabs her. He drags her down onto the beach figuring no one will find her there 'till morning.

(MORE)

GEORGIA (cont'd)

That gives him enough time to get home.
What doesn't make sense about that? *

RAY

Not much. It's probably what happened. *

GEORGIA

And if it's not, there's still Sam and
Elwood. Gonna be one of the three. *

Georgia lifts her menu -- it's one of those ridiculously
large deli types -- slightly smaller than Rhode Island.

GEORGIA

How am I supposed to decide. There's
probably two hundred items on this menu.

RAY

Two hundred thirty three.

GEORGIA

You count them?

RAY

I've been here before.

Before Georgia can inquire -- *

LUNA (O.S.)

So you're the other woman?

Ray and Georgia look up to an attractive LATINA WAITRESS named
LUNA (26) who sets down two coffees. She's all smiles around
Ray -- got a big crush on him.

LUNA (CONT'D)

I swear I'm gonna take Ray away from
you one day, for good.

GEORGIA

Go ahead. I'll give you his address.

LUNA

Might take you up on that. So, you
know what you're having?

GEORGIA

(she gives up, closes the menu)
Whatever Ray's having is good.

Luna knows what Ray likes. She nods and walks off. Georgia
'doctors' her coffee -- lots of cream -- even more sugar.

RAY

Cream and sugar will kill you.

GEORGIA

Oh, this is special. You're gonna tell me what's healthy. Genius.

Georgia opens another pack of Saltines.

GEORGIA

By the way, Captain says you're up for review. Why didn't you tell me?

RAY

Guess I forgot.

GEORGIA

You forget Jimmy Rose's party. You forget to mention to me you're going under review. But you remember seeing a man standing in shadows, at night, down a riverbank.

RAY

So what?

GEORGIA

So we've been partners for five years. I've seen you good - I've seen you bad. You're looking not so good to me lately.

RAY

Where's this coming from?

GEORGIA

You stop seeing your psychologist?

RAY

(beat)

The couch was screwing up my back.

Georgia doesn't laugh. Ray keeps his eyes on her.

RAY

No shrink's bringing Maddie back. Every time I dragged my ass in there, just reminded me of why I was going.

*

GEORGIA

Look, you been acting 'off' lately. People talk. Maybe some are worried.

RAY

You?

GEORGIA

I don't worry. I care. I don't want to lose my partner.

RAY

What are you talking about 'lose your partner?' Hey. I'm fine.

(beat)

Any more questions?

GEORGIA

One. You seen Lauren lately?

Ray looks away -- mention of Lauren is a serious thing.

GEORGIA

Your anniversary's coming up.

(careful)

If I'm not wrong, you guys broke up last year, on your anniversary?

RAY

You know we did.

GEORGIA

I also know you still think about her. I'm guessing she still thinks about you. Go see her, Ray. It might help.

Ray holds Georgia's gaze -- a struggle of wills.

INT. / EXT. RAY'S SEDAN - LONG ISLAND CITY STREET - NIGHT (6:05 AM)

Still dark. Georgia steps from the car, leans through the window.

GEORGIA

Go home and sleep.

Ray nods, "Sounds good." Georgia heads to a narrow two-family stucco home on the corner, clambering up to the porch.

Ray turns to the front windshield, gazing through it stolidly. His eyes seem suddenly bottomless, penetrated with emotion. Then a VOICE breaks the moment --

MADDIE (O.S.)

I know what you're thinking, Daddy.

Ray looks back to see MADDIE IN THE BACK SEAT.

MADDIE

You're thinking about Mom. But don't you get it? Mom blames you for my death.

Off Ray's tired and troubled eyes we --

FADE OUT *

ACT II

*

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN

The SUN crests above towers of steel and concrete. The hustle and bustle of the Lower Eastside. A new day has begun.

Then oddly, the SOUNDS of SEAGULLS and CRASHING WAVES rise --

A MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Listen... listen to the sound of the
breeze... and birds.... the waves...
the ocean rocking you gently...
softly... and quietly... to sleep.

SLAM TO:

INT. A LOWER EASTSIDE APARTMENT - DAWN

Ray laying on his bed -- EYES WIDE OPEN -- staring at the ceiling. He's not asleep. The alarm clock reads 7:30 AM. The man's voice and the 'Ocean sounds' come from his CD player. Ray holds the CD up: *JUST RELAX -- GUIDED MEDITATION FOR SLEEP.*

Fuck it. Ray throws it across the room -- gets out of bed.

LIVING ROOM

We get a better look at the place: it's not big, not clean, not very fragrant. But there is a certain personality to it that reflects Ray: books on the walls, wood furnishings, modern kitchen, and golf magazines everywhere.

Ray grabs Visine off the counter -- puts a drop or two in each eye. He reaches for his overcoat, checks his hair in a hall mirror and walks out the door.

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the windows. A grandfather clock reads 8:58 AM. LAUREN (32) walks past it. Lauren is a ray of light, beautiful, deep oceanic eyes. She's on her way --

EXT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

-- to grab the paper. When she opens the door she's surprised to find RAY standing there. Ray awkwardly waves.

RAY

Hey. I brought you some milk.

Ray indeed has a gallon of milk he offers to Lauren.

RAY

In case you were out.

LAUREN

You know you're not supposed to be here.

RAY

Our anniversary's on Friday -

LAUREN

Anniversaries are for couples. We're not a couple.

RAY

Well sure, if you mean we don't see each other or talk, but that's getting kind'a technical about it, don't you think?

LAUREN

Ray, seriously, what do you want?

Ray looks at her eyes, nose, her lips, her neck -- this is the most beautiful woman in the world.

RAY

I just wanted to see you.

Lauren's eyes soften, but there's so much water under the bridge.

LAUREN

Look, Ray, you're not supposed to be here. You know that.

RAY

No, Lauren, I don't know that. Why do you keep saying that?

*

TED (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here!?

Walking in from the other room is the *anti-Ray*: TED BARKER (35), Lauren's Wall Street, way-together man. It's clear Ray's never seen this man in his life, but contradictorily, Ted says --

TED

You stop by to punch me again!?

RAY

Who the hell is this guy?

LAUREN

It's Ted, Ray. You came here a month ago and punched him, remember?

RAY

No, I ah... I don't.
(then)
Did I hit him hard?

LAUREN
Ray, stop playing games.

TED
Lauren, get rid of him or I'm
calling the cops!

Ted storms off into the house. Ray looks to Lauren

RAY
Ted's why I'm not supposed to be here?
... He's your boyfriend?

Lauren nods, "yes," sadly, almost apologetically.

RAY
(covering)
I know. I was just playing.

Ray feigns a smile, but he's devastated by Ted's presence.

RAY
They didn't have two percent.

He hands Lauren the milk, turns and leaves. Lauren watches him go.

EXT. MANHATTAN BUILDING - MORNING (ONE HOUR LATER)

*

Ray is now standing in front of an aged brick building -- a metal plaque on the wall reads DANSEUSE MEDICAL BUILDING.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
It's good to see you again, though I
can't say you look so great.

RAY (V.O.)
I'm working a case now. Tired. It's
what I should be focused on.

