

BLOOD WORK

screenplay by

Brian Helgeland

based on the novel by

Michael Connelly

FIRST REVISION  
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BLOOD WORK

1 EXT. CRIME SCENE (SILVERLAKE) - NIGHT 1

A media and spectator circus. Two cocky LAPD detectives, ARRANGO and WALTERS, watch as FBI profiler TERRY McCALEB strides past the police barricades. Wearing a blue FBI jacket, the hoary veteran ignores questions shouted out by the press. The words "Code Killer" feature prominently.

ARRANGO  
(disparaging)  
McCaleb... Whatever happens, it's  
his face on the front page.

As McCaleb reaches Arrango:

McCALEB  
What do you got?

ARRANGO  
Fucking hemorrhoids. What are you  
gonna do about it?

Arrango's itching for trouble. Walters is a cooler head.

WALTERS  
Victims five and six. The code  
killer strikes again.

2 INT. TENEMENT - ENTRY HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

A dingy, dark place. Police work lights can't quite cut the gloom. McCaleb stops at the door with Walters and Arrango. The door is half off its hinges.

WALTERS  
Neighbor came over to complain  
about the noise. Got run over at  
the door. Didn't see a thing.

ARRANGO  
We're calling him Chuck Taylor.

McCALEB  
How's that?

Arrango points out a series of bloody sneaker prints on the floor. Headed for the door and away down the hall.

ARRANGO  
Converse hi-tops. Chuck Taylor.  
Get it?

A look and McCaleb continues in past them.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

3

Not for the faint of heart. There are several darkened forms on the floor. Heavy, black plastic bags. An investigative team works.

WALTERS

We got the remains of two, maybe even three people.

ARRANGO

Gives new meaning to the term gang bang.

Gruff, desensitized laughs from the cops. Walters motions McCaleb to a wall. There, written in blood:

McCaleb, Catch me if you can. 903 472 568.

Arrango winks at his partner, then, to McCaleb:

ARRANGO

Another love note. The two of you should get a room some place.

As McCaleb stares grimly...

4 EXT. CRIME SCENE (DOWNTOWN) - NIGHT

4

McCaleb exits. The crowd has doubled. A NEWS CREW bursts past the barricade. Police rush to block them, but to no avail. They nearly ring McCaleb.

REPORTERS

Was another message left for you, Agent McCaleb!? -- Why do you think the killer has picked you?! -- What do the numbers mean?!

McCaleb scans the sea of humanity before him. Not exactly its best face. With a sigh, McCaleb starts to make his way through, then stops short. Ahead:

5 FACE IN CROWD

5

Seen for an instant. Wearing a hooded sweatshirt and low-billed cap. Staring at McCaleb, an odd look in his eye.

6 BACK TO SCENE

6

A beat before McCaleb looks downward. THROUGH a thicket of legs, we spot his feet. Covering them are bloody Converse hi-tops. Chuck Taylor. McCaleb looks over, but the cops seem suddenly so far away. Hi-Top begins to drift back.

McCALEB  
(toward cops)  
Hey... Hey! Over here!

Hi-Top turns and goes, suddenly swallowed up by the crowd.

McCALEB  
(to no avail)  
He's over here!

No one listens. The Reporters continue to fire questions. Hi-Top is getting away. McCaleb fights his way through, charges down the street after him.

7 STREET

7

Running now, his face unclear as high-top looks back over his shoulder, sees that McCaleb is chasing him.

8 NARROW ALLEY

8

Hi-Top cuts down. McCaleb closes.

At the end of the alley, an eight feet redwood fence. Hi-Top jumps, catches hold. As he pulls himself up, McCaleb hits the fence right behind him.

The fence collapses. The two men sprawl to the ground. Hi-Top gets up, scoots away. McCaleb rolls to his feet; the chase is back on.

9 BACK YARDS

9

One after the next. Fences are scaled, kicked through. And McCaleb closes. All we hear are the FOOTFALLS, the RAGGED BREATHS of the two men.

Then... a HEARTBEAT.

McCaleb reaches for Hi-Top's shoulder, inches away now. A chain link fence looms ahead. Hi-Top leaps onto it, catches hold. As he pulls himself up, McCaleb is right behind. He catches hold of one of Hi-Top's legs.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Hi-Top grips the top of the fence, rears back with his free leg and kicks McCaleb in the face. McCaleb drops.

Hi-Top is up and over, dropping to the other side. An alley behind some businesses.

McCaleb gets to his feet, one of Hi-Top's bloody sneakers in his hands. He starts to climb the fence.

The HEARTBEAT INTENSIFIES. McCaleb pauses at the top of the fence, slides back down the way he came. He clutches at his left arm, a look of surprise on his face.

The heartbeat eclipses all else. McCaleb is having a heart attack. He grips the fence to keep from falling.

10 CHAIN LINK

10

Suddenly, through the pain, McCaleb is aware of a form in the gloom. We don't see his face, but, fascinated, Hi-Top has come back to watch.

McCaleb reaches into his jacket, seemingly for his chest. But when his hand comes back out, he's holding his .38 service revolver. Blinking against near blinding pain, he aims through the fence.

Hi-Top runs for the dark as ROUND AFTER ROUND EXPLODES. The fourth sends him sprawling. The fifth and sixth sail wide as Hi-Top stands and staggers into blackness.

11 McCALEB

11

Suddenly illuminated by a spotlight. The revolver slips from his hand as the pain overwhelms him. Bleached white, he falls back into the dirt, his eyes wide.

As he stares up at a silent, hovering LAPD helicopter, he mouths words we cannot understand. And as the HEARTBEAT BECOMES an ELECTRONIC BLIP...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 MONITOR SCREEN

12

A grainy silver and black image of a heart: undulating and ghostly. The snaking line of a scope moves toward it.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO YEARS LATER

WOMAN (V.O.)

Almost there.

On a gurney, his oddly-angled head in a brace, McCaleb closes his eyes as the line enters his heart.

The voice belongs to DR. BONNIE FOX, the cardiologist who guides the line through an incision in McCaleb's neck.

DR. FOX

Coming out, Terry. You did good.

Removing the scope, she tapes a gauze compress to his neck. As she unstraps the brace, McCaleb rubs his neck. He looks less than formidable in his hospital johnny.

DR. FOX

Been taking your pills every day?

McCALEB

All thirty-four of them.

DR. FOX

No fever at all?

McCALEB

No, I'm clean.

DR. FOX

And no diarrhea?

McCALEB

I'm clean of that, too.

DR. FOX

Good. Blood pressure and pulse?

McCALEB

Right on target.

DR. FOX

And the boat? You're not working too hard on it?

McCALEB

I'm keeping it afloat. That's all.

DR. FOX

Good. I'll see you in a bit. I want to check the blood work and get the tissue over to the lab.

As Dr. Fox heads out.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CEDARS - HALLWAY - CARDIOLOGY UNIT - DAY 14

An orderly wheels McCaleb's gurney down the hall. As they pass one room, McCaleb looks over.

A young boy is on the bed, his body tied by tubes to a heart lung machine. A man in a suit, his father, sits at the foot of the bed. As his eyes drift out into the hall at McCaleb...

McCaleb looks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ON ISSUE OF BOAT RESTORATION MAGAZINE 15

McCaleb reads it in his hospital room. He looks up as Dr. Fox comes through the door, holding a lab report.

DR. FOX

Don't start running laps yet, but I'm very pleased. No rejection, all the levels look good. I might lower your Prednisone in another week.

McCALEB

Good. I'm tired of shaving three times a day.

Dr. Fox smiles, warms a stethoscope with her breath.

DR. FOX

Lean forward please.

He leans forward. She pulls down his johnny, listens to his heart through his back.

McCALEB

Can I ask you something?

DR. FOX

Don't talk.  
(a beat)  
Sit up.

She listens through his chest. For the first time we see it, the thirteen-inch white scar running over his heart like a rope. McCaleb half-grimaces at nothing in particular. Finally, she's done.

DR. FOX

Good. What did you want to ask me?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

That boy in room 604. What's his blood type?

Dr. Fox studies him a beat.

DR. FOX

It's different than yours if that's what you want to know.

McCALEB

How long has he been waiting?

DR. FOX

About half as long as you did.

McCALEB

What are his chances?

DR. FOX

Maybe fifty-fifty. Maybe less. What's bothering you, Terry?

McCALEB

(after a beat)

When I was with the bureau we had to qualify on the range every year. You know, shoot targets. Circle around the heart scores more than the head. It's called the ten ring. Highest score.

Dr. Fox smiles sympathetically. Familiar ground to her.

DR. FOX

Typical. You hang around almost two years waiting for a heart, draw your string out and nearly don't make it and now you wonder if we should've given it to you. You know what that is?

McCALEB

Bullshit?

DR. FOX

Exactly. Go home and enjoy your boat. I'll see you next week.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CABRILLO MARINA (SAN PEDRO) - DAY

16

McCaleb walks across the main dock. He passes a forty-two-foot Hunter sailboat called the Double-Down.

BUDDY NOONE plays harmonica in the cockpit. He wears a bathrobe, his hair standing up on one side. An aging surfer, low maintenance live aboard.

BUDDY

Morning, Terry.

McCALEB

It's two in the afternoon, Buddy.

BUDDY

Whatever. Hey, heads up, man.

McCALEB

What?

BUDDY

(gesturing)

Somebody's on your boat.

Two boats down. The Following Sea. A woman stands by the sliding door leading to the boat's salon. McCaleb frowns.

BUDDY

Been here ten minutes. Looked harmless, I didn't say anything.

McCALEB

(starts forward)

Thanks, Buddy.

17 THE FOLLOWING SEA

17

The woman -- GRACIELLA RIVERS -- stares out across the water. She doesn't see McCaleb till he's stepping down aboard.

McCALEB

Can I help you?

She turns, a little startled.

GRACIELLA

I'm looking for Terrel McCaleb.

McCALEB

You found him.

(CONTINUED)

GRACIELLA

I read about you in the paper, Mr. McCaleb. 'The Where Are They Now?' column. You know, in the Metro section?

McCALEB

Look, before you start your story, I have to tell you, you're not the first person to come out here and find me.

(off no answer;

she looks sad)

I can recommend a good, private investigator. Someone who'll work hard and won't rip you off.

GRACIELLA

The article said you were good. It said you hated it whenever somebody got away.

McCALEB

If you read the article, then you also know what happened to me. I'm retired, Miss Rivers.

GRACIELLA

Graciella. I think you could help me. Maybe help yourself, too.

McCALEB

I don't need the money.

GRACIELLA

I'm not talking about money.

Something weird about how she said it. Graciella reaches into her purse, hands McCaleb a photo: a smiling woman watching a boy blow out seven candles on a birthday cake. The woman looks quite a bit like Graciella.

He looks at it, looks back at her.

McCALEB

Your sister?

GRACIELLA

Yes. And her son.

McCALEB

Which one?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

GRACIELLA

Excuse me?

McCALEB

Which one is dead?

GRACIELLA

My sister. Gloria Torres. Glory.  
Her son's name is Raymond.

McCaleb holds the photo out, sighs.

McCALEB

Look, Miss Rivers, I just can't do  
this. I'm sorry.

She makes no move to take the photo.

GRACIELLA

Look at it again. Please. Just  
one more time and then I'll leave  
you alone. Tell me if you feel  
anything?

McCALEB

(irritated)

I was an F.B.I. agent, not a  
psychic. Now do you want this  
photo back or not?

GRACIELLA

I have a double. You know, two  
for the price of one. You'll want  
to keep that one.

McCALEB

Why would I want to do that?

Graciella reaches out her hand. Past the photo McCaleb  
still holds out. She places the palm of her hand on his  
chest, runs it slowly down the front of his shirt, her  
fingers tracing the scar beneath.

GRACIELLA

Your heart. It was my sister's.  
(a beat)  
My phone number's on the back if  
you change your mind.

With that, Graciella steps up to the dock and starts  
away. Speechless, McCaleb watches her go, then turns  
over the photo. A number is scrawled on back.

CUT TO:

18 GLASS THERMOMETER 18

The mercury rises, stops at 98.6 degrees.

19 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - FORWARD HEAD - NIGHT 19

McCaleb takes the thermometer out of his mouth, reads it. He picks up a clipboard with a temperature chart. In a column he adds another in a series of dashes. No change.

Looking at the mirror, he studies his eyes, then pulls off his shirt. Time to look at the scar. It's a ritual.

CUT TO:

20 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - NIGHT 20

McCaleb sits at the desk, turns on a light. Hanging from the light, a Lucite block which holds his FBI badge.

Tacked on the corkboard beyond that, a laminated newspaper line-up of code killer victims. Under them: 903 472 568. McCaleb frowns at it and turns away.

