

DEATH VARIATIONS

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CHAPTER TITLE OVER BLACK:

PART ONE:

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN SCOTLAND...OREGON"

FADE IN:

We PUSH THROUGH glass doors that read SCOTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT and we float into

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

And we're immediately hit with a cacophony of raised voices and PHONES RINGING NON-STOP. A typical Saturday night.

A STAFF SERGEANT
juggles phone calls.

DETECTIVES
buried in paperwork.

CRIMINALS
wait.

CITIZENS
wait. Nobody wants to be here.

But something else is working behind the scenes, something palatable in the air but not yet evident to the eyes...

OFFICER ALEX BLACK (25) enters, a bright face trying to figure out what's going on. He spots and joins OFFICER NICK BLACK (25, no relation) walking towards the back.

ALEX
Is it true?

NICK
We got him.

They join the CROWD OF OFFICERS pouring into the back. It's getting loud.

ALEX
...And?

NICK
He's in Interrogation.

ALEX
Who's on him?

NICK
Perryman.

ALEX
Fuck. He's gonna tear him a new one.

NICK
I dunno, man. You need to see this
guy.

everyone piles into a dark

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

and the only light comes from Interrogation on the other side of the one-way mirror. We can't see who's in there but the OFFICERS can. All their HEADS are silhouetted.

HEADS
"Ugly bastard." "Who the hell is he?"
"I heard he killed the kid..."
"I heard he ate her."

Interrogation door opens -- and the man who enters is all business. 50, but a damn good 50. We'll introduce Detective AVNER PERRYMAN in a second but just the sight of him amps up the other officers:

HEADS
"Oh, it's on now baby."
"This ain't gonna be pretty."
"Perryman's gonna curb-stomp this fool."
"He's going to serve his ass."

We PUSH THROUGH the Heads and, like a ghost, we enter

INT. INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

Where the only sound is the BUZZ OF CHEAP FLUORESCENTS.

PERRYMAN
on the other side of the table. Balding, ashen complexion, and eyes that can beam into you like an x-ray.

PERRYMAN
We meet at last.

He places a file folder onto the

TABLE
next to a pair of hands from the other person here: Hands bloody, bruised, and handcuffed.

Perryman sits, opens the folder and scans it. He has all the time in the world. We STAY ON HIM.

PERRYMAN
"Wolf". Is that your real name?
(returns to
file)
You know, when I got the call that
you'd turned yourself in, I couldn't
believe it. Frankly, a lot of us
didn't think you existed.
(MORE)

PERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Yet, here you are...
 Now by my count you've solved sixty-eight cases inside six years. All of them missing persons; all of them children. Impressive. Granted, not all of them had happy endings, which is beyond anyone's control...
 Except for today's mishap.

(looks for a
 response)

This is how this is going to play out: I'm going to get a call from the District Attorney. And all he needs to hear is: Dead sixteen-year-old girl. All this other stuff: Trespassing, breaking and entering, the brutal assault on twelve people...almost none of that matters. Dead sixteen-year-old girl can win any jury.

(gets no
 response)

You gonna say anything? Or you just going to sit there like the ugliest motherfucker on the planet?

REVERSE ANGLE

to the most striking blue eyes you've ever seen, like the inner flame of a welder's torch. A hypnotic, searing gaze. But there's something off about this guy: Wild blond hair, long sideburns, larger-than-normal incisors. Add that he's got old scars underneath all that dried blood. So no, he's not pretty. WOLF BARATHRUM (40s), with a German accent.

WOLF

I clean up pretty well.

PERRYMAN

It talks.

WOLF

I was waiting for you to make a point, and when that didn't happen I thought you just liked the sound of your own voice.

PERRYMAN

Your sense of humor isn't helping you.

WOLF

I'm German; I don't have a sense of humor.

PERRYMAN

You want to get this started? Or you want to keep fucking around?

Wolf with a heavy stare as we

CUT TO:

A SCHOOL PHOTO (COLOR)

of a young woman, 16. Brown hair, bright eyes, a really sweet smile. The colors DRAINS AWAY AS THE IMAGE MORPHS INTO

SAME PHOTO (B&W)
Xeroxed on white paper.