MATCH TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits in a chair across from an attractive woman. This is psychologist CHERYL MATTHEWS (34) -- tough, NY style therapist. This is Ray's departmental 'review' in progress.

RAY
Don't even now why I'm here. There's
nothing wrong.

CHERYL
So they send the 'nothing wrong with
them' cops to me?

RAY
They're idiots. Who knows why they do
what they do.

CHERYL

Ray, let's drop the antagonism. You can talk to me or not - but either way, I still file a report.

RAY

(beat)

Ah, the report. Right. Okay, where do we start?

CHERYL

Where we left off: sleep. It was better for awhile?

RAY

Yes.

CHERYL

Now?

RAY

Fine.

CHERYL

It'll come back. Works in cycles, insomnia. *

(beat)

Ever heard of narcoleptic drift?

Ray pauses -- then shakes his head, "no."

CHERYL

It's an acute form of sleep disorder, rare, unique. It dramatically affects the brain, can even lead to incredibly vivid hallucinations. Mostly though, it fatigues the frontal lobe to a point where it loses some function. This affects a person's ability to lay down long-term memory. So after a few weeks, what 'happens', conversations, dinners out, a friend's *retirement party*, for example - it's forgotten. *

To compensate for this, the parietal lobe, where short-term memories are stored, goes into overdrive.

RAY

And?

CHERYL

And everything within those three weeks, a person remembers in uncanny detail - like they were looking at a photograph - like they were *inside* of it. *

RAY

What's this have to do with me?

CHERYL

Ray, when you came into the room, what were the first words I said?

RAY

"It's good to see you again, though I can't say you look so great."

CHERYL

What's my last name?

A beat. Ray stumbles. Tries to pull that up -- he can't remember.

CHERYL

You came to me for fourteen months straight, two times a week. And you can't remember my last name?

RAY

I've never been good with names.

Cheryl scribbles a few notes on her pad.

CHERYL

One other thing about this condition, it's often brought on by a traumatic event one suffers.

*

Ray says nothing. He knows where this is going.

CHERYL

Can we talk about Maddie? I don't believe you ever really told me how she died.

*

*

RAY

Because I never really wanted to.

CHERYL

Now would be the time. It's important.

Ray takes a moment, he doesn't want to talk about this -- doesn't want to remember, at all. But he knows he has no choice.

RAY

Three years ago, case I was working, real scum bags. They hired a couple of guys to come after me, broke into the house. I surprise two guys in the hall. I killed one instantly.

*

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

I shoot the other in the shoulder
because now I'm only dealing with one,
I can handle one, so why kill him?

(*regret*)

I should have just killed him.

(*hard memory*)

Maddie opened the door to her room. I
turn. The guy still alive, he pulls
another gun, shoots at me... hits Maddie.

CHERYL

What else do you remember?

RAY

Roses. She put on my wife's perfume
before bed... The whole goddamn world
smelled like roses... It still does.

CHERYL

You blame yourself for Maddie's death?

Cheryl's question hangs in the air like a plague.

RAY

All I know is that Maddie was the best
thing I've ever done. With her I knew
no matter what, least I helped bring
something good into this world.

*

CHERYL

You're a detective. You stop killers.
That's doing good.

RAY

I don't stop killers. I find them
after they've killed. I take bad
people out of the world. Not the same
as putting something good into it.

CHERYL

You didn't answer my question. Do you
blame yourself for Maddie's death?

A long beat -- this is perhaps a question Ray's never faced.

RAY

I should have saved her.

CHERYL

That's a hard way to live, Ray.

RAY

I know. It takes some getting used to.

INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

Ray pilots his sedan into the police garage. The clock on the garage wall reads 10:47 AM. Ray stares at the wall of the garage, exhausted and emotional.

Painted on the wall is a slogan: "NY HOMICIDE. WE NEVER SLEEP." Ray rolls his eyes.

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - RAY'S OFFICE

Ray stares at a cork board on his office wall. Dozens of PICTURES recall the Angela Wells' crime scene.

An OLD FAN on his desk struggles to work -- its blade tapping against metal with each rotation: *tack, tack, tack, tack....* Ray notices -- it's bothersome.... *tack, tack, tack, tack....*

Ray again examines the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS -- pictures of a dead Angela. The fan: *tack, tack, tack, tack....*

Ray reaches out -- traces a picture of the pier with his finger -- stopping on LARGE CEMENT BLOCKS IN THE WATER. The environment around us begins morphing, oscillating -- Ray's reality changing in front*of him... then a BRILLIANT, shining LIGHT envelopes the room -- *

SMASH MATCH TO:

Ray standing beneath the brilliant ZEON LIGHTS at --

THE ANGELA WELLS' CRIME SCENE

RAY'S RECALL: A 360 ROTATING PERSPECTIVE OF THE SCENE. *

FLASHING IMAGES: WILSON AND THE CSI GUYS RACE TO BEAT THE TIDE. ANGELA'S BODY. THE BEER BOTTLE. THE ROSES. SNICKERS WRAPPER. THE LONE SET OF SHOE PRINTS. THEN RAY'S recall pov shifts to the THREE CEMENT BLOCKS WHICH REINFORCE THE PIER -- THEY REST TWO FEET ABOVE THE WATER AND RUN RIGHT ONTO THE RIVERBANK. SMASH TO --

IMAGES NOW OF THE HOMELESS MAN -- jumpy movements -- his mouth doesn't move -- but we hear his voice --

HOMELESS MAN (V.O.)

I saw no one. Riverbank was empty.

IMAGES NOW OF THE FISHERMAN

FISHERMAN (V.O.)

Boardwalk was a ghost town. Not a soul around.

BACK TO THE ANGELA WELLS' CRIME SCENE: SOUNDS AROUND RAY SHARPEN: city noises SEPARATE from their usual urban din: SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE, A HELICOPTER ABOVE, CARS, VOICES... *

RAY'S POV SLOWLY PANS OUT TO THE RIVER as we slowly DIAL DOWN all *
 competing city noises -- until only a single SOUND IS LEFT: the *
 'chu, chu, chu' of a BOAT'S ENGINE off in the distance. *

CAPTAIN DICARO (V.O.)

Ray? Ray?

BACK TO SCENE

Ray's office. Ray's eyes snap open to see Captain Dicaro. Georgia beside him. Ray's now sitting in the corner.

CAPTAIN DICARO

What are you doing? *

RAY

Morning meditation. Helps me relax.

Captain Dicaro frowns. Georgia steps in --

GEORGIA

We got Scott Wells' background. He has *
 a warrant out for his arrest, Ray. PD *
 went out to his and Angela's place last *
 year on a domestic, a shouting match *
 turned ugly. Scott dodged court *
 afterwards, FTA. And get this, his new *
 job, he sells surgical instruments. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

I think Scott's your guy.

RAY

I want to look at something else first.

CAPTAIN DICARO

What?

RAY

A boat.

Captain Dicaro and Georgia's face: "What?"

INT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY

Ray driving -- Georgia in the passenger seat. *

GEORGIA

You think our killer used a boat to
 leave the scene?

RAY

How's he get out of there without
 leaving tracks in the sand?