CUT TO:

21 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - CABIN - NIGHT 21

McCaleb lies in his bunk staring up at the ceiling. Unable to sleep. Finally, he retrieves his watch from a slot on the wall. The glow-in-the-dark hands read 3:29 AM.

22 EXT. DOCK - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 22

A full moon shines down on the all but deserted sight. McCaleb dials the number on the back of the photo.

McCALEB

Miss Rivers, it's Terry McCaleb.

I know it's late, but --

(a beat)

I'm going to go see the police tomorrow and ask about this.

(another beat)

Don't thank me. I don't want you to get your hopes up. I'm just going to take a look. I owe your sister that much. Now...

He takes a note pad and pencil from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

McCALEB

Before I start, I'll need some information.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. LAPD WEST VALLEY DIVISION (RESEDA) - DAY 23

A cab pulls up out front and McCaleb gets out, a box of doughnuts in hand. As he heads for the entrance...

24 INT. DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY 24

McCaleb steps to a counter. A YOUNG DETECTIVE steps over.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Can I help you?

McCALEB

Are Detectives Arrango or Walters in homicide?

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Your name?

McCALEB

McCaleb. Tell them it's about the Gloria Torres case.

The young detective punches three digits into a phone, whispers something as he looks McCaleb over. He hangs up.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Down the hall. First door on your right.

25 INT. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY 25

McCaleb has only gone a few steps when a solidly built man in a white shirt and tie steps in front of him. Gun in a shoulder harness. Detective Arrango from a few years ago.

ARRANGO

Mr. McCaleb.

McCALEB

Detective Arrango.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

McCaleb makes a point of shaking his hand.

ARRANGO

I thought you had died, or at least retired. My guy up front said you're here about Glory Torres.

McCALEB

That's right. Is there a place where we can talk?

ARRANGO

Talk about what?

McCALEB

I'm looking into her death.

ARRANGO

Oh shit, here we go.

Irritated, Arrango turns, snaps his fingers to get the attention of his partner Walters who's on the phone. As Walters motions he'll be a minute...

ARRANGO

You got five minutes before I toss you outta here.

26 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

26

Arrango leads the way in, closes the door behind McCaleb.

ARRANGO

Have a seat. My partner will be here in a minute.

McCALEB

(sitting down)

Want a doughnut?

ARRANGO

(also sitting)

Keep your doughnuts. It's the sister, isn't it? You're working for the goddamn sister. Let me see your ticket.

McCALEB

I don't have a license, if that's what you mean.

Arrango glares at him a beat.

(CONTINUED)

ARRANGO

Jesus, it's stuffy in here.

Arrango gets up, adjusts a thermostat on the wall and goes back for his seat. As he does, McCaleb glances up at an air duct grill over the door.

ARRANGO

You say you're conducting an investigation into the Gloria Torres homicide, is that correct?

McCALEB

(sighs)

Yes, that's right.

ARRANGO

And you have no license in the state of California to operate as a private investigator, true?

McCALEB

True.

Walters enters. Without looking, Arrango signals him not to interrupt. Walters leans against the wall.

ARRANGO

Do you understand, Mr. McCaleb, that it is a crime in this state to operate as a private investigator without a license?

McCALEB

Can we skip the bullshit and turn off the tape and camera and just talk a minute? Besides, Walters is leaning against the microphone. You're not picking anything up.

Arrango turns as Walters jumps away from the wall.

WALTERS

Why didn't you tell me?

ARRANGO

Shuddup!

McCALEB

Have a doughnut, guys. I'm here to help.

ARRANGO

How do you know Graciella Rivers?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

She's an acquaintance. She asked me to look into this.

McCaleb opens the box of doughnuts. Walters looks to Arrango, whose face is stone.

McCALEB

Well, I'm going to have one.

McCaleb takes out a cinnamon. After a beat, Walters grabs a glazed. Finally, against his better judgment, Arrango takes a powdered. They each chew a moment.

ARRANGO

I don't know what the sister told you, Mr. Former-F.B.I.-profiler, but this isn't Charlie Manson or Ted fucking Bundy. It's a convenience store robbery. Some mope with a mask and a gun and the right ratio of balls to brains. That's all.

McCALEB

I know, but I told her I'd check it out. It's been two months. I thought maybe you guys wouldn't mind a fresh set of eyes.

Walters looks at Arrango, shrugs a why not.

McCALEB

I'm not here to show you up. Anything I come up with, you'll be the first to know.

ARRANGO

What do you want?

McCALEB

Copy me the murder book and the video walk-through on the crime scene. I was always good with crime scenes.

Walters and Arrango exchange another look. Then...

ARRANGO

I don't think so, man.

McCALEB

Let me ask you something, does the sister call you much?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

ARRANGO

All the time. Week in and week out I tell her the same thing. No suspects, no leads.

McCALEB

This could get her off your case. If I see what you got and say you boys did your best, she might back off.

Arrango smiles at the thought of that.

ARRANGO

You say you were good with crime scenes?

McCALEB

Yeah, if you made a tape...

Arrango winks at Walters, then looks back at McCaleb.

ARRANGO

We got better than a crime scene tape. We got the crime.

(stands)

Come on. Bring those doughnuts with you.

27 INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - TELEVISION SCREEN - DAY

27

The screen flickers on. A black and white surveillance camera view of the counter of a convenience store. A date and time line runs across the bottom of the screen. The frame is empty a few seconds until the counterman leans in over the register. He breaks open a roll of quarters.

WALTERS

That's Kyungwon Kang, the owner.

ARRANGO

He's spending his last few seconds on the planet here.

As he closes the register, a woman steps up. Easily recognizable from the photo -- Gloria Torres. Glory. She smiles as she sets a Hershey bar down on the counter.

ARRANGO

Came in to buy a fucking candy bar. You believe that?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

(softly)

For her son...

As Gloria hands a dollar bill over, a man in a black ski mask and black jumpsuit moves up behind Gloria.

She's still smiling as ski mask puts his right hand on her right shoulder and in one continuous move brings the muzzle of a handgun up to her left temple.

Without hesitation, he pulls the trigger.

ARRANGO

Badda-bing!

McCaleb grimaces as bloody mist jettisons from the wound.

Ski mask holds her up as a shield, then raises his left hand to FIRE a ROUND into Mr. Kang. Kang vainly grapples for a hold on the counter like a man going over a cliff.

Ski mask lowers Gloria's body to the floor. Her head drops out of sight.

Ski mask steps up as Mr. Kang pulls a revolver from under some papers bags. Ski mask shoots him in the face.

Ski mask scoops the cash from the register, then picks up something off Mr. Kang's arm. He then reaches for something on the floor.

WALTERS

He picked up all the shells.

Ski mask looks directly at the camera and says something.

McCALEB

No sound on the camera, right?

WALTERS

Right. Whatever he said there, he said to himself.

Ski mask then makes one last pass on his way out.

ARRANGO

You ain't gonna see that on  
'America's Favorite Home Videos.'

McCALEB

(ignoring comment)

Can I see it again? Slowed down?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

ARRANGO

It's not over yet.

McCALEB

What?

ARRANGO

The good Samaritan comes in now.

On screen, a dark-haired, dark-complected man in jeans and a T-shirt enters. He hesitates, looks down at Gloria, then over the counter at Mr. Kang. He kneels over Gloria's body. Almost immediately, he's up and away.

ARRANGO

He went down the aisles looking for bandages. He actually wrapped her head with tape and paper towels.

The good Samaritan is back doing just that.

ARRANGO

Camera never got a good look at him. After he finished, he went outside, called 9-1-1 and split.

WALTERS

Voice on the tape was Latino. We figure the guy was illegal. Afraid to stick around.

McCALEB

Too bad. He was there so soon, he probably saw the shooter's car, maybe the shooter.

WALTERS

We put out flyers, went on Channel 34. Nothing.

McCALEB

(re: TV)

May I?

Arrango shrugs, annoyed.

McCaleb rewinds, starts the tape again. This time in slow motion. As the gun gets pressed up against Gloria Torres' head, he freezes it. The smile has only half-left her.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

Arrango smirks as McCaleb scribbles the time: 22:41:39.  
McCaleb hesitates before resuming play.

ARRANGO

Pause button's not gonna help her  
now.

McCaleb hits it. Gloria dies. The tape plays through  
ski mask saying something into the camera.

McCALEB

He winked.

WALTERS

What?

McCaleb rewinds, plays it slower. As ski mask says his  
line, he definitely winks.

McCaleb freezes it again as the good Samaritan walks in.  
He notes the new time line: 22:42:55. As the tape  
finishes, McCaleb is visibly affected.

ARRANGO

Okay, Mr. F.B.I. man, tell us  
something we don't know.

McCaleb stares over at Arrango, hardens up.

McCALEB

The shooter's been in the store  
before. He knew where the camera  
was. So he's either from the  
neighborhood or he cased the  
place. Plus this wasn't the first  
time. No hesitation, no panic, he  
picks up the brass. This guy's  
done it before.

Arrango and Walters exchange a look. Walters starts to  
say something, but Arrango holds up a hand to silence  
him.

McCALEB

What?

Neither man answers.

McCALEB

How many others?

Neither man answers again.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

MCCALEB

Can I see the murder book?

ARRANGO

Let us talk to the lieutenant and  
we'll get back to you.

Arrango and Walters both stand. Meeting over.

MCCALEB

When?

ARRANGO

Give me a number. We'll be in  
touch.

That's all he's getting. Taking out a pen, McCaleb writes a number on the top of the doughnut box. He shoves it in Arrango's hands, gives Walters a nasty look, then starts out with Arrango calling after him.

ARRANGO

Hey, we don't need your shit,  
McCaleb, we got a whole plateful  
of our own!

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SHERMAN MARKET (CANOGA PARK) - DAY

28

A cab pulls up and as McCaleb gets out...

MCCALEB

Wait here.

McCaleb studies the storefront a beat. There's a pay phone right out front. A deep breath and he starts in.

29 INT. SHERMAN MARKET - DAY

29

McCaleb enters, smiling over at the elderly ASIAN WOMAN behind the counter. The counter where Mr. Kang died. She doesn't smile back.

McCaleb goes to the display racks full of candy and picks out a Hershey bar. He steps to the counter, sets it down.

As the Asian Woman RINGS it up, McCaleb looks up at the surveillance camera. He then hands the woman a dollar.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

McCALEB

Are you Mrs. Kang?

ASIAN WOMAN

Yes. I know you?

McCALEB

No, it's just... I heard what happened here. To your husband. I'm sorry.

ASIAN WOMAN

Yes, thank you.

(a beat)

The only way to keep evil out is to not unlock door. We can't do that. We must have business.

McCaleb nods that he understands. As she hands him his change, he looks one more time at the surveillance camera, then once behind him. Playing the crime over in his head.

As he exits, he nods to Mrs. Kang.

McCALEB

Thank you.

30 EXT. SHERMAN MARKET - DAY

30

McCaleb steps to the pay phone. This is where the Good Samaritan stood. McCaleb reaches out, pretends to dial 9-1-1. A beat, then he scans the street.

31 McCALEB'S POV - STREET

31

A wide, busy four-lane boulevard. Across the street -- a strip mall parking lot. A man sitting in a car. He lifts a newspaper almost the instant McCaleb notices him.

32 McCALEB

32

Not alarmed. In fact, he's about to dismiss it, when...

CABBIE

Hey! You gonna pay me or should I drive you somewhere else?

McCaleb strides over to the cab, gets in.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

McCALEB

The nearest public library.

The Cabbie thinks a beat, then starts to pull away. McCaleb looks across the street. The car is gone.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LIBRARY - COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

33

McCaleb is in the research section. On screen, he calls up the L.A. Times, accesses the search function. When it asks for key words, McCaleb types: "robbery, ski mask, shooting."

He hits enter and waits. As the computer works, McCaleb dumps a handful of pills into the palm of his hand. As he chases them down with a bottle of water, the computer flashes a new screen.

Two matches to the key words. McCaleb hits "print."

CUT TO:

34 EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT (WHITTIER) - DAY

34

The cab pulls up again.

35 INT. DETECTIVE WINSTON'S OFFICE (HOMICIDE) - DAY

35

The door opens. A DEPUTY shows McCaleb in.

DEPUTY

Detective Winston said to wait here. She'll be right with you.

The Deputy leaves McCaleb alone.

McCaleb steps over to a wall of citations and a smattering of press clippings. One is from a police magazine:

It shows both McCaleb and Det. Jaye Winston receiving citations for an arrest of "The Cemetery Man."

The door opens and JAYE enters, looks happy to see him.

JAYE

How's it going, Terry? I heard you got a new ticker.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

(as they shake hands)

Yeah, and I'm doing okay. You?