WOLF (VO)
Jenna Mackenzie was abducted August
the fifteenth...

PULL BACK TO

A FLYER
stapled to a telephone pole. We see MISSING GIRL ... JENNA
MACKENZIE ... LAST SEEN ON ...but the rest is weathered. We are
in

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

A modest place, built when the American Dream was still
affordable to the working class. No one around except

AN OLD WOMAN
short and bulbous, on the sidewalk a few houses away.

WOLF (VO)
Witnesses say she was last seen being
picked up from school in an
American model white van...

Old Woman stops in front of a house which, from this distance,
looks like garbage was dumped on the lawn. But it's actually

A MEMORIAL

Photos of Jenna Mackenzie. Cards, handwritten notes. Wilted
flowers. A stuffed animal lion. A lit candle COMES INTO FRAME,
set next to older ones now burned down to goo.

OLD WOMAN
labors back up, tears welling. She crosses herself and continues
on her way.

CLOSE ON MEMORIAL
as the candle flickers.

WOLF (VO)
No one thought it an odd occurrence:
Her father drives a van that matches
that description. He's a carpenter.
A rather gentle man. But that didn't
stop you from interrogating him
for ten hours...

A shadow falls over the memorial as the candle blows out. As it
moves WE FOLLOW a blurry figure walking towards the house.

A second later...

THE FRONT DOOR
is opened by Paul Mackenzie (40). A pale complexion with hollow
eyes.

PERRYMAN (VO)
You know he had a prior?

CUT TO:

INT. MACKENZIE HOME - LIVING ROOM

A modest household. Calico and Sears Roebuck. Paul sits next to
Roberta Mackenzie (40), a ghost in her own house.

WOLF (VO)
A drunk driving arrest eight years ago.
He's been sober since.

Wolf sits opposite them. Roberta hands Wolf a few pictures of
Jenna, but hesitates to let them go. She relents, sobbing. Paul
tries to comfort her. These are broken people.

PERRYMAN (VO)
And he had no alibi for the time of
the abduction. You know how these
work: Nine times out of ten the
kidnapper knows the victim.

INTERROGATION - AS BEFORE

WOLF
Then why didn't you charge him?

PERRYMAN
The polite answer is none of your
fucking business.

WOLF
What about the white van?

PERRYMAN
His van was clean. But we scoured
the state. Nothing.

WOLF
Did you...?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Wolf across the street, watching. Quiet for a moment...when the
BELL RINGS and swarms of students make their escape.

WOLF
observes all this when he spots

AN AMERICAN MODEL WHITE VAN
turning into the driveway a short distance away and disappears
behind the school.

WOLF'S
eyes lock on it as he follows. A moment later he's at the

EXT. SCHOOL - BACK PARKING LOT

...and off HIS REACTION as he sees...

THIRTY OR MORE VANS

All American made. All the same model. All white.

WOLF (VO)
...when the district has a fleet
of them?

INTERROGATION - AS BEFORE

PERRYMAN
doesn't respond.

WOLF
with a knowing smile.

WOLF
It wasn't long before I had a name...

BACK PARKING LOT - SAME AS BEFORE

A SERIES OF SHOTS. QUICK CUTS OF:

FROM INSIDE A VAN -- as the back doors fling open.

CLOSE ON WOLF -- as he goes over everything. His nose moves
through the air, like a dog's.

HIS HANDS -- pull up carpet.

OUTSIDE -- as back doors are slammed shut. He walks to the next
van.

BACK DOOR OF A VAN -- his eyes, hands, nose go over the surface.

INSIDE ANOTHER VAN -- as Wolf tears through its contents: Tools,
maintenance equipment etc.

HIS NOSE -- CLOSE TO THE FLOOR: Sniffing, searching.

A VAN DOOR -- is slammed.

ANOTHER VAN DOOR -- slammed.

INSIDE A VAN -- as he opens yet another. But stops. Something
different...

WOLF'S FACE

as his nose takes it in. This is the one. A growl builds in his
throat.

He climbs--

INT. VAN

and rips it apart: Carpet, panels, everything. Tools and equipment are examined before being tossed out.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN - LATER

Wolf stares at the van's hollow belly. All its contents are strewn and thrown out the back. He missed something. A BEAT. He walks to the front, into

INT. FRONT OF THE VAN

and goes through the glove box ... the coin tray ... under the seat ... under the mats ... nothing. What else?