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

He steps off a boat, walks across the cement breakers, across the riverbank to the boardwalk. After killing Angela, tide washes away prints to the water-line he might have left.

GEORGIA

Or maybe he used a jet-pack.

Ray and Georgia exchange a look.

GEORGIA

We should be grilling Scott Wells right now. Not looking for boats.

RAY

Let's just check it out. One stop. Then we'll pick up Scott.

CUT TO: *

EXT. 79TH STREET BOAT BASIN - DAY

Crowded, small. Ray and Georgia exit the sedan.

RAY

This the only basin around?

GEORGIA

Only private boat basin in Manhattan.

INT. DOCK MASTER'S OFFICE

Ray and Georgia with the DOCK MASTER (37) black hair -- dark eyes -- wearing a pea coat. We sense he doesn't like cops. The Dock Master slowly flips through yesterday's log.

DOCK MASTER	RAY
Last night... last night....	(impatient)
	Last night.

DOCK MASTER	RAY
Right, last night.	Right.

RAY

Boat sounded like, "chu, chu, chu?"

The Dock Master stares at Ray, expressionlessly.

DOCK MASTER

No. No boats went out last night.

Ray's stumped. Thought he was onto something here.

DOCK MASTER

Most people don't go out at night. Mostly on the weekends, sunny days.

The Dock Master walks off just as -- Georgia's cell buzzes. She *
looks to the screen, sees a page: 187. Georgia calls in. *

GEORGIA (INTO CELL) *
It's Georgia. Right. *
(*listening, then to Ray*) *
One-eight-seven on Park Ave. Girl got *
her head smashed in. *
(*then into her phone*) *
Give it to Simms and Moss. *

RAY *
No. I want it. *

GEORGIA *
Ray, we need to pick up Scott. *

RAY *
Scott's going nowhere. I want this one. *

Georgia exhales, frustrated, then says a final word into her cell *--

GEORGIA *
Forget Simms and Moss. We'll take it. *

EXT. 430 PARK AVENUE - DAY

They pull up to one of the most expensive addresses on the
Upper Eastside. They exit. Two marked cop cars sit outside.

RAY
(*off the building*)
Now this is nice. Georgia, this is nice.

INT. 430 PARK AVENUE BUILDING - DAY

Georgia and Ray are escorted by another uniformed DOORMAN.

RAY
Okay, come on. I'm not kidding now,
this is great.
(*then to the Doorman*)
How much for one of these?

DOORMAN
It would be millions, sir.

RAY
That's not bad, I mean, when you
consider that it's so *nice*.

GEORGIA
Enough with the nice. Christ.

INT. KELLY WILKERSON'S APARTMENT

Big -- high-end -- high class. They walk through a MAIN ROOM which leads to three adjoining rooms: an OFFICE, a LARGE BEDROOM, a DEN.

A COUPLE OF BEAT COPS are here -- Wilson and his CSI men are gearing up. Wilson points Ray and Georgia towards the --

DEN

Ray enters -- Georgia too. A comfortable room -- fireplace -- couches -- piano -- A CHAIR FACED AWAY FROM THEM. A CANDLE lit on a table beside -- A DEAD WOMAN sitting in a chair -- blood running down the chair's arm -- from the back of her head.

GEORGIA

Kelly Wilkerson, twenty nine years old, Park Avenue heiress.

Ray looks at the wound on Kelly's head -- she was clearly hit with something. It registers with Ray. *

MADDIE (O.S.)

I know what you're thinking, Daddy. *

Ray turns to see Maddie sitting on the sofa. *

GEORGIA

(to Ray)

I hate chasing two killers at once. *

RAY

We're not.

(pointed)

I think the same man might have killed Angela Wells. *

Off Georgia's confused face we --

FADE OUT *

*

ACT IIIEXT. 430 PARK AVE. - KELLY'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

A wall of FIRE TRUCKS -- POLICE CRUISERS -- LOOKIE-LOOS.
Near an alley's entrance, Ray sits on the bumper of a fire engine, talking to someone just O.S.

RAY

Two women dead in twenty four hours -
both suffered blunt force trauma to the
head. Doubt it's a coincidence.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL that Ray is talking to MADDIE.

MADDIE

You really think Angela and Kelly were
killed by the same man?

Ray nods, "yes."

MADDIE

Georgia thinks Scott killed Angela.

RAY

Scott's reaction, when I told him
Angela was dead, he was shocked,
devastated. You can't fake that.

(then)

Besides, I just don't see Scott as a
killer. I don't feel it.

*
*
*
*
*

MADDIE

What's with you and the feelings?
You had a feeling about the boat, too.

RAY

I was wrong. Big deal.

Maddie takes a beat -- considering Ray's theory.

*

MADDIE

If the same man killed them, what's
his motive? And where's the
connection between Angela and Kelly?

*
*

RAY

I don't know.

*

MADDIE

Say you're right. You think he stops
at two?

*

RAY

I hope so.

MADDIE

I didn't ask what you hope. I asked what you think.

RAY

I think it doesn't stop at two.

MADDIE

Then you'd better find him, fast. *

(beat) *

You got any orange juice?

NEARBY: Georgia gets some water from a PARAMEDIC. The Paramedic watches RAY TALKING TO HIMSELF.

PARAMEDIC

Your partner the golf guy?

GEORGIA

What?

PARAMEDIC

The Detective that golfs Central Park?

(off Georgia's blank stare)

Out on calls, some of the guys have seen him walking out there in the middle of the night. That's weird, right?

CAPTAIN DICARO (O.S.)

Georgia?

Georgia spins to find Captain Dicaro.

CAPTAIN DICARO

Victim's husband is here.

Before walking away, Georgia follows Dicaro's gaze to Ray -- who's gesturing to someone who isn't there. Dicaro isn't happy.

INT. CHARLES AND KELLY WILKERSON'S APARTMENT - DAY *

DOCTOR CHARLES WILKERSON (39) sobs in a chair, devastated by the death of his wife. Ray sits next to him. Georgia looks on. *

CHARLES

She wanted to come with me... to the conference in Boston... I thought it would be a distraction....

RAY

Did you or Kelly know an Angela Wells?

Georgia takes notice of Ray's question.

CHARLES

No. I've never heard that name.

TIME JUMP

Georgia is now questioning Charles. Ray is walking around the apartment -- examining every room. He walks into the --

OFFICE: A DESK -- BOOKS on shelves -- an ORNATE CALENDER on the *
wall stamped with a company name: *MANHATTAN MEDICAL INSURANCE* -- a*
PAINTING -- PHOTOS -- but nothing stands out. Georgia walks in. *

GEORGIA

You ready? We should bring Scott in?
It'll take Wilson a few hours to
process evidence here anyway.

Ray turns to follow Georgia out, but looks back into the office one last time -- like he sees something relevant, but can't place it.

INT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY

The car clock reads 5:12 PM. Ray drives fast.

GEORGIA

Why'd you ask Charles if he knew Angela?

RAY

The head wounds - back of the head,
right side. They're identical.

GEORGIA

Angela was stabbed. Kelly wasn't.