JAYE

Same old same old. What's up?  
You on a private ticket now?

McCALEB

No, just doing a favor for a  
friend.

JAYE

What case is it?

McCaleb pulls the LA Times library printouts from his  
bag.

McCALEB

James Cordell. A.T.M. holdup on  
January twenty-two. Newspaper  
says he was shot by a guy wearing  
a ski mask.

JAYE

Who's the friend you're doing the  
favor for?

McCALEB

Graciella Rivers. Her sister was  
shot in a convenience store holdup  
two weeks ago. Guy with a ski  
mask.

An odd beat.

McCALEB

So did I get it right? Are they  
connected?

JAYE

Same guy, Terry. Out of your  
orbit, though. Just a scumbag  
with a gun. Three-strike shit,  
that's all.

McCALEB

What do you mean?

JAYE

You know, guys with two felony  
convictions. A third puts them  
away for life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

JAYE (CONT'D)

So instead of leaving witnesses,  
they kill 'em. Robbery, murder,  
it's the same sentence either way.

McCALEB

I saw the boys in L.A. They  
showed me the tape, but wouldn't  
copy me the book. I bet they  
copied you.

(a beat)

You owe me one, Jaye.

JAYE

Don't you think I know that?

CUT TO:

36 BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO IMAGE

36

James Cordell, 35, as seen by an ATM camera. He slides  
his card into the cash machine. He hesitates, looks back  
over his right shoulder, tracking something behind him.

JAYE (O.S.)

Shooter's back there, but I'm  
betting the mask isn't on yet.  
Otherwise Cordell would've run.

Cordell turns back to the machine, waits. Suddenly, the  
gun comes into frame, just kissing Cordell's left temple.  
Jaye freeze-frames.

37 ANGLE

37

JAYE

Heckler and Koch nine milli. Same  
model as the Valley tape.

She hits play and James Cordell's brains are blown out.  
He falls away to reveal the same shooter. Ski mask and  
black jumpsuit aside, it's him. As he reaches for the  
cash in the slot, he mouths something. McCaleb freezes  
it.

McCALEB

He said something in the Valley  
tape, also.

JAYE

(shrugs)

Guy's a chatterbox.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

Have you brought in a lip reader?

Jaye looks at him for a beat, feels foolish that she hasn't.

JAYE

I'll get on it.

McCALEB

He took the money from the machine not the victim.

JAYE

So?

McCALEB

He took it from the bank. Makes it a federal offense.

Jaye shrugs, hits play. Ski mask picks up the shell casing and goes. Jaye fast forwards. After a minute, she hits play.

A man, James Lockridge, steps up, crouches by Cordell's body. Lockridge is stocky, bald across the top.

JAYE

James Lockridge. He pulled into the bank parking lot. Almost got sideswiped by a sedan roaring out. Said it was a white guy, but couldn't give us anything else. He called for an ambulance. Cordell died on the way to the hospital.

McCALEB

You got any leads at all?

JAYE

Been following the three-strikes thing. Looking up local stick-up men with two or more falls under their belts. I think the man in the ski mask is one of them. Used to be a robber, now he's a robbing murderer.

McCALEB

What about the gun? Heckler and Koch. Expensive for a holdup man and weird that he'd hang onto it after the first killing.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

JAYE

I figured he stole it, but that didn't lead anywhere. I hate to say it, McCaleb, but I think we're going to need fresh blood to solve this one.

McCALEB

Can you copy the murder books, Jaye? Yours and L.A.'s?

JAYE

I'll ask the captain, but I don't see why not. He was the lieutenant on the Cemetery Man case.

McCALEB

Glad someone got promoted.

CUT TO:

38 INT. VALLEY COMPUTING - DAY

38

JAMES LOCKERIDGE sits at his cubicle typing into a computer. A bit of a nerd, he looks up as the office manager leads McCaleb over.

McCALEB

(extending hand)

Mr. Lockeridge, I'm Terry McCaleb. Thanks for seeing me.

Lockridge looks from the hand to McCaleb.

LOCKRIDGE

Are you a policeman?

McCALEB

F.B.I. Retired. I'm investigating a related case for another victim's family.

LOCKRIDGE

Good. Police are stupid.

McCALEB

Why do you say that?

LOCKRIDGE

Didn't they tell you?

McCaleb looks at him, shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

LOCKRIDGE

Why would they? When I found the guy shot, I called 9-1-1. They got the address transposed and they sent the ambulance to the wrong place. It took twenty minutes. Guy was breathing the whole time. He might've made it if they hadn't fucked up.

McCALEB

These things happen, I guess.

LOCKRIDGE

No. They fucked up and the guy died. I'm real busy. I agreed to see you because you were already here. What do you want?

McCALEB

I read your statement, but I'd like to hear from you what happened.

LOCKRIDGE

I needed cash. As I pulled into the lot, a guy driving out almost hit me. It was dark. All I saw was it was a car. No plates, no face, nothing. I walk up to the A.T.M. and there's a guy bleeding. He must've got it right before I got there. I call 9-1-1 and ten minutes later, they went driving past us. Past us.

McCALEB

Did you notice anything at all, detail-wise?

LOCKRIDGE

Yeah. That it could've been me. It could've been him finding me. With that ambulance driving right on by!

CUT TO:

A lonely spot even during the day. McCaleb steps up. He stands there a beat, looks down at the ground where the bloodstain still isn't quite gone.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

McCaleb inserts his ATM card, looks back over his shoulder, then up and down the street. He closes his eyes, replaying the crime in his mind.

Suddenly, a hand reaches up toward McCaleb's shoulder! Someone's behind him. As the hand comes down...

McCaleb wheels to face a longhaired MAN wearing Wayfarer sunglasses and a single, dangling crucifix earring.

MAN

You done?

McCaleb blinks in surprise, then gathers his wits. Grunting that he is, he takes his ATM card from the slot and walks away. The man watches after him a beat, then turns to the machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 EXT. DOCK (SAN PEDRO) - SUNSET

40

A taxi pulls up and lets McCaleb out. He carries a stack of files and videotapes. He looks tired.

Buddy raises a beer from the deck of the Double Down.

BUDDY

Here's to you, Terry.

McCaleb nods, continues past, then turns, looks at Buddy.

McCALEB

What do you got going tomorrow?

BUDDY

Same as always. A big fat goose egg.

McCALEB

I need a driver for a few days. Ten bucks an hour plus meals.

BUDDY

(perking up)

What is it, an investigation?

McCALEB

I'm looking for a driver, Buddy, not a partner.

BUDDY

Okay. I'm in. Whose car.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

McCALEB

We take yours, I pay for gas. We  
take mine, I sit in the back.  
It's got air bags up front.

BUDDY

Right, cuz of your chest, right?

McCaleb nods, no patience left for the day.

BUDDY

Let's take mine. I'd feel like  
too much of a chauffeur with you  
in the back.

McCALEB

(heads off)

See you in the morning.

BUDDY

You look tired, McCaleb. You  
should get some sleep.

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - CHART TABLE - NIGHT

41

The evidence is laid out. Both cases, crime-scene  
photos, etc... McCaleb rubs his eyes, makes a note on a  
legal pad. He then opens a Thomas Guide, begins tracking  
streets.

CUT TO:

42 GLASS THERMOMETER

42

The mercury rises, stops at 99.8 degrees.

43 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - FORWARD HEAD - NIGHT

43

McCaleb takes the thermometer out of his mouth, reads it.  
It takes a moment for it to register. Finally, he picks  
up the clipboard with the temperature chart. In a column  
where there have only ever been dashes, he jots 99.8  
degrees.

CUT TO:

44 INT. SHERMAN MARKET - NIGHT 44

We're suddenly in a BLACK AND WHITE world. MR. KANG looks up from the register and smiles in an unfriendly way. McCaleb stands across from him.

MR. KANG  
You don't deserve it.

McCALEB  
What?

Suddenly, there's a hand on McCaleb's shoulder, the barrel of a revolver on his temple.

McCaleb turns to find the man in the SKI MASK. He lowers the GUN to McCaleb's chest -- the heart.

SKI MASK  
Ten ring.

BOOM! SHOT through the heart, McCaleb starts an impossibly slow descent to the floor. As he falls he looks back toward Ski Mask. The eyes watch him go. They look remarkably like his own eyes...

Then comes the wink.

CUT TO:

45 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - CABIN - NIGHT 45

Having landed in his own bunk, McCaleb wakes in a cold sweat. It takes him a moment to realize where he is.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CEDAR'S-SINAI - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (NEXT MORNING) 46

DR. BONNIE FOX sits across from McCaleb.

DR. FOX  
Murdered? What are you talking about?

McCALEB  
She was shot in the head in a robbery, then lived long enough for me to get her heart.

(CONTINUED)

DR. FOX

You're not supposed to know anything about your donor. How do you know this?

McCALEB

Her sister tracked me down. She read a piece about me in the paper, about the fact that I had a rare blood type, the same as her sister's. My surgery was the same day her sister died.

DR. FOX

What does she want? Money?

McCaleb actually laughs.

DR. FOX

I'm glad you can find it funny.

McCALEB

Don't you see? She wants me to find out who did it. She wants me to solve her sister's murder.

DR. FOX

Give me this woman's name. Right now.

McCaleb just looks at her.

DR. FOX

You're not thinking of doing this.

McCALEB

I started yesterday.

DR. FOX

(furious)

And today you're running a fever! You are sixty days post transplant! As your doctor I'm ordering you not to do this.

He doesn't answer; she softens.

DR. FOX

You have to respect the gift you were given, Terry.

McCALEB

I do and I am. It was her gift.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

It's supposed to be an accident.  
99 out of 100 donors, an accident  
leading to a fatal head injury.  
This is different.

DR. FOX

How? How is it different? A  
heart is a heart.

McCALEB

(standing)

An accident is fate. A murder is  
evil.

DR. FOX

Oh please --

McCALEB

This gift that you talk about, the  
only reason I have it is because  
of this evil, hateful thing that  
someone did.

DR. FOX

You're not making a lot of sense.

McCALEB

She went into that store to get a  
candy bar for her kid and ends up  
-- I can't explain --

Dr. Fox reaches out, takes his hands.

DR. FOX

You know the little boy in room  
604? He's waiting on a heart that  
isn't coming. That could be you,  
Terry. This is your one chance.  
Tell this woman no. Save yourself  
and tell her no.

McCALEB

I can't...

Dr. Fox slowly pulls her hands back.

DR. FOX

You are gambling with your life.  
If you start getting infection or  
rejection, we're not going to be  
able to save you.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

McCALEB

I don't have a choice.

DR. FOX

Neither do I. I can no longer be  
your doctor, Terry. I can't be  
around while you do this.

McCALEB

Look, Doc --

DR. FOX

I'll have your records ready this  
afternoon. Good luck, Terry.

CUT TO:

47 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

47

In a waitress uniform, Graciella steps over to the phone.  
The MANAGER doesn't look too happy as he hands it over.

MANAGER

Make it quick.

GRACIELLA

Hello?

McCALEB (V.O.)

Graciella? It's McCaleb.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CEDARS-SINAI - PAY PHONE - DAY

48

McCaleb stands in the booth, his head pressed up against  
the glass. Buddy stands a short distance away, looking  
concerned for his friend.

GRACIELLA (V.O.)

Did something happen?

McCALEB

Tell me about her.

INTERCUT the following:

GRACIELLA

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

McCALEB

Glory. Tell me something about her. The better feel I have for her, the better I'll be at this.

She thinks a beat, knows this is important to him.

GRACIELLA

Is there a kitchen on that boat of yours?

McCALEB

Yeah, a galley.

GRACIELLA

Is it big enough to cook a real meal?

McCALEB

Sure.

GRACIELLA

You want to know my sister? Then you have to meet her son. Everything that was good about her is in him. I'll bring him by tonight and make you dinner.

McCALEB

I'd like that... So you know, most cases turn on some detail that was missed or didn't seem important. It can be the key. That's what I have to find.

GRACIELLA

You have Glory's heart. She'll guide you.

McCaleb hangs up; the words weigh heavy. He steps out.

BUDDY

You okay, Terry? Where to?

CUT TO:

49 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

49

They pull into the lot of a West Valley industrial park.

BUDDY

What are we doing here?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

Sheriff's department checked out a list of three strike robbery suspects. Also, a list of locations where HK P7 pistols were stolen in the past few years. Last night I charted the site of each theft along with the home and job location of each man on the list.

BUDDY

I get it. Like a cross reference. You want to see if they overlap, right?

McCALEB

One name sticks out like a whore in church. Mikail Bolotov. Two time loser. Lives a mile from the market where Gloria Torres died. Works four blocks from a Canoga Park home where a Heckler and Koch was stolen in December.