Wolf looks up, flips the visor and

A BUSINESS CARD

flutters down like a stunned moth. Wolf picks it up.

WOLF (VO)

...Frank Bumble.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Like really deep in the woods. Could be moonshiners or survivalists living off-grid. But you wouldn't wander here and sure-as-hell wouldn't stick around.

Wolf: Several yards away, observing the area. Then approaches.

WOLF (VO)

He'd been employed as a janitor at the school for the past thirty years. He'd recently cut back to part time, citing age and health. In fact, he hadn't been there for several weeks due to medical leave...

Wolf at the front door. He cautiously enters.

WOLF (VO)

I suspected he had other reasons.

INT. CABIN - VARIOUS

Garbage, food containers, beer cans. A royally fucked Persian rug with cigarettes stomped in it. 900 sq. ft. of filth.

WOLF

reacts. Looks to his right and sees

THE KITCHEN

where flies dare not tread.

WOLF'S EYES

return to this main room. And straight ahead on the other side is an open door.

Wolf creeps over, peers inside...

THE BEDROOM

finding JENNA MACKENZIE (16) sitting atop the bed. Her haunted eyes lock on Wolf. Behind them, her mind is screaming.

WOLF

at the doorway. A finger to his lips: Be silent!

Jenna with a little nod. Wolf looks over his shoulder, then motions for her to stay put. Jenna nods again.

Wolf leaves the doorway and

JENNA'S EYES

...float over to...

FRANK BUMBLE

(65), grubby. Disgusting really. Pinned against the wall a few feet from where Wolf just stood. He holds a revolver. He's panicked, sweating. His cruel eyes into Jenna: Be fucking quiet! He looks to the doorway, about to move when

WOLF'S HANDS

tear through the wall -- grab Frank -- and pull him into

THE MAIN ROOM

where he tosses Frank across the room. Frank smacks into the wall like a wet bag of shit and oozes to the floor.

...the revolver flies from his hand...

Frank gets to his knees.

FRANK

Oh God Oh God please don't hurt me.

Wolf towers over him.

WOLF

I'm taking the girl.

and for a second we have no idea what else Wolf will do to Frank...but the revolver is suddenly thrust into

WOLF'S HEAD

with a CLICK.

Wolf slowly turns towards

JESSE BUMBLE

Frank's twin. A grim sneer on an ugly face.

Frank smiles, gets to his feet.

FRANK

Good work baby brother.

JESSE

(the ancient debate)

Five minutes. Yo're older by five minutes.

FRANK

Gimme the gun.

Jesse does. Frank points it at Wolf. Jenna appears in the doorway.

FRANK

'S okay sweetheart. Come 'ere.

The poor girl, doleful and doll-eyed, complies. Frank wraps a meaty arm around her.

WOLF

I am taking the girl home.

FRANK

She is home. We're to be married soon. Innit that right, honey?

Jenna pitifully nods.

FRANK

Now: I do believe you are trespassing on private property. Ain't that right, Jess? What should we do wit him?

Jesse's mind swims in rancid thoughts.

JESSE

Don' know. Feed 'em to the dawgs?

FRANK

Are dogs cannibals?

Frank and Jesse chortle.

WOLF

If you turn yourselves in to the Police it'll be more pleasant than what I'm about to do.

Frank and Jesse exchanged amused looks.

FRANK

That sounded like a threat--

JESSE
--Yes it did. I wassa witness--

FRANK
--Trespassin' and threatenin'.
Mister, you just stepped inna a world
of shit.

WOLF
I'm going to count to three...

FRANK
points the revolver at Wolf's head.

WOLF
doesn't flinch.

WOLF
One...

THE REVOLVER
shakes.

WOLF
Two...

FRANK
I got a gun pointed at you, you
dumb cocksucker.

JESSE
Fuckin shoot already.

FRANK

hesitates -- before a lightning fast fist drives up and breaks
Frank's nose. Part of it may have gone into his brain the way
he's hollering.

WOLF
Three.

Jesse swings. Wolf grabs his arm and breaks it in one ... two ...
three places.