RAY

Maybe he had to stab Angela. Maybe the
blow killed Kelly instantly. So why
stab her. He's done.

GEORGIA

Come on Ray. You really believe an
heiress like Kelly is gonna connect to
a flower shop owner from the Bronx?

Ray says nothing. Georgia continues.

GEORGIA

Scott killed Angela. Someone else
killed Kelly - break-in maybe, the
husband for all we know.

(*then*)
(MORE)

GEORGIA (cont'd)

And even if they are connected,
linking Angela and Kelly and the tie
not being Scott - long shot. Trust me.

INT. SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ray and Georgia outside Scott's apartment. They knock on the door. No answer. They knock again, still nothing. Then from inside they HEAR a sound: shuffling, heavy steps --

Then, SMASH! GLASS BREAKING from inside. Reflexively, RAY KICKS *
IN THE DOOR! WEAPONS COME OUT -- they STORM INSIDE TO SEE -- *

Scott Wells jumping out onto the FIRE ESCAPE.

RAY

Cut him off in the alley!

Georgia RUNS out the door as Ray tears through the apartment.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Ray clambers onto the fire escape. Scott's RUNNING DOWN IT FAST -- a flight below. Ray flings himself down -- flight after flight -- gaining on Scott -- frantic chase --

RAY

You stop right now!

RAY SMASHES into metal bars with each corner turned -- Ray's gaining ground -- hitting the THIRD FLOOR LANDING AND -- SCOTT'S JUST A FEW FEET AHEAD NOW -- within Ray's grasp, but --

INEXPLICABLY RAY STOPS SHORT -- nearly falling over the railing. There's someone blocking his path... it's MADDIE.

MADDIE

Daddy, what are you doing? I thought
you didn't believe he killed them?

Ray watches as Scott hits the ground and sprints away.

NEW ANGLE

Georgia bursts from the building -- racing down the alley to the FIRE ESCAPE. She rounds the building -- GUN POINTED RIGHT AT -- *
RAY, who sits on the fire escape's lower landing.

GEORGIA

(*hyped, then confused*)
What are you doing!? Where is he!?

RAY

Probably at about 56th and Lex by now.

GEORGIA

What happened?

RAY

He's fast.

Georgia holsters her weapon -- rubbed they lost him -- but feeling like her theory's been somewhat vindicated.

GEORGIA

So genius, you still think Scott's not a suspect? Only the guilty run.

RAY

The guilty and the scared.

INT. SCOTT WELLS' PLACE - NIGHT

Ray in the bedroom of Scott Wells' apartment -- looking around, *
sees nothing. He walks back into the LIVING ROOM. Georgia is *
on her cell -- she looks to Ray -- *

GEORGIA

We're working on a search warrant. *

Ray nods, walks to sit on the couch, but then he stops -- *
robotically rotating toward the bookshelves he just passed. *

Ray focuses on that familiar GOLD PLAGUE upon the shelf -- engraved *
on it: SCOTT WELLS, AGENT OF THE MONTH, M.M.I. Ray's EYES study *
it... and the environment around us begins morphing, oscillating -- *
Ray's reality changing in front of him... THROWING RAY INTO -- *

HIS RECALL *

A view inside Ray's head: A CRYSTAL CLEAR MEMORY of the WILKERSON *
CRIME SCENE. A 360 degree analysis playing in Ray's brain.

FLASHING IMAGES: KELLY'S BODY IN THE CHAIR. THE CANDLE.
FAMILY PICTURES ON THE WALL. A HARVARD YEARBOOK.

THEN MOVING BACK INTO THE OFFICE: CHARLES' MEDICAL DEGREES
ON THE WALL. LEGAL FORMS ON THE DESK. A BIRTHDAY CARD.

THEN RAY SEES A CONNECTION: that fancy CALENDAR HANGING FROM *
THE WALL BEHIND THE DESK stamped with a distinctive company *
name: "MANHATTAN MEDICAL INSURANCE." *

THEN RAY'S RECALL JUMPS BACK TO:

SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT - LAST NIGHT

FLASHING IMAGES: BOOKS. PHOTOS OF ANGELA AND SCOTT. SCOTT
STANDING IN THE ROOM WITH GEORGIA -- SCOTT'S VOICE --

SCOTT (V.O.)

We argued over money... I quit my job
in *insurance* a few months back.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray jerks back to Scott's apartment -- Georgia hanging up her cell*

RAY

Georgia. In Charles Wilkerson's office *
there was a company calender, Manhattan
Medical Insurance. Scott said he used
to work for an insurance company.

Ray holds up Scott's awards plaque: initials M.M.I. right there. *

RAY

Maybe it's a connection - something
that will link Angela and Kelly?

GEORGIA

That's real thin, Ray. You serious?

RAY

Run his work records. Let's see.

Georgia nods "fine." Captain Dicaro walks in behind them.

CAPTAIN DICARO

APB's out. Fugitive Task Force is on *
it. Uniforms all have Scott's pic. *

RAY

I'm still guessing Scott isn't our man. *

Dicaro spins to Ray, annoyed. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

Ray, you look tired. 'Till we find *
Scott, go home and rest. *

RAY

We're in the middle of something - *

CAPTAIN DICARO

Now. I'm not asking.

Ray nods -- knows it's better not to argue. Ray looks to Georgia.

RAY

Call me with Scott's work history.

Ray leaves. Then Dicaro levels his stare onto Georgia. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

Let's talk.

EXT. SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dark outside. Dicaro and Georgia stand beside a tree shooting up from the sidewalk -- sheltering themselves from a cold wind. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

A prime suspect in a murder is on the run. Why didn't you pick Scott up right away?

GEORGIA

We were following another lead. It -

CAPTAIN DICARO

You were listening to Ray. Looking for boats. Where'd that lead go? Nowhere, and you don't have Scott. What if Scott loses his crap and kills someone tonight? *

GEORGIA

(defensive, protecting Ray)
Ray's the best detective you have. He had a hunch, we were following it. It's that simple. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

Ray's getting worse. He was talking to himself at the Wilkerson place. That ain't so simple. *

GEORGIA

It's his process, talking it out like that. Ray's fine. He'd tell me if he were in trouble. *

CAPTAIN DICARO

He wouldn't. Know why? The ones in trouble never know it. They just snap and we all sit around after wondering why we never saw it coming. But here's the deal: I see this one coming like the goddamn Macy's Day parade.

(beat)

Look, I'm on Ray's side. You know it. But you better talk to him. I need to know he's okay. I gotta hear it from you. If not, I don't know if he can stay. *

Captain Dicaro walks off leaving Georgia to think about that. *

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Ray steps ABOARD -- looks around -- car's empty except for a PRETTY YOUNG GIRL (24). Ray sits and leans his head back as the train pulls from the station. He closes his eyes....

And as the train rumbles down the tracks, we're shocked to see that RAY IS FALLING ASLEEP... peaceful... quiet... until --

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)
Danny left me.

Ray opens his eyes -- Pretty Girl is sadly looking at him.

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL
He left me for a woman who makes pizza. She owns her own place, supposedly has the best crust. He says I'm not exciting anymore. So what if I like to read.
(she realizes something)
I woke you up. I'm sorry.