Buddy lets out a low whistle.

BUDDY

So why haven't they arrested this guy? Bolo... Bolo...

McCALEB

Bolotov.

BUDDY

Russian sonuvabitch!

McCALEB

They don't know about the gun. Plus he's got an alibi. Time card. He punched out at work after the Cordell murder.

BUDDY

A friend could've done that.

McCaleb nods, looks up at the building.

BUDDY

But I still don't know what we're doing here.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

McCALEB

He works inside. I'm going to talk to him.

BUDDY

Cool.

As McCaleb starts out, Buddy follows.

McCALEB

Where are you going?

BUDDY

We'll lean on him. Good cop, bad cop.

McCALEB

You're staying in the car, Buddy.

Buddy mutters disappointment, but his eyes widen as McCaleb fishes a gun in a canvas holster from his leather bag. As he clips it to his belt...

BUDDY

Hey, what are you expecting in there?

McCALEB

Nothing. It's more of a prop than anything.

CUT TO:

50 INT. DELTONA CLOCKS - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

50

Cheap, industrial look clocks are manufactured here. A RECEPTIONIST looks up at McCaleb.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

McCaleb puts his hands on his hips, carefully lets his jacket open to expose his gun. The Receptionist spots it.

McCALEB

I'm conducting a follow-up on a sheriff's department inquiry of February Third.

RECEPTIONIST

Just a moment.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

She picks up a phone, dials.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Toliver, it's Wendy. There's a man from the sheriff's department here about something.

51 INT. DELTONA CLOCKS - OFFICE - DAY

51

Built into the wall above and with a window looking out onto the manufacturing floor. McCaleb stands across from a harried MR. TOLIVER.

MR. TOLIVER

We're awfully busy, Mr. McCaleb.

McCALEB

I'll get to the point then. A few months ago you spoke to two sheriff's detectives about an employee named Bolotov.

MR. TOLIVER

Yes?

McCALEB

I'm investigating that case now. I need to ask some additional questions.

MR. TOLIVER

I'll tell you what I told the others. Michael Bolotov was working that day. You can see his time card if you'd like.

McCALEB

How many employees do you have on the floor at any given time?

MR. TOLIVER

Eight-five.

McCALEB

Any chance one of them could've punched Bolotov out?

MR. TOLIVER

(shrugs)

We've been in business sixteen years. It's happened.

McCaleb looks out onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

McCALEB  
Is Bolotov working today?

Mr. Toliver steps up, points down on the floor.

MR. TOLIVER  
That's him there.

McCaleb is looking at a man in a black T-shirt with sleeves stretched tight over powerful, tattoo-laced arms. BOLOTOV.

McCALEB  
Bolotov... Is he Russian?

MR. TOLIVER  
Yeah. They're good workers and they don't complain. They don't mind being paid shit, either.

McCALEB  
I'd like to speak to him.

MR. TOLIVER  
In here?

McCALEB  
I'm sure you want to continue to cooperate, don't you?

After a big sigh from Mr Toliver...

CUT TO:

52 INT. STAIRS - LEADING UP TO OFFICE - DAY

52

MOVE WITH Bolotov as he climbs up. He moves with a jailhouse strut as he enters...

53 INT. DELTONA CLOCKS - OFFICE - DAY

53

McCaleb waits, alone.

McCALEB  
Sit down.

Bolotov moves to a chair, sits without hesitation.

McCALEB  
The night of January seventeen.  
Tell me about it.

(CONTINUED)

BOLOTOV

I told them before. I work that night.

McCALEB

So you said. But things are different now. We know things we didn't know then.

BOLOTOV

What things?

McCALEB

Burglary at that house on Mason. Two blocks from here, remember? That where you got the gun, wasn't it, Bolotov?

BOLOTOV

(biceps bulging)

What gun?

McCALEB

How about February Seventh? You got an alibi for that night, too?

BOLOTOV

I don't know that night.

McCALEB

Sure you do. That's the night you walked into the Sherman Market and killed two people.

Bolotov's eyes narrow.

BOLOTOV

Who are you? You're not a cop.

McCaleb just stares at him.

BOLOTOV

(standing)

Cops are in twos. Who are you?

McCALEB

I'm the one who's going to take you down. You did it, Bolotov, and I'm going to prove it.

Without warning, Bolotov rushes forward. As McCaleb stands, Bolotov slams into his chest, sending McCaleb sprawling over the back of the chair.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

Pinning McCaleb's neck with a knee, he goes through his pockets. Tossing the gun away, he checks McCaleb's wallet.

BOLOTOV

No badge. See, no cop.

Bolotov checks the driver's license.

BOLOTOV

Terr-ell Mack-kay-leeb.

He digs his knee in a bit harder.

BOLOTOV

Maybe I pay you a visit one day,  
yes?

Standing, Bolotov grabs the chair, raises it over his head. At that moment, the door opens and Mr. Toliver steps in.

Bolotov hurls the chair through the glass, then leaps with ease to the manufacturing floor below.

McCaleb tries to stand, then collapses to the floor clutching at his chest.

McCALEB

Shit...

CUT TO:

54 INT. DETECTIVE WINSTON'S OFFICE - HOMICIDE - DAY

54

Looking ragged, McCaleb sits across from Jaye Winston. She's angry.

McCALEB

Think for a minute, Jaye.  
Bolotov's alibi is about as solid  
as a loaf of bread.

JAYE

You think, Terry. You've got no  
badge. And even if you did, it  
would be the wrong one.

McCALEB

The hell with that. Bolotov. I  
like him for this, Jaye.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

JAYE

Guy's a convict. He could've done what he did for a hundred reasons.

McCALEB

You should put out a pick-up on him.

JAYE

(stepping over)

You look like crap, Terry.

Jaye puts her palm on his forehead.

JAYE

You got a fever. Go home.

McCALEB

Bolotov.

JAYE

I had a car go by his apartment, but he's already gone. Split.

McCALEB

I hit a nerve.

JAYE

I'll say. You remember my lieutenant who became a captain?

McCaleb nods.

JAYE

He's not too happy. He doesn't want to hear from you or about you again. We'll send a sheriff by your boat at five to pick up the files and tapes. Understood?

McCaleb sighs, nods again. Jaye looks away.

JAYE

Will that give you enough time to make copies of everything?

McCaleb looks back over, smiles.

McCALEB

I already did.

It's her turn to smile. But as McCaleb stands to go...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

JAYE

By the way. Lip reader came in.  
He's ninety percent sure that the  
shooter was saying 'Happy  
Valentine's Day.'

McCALEB

That sounds hinky, Jaye. Not like  
your average mutt.

JAYE

(shrugs)

What's average these days?

CUT TO:

55 BLACK &amp; WHITE GLORIA TORRES

55

Bluntly: the gun comes up and blows her brains out. Mr.  
Kang is shot next. The shooter picks up the shells and  
mouths to the camera with McCaleb speaking in perfect  
synch with him.

McCALEB (V.O.)

Happy Valentine's Day.

The image freezes, rewinds, and plays again.

56 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - SUNSET

56

McCaleb sits by the TV assaulting himself with the same  
image over and over. The moment is broken by the sound  
and motion of FOOTSTEPS touching down on the deck  
overhead.

McCaleb hits freeze, sparing Gloria death by a fraction  
of a second. He stands, heads through the door to the  
deck.

57 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - DECK - SUNSET

57

McCaleb steps out to find Graciella and a ten-year-old  
boy RAYMOND stepping on. Graciella carries a bag of  
groceries. She reads McCaleb's surprise.

GRACIELLA

(smiling)

You forgot, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

(embarrassed)

No -- I mean, sort of, for the last few hours. I got lost...

GRACIELLA

It's okay. We can do it another time.

McCALEB

Are you kidding? We're going to have dinner. Is this Raymond?

GRACIELLA

(nodding)

Raymond, this is Mr. McCaleb. The man I was telling you about. This is his boat.

McCaleb steps over, shakes Raymond's little hand. The boy looks about curiously.

RAYMOND

What's the Following Sea?

McCALEB

That's the one you have to watch out for. The one that's right behind you.

GRACIELLA

(re: groceries)

Where's the galley?

McCALEB

(pointing)

Through there.

Graciella walks past them, down into the salon.

RAYMOND

Can you fish off this boat?

McCALEB

Sure. Why don't I get you a pole and --

McCaleb stops short, looks back over his shoulder.

McCALEB

Wait here, Raymond.

As McCaleb starts down into the salon.

58 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - SUNSET

58

Graciella stands in shock before the TV staring at the frozen image of her sister, the barrel of the revolver about to touch the side of her head.

Unable to look away, her trembling finger reaches for the play button. Just before she hits it, McCaleb is there. He switches the screen off.

McCALEB

I'm sorry. You shouldn't have seen that.

GRACIELLA

Was she, was she ever scared?

McCALEB

No. She never knew at all.

Graciella looks at the files, videotapes and notes on the chart table. Then she looks at the TV and back to McCaleb.

GRACIELLA

What I've asked you to do -- It isn't fair, is it?

McCALEB

(after a beat)

There's a restaurant over the marine store. Good food and a great view of the sunset. Why don't we have dinner there?

DISSOLVE TO:

59 EXT. MARINA - JETTY - SUNSET

59

After dinner. McCaleb and Graciella walk.

Raymond runs ahead of them chasing sea gulls, chucking an occasional rock into the sea.

GRACIELLA

Why do you live on a boat?

McCALEB

I hate to mow the grass.

She laughs. McCaleb smiles at the sight, looks to Raymond.

McCALEB

Is he going to stay with you?

(CONTINUED)

GRACIELLA

(nods)

I'm the only one. His father  
isn't around.

McCALEB

Your sister was a good person. I  
can tell that by Raymond.

GRACIELLA

Thank you... How's it going,  
McCaleb? Any hope?

McCaleb looks her over, judging her strength. Then:

McCALEB

I want you to start thinking about  
your sister.

GRACIELLA

What do you mean?

McCALEB

Make a list for me of places she  
would go, friends she would see,  
any routines she had.

GRACIELLA

All right. How come?

McCALEB

Just an angle I'm working on. Did  
she ever mention a James Cordell  
to you?

GRACIELLA

No.

McCALEB

You're sure?

GRACIELLA

Positive. Why?

McCALEB

It's too premature to get into  
right now.

GRACIELLA

(stops)

You think this James Cordell  
killed her?

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

No.

GRACIELLA

Then what?

McCALEB

Cordell was killed during an A.T.M. hold-up six weeks before Gloria. It looks like the same gunman.

GRACIELLA

So why would Gloria know him? They were both just in the wrong place at the wrong time, right?

McCALEB

It's a hunch, but this investigation was run under the theory that the locations were chosen and the victims were random. I think it might be the other way around.

GRACIELLA

What?

McCALEB

To check it out I need to see if your sister and Cordell had anything in common. Some intersection that hooks them to each other or to the gunman.

GRACIELLA

I'm not following you.

McCALEB

In the bureau we had what we call a full field investigation. That's all I'm doing.

Ahead, Raymond turns and looks back:

RAYMOND

Come on!

McCaleb waves. They start forward. After some silence.

GRACIELLA

There is one thing that's always bothered me.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

What's that?

GRACIELLA

It's nothing.

McCALEB

What?

GRACIELLA

Glory had a piece of jewelry. It was like her lucky charm. She always wore it. But when they gave me her personal things, it was missing.

McCALEB

What was it?

GRACIELLA

A single earring. A dangling crucifix.

McCaleb is gone. Lost in sudden, anxious thought.

GRACIELLA

What does it mean?

Graciella takes McCaleb's arm. McCaleb snaps back out.

McCALEB

Uh, certain killers take souvenirs.

GRACIELLA

God, that's creepy.

(a beat)

Are you okay?

He focuses on her as he realizes the killer was at the ATM machine.

McCALEB

I just, I missed my medicine. I should get back to the boat and take it.

GRACIELLA

We have to go, too. Raymond has homework.

(to Raymond)

Raymond! Come say thank you to Mr. McCaleb!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

GRACIELLA (CONT'D)  
 (to McCaleb)  
 You're sure you're okay.

McCALEB  
 Fine.

But nothing's fine right now. And as the sun sets...

CUT TO:

60 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - TV SCREEN - NIGHT

60

Freeze Frame as Gloria Torres steps to the counter, head turned. McCaleb steps up to the screen, puts his finger on it. Grainy, but you can see: the crucifix earring.

PLAY. Gloria is shot. Kang is shot. As the shooter lowers Gloria's upper torso out of frame, McCaleb goes to jog mode. The shooter rises back into frame.