Frank, near blind and enraged, points the revolver.

FRANK
You fucking interloper!

BAM! Into Jesse's right eye. He folds over.

BAM! Into the wall.

BAM! Into Jenna's neck. Blood sprays as she drops.

Wolf knocks the revolver from Frank and throws him against the
back window -- and the shattered glass dances with them as Wolf
pounds Frank's face...

Frank slops to the floor.

Wolf runs to Jenna. Her eyes wide with fear. Wolf rips part of his coat, balls it up, and places it on her wound.

WOLF
Keep it here. Pressure.

Wolf scoops her up--

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

and bursts from the door to see

10 UGLY MOTHERFUCKERS
the rest of the "family" spread out in front of the cabin, armed with a variety of crude weapons. A BEAT.

WOLF
I should warn all of you that I'm
already highly annoyed!

Like dull animals, they don't budge.

Wolf sets Jenna down and WE STAY

CLOSE ON JENNA'S FACE
in the f.g. Her mind an ocean she drowns in. Her breathing is shallow and labored. The b.g. is unfocused but we can make out Wolf's shape as he goes down to meet the Motherfuckers. A savage brawl erupts. Wolf is fast, ruthless, controlled as we hear ARMS SNAP, FACES SMASHED, LEGS TWISTED, EYES GOUGED, HEADS KNOCKED ... ALL OVER SCREAMS OF MERCY. As this happens Jenna's breathing slows, slows...until it stops. She looks peaceful. The brawl ends. Motherfuckers moan and curse. Wolf comes back to us, to Jenna...

Wolf stands above her. Devastated. A BEAT before he picks her up and carries her away.

INTERROGATION - AS BEFORE

PERRYMAN
It's a miracle you didn't kill anyone...

...Wolf shrugs...

PERRYMAN
...except Jenna Mackenzie.

WOLF
I did everything to save that young woman.

PERRYMAN
Or it was your actions that caused her death.

WOLF
And had I not acted?

PERRYMAN
She'd still be alive.

WOLF
"Alive"?
(as he makes
his incredulousness
clear)
You are a coward, detective. And if
we are finished here I'd prefer to
be home.

PERRYMAN
You're not going anywhere.

Wolf's hands come up from under the table as he tosses

THE HANDCUFFS
into the room. And you can almost hear the collective "oh shit!"
from the other side of the mirror. Perryman remains level but is
getting pissed.

PERRYMAN
You want to put those back on?
Or should I get some guys in here
to help you?

WOLF
You can kindly stick them up your
backside.

PERRYMAN
Keep talking, tough guy.

WOLF
Das ist ja Kinderkacke! You
have nothing to charge me on.

PERRYMAN
Obstruction, for starters. And I'm
sure I can find something on you
being an asshole.

Wolf stands. Perryman shoots up.

PERRYMAN
Sit down!

WOLF
Nein!

Perryman, reaches for his gun...

when the Interrogation door opens and Captain ED BRUIN (60)
freezes the action with his stare alone, because you sure-as-shit
don't want any other part of him coming after you. He motions for
Perryman to get the fuck out. Perryman exits while shooting a
contemptable stare at Wolf.

Bruin and Perryman enter

INT. ANOTHER OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

where SAUL LUBLITZ (50), the District Attorney, is already waiting. Not the largest shark in the ocean but a shark nonetheless. Just the three of them here.

BRUIN
Cut him loose Avner.

PERRYMAN
(crusty, but knows
it's futile to argue)
Can I ask why?

LUBLITZ
Because I'm not pursuing this.
It's unfortunate, tragic. But he's
right: There's no evidence of
negligence on his part. Just a
fucked-up outcome.

PERRYMAN
You know this guy?

LUBLITZ
Only in a professional capacity;
he's worked for us over the years.
But I trust him.

PERRYMAN
How nice. You guys braid each
other's hair too?

BRUIN
Watch the fucking mouth, detective.

PERRYMAN
With respect Ed, what the hell is
this?

BRUIN
I hate to say it but the P.I. made
a fucking ass of you. Had you not
fumbled looking into the van we
would've had the girl months ago.
And I think you want to nail this
guy to curb the embarrassment.
Correct me if I'm wrong here...
(Perryman doesn't)
That's what I thought. I want this
cleaned up. I want this guy out
of here and I don't want to fucking hear
about this again. Clear?