Ray sighs -- leans up -- knows he's not going to get any sleep.

RAY
It's fine. I like to read, too.

Pretty Girl smiles -- a tiny connection between two strangers -- it's oddly soothing to her.

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL
You ever been so in love with someone that it hurts?

RAY
... Only once.
(then)
Tell me more about Danny.

INT. JEAN GEORGE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

One of New York's finest restaurants. WAITERS in black & white. A long bar. WINE RACK that covers one entire wall. We FLOAT INTO THE ROOM to find Lauren, sharing dinner with Ted.

TED
It's not surprising my hours have increased. If I'm going to make full partner, it goes with the territory. It's hard now, but it eases up as you go. Sort of ideal anyway. It's when you're older that you want to slow down -

Ted reaches his hand across the table, squeezes Lauren's hand.

TED
- Spend real time with those you love.

LAUREN
Yes. Exactly.

TED
You seem distracted. Are you alright?

Just then, the MANAGER walks up.

MANAGER
Sir, your car, the blue Porche. It's
being towed by a city truck. *

TED
What!?
(to Lauren)
Hold on. I'll be right back.

Ted rises, quickly following the Manager outside. As soon
as Ted's out the door -- RAY APPEARS and sits in his seat. *
Lauren just stares at him, dumbfounded.

RAY
Hey. I heard this place makes a
wicked creme brulee.

LAUREN
Ray, what are you doing?

Then the WAITER arrives. He sets a plate of pasta in front
of Lauren, a New York in front of Ray.

WAITER
Bow tie with shrimp. And for you
sir, the New York. Bon Appetite.

The Waiter leaves. Lauren leans closer, yell-whispers.

LAUREN
Ray, what the hell are you doing here!?

RAY
Trying to enjoy my steak.

LAUREN
That's Ted's steak!

RAY
Ted's dealing with his car. His loss.

LAUREN

You had Ted's car towed, didn't you?

RAY

Well, I mean, here's the thing, okay, yes. But I needed to talk to you.

Ray points to the salt shaker. Lauren hands it to him --

LAUREN

Ray, we've talked about it all already. And it doesn't help.

Ray shakes some salt on his steak, offers the salt to Lauren --

LAUREN

No -

RAY

I know we've talked, but I'm working these cases. Two women, married, lives, husbands. But then someone kills them. Like that they're just gone, forever.

(capturing his thoughts)

And I think of you, and you only live across town, but it feels the same, like you're gone. And it's starting to feel like it could be for good.

(truth)

I miss you. I want you to forgive me.

Ray drinks Ted's wine in one gulp. It settles his nerves.

LAUREN

Forgive you? I never blamed you. What I couldn't live with was your inability to forgive yourself.

(then)

You have to let go of what happened, *of what it is that's keeping you there.*

RAY

Lauren, I'm trying to forget -

LAUREN

We don't have to forget, Ray. We just can't let it change who we are.

RAY

But it did change who we are.

Lauren's face falls, disappointed.

LAUREN
 But why did it have to ruin us?
 (beat)
 Ted's coming back.

*

Ray looks over his shoulder -- sees Ted walking back into the restaurant. Ray holds Lauren's eyes -- then stands --

RAY
 They over-cooked Ted's steak.

Ray walks away -- passing right by Ted unnoticed. We WATCH LAUREN for a beat -- her eyes deep, maybe sad.

EXT. JEAN GEORGE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Ray stands in front of the massive plate-glass windows of the restaurant. He stares inside at Lauren sitting with Ted.

In the glass, we SEE a REFLECTION of a little girl -- Maddie.

MADDIE
 Seeing me, Daddy. Is that it? Am I
 what's keeping you there?

Ray looks to Maddie, watery eyes --

RAY
 ... I like you here.

Maddie smiles. Ray looks back to Lauren, still the most beautiful woman in the world. Then he turns and walks on down the sidewalk.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK & 103 RD STREET - NIGHT

1:00 AM. Empty. Quiet and green. Peace at the heart of chaos. Most people sleep, but not all. PAN OVER to find --

Ray beside a large tree, golf bag beside him. Carved into the tree's trunk is: *19th hole, par 4, 322 yards*. Ray tees up a ball, settling into his stance. Just as he's about to tee off --

GEORGIA (O.S.)
 Who's winning?

Ray turns to find Georgia. He grins --

RAY
 It's not about winning, Georgia. It's
 about the love of the game.

WALKING: Ray uses a large MAG-LITE to locate his ball out on the 'green.' He finds it, grabs a WEDGE, walks to his ball.

*

*

RAY
How'd you know where to find me?

GEORGIA
Paramedics talk about a nighttime golfer in the Park. Wasn't too hard to figure out who that might be.

RAY
I come here to think about the cases.
Clears my head.

GEORGIA
Wilson got nothing from Kelly Wilkerson's apartment. It was clean. But you were right about the head wounds - Sal says the weapons were similar, probably a piece of pipe.

RAY
I think they're connected.

GEORGIA
I think there's more than one piece of pipe in New York.
(then)
I got Scott's work history. He was employed by Manhattan Medical Insurance. Not sure what it means.

RAY
It means something.
(then)
So you came out here just to tell me that?

Georgia pauses, this is going to be hard --

GEORGIA
I know you haven't been sleeping. I think you're about to hit a wall.

Ray stops at his ball, settles, SWINGS! He hits a perfect shot -- ball bouncing within feet of a PIE TIN twenty yards off.

RAY
I'm fine.

GEORGIA
Yeah, then why do they have you under review? Why's Dicaro riding me? Why am I here, in the Park, in the middle of the night?

RAY
You enjoy nocturnal walks?

GEORGIA
It's not funny, Ray.

RAY
It can be. It's all about perspective.

Georgia doesn't laugh -- she's over it.

RAY
Georgia, I'm fine, okay?

GEORGIA
You're not. When'd you slept last?

Look -	RAY	GEORGIA
		You tell me.

Georgia, stop pushing -	RAY	GEORGIA
		You tell me that, Ray!

RAY
I don't want to talk about this!
Back off!

Ray is angry now. Georgia steps closer -- not backing down. *

GEORGIA
When's the last time you slept? *

Ray looks down, away, then finally back up to her.

RAY
Five days.

Georgia's eyes, teary, she cares for him, deeply.

GEORGIA
Christ... You gotta get some help.

RAY
I'll work through it.

GEORGIA
You could lose your job. Your job is
you. It goes, you go next.
(beat)
Don't do that to yourself, Ray. Don't
do it to me.

Georgia walks off. Ray knows she's right, thinking about all she just said. But mostly, he's thinking about what Lauren said earlier -- and Ray understands exactly what he's holding on to --

MADDIE (O.S.)
What are you thinking about?

Ray turns to see MADDIE SITTING ON A PARK BENCH. He smiles --

RAY
I was thinking about you, Sweetie.

Maddie grins. Ray walks over and sits down beside her.

MADDIE
What kind of stuff?

RAY
How much I love you... and miss you. *

MADDIE
But I'm right here.

RAY
I know... I've also been thinking about
your Mom. I love her. But she won't
come back, not unless I can let go of
what happened.