McCaleb jogs back and forth over the shooter's hand as it slides in and out of his pocket. He's taken the earring!

61 EXT. DOCK (SAN PEDRO) - NIGHT

61

McCaleb steps out to the deck of The Following Sea.

McCALEB  
 Hey, Buddy!

A few beats before a bleary Buddy staggers up on deck.

BUDDY  
 What's up, Terry?

McCALEB  
 You're working tomorrow. Six AM.

BUDDY  
 (shrugs)  
 Cool.

As Buddy turns, he kicks into part of the pile of personal stuff heaped everywhere. As it starts to spill over the side and sink to the bottom:

BUDDY  
 Aww shit, Terry!

CUT TO:

62 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

62

Driving through the desert toward Lancaster.

BUDDY

Who wants to go to the desert  
anyhow?

McCALEB

You go where the clues lead.

BUDDY

Don't any clues lead to the beach  
for crying out loud?!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. CORDELL HOUSE (LANCASTER) - DAY

63

Buddy waits in the car as McCaleb heads up the walk. He rings the bell. A few moments before MRS. CORDELL answers. She looks sad.

McCALEB

Mrs. Cordell?

MRS. CORDELL

Yes.

McCALEB

I'm Terry McCaleb. I called you  
last night.

(no answer)

Is this a bad time?

MRS. CORDELL

As opposed to a good time?

McCALEB

Poor choice of words. Can we  
talk?

MRS. CORDELL

(pointing past)

Is that your partner in the car?

McCALEB

Uh, my driver.

MRS. CORDELL

Oh. I thought of hiring a private  
investigator, but I just couldn't  
afford to.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at the two little bikes leaned against the wall.

MRS. CORDELL

Couldn't afford to find out who killed my husband.

(looks up)

Do you work for the police?

McCALEB

I'm a retired F.B.I. agent. A friend of the family of a woman who was killed in Canoga Park. We think it was the same gunman in both cases.

MRS. CORDELL

I see.

McCALEB

First of all, I'm sorry. I know it doesn't matter what a stranger thinks, but you have my sympathy. From what I read in the file, James was a good man.

MRS. CORDELL

(smiles)

It's funny to hear him called James. Everyone called him Jimmy. And he was a very good man. How can I help, Mr. McCaleb?

McCaleb takes out a photo and hands it to her. It's the shot of Gloria Torres and Raymond that Graciella gave him.

McCALEB

Do you recognize this woman?

Mrs. Cordell studies it.

McCALEB

Does she look like someone your husband could've known?

MRS. CORDELL

No, I don't think so. Was she the victim in Canoga Park?

McCALEB

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CORDELL

Is that her son?

McCALEB

Yes. That's Raymond.

MRS. CORDELL

I don't understand. How could my husband have known her? Are you suggesting they may have --

McCALEB

No, Mrs. Cordell, nothing like that.

MRS. CORDELL

Then like what?

McCALEB

Somewhere your husband and Miss Torres may have crossed the shooter's path. The relationship is between the victims and the shooter. I need to know if your husband and Miss Torres had anything in common. It may seem like nothing. They both ate at the same restaurant for example.

MRS. CORDELL

(figuring along)

A restaurant the killer went to.

McCALEB

Yes, that's right.

MRS. CORDELL

That sounds like stalking, not robbery.

McCALEB

To be honest, robbery may not have been the motive here.

She hands him back the photo.

McCALEB

Was anything missing when they turned over your husband's personal effects? His wristwatch? Wedding ring?

MRS. CORDELL

No.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

Would he have been in Canoga Park, the West Valley in the weeks before the shooting?

MRS. CORDELL

No. As a matter of fact he'd just spent a month up in Northern California working on the aqueduct up there. He went into Los Angeles maybe twice a year. When my husband wasn't working, Mr. McCaleb, he was home. With me. About the most exotic thing he did was give blood every few months or so.

McCaleb nods, sorry for what he's already put her through. A silent beat.

He looks over toward the garage. There's a Chevy Suburban, boxes piled behind it like no one ever drives it.

McCALEB

Was that your husband's car?

MRS. CORDELL

Yes.

McCALEB

Did he keep anything personal inside it?

MRS. CORDELL

A picture of the kids on the dashboard.

McCALEB

And that's still there?

MRS. CORDELL

I don't know. I would think, but someone from the sheriff's department drove it home. I haven't been in it since.

Mrs. Cordell opens the door to the Suburban. McCaleb looks over her shoulder. There on the dash, a photo of two little girls.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MRS. CORDELL

There it is.

McCaleb can't quite hide his disappointment. Still...

McCALEB

Did he have a favorite knick-knack, a coffee mug, anything?

MRS. CORDELL

No. I'm sorry.

McCALEB

That's fine, Mrs. Cordell. What would help is in the next few days if you could write down any routines your husband had or --

MRS. CORDELL

Wait a minute. His sunglasses.

McCALEB

Excuse me?

MRS. CORDELL

They always hung from the rearview mirror. He kept them on a cord. They're missing.

McCALEB

What kind of sunglasses were they?

MRS. CORDELL

Wayfarers. He had them for years.

As an image flashes in McCaleb's mind:

CUT TO:

65 FLASHBACK - GUY AT ATM

65

Wayfarer sunglasses and a dangling crucifix earring.

MAN

You done?

CUT BACK TO:

66 CORDELL GARAGE

66

Mrs. Cordell looks at McCaleb. He focuses on her as he realizes the killer was behind him at the ATM machine.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MRS. CORDELL

I said, what do you think it means?

McCaleb gets a hold of himself.

McCALEB

Probably nothing. Thanks for all your help, Mrs. Cordell. I'll call you as soon as I learn something.

McCaleb starts away...

CUT TO:

67 INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

67

Driving away. McCaleb takes a handful of pills, washes them down with a swig of bottled water.

BUDDY

Easy, Mac. What's the matter?

McCALEB

I saw him, Buddy. I saw the killer. He was behind me at the bank. At the A.T.M. machine.

BUDDY

That's crazy. That's the last place he'd be.

McCALEB

No, it fits into the profile.

BUDDY

What profile?

Recovering, McCaleb clams up.

McCALEB

Let's go. L.A. County Sheriff's. In Whittier.

BUDDY

But I still don't get it. Why would --

(off McCaleb's look)

Never mind, I'm just the driver.

McCALEB

Now you got it.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

BUDDY

If this lasts much longer, I want  
a raise.

CUT TO:

68 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE (WHITTIER) - FROM DESK - DAY

68

A DEPUTY looks across at McCaleb.

DEPUTY

Detective Winston's out in the  
field. Can I take a message?

McCALEB

Just tell her McCaleb was here.

As McCaleb turns to go...

DEPUTY

Hey! She wanted to talk to you,  
Mr. McCaleb.

As McCaleb turns back...

CUT TO:

69 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE (WHITTIER) - DISPATCH - DAY

69

The dispatcher hands McCaleb the radio mic.

McCALEB

This is McCaleb, Jaye.

Jaye's response is GARBLED until...

JAYE (V.O.)

(over speaker)

... and I'm en route. You should  
get yourself down here.

McCALEB

I didn't copy the first part of  
that.

JAYE (V.O.)

I said, we got Bolotov.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ALLEY (SHERMAN OAKS) - DAY 70

A dirt way bisecting fenced in back yards. Police lines have been set up.

Jaye greets McCaleb as he walks up with Buddy in tow. As she waves McCaleb through, he looks back at Buddy.

BUDDY

I know, I know. Wait here.

71 McCALEB AND JAYE 71

Walk down the alley.

JAYE

Trash collectors found him an hour ago. We're guessing he's been here since early this morning.

Ahead: Arrango and Walters. McCaleb spots them.

McCALEB

What are they doing here?

JAYE

Believe it or not, this alley is the line.

McCALEB

What line?

JAYE

South side is L.A.P.D. North side is the sheriff's department. We're not sure of the jurisdiction yet.

Arrango turns to McCaleb.

ARRANGO

Looks like you shook him out of his tree, old man. Dumb bastard killed himself.

He points to the ground between two trash bins. Bolotov sits there slumped, the side of his head blown open.

Walters holds up an evidence bag: a 9mm pistol inside.

WALTERS

Heckler & Koch 9 millimeter. Same as both murders. Ballistics should confirm it.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

McCALEB

Wait a minute. What are you saying?

ARRANGO

Case closed. Sounds good, don't it?

McCALEB

No. Bolotov doesn't fit the profile.

JAYE

The profile of what?

McCALEB

A serial killer.

JAYE

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

McCALEB

These people were stalked and killed where the shooter knew there'd be a camera. Personal items, trophy items were taken.

ARRANGO

What the fuck are you talking about?

McCALEB

I was at the A.T.M. crime scene yesterday. I didn't realize it at the time, but the shooter was in line behind me. He was wearing James Cordell's sunglasses and Gloria Torres' earring.

Walters and Arrango exchange a look. Arrango reaches into his pocket for two more evidence bags. One holds sunglasses, the other a crucifix earring.

ARRANGO

Found the stuff in his left hand. I don't care what we call him; we got him.

McCALEB

This guy had long hair.

JAYE

Could it have been a wig?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

McCALEB  
 (rattled)  
 I don't know... Maybe.

Jaye looks him over, concerned.

JAYE  
 Maybe you should sit down, Terry.

ARRANGO  
 Maybe pops should lay down.

JAYE  
 Shut up, Arrango.

There's a commotion with FORENSICS over the body.

FORENSICS #1  
 Give me the tweezers. There's  
 something between his teeth.

The detectives turn as the tweezers fish out:

FORENSICS #1  
 It's a bullet.

Indeed, a partially flattened slug.

FORENSICS #2  
 That looks like a .38 to me.

As Forensics One nods in agreement...

JAYE  
 Why would he put a .38 slug in his  
 mouth?

McCALEB  
 Same reason he died on the  
 jurisdiction line. He didn't do  
 it. Someone's jerking us off.

ARRANGO  
 Well he did it in my book!

McCaleb looks over.

McCALEB  
 You know what you are? You're  
 worried.

ARRANGO  
 (starting forward)  
 That so? What am I worried about?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

McCALEB

You're worried I'm going to break the case. You don't care about the people killed or hurt. You just don't want me doing what you can't.

Arrango steps forward, gets in his face.

ARRANGO

What the fuck is it to you?

On the you, Arrango pokes McCaleb in the chest. McCaleb grabs Arrango's hand, bends the thumb to a pressure point.

McCALEB

You know Gloria Torres? The victim you don't give a shit about? I got her heart. I'm alive because she's dead.

As Arrango hunches in pain, McCaleb speaks into his ear.

McCALEB

That cuts me into this in a big way. So I don't care about your feelings. You're an asshole and that's fine, but I'm not backing out till we get this guy.

McCaleb lets go of Arrango, stiff-arms him back.

McCALEB

(intense)

I don't care if it's you, me or somebody else, but I'm in this one for the whole ride.

As McCaleb starts away...

ARRANGO

Stay out of my city, McCaleb! I come across you in the field and that's going to be trouble!

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CABRILLO MARINA (SAN PEDRO) - DOCKS - DAY

72

Buddy walks with McCaleb. Buddy looks at his friend, sees he doesn't look too good. As they reach the Double-Down, McCaleb pauses and fishes in his pocket. He comes out with about forty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

McCALEB

Shit... What do you figure I owe you, Buddy?

BUDDY

Um, about two hundred or so.

McCALEB

Sounds right.

BUDDY

You look like shit, Terry. You should take a nap or something.

McCaleb nods, but isn't really listening.

McCALEB

You take a check?

BUDDY

(shrugs)

Sure.

McCALEB

I'll bring it over.

McCaleb starts toward his boat, then looks back over his shoulder.

McCALEB

Should I make it out to Buddy?

BUDDY

Jasper. Jasper Noone.

McCALEB

I knew the Noone part.

BUDDY

I look more like a Buddy than a Jasper, huh?

(calling after)

Take a nap!

CUT TO:

73 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - DAY

73

McCaleb finishes writing out the check. He tears it out, pins it to the corkboard over his desk.

(CONTINUED)

A sign as McCaleb turns and looks at the evidence piled in two cardboard boxes. The task before him has grown daunting. As he wipes the sweat from his brow...

A dip as someone outside steps down to the deck. McCaleb turns to the slider. Graciella is there with Raymond. She motions for Raymond to wait outside, then she enters.

McCALEB

Graciella.

GRACIELLA

Is it true?

McCALEB

What?

GRACIELLA

On the radio. They said they found a Russian man who may be the killer.

McCALEB

I don't know. I don't think so, but I don't know.

She just stands there looking at him. Not knowing hurts.

GRACIELLA

But they said...

McCALEB

Might be just a couple of cops looking for headlines.