Perryman fumes. Bruin opens the Interrogation door, and to Wolf:

BRUIN
Come in here...

Wolf enters.

BRUIN
 You're free to go. For now. But
 this ain't exactly over yet.

WOLF
 (acknowledges -
 then to Lublitz)
 Good to see you again, Saul.

LUBLITZ
 Wolf. You look like shit.

WOLF
 I clean up pretty well. The detective
 was telling me of his high-regard
 for you: He's convinced you can
 win over any jury.

This stings Perryman. Lublitz shrugs.

LUBLITZ
 Well, that's true.

WOLF
 Gentleman. Detective.

Perryman watches Wolf exit with a gaze could burn a hole through
 steel.

BRUIN
 (as he exits)
 Walk it off, detective.

but we definitely get the sense these two will meet again.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

WOLF
 storms out towards the front. All those MISERABLE PEOPLE from the
 beginning are still here. And once they catch the sight of Wolf
 they can't help but stare. In the b.g. all the OFFICERS and
 DETECTIVES from the Observation Room lump together to see him go.
 Wolf reaches the front door...

But turns to see all eyes on him. To the room:

WOLF
 Bedwetters! All of you!

and he exits.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER BLACK:

PART TWO:

"THE HUNTERS HAVE GATHERED"

and GENTLE PIANO MUSIC (a la Satie) OVER BLACK brings us to

A LARGE PUDDLE

with a lavish house reflecting (inverted) on the surface. It is night. Rain starts to fall BUT ONLY SINGLE DROPS AT A TIME ... they HIT THE WATER IN-SYNCH WITH THE MUSIC, as though the rain is playing it ... A calm little moment ... broken by the sound of TIRES OVER GRAVEL a split second before a large black shape (car tire) rolls through, breaking the illusion. Rain falls as it should. We FOLLOW THE CAR to

EXT. LOMOND ESTATE - NIGHT

The lavish house in full. The very picture of wealth.

CUT TO:

as we MOVE to the front doors of the house. They are opened by OLD SERVANT, who stares blankly at

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - VARIOUS

WOLF

as he enters

THE FOYER

And he was right: He does clean up well. The sharpest black-on-black suit tailored over his handsome frame. Those beautiful eyes shine like sapphires. Hair styled and tamed. Some time has clearly passed as the bruises are gone.

Old Servant walks ahead of Wolf, leads him through

HALLWAY

Christmas décor accents the decadence. They continue to

LIBRARY

where Old Servant motions for Wolf to enter. Old Servant leaves. Wolf takes two steps inside...and stops. Something unnerves him. He cranes his head up and behind him, to the wall above the entrance where

HUNDREDS OF TAXIDERMY ANIMAL HEADS

stare down at him like Judgement itself. It's a grotesque, borderline absurd display. Among the trophies are several LIONS and a POLAR BEAR.

GRUFF BARITONE (OS)

Who the hell are you?

WOLF

turns into the Library. On the other side, standing behind an antique desk is

BENJAMIN LOMOND

A good 70s, probably from never working a day in his life. Bald with a white beard. And those black eyes have the intensity of a cobra starting to uncoil.

WOLF

Wolf Barathrum. You asked me here.

LOMOND

(dismissive)

Fine. Sit down.

Wolf enters. You could spit a wild boar in that fireplace, whose fiery glow saturates the room. He takes a seat on the finest cordovan leather couch. Lomond moves to a small table overflowing with crystal decanters.

LOMOND

Drink?

WOLF

Yes. Neat.

Lomond pours generously into two tumblers

...and hands one to Wolf.

LOMOND

What do you know about me?

WOLF

Only what you want people to know.

LOMOND

(curious?)

Indulge me.

WOLF

Your family name is French: Leomonde. Your grandfather immigrated as a boy, with nothing; when he died he owned eighty-percent of the lumber mills in the state. Your mother was among the first women to earn a medical degree. There's a hospital here named after her. You had a twin brother, a Congressman, until his death a few years ago...