MADDIE
So what are you gonna do?

Ray inhales, lets these words out with his breath -- *

RAY
Honey, I can't see you anymore. I
need you to go away.

MADDIE
... For how long? *

RAY
Forever. *

Maddie nods, she understands. But her final words cut --

MADDIE
Okay, Daddy. But I'll love you for
every day of forever.

Ray closes his eyes, not wanting to see her walk away.

RAY
(whispers)
I love you too, baby.

And then Ray opens his eyes -- Maddie is gone.

FADE OUT *

ACT IV

*

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun is cresting in the sky. The hustle and bustle of the Westside. A new day. A billboard clock reads: 5:30 AM

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits in a chair, eyes wide open staring at a stereo. On the stereo's DIGITAL DISPLAY we read, "Easy Sounds." It's clear another night has passed without sleep for him.

We slowly MOVE IN on Ray -- TIGHTER ON HIS FACE. He looks so tired -- remembering something from the day before --

CHERYL (V.O.)

It scares you, losing your job?

RAY (V.O.)

It's all I have.

CHERYL (V.O.)

What about, Lauren?

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits across from psychologist Cheryl Matthers -- this is the continuation of the preceding psych evaluation scene.

RAY

I don't think Lauren is coming back.

CHERYL

Did Lauren leave because of Maddie or because of your breakdown?

RAY

Breakdown? That's kind of a dramatic description.

CHERYL

You beat up three men in a bar, put them in all the hospital. Men implicated in Maddie's death. That's dramatic, too.

*

*

RAY

Oh, that.

(then)

I was at a bar off duty. They tried to rob the place. I stopped them.

Cheryl makes a note. Looks back up to Ray.

CHERYL

Were you already having sleep issues?

Ray sighs, he knows he has to be honest. *

RAY

No. Shortly after that, I laid down one night, never closed my eyes. After awhile, only place I could sleep was on the subway. You know all this, though. *

CHERYL

I do. But we never finished talking about it because you stopped coming.

RAY

I was better. *

CHERYL

Were you? Want to know what I think? I think you're having the sleep issues still, and maybe it's getting worse. *

RAY

I think you win the first place ribbon.

Cheryl doesn't laugh. Ray takes a breath, gets serious, opens up.*

RAY

That's why they made me come here. They're worried about me, but it's just the sleep. It doesn't affect my work. I get my job done. I'm still good. If I weren't, I'd pull myself off - I care too much about the job. *

CHERYL

Forget about work. By not sleeping, are you getting something out of it?

RAY

What do you mean?

CHERYL

Is there something sleep deprivation brings you? Some comfort that comes from it? Do you even want to sleep?

RAY

All I ever think about is sleep.

(a lie)

It brings nothing to me.

Cheryl's face: we're watching her and we're not sure if she believes him. She looks to her pad, writes.

RAY
Cheryl.

Cheryl looks up to Ray -- it's odd that he used her name.

RAY
I don't know what happens to me
without my job.

CHERYL
(beat)
I don't either, Ray.
(then)
I file my report tomorrow.

From O.S., we HEAR a DOOR OPEN and we --

SLAM BACK TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray snapping to attention, still sitting in the chair. O.S., the SOUND of a DOOR CLOSING. Ray turns off the radio. We WIDEN to reveal that Ray isn't sitting in his own apartment --

THIS IS SCOTT WELLS' APARTMENT

Ray pulls his gun. When Scott enters the living room through his front door -- Scott's shocked to find Ray in his place.

RAY
Don't run. I'm too tired to chase you
so I'll just shoot you instead.

Ray motions to the couch. Scott sits on it. Ray lowers his gun.

RAY
Why did you take off last night?

SCOTT
The warrant. I was afraid of jail. *
And Angela and I argued the morning she *
was killed. I thought, 'they're gonna
think I did it, for sure.' But I never
hurt her, I swear. I loved her.

RAY
I know you didn't kill her.

Scott breathes out -- a huge weight released.

RAY
Manhattan Medical Insurance. You used
to work there?

SCOTT

Yes. I quit nine months ago. Got a job at Medical Tech.

RAY

Why'd you quit MMI?

SCOTT

I was an adjuster. I evaluated claims for customers going into surgery.

(beat)

Truth is I was really a cost cutter, a hit man, always looking for loopholes that allowed MMI to deny claims. It got old, hurting people like that.

Ray stares at him, mind racing.

RAY

Have you ever heard of a surgeon named Doctor Charles Wilkerson?

But before Scott can answer, we SLAM TO --

INT. LONG ISLAND HOME - MORNING

A clock on the nightstand reads 6:09AM. Georgia sleeps soundly under Laura Ashley sheets. Her smart work outfit, a pressed shirt and slacks, are neatly laid out on a chair. *

Suddenly, a POUNDING at her front door SHOCKS HER AWAKE. *

HER FRONT DOOR

In her pink pajamas, Georgia swings open the door to find Ray.

GEORGIA

Ray, it's five in the morning.

RAY

Actually, it's six-o-nine. But it doesn't matter, we need to talk to Charles Wilkerson.

MAX (O.S.)

Uncle Ray?

Ray looks past Georgia to see her MAX (9) Georgia's son. Ray walks inside to give him a hug.

RAY

Hey, buddy. Sorry I woke you?
Your Grandma here?

MAX

Yeah. She's sleeping, I think.

RAY

I'm stealing your Mom for a while.
But how about after, you and I throw
some balls around?

Max smiles. Ray rubs his hair as he stumbles back to bed. Ray turns to Georgia, attractive even at this hour.

RAY

Nice pajamas.

INT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY

Ray glances over at Georgia.

RAY

You look tired. You want me to stop
for a cappuccino or something?

GEORGIA

Shut up.

RAY

Sorry I yelled last night.

GEORGIA

Can you not talk? Just for a few
seconds. No voices.

Beat.

RAY

... I really didn't mean to yell.

Georgia rolls her eyes, tries to rub the 'tired' out of her head.

INT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN - DAY

Ray and Georgia walk with Doctor Charles Wilkerson through the ER. Ray peppers him with questions --

RAY

You ever had a patient covered by
Manhattan Medical Insurance? *

CHARLES

That's like asking if I've ever had a
patient covered by Blue Cross. Look
what is this about?

RAY

What about a patient covered by MMI
who died on your table?

Charles stops, his spine straightens, words become formal --

CHARLES

What's the relevance, Detective?

RAY

What do you mean what's the relevance?

CHARLES

I just don't see how -

RAY

(heating up)

Look, I'm not working a malpractice
suit. I'm trying to find a connection
between your wife and Angela Wells. I
think an insurance case involving you
is the link.

CHARLES

I don't see at all what this has to
do with finding who killed Kelly.

RAY

It has everything to do with it.
So stop dancing and answer my
question. You ever have a patient
covered by MMI die on your table?

*

Charles considers this, conflicted... in pain. But then --

CHARLES

You'll have to talk to my lawyer.

Charles turns and walks on down the hall.

EXT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN - STREET - DAY

Ray and Georgia exit the hospital.

GEORGIA

I don't understand. Why wouldn't he
answer the question?