He looks at her, realizes.

McCALEB

I'm sorry, Graciella. I just don't know.

Graciella finally just nods. She holds up a piece of paper.

GRACIELLA

I did what you asked. I made a list of all of Glory's routines.

McCALEB

Good. Thank you.

Graciella tries not to cry as she recites.

(CONTINUED)

GRACIELLA

She stopped at that market a lot. almost every night. She took Raymond to McDonald's a lot. The one on Ventura in Reseda. She used to go bowling, but not for a while. She visited our aunt every Thursday. She's in a nursing home in Culver City. She gave blood every couple of months and she dropped Raymond off at school every --

McCALEB

Wait a minute. Did you say blood?

GRACIELLA

Yeah. She had that rare type. Same as you.

McCALEB

A.B. with the C.M.V. negative.

GRACIELLA

The hospital would have paid her, but she wouldn't take it.

McCALEB

That's it... They both gave blood. It's the blood.

GRACIELLA

What are you talking about?

McCALEB

Cordell and your sister. I talked to the widow. She said he gave blood every few months.

He rifles through the Cordell files. He reads, then:

McCALEB

Shit. This is just a preliminary report. No toxicology and no blood. I've got to call his wife.

GRACIELLA

Terry, slow down. What are you talking about?

McCALEB

The link. It's blood. Blood has to be the link.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

GRACIELLA

Blood?

CUT TO:

74 EXT. DOCK - PAY PHONE - DAY

74

Graciella waits as McCaleb waits for someone to answer his call. Finally, he hangs up.

McCALEB

Mrs. Cordell isn't home.

GRACIELLA

Is there another way to find out?

McCALEB

If he gave blood regularly, he'd be on the computer.

GRACIELLA

What computer?

McCALEB

The BOPRA computer. When someone needs rare blood. They have one at Cedars.

GRACIELLA

(intense)

I'm coming with you.

McCALEB

What about Raymond?

They look across to where Raymond talks to Buddy who sits on a lawn chair on the deck of the Double Down.

CUT TO:

75 BUDDY

75

Squinting over at McCaleb.

BUDDY

What do you mean baby-sitting?

McCALEB

How much do you charge?

Buddy looks over at Raymond and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

BUDDY

Beer. A case of beer an hour.

CUT TO:

76 INT. CEDARS-SINAI - CARDIOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY - DAY

76

McCaleb and Graciella walk down.

McCaleb looks in the door at the same little boy as before. He looks a little more frail. They continue around past the nurse's station.

Dr. Fox is there grabbing a patient file.

DR. FOX

Terry?

McCALEB

Hey, Doc.

DR. FOX

What's wrong? Are you --

McCALEB

I'm fine. Is there an empty room we can use for a few minutes? I need to talk to you.

She notices Graciella for the first time, looks at McCaleb, then shakes her head in annoyance.

77 INT. ROOM 618 - DAY

77

They file in. Dr. Fox closes the door.

DR. FOX

You have five minutes? Who is this?

McCALEB

This is Graciella Rivers. I told you about her.

DR. FOX

You're the one who started him on this. Look at him. His color, the lines under his eyes. A week ago he was fine! He was perfect, goddamnit!

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

McCALEB

It was my choice. Everything. My choice.

DR. FOX

(wheeling on him)

Shut up!

McCaleb blinks in surprise.

DR. FOX

Sit down.

McCaleb does as he's told.

DR. FOX

Open your mouth.

She sticks a thermometer in his mouth.

DR. FOX

Take your shirt off.

He does as he's told. Graciella's eyes widen at the scar.

Dr. Fox sticks a cold stethoscope on his back.

DR. FOX

(to Graciella)

What do you two want?

McCALEB

We need to --

DR. FOX

Keep that thermometer in your mouth.

GRACIELLA

My sister was murdered. So was another man. It was the same killer. McCaleb found a link between my sister and the other man. They both gave blood.

DR. FOX

What?

GRACIELLA

My sister was the same type as McCaleb. AB with CMW negative. McCaleb says it's 1 in 200.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

Dr. Fox takes out the thermometer, reads it.

DR. FOX

Shit.

(then, to McCaleb)

What do you want?

McCALEB

Check the BOPRA computer. James Cordell. If he's listed, I want to know what his blood type is.

DR. FOX

That's unethical.

McCALEB

You have to help. If my hunch is right, the killer has access already.

DR. FOX

I don't know...

McCALEB

If you can't protect the integrity of the system you work in, then you have no system.

DR. FOX

Okay. I'll do it on one condition. You let me run blood work on you.

McCALEB

But that takes hours.

DR. FOX

Yes or no?

McCALEB

Yes.

CUT TO:

78 MONITOR SCREEN

78

A grainy silver and black image of McCaleb's heart. The snaking line of a scope moves toward it.

On a gurney, head in a brace, McCaleb closes his eyes as the line enters his heart.

Dr. Marcus guides the line through an incision in McCaleb's neck. McCaleb looks over at Graciella who tries to hide her distress at the sight.

GRACIELLA

I want you to stop, McCaleb.

McCALEB

Stop what?

GRACIELLA

Everything. I was wrong to bring this to you.

McCALEB

No.

McCaleb winces as the doctor finishes. Removing the scope, he tapes a compress to McCaleb's neck. The doctor unstraps the brace, steps away.

McCaleb looks at Graciella.

McCALEB

I got a new heart. But it didn't feel like a new life.

GRACIELLA

(steps forward)

I don't know what you mean.

McCaleb waits a beat for the doctor to leave.

McCALEB

I've been doing this work a long time. And it took something from me. But knowing you, working on this for you, and myself, I can feel a little of it coming back.

McCaleb smiles, a bit embarrassed. It's the best he can explain. Graciella reaches down, strokes his cheek with the back of her hand.

The door opens and Dr. Fox enters carrying a computer printout. She holds it up.

DR. FOX

It's the list of local AB CMW negatives. Cordell's on it. Same blood type as Torres.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

Two names on the list have been highlighted by Dr. Fox: Gloria Torres & James Cordell. They both have a "D" next to their names. Most names on the list do not.

McCALEB

What's the 'D' mean? Deceased?

DR. FOX

No. The 'D' means donor. Organ donor. They were both organ donors.

The words hang heavy in the air.

McCALEB

That's why they were killed. Cordell died on the scene, but Gloria made it long enough.

Dr. Fox follows his reasoning. She's stunned.

DR. FOX

That's crazy.

GRACIELLA

What are you saying?

McCALEB

I made a judgement. I decided your sister didn't have anything anyone would want so the reason had to be elsewhere. I missed it.

GRACIELLA

Missed what, McCaleb?

Before McCaleb can answer, Dr. Fox does.

DR. FOX

Her blood. It made her unique. It made what was inside her very valuable... to someone.

McCALEB

Someone like me. Anyone who benefitted could be a suspect.

GRACIELLA

You're saying she was murdered for her organs?

The final piece falls into place for McCaleb.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

McCALEB

(as it hits him)

The autopsy reports. Both bullets went through the frontal lobe. The shooter wanted them brain-dead, but didn't want them to die right away. Cordell was alive, but 9-1-1 screwed up the address. But your sister had the good samaritan.

GRACIELLA

Who?

McCALEB

A customer who came in and bandaged her, then called 9-1-1.

It hits him like a ton of bricks. He bolts to his feet.

McCALEB

I need to use the phone.

DR. FOX

Terry, lay back down! You can't get up until --

McCALEB

Just get me a list of where the organs went.

With that, he's out the door.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. SHERMAN MARKET - DAY

80

An unmarked pulls up and Jaye Winston gets out. She's met by Graciella who shrugs and directs her inside.

81 INT. SHERMAN MARKET - STOCK ROOM - DAY

81

Mrs. Kang watches, confused as McCaleb stands by the video surveillance camera recorder, a phone in his hand.

McCALEB

(into phone)

This is Arrango, West Valley Homicide. Badge number one-four-one-one. I need a ten-twenty for a surveillance commencement.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

A beat. McCaleb stares at the time readout on the surveillance camera. It's 5:14:42 p.m. as:

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)

That's seventeen-fourteen-thirty-nine.

McCALEB

Gotcha. Thanks.

McCaleb hangs up just as Jaye and Graciella come around the corner.

JAYE

I'm out of my jurisdiction, McCaleb. What's up?

McCALEB

This surveillance camera is 3 seconds behind the CCW clock.  
(to Graciella)  
That's the clock 9-1-1 uses.

JAYE

So?

McCALEB

Did you bring the tapes?

JAYE

In the car.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. SHERMAN MARKET - IN JAYE'S CAR - DAY

82

Jaye pops a CASSETTE TAPE into the car tape deck. McCaleb sits in front beside her. Graciella is in the back seat. Over the CAR SPEAKERS:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is the 9-1-1 operator.

CALLER (V.O.)

(Hispanic; scared)

The girl is shot very bad. She needs help please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Who was shot, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CALLER (V.O.)

The girl is shot. Sherman Market.  
Sherman Way.

As the LINE CLICKS OFF...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir? Please stay on the line.  
Sir?

Graciella hangs her head.

McCaleb ejects the tape. He reviews the 9-1-1 report, circles the time the call came in: 10:40:58 p.m. He writes it down on a pad of paper...

McCALEB

10:40:58. 9-1-1 call.  
(to Jaye)  
Give me the camera.

She hands him a handheld video camera with the flip-open LCD screens. The tape is from the market camera.

It's the Gloria Torres murder for the umpteenth time. The gun goes to her head. McCaleb freezes it just as she's shot. His finger stabs down on the security camera time readout: 10:41:37. He writes down under the first time...

McCALEB

10:41:37 -- Gloria Torres shot.

McCaleb fast-forwards and freezes where the good samaritan enters.

McCALEB

10:42:55 p.m. Good samaritan.

McCaleb pounds his fist into his palm. Once, twice, three times.

As Jaye realizes...

JAYE

That sonofabitch.

GRACIELLA

What...? What?

McCaleb points at the good samaritan.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

See this guy? Unidentified good Samaritan. He tried to help the victim and then took off. There's just one problem.

GRACIELLA

What?

JAYE

The clock on the surveillance camera is only three seconds off the 9-1-1 clock. He made the call before your sister got shot.

GRACIELLA

But that doesn't make any sense.

McCaleb doesn't answer. Neither does Jaye. Finally...

GRACIELLA

Wait a minute. The caller -- it's the same guy.

(gasping)

He called the ambulance before he shot her.

McCaleb stares at the frozen good Samaritan.

McCALEB

Cordell died and his organs were no good. The next time the shooter wanted to make sure. So he got the ambulance started on the way. Then he shot Gloria, then he came back inside to bandage her. To keep her alive.

GRACIELLA

Oh, my God...

JAYE

Could this good Samaritan be the guy you saw at the bank? At the A.T.M. machine?

The image, as it always has been, is very grainy and we never get a great look.

McCALEB

I don't know. Put a wig on him and maybe.

(CONTINUED)

JAYE

(re: Good Sam)

A little dark makeup and this  
guy's Hispanic.

McCALEB

(suddenly)

You got the other tape. The  
A.T.M. tape?

JAYE

No. You only asked for this one.

McCALEB

Maybe the shooter did the same  
thing at the A.T.M. He calls an  
ambulance, but they get the  
address wrong. Could this guy be  
Lockeridge?

Jaye studies the screen.

JAYE

I don't know. Maybe.

McCALEB

Whoever got the list of organ  
donors had to hack into the BOPRA  
system. Lockeridge works with  
computers.

JAYE

He lives in my jurisdiction.

McCaleb looks back at Graciella.

GRACIELLA

I want to come with you.

McCALEB

Go back to Raymond. He's your  
job; this is mine.

She looks at him a beat, then finally nods.

McCALEB

You take the car. I'll go with  
Jaye.

CUT TO:

83 INT. VALLEY COMPUTING - RECEPTION DESK - DAY 83

The Office Manager (seen earlier) steps over to where Jaye and McCaleb wait.

OFFICE MANAGER  
I'm sorry, but Mr. Lockeridge  
didn't come into work today.

McCALEB  
Is he ill?

OFFICE MANAGER  
(shrugs)  
To be honest, he hasn't called and  
he didn't come in yesterday,  
either.

Jaye and McCaleb exchange a look.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. LOCKERIDGE'S HOUSE - DAY 84

Jaye and McCaleb walk up the front steps. Jaye hits the BUZZER. As they wait, McCaleb leans over the porch rail, looking in the living room window.

85 HIS POV 85

A pair of bare feet and legs disappearing behind a sofa.

86 PORCH 86

McCaleb draws his .38, motions Jaye over. As she looks.

McCALEB  
That looks like probable cause to  
me.