RAY

Maybe he *couldn't*. Someone dying on his
table is a big deal, maybe a legal deal.

GEORGIA

What are you saying? He was sued?

RAY

If he was, maybe part of the deal was
a gag order. *

GEORGIA

It'd still be part of the public
record.

INT. RAY'S SEDAN - LATER

The car clock reads 11:38 AM. Georgia hangs up her cell.

GEORGIA

Got it, according to the D.A.,
Wilkerson and Manhattan Medical
Insurance were *jointly* named in a
lawsuit filed last year. Plaintiff's
name was Nicholas Martins. *

(big beat)

Ray, you were right about the boat.
Nicholas Martins, he was the Dock Master
at the 79th Street boat basin.

TIGHT ON RAY'S EYES, AND --

SMASH INTO:

A VIEW INSIDE RAY'S HEAD

RAY'S RECALL -- WE'RE BACK AT THE 79TH STREET BOAT BASIN.
NICHOLAS MARTINS is indeed the DOCK MASTER we met earlier.
Nicholas answers Ray's inquiry.

NICHOLAS (DOCK MASTER)

No. No boats went out last night.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray's face, "I was right." Georgia continues.

GEORGIA

So Nicholas' wife, Hannah, she died on
Wilkerson's table - she suffered from
something called inclusion cysts.
According to Wilkerson's statements,
her cysts should have been removed
weeks earlier, but the Martins were
engaged in a battle with MMI who was
refusing to cover the procedure. By
the time she gets surgery, cysts are so
far gone Wilkerson has to perform an
emergency hysterotomy. Hannah
hemorrhaged and died. Scott Wells was
the adjuster who denied the claim. MMI
and Wilkerson won the case. Martins
got nothing.

RAY

Nothing but a dead wife and a pile of legal bills. I think he's killing the wives of the men he blames for his wife's death. He wants'em to feel the same pain.

*
*

Georgia nods -- it all makes sense to her now.

GEORGIA

You think he's done?

RAY

He lost his case, Georgia. I doubt he's too pleased with his lawyer.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A GROCERY STORE - JERSEY SUBURB - DAY

EMILY is 35, whistling, happy, beautiful and eight months pregnant. She pushes a heavy cart of groceries toward her car, struggling with them.

MAN (O.S.)

Can I help you with that?

Emily turns to a smiling NICHOLAS MARTINS -- this is indeed the Dock Master we met earlier. Emily sees Nicholas' WEDDING RING, his easy smile, he's just a normal guy, nothing to fear.

EMILY

Actually, yes. I'm getting a little big.

Nicholas walks over -- pushes the cart towards Emily's SUV.

NICHOLAS

I always wanted kids. It's a blessing. My wife and I were always talking about having them. We sort of never made it there.

Emily smiles compassionately, opening the back of her SUV. Nicholas lifts the bags inside, packing them away.

Emily reaches for a small bag -- leans into the trunk when -- NICHOLAS SHOVES HER HARD into the back. Nicholas closes the tail gate -- walks up to the driver's door -- gets in and drives away.

INT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY

Georgia on the radio --

GEORGIA

He's not at work today. Home address is 164th and Underhill in Queens.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS -- SIMULTANEOUS ACTION --

A.) NICHOLAS MARTINS: pulling the Range Rover into a driveway -- then into a home's garage. IN THE GARAGE, he TAKES EMILY from the car -- PULLS HER INSIDE THE HOUSE.

B.) RAY AND GEORGIA: racing to NICHOLAS MARTINS' HOUSE. FRENETIC -- SIREN IS LOUD -- GEORGIA HOLDS ON TIGHT --

C.) INSIDE THE HOME: Nicholas ties up Emily -- nervous, sweaty.

Emily's terrified. Then the sound of a CAR ENGINE FROM OUTSIDE -- Nicholas looks up, worried. He tapes Emily's mouth shut -- goes to investigate.

D.) OUTSIDE NICHOLAS MARTINS' HOME: Ray and Georgia slowly pull up in Ray's sedan. Ray parks in front of the house -- they step out -- doors close shut --

E.) INSIDE THE HOME: Nicholas Martins hears a car door close -- he's nervous, sweaty. Then a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

F.) RAY AND GEORGIA STAND IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE: knocking on the door. No one answers. Fuck it. Ray kicks the door in --

IN AN INSTANT -- Georgia and Ray burst in the front of Nicholas Martins' home! GUNS OUT. SWEEPING FOR NICHOLAS... but --

Silence. All is calm. Georgia and Ray quickly realize that -- *THE HOUSE IS EMPTY.*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. / EXT. EMILY'S HOME - SAME

NICHOLAS MARTINS answers the front door of EMILY'S HOME a UPS MAN is standing there --

UPS GUY
Got a package here for you.

Nicholas turns on a warm smile --

NICHOLAS
Great. Thanks.

In the b.g. is a UPS VAN. Nicholas signs for a package. He then walks back inside -- pulls a short piece of METAL PIPE from his pocket and turns towards the room where he has Emily tied up.

FADE OUT *

*

ACT VINT. GREG SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

GREG SAMPSON (35), lawyer, adjusting his tie when the doorbell rings. He answers his door to find: Ray and Georgia. *

MOMENTS LATER: Greg, Ray, Georgia now in the apartment's. *

GREG
Nicholas Martins?

GEORGIA
You represented him, right?

GREG
Yes. But I can't believe he'd do what you're saying.

RAY
He did. We think you might be next.

GREG
He's going to kill me?

RAY
No. Your wife. She's in danger.

Greg looks at them oddly.

GREG
No she's not. Because I don't have a wife because I'm gay.

Georgia and Ray stare at one another.

RAY
Gay... Seriously, you're gay?

GREG
Yes, I'm gay! Gay.

RAY
You in a relationship?

GREG
No. Not at all.

Georgia looks at Ray, she's got a bad feeling.

GEORGIA
We missed something.

Ray nods "I know," looks back to Greg.

RAY
Tell me about the case. What
happened? Why'd you lose?

GREG
I should have never been flying solo
on it in the first place.

RAY
Why?

GREG
Medical malpractice isn't my
speciality. I was put on the case
because the firm was so busy.

This piques Ray's interest.

RAY
Who put you on the case?

GREG
Carl Aaronson. Partner in the firm.
It was Carl whom Nicholas actually
hired to do the litigating.

GEORGIA
Is Carl married?

GREG
Yeah. Emily. She's pregnant.

SMASH TO:

INT. CARL & EMILY AARONSON'S HOME - SUN DOWN

A BEDROOM UPSTAIRS which we now see is a freshly painted baby's
room. And EMILY -- she's still tied up in that same chair, and --

NICHOLAS, walking around her -- he's sweaty, nervous, building
up the courage to kill.

EMILY
Please, don't hurt me. Why are you
doing this? *

Nicholas walks out -- closing the door behind him -- he needs
air -- not her voice.

HALLWAY

Nicholas stands against the stairs railing -- breathing heavy -- *
controlling it -- building his rage inside -- it's scary.
Finally, he looks up -- his eyes are dead. He's ready to kill.