Jaye draws her gun as well. As she pulls back the front screen door...

McCALEB  
Let's see if I remember how this  
goes...

McCaleb rears back, kicks the front door in. He remembers.

87 INT. LOCKERIDGE HOUSE - DAY

87

MOVE WITH McCaleb as he sweeps left and Jaye disappears right. The house is small enough and in a few moments McCaleb meets Jaye back by the body.

We don't get a clear view, but it's a woman. Jaye kneels beside her a moment, then looks up at McCaleb, who's trying to catch his breath.

JAYE

Her throat's been slit... and  
she's been here a good 24 hours.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. LOCKERIDGE HOUSE - SUNSET

88

Police lines have been set up. The coroner is here along with several uniforms and a couple of detectives. They confer with Jaye, who then heads over to where...

McCaleb sits on the curb, his head in his hands. He looks up as Jaye touches his shoulder. McCaleb looks ragged.

JAYE

We got an A.P.B. out on  
Lockeridge. You did good,  
McCaleb.

McCALEB

We'll see. I got to get home and  
take my pills.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. SAN PEDRO MARINA - NIGHT

89

Beat, McCaleb makes his way. A HARMONICA RIFF drifts off the Double-Down. Buddy raises the usual beer as McCaleb passes.

BUDDY

(re: Following Sea)  
You still got company.

McCALEB

Thanks. How much beer do I owe  
you?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

BUDDY

Seven cases. But he's a good kid  
and a helluva fisherman. I'll  
take two.

McCALEB

You got it. And I'll bring your  
check by in the morning.

As McCaleb continues...

BUDDY

That's what they all say. Good  
night, Terry.

90 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - NIGHT

90

Raymond is at McCaleb's desk, doing his math homework.  
Graciella fillets fish at the sink. They look up as  
McCaleb steps through the slider.

RAYMOND

Hey, Mr. McCaleb.

McCALEB

Hey, Raymond. Call me Terry.

RAYMOND

Me and Buddy caught six fish.

McCALEB

That's great. A harbor record I  
think.

GRACIELLA

Finish your homework, Ray.

Rolling his eyes, Raymond turns back to his numbers.

Graciella waits till McCaleb is close enough, lowers her  
voice.

GRACIELLA

So...?

McCALEB

I'm not sure yet, but it looks  
promising.

GRACIELLA

When will you know?

McCaleb shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

Soon, I hope.

McCaleb retrieves his pills from a cabinet, grabs some orange juice from the fridge. Graciella watches with something close to pity as he washes them down.

McCALEB

What?

GRACIELLA

Thank you. For what you're doing.

McCaleb looks down at the fillets.

McCALEB

I'm impressed.

GRACIELLA

My father took Glory and me fishing when we were kids.

She smiles at the memory, catches herself.

GRACIELLA

I'm glad I can smile about her. I couldn't at first.

They look at each other a beat.

RAYMOND

Hey, Mr. -- I mean, Terry.

As McCaleb looks over, Raymond points at the laminated newspaper lineup of "Code Killer Victims." Specifically at the "903 472 568."

RAYMOND

What's this?

McCALEB

That's just, ah -- like a code. You have to try and break the code. Um, I never could.

RAYMOND

There's no one.

McCALEB

What?

RAYMOND

9-0-3-4-7-2-5-6-8. It's all the numbers, but no one.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

McCaleb steps over. He's intrigued even if...

McCALEB

I never thought of that before.  
You're right.

Graciella joins them.

GRACIELLA

It's getting late.

McCALEB

Yeah.

GRACIELLA

Raymond was wondering if we could  
sleep here.

Surprised, McCaleb looks at her.

McCALEB

Sure. I got plenty of berths.

CUT TO:

91 RAYMOND

91

asleep in a bunk. Graciella steps over, pulls the  
blanket up under his chin. She heads off, barefoot,  
wearing a man's shirt.

92 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

92

McCaleb lies on his back, bare-chested. He watches  
Graciella as she returns, climbs back into bed. As she  
snuggles to his side, we know we missed something.

McCaleb reaches down, gently touches her face.

McCALEB

Everything okay?

GRACIELLA

Yes.

A long beat until a short, involuntary laugh escapes  
McCaleb's lips.

GRACIELLA

What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

McCALEB

Nothing. I'm just happy, I guess.

GRACIELLA

Good.

She rests her head against his chest. As she listens to her sister's heart beat...

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. SAN PEDRO MARINA - NIGHT

93

A fog has rolled in, shrouding the boats in a ghostly veil. As a gray shadow moves down the dock...

94 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - DECK - NIGHT

94

As a sneaker-clad foot steps stealthily down.

95 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

95

McCaleb, asleep beside Graciella, shifts, wakes as the boat tells him someone is walking on the deck above. An instant and then McCaleb rolls out and down to his feet.

As Graciella wakes, whispers...

GRACIELLA

What's wrong?

McCALEB

(whispers back)

Someone's up on deck.

GRACIELLA

Raymond?

McCALEB

Too heavy.

Graciella reaches out, grips McCaleb's arm.

McCALEB

It'll be okay. Go to him.

As she rolls out of bed, McCaleb starts away.

96 RAYMOND

96

Still asleep in his berth. McCaleb's shadow passes by.

97 SALON 97

McCaleb retrieves his .38, starts for the forward hatch. As he clears, we see a shadow outside the salon door.

98 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - FORWARD HATCH - NIGHT 98

opens and McCaleb slips out.

99 DECK 99

As the shadow reaches for the door handle, McCaleb drops down from above.

The shadow is flattened.

McCaleb hauls whoever it is to his feet, slams him face first against the bulkhead. At the same time...

A SECOND FIGURE appears at the rail.

FIGURE #2

Freeze!

McCaleb flings figure #1 into Figure #2. There are two nearly simultaneous SPLASHES as both go over the side.

McCaleb grabs a spotlight, shines it on the water.

100 SPOT-LIT WATER 100

Spitting almost as much water as they're treading -- Arrango and Walters. Arrango looks up at McCaleb, furious, blood trickling down his forehead.

ARRANGO

When this is over, it's you and me, old man! When this is over!

McCaleb considers him a beat, then...

McCALEB

When what is over?

CUT TO:

101 EXT. ALLEY (SILVERLAKE) - DAWN 101

Running behind several small businesses at the edge of a neighborhood. Police lines have been set up. It's something big because a horde of media have arrived and two news choppers circle overhead.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

McCaleb arrives with a still-damp Walters and Arrango.  
As they hustle him along, he's spotted by a REPORTER

REPORTER

McCaleb! Did you think this was  
over?!

As McCaleb wonders what he means...

102 CHAIN LINK FENCE

102

McCaleb nears; he can see that a corpse lies before it.  
He realizes something.

McCALEB

Fuck...

WALTERS

What?

McCALEB

(to himself)

This is where I had my heart  
attack.

McCaleb stops short as a police photographer flashes the  
fence. A crude banner has been hung. It's covered with  
a series of bloody hand-painted numbers.

"903 472 568"

Under that, the words:

"Dear McCaleb, Happy Valentine's Day."

McCaleb can't believe it. As the three of them step  
up...

ARRANGO

Your Code Killer's back in  
business.

WALTERS

(re: body)

It's James Lockeridge. The guy  
who found Cordell at the A.T.M.  
machine.

ARRANGO

Way to make a comeback, McCaleb.

McCaleb doesn't answer. His head swims. Suddenly, he  
wheels to where the crowd watches. A few dozen faces.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

Then he starts forward, his eyes peeled on their shoes. There! Second row back! Converse high-tops! But they don't run and they're not covered with blood.

And as McCaleb grabs a state college student by the throat and hauls him out of the crowd...

103 REPORTER 103

Beyond, four cops restrain McCaleb.

REPORTER

... Former F.B.I. agent Terrel McCaleb at a murder scene in Silverlake. The victim may well be the eighth of the legendary Code Killer. If so, it would be the first in over two years. Agent McCaleb was at the center of that investigation when it gripped the Southland...

104 McCALEB 104

wheels off to the side over by a trash pile. A big commotion stirred up. Without warning, McCaleb draws his .38.

105 ARRANGO AND WALTERS 105

Reacting, as...

106 McCALEB 106

FIRES. Into a bundle of newspapers. He pulls out a pocketknife, begins to dig the slug out of the wadding.

As Arrango and Walters near, he's handing them the slug.

McCALEB

Ballistics. It'll match the slug found in Bolotov's mouth. It's the Code Killer for all of it. Graciella Rivers, James Cordell, Bolotov, all of it...

ARRANGO

Talk fucking English, man.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

McCALEB

I shot him. Two years ago. And now I'm back and so is he.

CUT TO:

107 INT. LAPD WEST VALLEY DIVISION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

107

McCaleb, patience strapped, faces off across from Arrango, Walters, a POLICE CAPTAIN and two other detectives.

McCALEB

Look, every second you talk to me, is one you could use to canvas the neighborhood, looking for this sonuvabitch.

ARRANGO

Don't worry, pops, we got plenty of guys on that.

McCALEB

You're right. We got a much better chance breaking this with you in here off the street.

ARRANGO

Fuck you, bureau man.

CAPTAIN

Enough on that, Detective!

ARRANGO

(glaring at McCaleb)

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

McCaleb, this Code Killer likes to impress you. Any idea why?

McCALEB

I had a media profile. So did he. I think he liked the match up. Me versus him. On the news every night.

CAPTAIN

I thought once these guys started, they didn't stop. But your Codie's been down for two years. What do you make of it?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

McCALEB

To be honest, Captain, I shot him.  
I always figured he crawled off  
somewhere and died.

CAPTAIN

What do the numbers mean?

McCALEB

Don't know. We ran it through  
computers up at Cal. We talked to  
code-breakers at the N.S.A. It  
doesn't mean anything to anyone  
but him. Except...

CAPTAIN

Except what?

McCALEB

There's no digit one. No one.  
Whatever that means.

As McCaleb starts to drift in thought...

CAPTAIN

Cop to cop. What's going on here?

McCALEB

Cordell. Gloria Torres. He did  
them for me.

CAPTAIN

Keep talking till I understand.

McCALEB

He missed the action. Me and him.  
To get it back, I needed a new  
heart. So... Happy Valentine's  
Day.

CAPTAIN

Holy shit...

McCALEB

And now the love letters are going  
to start hot and heavy.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. DOCK (SAN PEDRO) - DAY

108

A detective's unmarked pulls up. Walters and Arrango are  
up front. McCaleb gets out of the back. As he starts  
away, Arrango talks after him.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

ARRANGO

Know what, pops? You got  
Graciella Rivers' heart. That  
makes you suspect number one in my  
book.

McCaleb doesn't respond, just keeps walking. Arrango and  
Walters pull away.

CUT TO:

109 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - DAY

109

McCaleb enters.

McCALEB

Graciella? Raymond?

They're gone. McCaleb heads to the galley, chucks down a  
dozen pills, swigs them down with a gulp of orange juice.

From somewhere, BLUES HARMONICA.

110 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON DOOR - DAY

110

McCaleb leans out. The MUSIC's coming from the Double  
Down. He'll talk to Buddy. But as he starts, he  
remembers something.

111 CORK BOARD

111

McCaleb pulls Buddy's check off the board. He can't help  
but see the Code Killer's Code at the same time.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. DOUBLE DOWN - day

112

The MUSIC's coming from inside. McCaleb approaches.

McCALEB

Hey, Buddy!

BUDDY

I'm in here, Terry.

113 INT. DOUBLE DOWN - DAY

113

As messy inside as it is out. Buddy lays out on a cushion playing his harmonica. He grins as McCaleb steps inside.

BUDDY

Welcome to Davey Jones's locker.

As McCaleb glances about...

McCALEB

Did you see Graciella and Raymond this morning?

BUDDY

Got tired of waiting for you. They left an hour ago. You're all over the news, brother.

McCaleb picks up a cheap, beaded necklace from a tray of trinkets. Looks it over.

McCALEB

How long have we been neighbors, Buddy?

BUDDY

I moved into the marina a week after you did, remember?

McCALEB

Yeah. Take off your shirt, Buddy.

BUDDY

What?

McCaleb raises his .38, cocks back the hammer.

McCALEB

Do it.

A little smile from Buddy. Then he pulls off his T-shirt.

McCALEB

Let me see it.

Buddy half-turns. On his left shoulder: the scar from a bullet wound.

BUDDY

(laughing)

I'm the Following Sea, man. The one you need to watch out for. When did you figure it out?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

McCALEB

Just now. No one...

McCaleb holds out Buddy's check. Jasper Noone. A slash through the Noone:

"No/one"

Buddy the serial killer smiles, proud of McCaleb.

BUDDY

I could have killed you if I wanted to, Terry. I was behind you at the A.T.M. I followed you to Sherman Market. Just like I followed Gloria Torres.

McCALEB

You sick sonuvabitch.

BUDDY

I studied her, chose her. She was my Valentine to you. I gave you life.

McCaleb sets the necklace down with the trinkets. God knows where they came from. McCaleb steps forward, aims the gun directly at Buddy's head. He doesn't have to say anything; he's going to shoot him.

BUDDY

You're mine forever, Terry. Every breath you take belongs to me. Every beat of that stolen heart is the echo of my voice in your head. Every day...

McCaleb rests the barrel on Buddy's forehead.

BUDDY

... always...

McCaleb cocks back the hammer.

BUDDY

It all depends on you now. Pull the trigger and you'll never see them again.

McCALEB

What?

Buddy's eyes flicker to the left. McCaleb follows them to Raymond's fishing pole.

(CONTINUED)

McCALEB

(in doubt)

You have a fishing pole. It's nothing.

BUDDY

Kill me and no one will find them. They die alone in a black hole and that's on you... You know me. You know I have them.

A beat. McCaleb sets back the hammer, lowers the gun.

McCALEB

What do you want?

BUDDY

(standing)

I want you to live. I want me to live. I want it all to start again. The battle between good and evil. Can't you see I've been watching over you? Taking care of you? We were meant to be, Terry.

Buddy pockets the harmonica and picks up his car keys. McCaleb doesn't know what to do.

BUDDY

I have to leave now. And you won't follow. You'll stay by the pay phone and I'll call you from time to time. When I'm relocated and ready, I'll let Graciella and Raymond go. Then you and me start again.

Buddy smiles sadly at McCaleb.

BUDDY

I hope you think of me as often as I'll think of you.

Buddy turns, starts to go. McCaleb watches a beat. Then, without warning, he raises the .38 and FIRES.

Buddy goes down in a heap, half inside, and half out. He twists a look up as McCaleb looms.

BUDDY

You're crazy!

Buddy's been shot through the lower left bicep. He looks aghast as the blood pulses from the wound.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

BUDDY

Call an ambulance.

McCaleb looks at him, sees the Converse high-tops he wears. McCaleb reaches down, hauls Buddy to his feet.

McCALEB

Show me where they are.

BUDDY

I gotta get to the hospital!

Slam! McCaleb flings Buddy against the galley stove.

McCaleb fishes the belt off Buddy's jeans. Looping it, he cinches it high up Buddy's left arm, just below grabs the armpit. He pulls it taut, gives Buddy the end to hold.

McCALEB

That'll pinch off the artery. You keep the pressure there, you won't bleed to death.

McCaleb releases him.

McCALEB

Now. Show me.

Buddy looks down at his shattered arm. The bleeding has stopped. He looks back to McCaleb, suddenly calmed.

BUDDY

Okay...

CUT TO:

114 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

114

The Following Sea makes her way out through the chop.

115 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - BRIDGE - DAY

115

McCaleb is at the wheel, his .38 gripped in his right hand. Buddy leans against the rail, still holding the belt tight around the arm. Where they're going is a mystery.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

BUDDY

I know all about this boat. How  
it used to belong to your old man.  
How you grew up on Catalina.  
Everything.

McCaleb doesn't answer. After a beat...

BUDDY

You don't look so good, Terry.

McCaleb offers Buddy a grim smile.

McCALEB

Neither do you, Buddy.

Looking ahead, McCaleb spots something. He raises a pair  
of binoculars, takes a quick look.

116 BINOCULAR POV

116

Bobbing in the water -- a can buoy.

117 BRIDGE

117

Buddy watches McCaleb, but the binoculars come down too  
quick for him to make a move. McCaleb adjusts course for  
the buoy.

BUDDY

Do you really think you have a  
chance?

McCaleb looks over, but doesn't answer.

BUDDY

I mean, with her. Do you really  
think she could love you? Her  
sister died for you, Terry.  
That's gonna be a tough one for  
her to get around.

McCaleb isn't going to bite. He looks ahead, increases  
speed. As Buddy smiles...

CUT TO:

118 EXT. OCEAN - CAN BUOY - DAY

118

A large can with a padlocked hatch. There's a cage tower  
and light built atop it.

B.g., the Following Sea approaches.

119 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - BRIDGE - DAY

119

McCaleb THROTTLES BACK as he nears the buoy. He then looks over at Buddy.

McCALEB  
Scratch your nose and I'll shoot  
it off.

MOVE WITH McCaleb as he moves down the ladder to the deck rail. Using a gaff hook he latches onto the buoy, ties off to it with a deck line.

There's a padlocked hatch on the can. McCaleb gives the lock a tug, BANGS on the CAN with the MUZZLE of the .38.

McCALEB  
Graciella! Raymond!

A horrible beat goes by. Then a MUFFLED BANG and a faint response.

GRACIELLA (V.O.)  
McCaleb!

McCaleb looks back to the bridge at Buddy.

McCALEB  
(re: padlock)  
Key.

Buddy reaches into his pocket, pulls out his keyring. Before McCaleb can move, Buddy tosses them.

They seem like they're going overboard when --

-- McCaleb catches them.

He gives a look that could kill, then starts at the LOCK. One, two, and then the third KEY... CLICK.

McCaleb pulls off the lock, throws back the hatch.

McCALEB  
Graciella!

GRACIELLA (V.O.)  
McCaleb...

Climbing up an inside ladder, Graciella appears. Half-way out, she throws an arm around him.

McCALEB  
Raymond?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

GRACIELLA

He's down here. He's okay.

McCaleb looks back up to the bridge: Buddy is nowhere to be seen. A beat. McCaleb looks back at Graciella.

McCALEB

Stay here.

GRACIELLA

What is it?

McCALEB

Buddy's on the boat. Stay here.

McCaleb looks at her a beat, then unties the line. He gives her the gaff hook, then shoves off from the buoy. As he turns to survey his boat...

GRACIELLA

McCaleb? McCaleb.

McCaleb looks back. They lock eyes.

McCALEB

It'll be okay.

Graciella nods, believes him.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. BOW PULPIT - DAY

120

McCaleb steps up, looks to either side of the boat. No Buddy lurking on the sides.

McCaleb climbs over and onto the bridge. He's not hiding beneath the wheel either.

CUT TO:

121 LADDER

121

As McCaleb's feet come down.

122 SALON SLIDING DOOR

122

McCaleb pauses at the half-open door, a bloody hand print on the glass. McCaleb's about to ease his way through when he hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

- 122 CONTINUED: 122
- He swallows hard, rubs his left arm. And his heart begins to pound. McCaleb takes several deep breaths, quells the beating away out of sheer will.
- Finally, he enters.
- 123 INT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - SALON - DAY 123
- No sign of Buddy. McCaleb leans back to see behind the galley bench... Nothing.
- He looks over into the galley... The knife block... A blade is missing... A bloody thumb print on the wood.
- Leading with the .38, McCaleb continues.
- 124 INT. GANGWAY - DAY 124
- McCaleb moves along. The first door is open. McCaleb peeks in on the stateroom where Raymond slept.
- It's empty.
- McCaleb moves along.
- CUT TO:
- 125 CLOSE ON BUDDY'S EYES 125
- Gleaming. A slash of light across them. But we can't tell whether he's watching or waiting.
- CUT BACK TO:
- 126 INT. GANGWAY - DAY 126
- McCaleb steps to the door to his own cabin. There's blood on the handle...
- With the .38 poised, McCaleb grabs the knob, turns it. But as he leans in...
- 127 LOCKER DOOR 127
- Behind him explodes as Buddy bursts out.
- He slams into McCaleb's back, sends him sprawling into his cabin.

(CONTINUED)

- 127 CONTINUED: 127
- Buddy slams the door behind him, goes about wedging it shut against the bulkhead with an oxygen tank from the locker.
- 128 INT. CABIN 128
- McCaleb shakes his head once to clear it, rolls and FIRES at the wall.
- 129 INT. GANGWAY - DAY 129
- Buddy hits the deck as THREE BULLETS STITCH through the WALL. Getting to his feet, he scrambles off, his oxygen tank wedge in place.
- 130 INT. CABIN - DAY 130
- McCaleb gets to his feet, tries the door, then slams up against it. Once, twice... It won't budge.
- McCaleb stops to catch his breath, his heart pounding.
- Then, almost as if he senses it, he looks up.
- 131 McCALEB'S POV - HATCH 131
- A small ventilation hatch. Buddy stands over it on deck, looking down at McCaleb, the end of the belt/tourniquet held between his smiling teeth.
- He dives OUT OF SIGHT as...
- 132 McCALEB 132
- FIRES! McCaleb then listens a beat. It's quiet except for the LOW THROTTLE of the DIESEL.
- Suddenly, the ENGINE REVS UP and McCaleb almost falls as the boat lurches forward. Buddy's moving the boat.
- BUDDY (V.O.)  
You make me sad, Terry! You make me very sad! But two can play at that game!
- McCaleb grits his teeth, slams himself into the door. Two lives depend on it.



141 BUDDY 141

Holds Raymond in front of him, the kitchen knife up under the boy's throat. There's no delicate way to put it: the belt is gone and Buddy is bleeding like a pig.

BUDDY  
Everyday. Always.

His grip on the knife tightens.

142 McCALEB 142

As the BOW of The Following Sea SCRAPES against the BUOY.

McCALEB  
(under his breath)  
Ten ring...

BOOM! He FIRES.

143 BUDDY 143

Blinks as the knife slips from his hand. He's been shot through the heart.

Raymond scrambles to Graciella who's pulling herself back onto the can.

144 THE FOLLOWING SEA 144

Buddy falls forward, grips the rail of the boat. McCaleb steps forward. The two men are nearly face to face.

BUDDY  
(a whisper)  
I saved you. I gave you life.

McCALEB  
No, no, no. I traded you for me.  
I saved myself.

With that, McCaleb covers Buddy's face with his hand and shoves him into the water.

Buddy takes one gulp, then sinks under the surface.

McCaleb grips the cage as Graciella passes Raymond over, then scrambles aboard herself.

McCaleb wraps his arms around them.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

McCALEB

It's over. He won't hurt anybody  
ever again.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 EXT. DOCKS (SAN PEDRO) - DAY

145

The Following Sea has just docked. McCaleb stands on the  
dock, tying off a final line.

He looks up as Jaye Winston walks over.

JAYE

Great timing. I just came down  
here to see you.

Jaye stops short as she sees McCaleb looks like he just  
got back from World War III.

JAYE

Are you okay?

McCALEB

Haven't felt this good in years.  
(stands)  
What can I do for you, Jaye?

JAYE

I'll give you three guesses. They  
all start with Code Killer.

McCALEB

And?

JAYE

I thought I'd pick your brain.  
Where do you think he is?

McCALEB

In the wind I guess.

Jaye studies him a moment. She then looks to The  
Following Sea. THROUGH the salon door, she can see  
Graciella holding Raymond. They've been through the  
wringer.

JAYE

The two of them okay?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

McCALEB

They will be if everyone leaves them alone. The best thing that could happen to them is if this Code Killer just disappeared.

JAYE

I don't know. The wind doesn't blow forever. He's got to come down some time.

McCaleb looks away from her and out to the sea. Jaye follows his gaze.

McCALEB

Hope so.

Jaye's not stupid; she knows something.

JAYE

There's blood all over the dock back there. And on your shirt.

The two of them look at each other again and in that moment, a silent transmission and understanding.

JAYE

Must've been a big fish.

Finally, Jaye looks back to Graciella and Raymond.

JAYE

It's none of my business, but how are you going to deal with this?

McCALEB

I have Gloria Torres' heart. I'm thinking it might guide me.

She nods, squeezes McCaleb's hand.

JAYE

Hope I don't see you around, McCaleb.

McCALEB

Likewise, Detective Winston.

JAYE

'Bye.

As she starts away, McCaleb looks back to Graciella.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. THE FOLLOWING SEA - BOW 146

Cutting across the low swells. McCaleb up on the bridge braced against the wheel. Looking hard and healthy against the wind. Just when we think he's all alone...

He looks over his shoulder to...

147 COCKPIT 147

Raymond sits in the fighting chair, his small hands gripping the trolling set.

148 BRIDGE 148

Graciella comes up the ladder, hands McCaleb a steaming cup of coffee. They both look back at Raymond.

McCALEB

If I could will a big black marlin  
onto that line I would.

Graciella smiles at McCaleb, slides an arm around his waist.

GRACIELLA

There's going to be plenty of time  
to catch fish.

As he smiles at her...

149 COCKPIT 149

The line goes taut.

RAYMOND

I got one! I got one!

A huge grin on the boy's face and...

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END