But -- CRASH! Nicholas looks down to the front door below to SEE *-
RAY BUST RIGHT THROUGH IT -- his gaze immediately finds Nicholas -*

RAY
Nicholas! Where is she!?

NICHOLAS instantly pulls a GUN -- BAM! BAM! BAM! He unloads on
Ray -- but from Nicholas' right side -- BAM! BAM! --

GEORGIA firing at him -- entering from the kitchen -- but her
aim is blocked by the stairwell -- an instant which allows --

NICHOLAS to get a PERFECT SIGHT on her -- he lifts his gun to
fire when -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

RAY FIRES. THUP! A bullet TEARS INTO NICHOLAS' SIDE -- he
pitches forward in agony -- falling over the railing of the stairs.

WHAM! Nicholas crashes into the wooden dinning room table!

Ray and Georgia -- guns out -- move to check on Nicholas. He's *
alive, crying -- not from pain -- from emotional torment. Ray
has no sympathy for him, but he understands pain that could drive
a man past the brink of sanity.

NICHOLAS
Why can't I just die?

It's a question Ray's probably asked himself. But he has no answers.

GEORGIA
Ray. Get her.

Ray runs UP THE STAIRS -- moves to the baby's room. He stops at *
the door -- afraid to open it -- fearing she's already dead. *

THE BABY'S ROOM

Ray enters to find Emily alive -- he frees her -- pulls tape *
from her mouth -- she grabs him -- clutching him tight, crying. *

RAY
You're okay now.

EXT. THE AARONSON HOME - TIME JUMP

Ambulances. Cops cars. A crime scene now. CARL AARONSON *
(38) is there, in shock, holding Emily in his arms.

CARL
I love you... I love you....

RAY sits on the front steps with Georgia. He looks at his watch --
it reads 7:30 PM.

RAY
Under forty eight. I won.

GEORGIA
Dinner where?

RAY
Let's just go drink, okay.

GEORGIA
Okay.

Ray turns to Emily, her husband clutching her tight. Ray admires her pregnant body, he remembers Lauren that way, so beautiful. *

RAY *
(to Emily) *
Boy or girl? *

Emily musters up a smile --

EMILY
A girl.

RAY
... Good luck.

Georgia caught the exchange between Ray and Emily. *

GEORGIA *
It's Friday, Ray. *

RAY *
Yeah? *

GEORGIA *
Your anniversary. It's today. You *
gonna see Lauren? *

RAY *
Anniversaries are for couples. *
(beat) *
Besides, I need to get to the office. *

GEORGIA *
Office. Why? *

RAY *
Report comes today. *

More COP CARS SWEEP into the scene as Ray walks off. Georgia's *
eyes -- she just watches Ray go -- concerned. *

FADE OUT *

ACT VI

*

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

*

Rain-swept streets. Neon glaring. The electronic news scroll above Times Square tells of a killer apprehended in Lower Manhattan... a killer by the name of Nicholas Martins.

The enormous DIGITAL CLOCK on the electronic billboard signals the time: 10:16 PM.

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Ray behind his desk -- staring up at the ceiling -- thinking.

CAPTAIN DICARO (O.S.)
It's late. What are you doing here?

Ray looks down to see Captain Dicaro -- holding an OFFICIAL looking REPORT.

RAY
What are you doing here?

CAPTAIN DICARO
(off the report)
Waiting on this.

RAY
And? Any surprises?

CAPTAIN DICARO
Yeah. You're only half crazy.
(beat)
You're staying.

Ray hides a grin -- Captain tries to as well -- neither can.

CAPTAIN DICARO
Conditions: you see the shrink every week. You always let me and Georgia know how you're doing, where you're at. And golf during the day, Ray. The day.

Ray nods -- he can live with that.

CAPTAIN DICARO
Now go home and get some sleep.

Captain turns and walks out.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The clock ticks endlessly. Soft ocean sounds play from a New Age meditation CD. Ray stares at the ceiling. Wide awake. The apartment buzzer rings. Ray climbs from his bed, so tired.

FRONT DOOR: Ray opens it to find --

LAUREN

Hey.

RAY

Hey. What are you doing here?

LAUREN

I wanted to just see you.

An awkward beat between them. Then --

LAUREN

I couldn't sleep. Haven't much lately.

RAY

Join the club.

LAUREN

Ray, I'm sorry for what I said the other night... if I hurt you.

RAY

You were mad.

LAUREN

I just miss Maddie... us. But everything, it's so different now.

(a thought)

You remember Maddie's snowglobe? Inside, I think, was a house, a tree, a dog on the grass - it was a perfect little world in there. Then it fell off the shelf and broke into a thousand pieces. For the life of me, I could never remember what it looked like. I only knew it looked perfect, then it was gone. Does that sound crazy?

RAY

It was a reindeer, not a dog. And a castle, no house. And no. It all sounds just about right.

*
*

LAUREN

I want you to be better. But I can't have you ruin my life.

RAY

I'm not trying to ruin your life. I'm trying to become a part of it again.

(then)

I told her. I told her for you.

LAUREN

What do you mean? Told who what?

Ray just stands there -- he wants to tell her so badly -- he needs to share this secret with someone else --

RAY

I told, *Maddie*. I told her I couldn't see her anymore. That I had to let go of her to get you back.

Lauren stills -- she's careful now -- empathetic -- she knows what Ray's saying and it scares her a bit.

LAUREN

You see her, Ray?

Now a flood of tears from Ray's eyes -- but he's not sad. The tears are almost tears of joy.

RAY

Yes. I see her.

And now Lauren begins to cry.

LAUREN

But she's not real, Ray.

RAY

I know she's not real, but my time with her is. She comes to me and we talk, and then I am who I used to be. Those are the times when everything is okay.

*
*

LAUREN

Ray.... ?

RAY

I can smell her, Lauren... watermelon lip gloss... chocolate suckers... I smell your perfume on her... roses....

And then a realization hits Ray --

RAY

But I don't know if I can let go of her... not even for you.

Lauren just looks at him. Maybe for the first time, ever, she realizes just how hurt Ray is.

LAUREN
 Maybe you need her, then? Just for
 awhile... 'til you get past this.

Lauren takes him in her arms, kisses him deeply, whispers --

LAUREN
 It's gonna be okay, Ray.

They pull away, and in their eyes, we see a tiny glimpse of hope. Lauren turns and walks on down the hall.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pedestrians can't help but glance at the wearied figure who trudges toward the subway stop. It's Ray, circles beneath his eyes. He heads down into the bowels of the subway, # 7 line.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Ray walks on board an empty car. He finds a seat -- leans onto a rail, exhaustion gripping him.

Just before the subway door's close, a pair of tiny legs pass through them.

The train rumbles and pulls from the station. We PULL WIDE TO REVEAL -- MADDIE. Ray SEES her and smiles.

MADDIE
 I knew you wouldn't leave me, Daddy.

RAY
 No. I want you to stay with me.

MADDIE
 For how long?

RAY
 ... For every day of forever.

Maddie moves to sit next to her father. She snuggles her head into the crook of his arm and shoulder.

As the subway moves, the rumble of the steel machine cradles Ray and Maddie... rocking them gently... and quickly, easily, they fall asleep... together.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END