(quick pause)

You are on the boards of several Pharmaceutical companies, and CEO of the Arthur Foundation, which brings medical supplies to third world countries. You never married and have no children.

Lomond downs his drink.

LOMOND

A good story. Except you make it

(MORE)

LOMOND (CONT'D)
 sound like a fucking eulogy. You've noticed my father is largely absent from it.

WOLF
 It is easy to see why: War Racketeer, Nazi sympathizer, avowed occultist with a predilection for pedophilia... Not your average portrait of American excellence though he did make an obscene amount of money.

LOMOND
 I'd say you know a lot more than what I want people to know.

WOLF
 I wouldn't be a good investigator if I didn't.

LOMOND
 Well, politics aside, my father was a lion among men--

...Wolf subtly glances at the dead animal heads...

LOMOND
 --But that's not the full story: I do have a son. And you are now the fourth person to know this. It's why you're here.

(beat - pours
 another drink)
 His mother had been my assistant for many years. Beautiful woman; Egyptian, I believe. She was devoted to me, and I grew fond of her. I would've given her anything, provided any comfort...

We MOVE AWAY from Lomond ... into the library ... to a CORNER WINDOW NEAR THE BACK...

LOMOND (OS)
 Instead, that cunt left before he was born. Vanished. I never found them...That is, until a few years ago, when I learned he had come back to the city.

And CLOSE IN on A SMALL MICROPHONE.

CUT TO:

A RECORDING DEVICE
 with red LED lights that dip and peak when voices speak.

WOLF (VO)
 What happened to the mother?

LOMOND (VO)
She's dead. Fuck her.

We are in:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Cramped quarters cocooned by technology. Hundreds of tiny light flicker underneath a blue-gray cloud of never ending Gauloises.

The one smoking is YANN (35), a stern-looking Frenchman with perpetual five-day stubble. He listens via headphones. He looks over to

HELEN VAN DER STEL

Blond, 40s, beautifully maintained. She's remarkable actually. But there is something perceptively stressful about her, as though the ghost that haunts her is always by her side. She is listening also. Something about her expression makes Yann ask (DIALOGUE in FRENCH HERE)

YANN
What is it?

HELEN
Nothing...it's just...something familiar about that voice.

* Her French is underscored by a South African accent.

YANN
Lomond?

HELEN
No. The other one. Do we have a visual?

He types on the computer.

ON A MONITOR

is grainy footage of the front of the house from earlier as Wolf walks up and enters.

HELEN

suppresses a gasp. Her eyes flash, quickly becoming enraged. It's clear she recognizes Wolf and it is far from pleasant.

YANN
Helen? Do you know him?

But no answer. Instead she tears the headphones off her head ... grabs a gun ... and bolts out the van...

It takes Yann a full moment to respond.

He follows her...

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

and finds her ready to charge the house.

YANN

Helen! The fuck are you doing?

HELEN

with eyes of fire, shaking like she's trying to contain a volcano from bursting through her chest. She looks to Yann...

and calms down.

A BEAT.

HELEN

I'm fine. Excuse me.

Helen returns to the van.

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - LIBRARY - AS BEFORE

Lomond, more "sober".

LOMOND

The crux of it is that my own time is coming to an end. The doctors say a few months but it's probably less. I want to contact him, make what amends I can...But he's disappeared. I want you to find him.

WOLF

Excuse me: You know he's returned to the city; you know he's disappeared. How do you have this information?

LOMOND

(cryptic)

My people...

And on that, a paunch man enters the library carrying a file folder. A round face with round glasses and a comb-over that looks secured with olive oil. 30 going on 50:

LOMOND

Come in Louis. Grab a drink. This is my lawyer, Louis Ledbetter.

LEDBETTER beelines to Lomond and hands him the folder. Lomond glances over it briefly before handing it to Wolf.

CLOSE ON THE FOLDER

as Wolf opens it. On top is a PHOTO of a young man with dark, Mediterranean features.

WOLF

(reading)

"Joshua Attia" ...
Does he know?

LOMOND

No.

WOLF

The mother never told him? After all these years?

LOMOND

Guaranteed by the fact that he's never sought me out. He's an unremarkable little shit: A life of no aptitude bumming from one minimum wage job to the next. Naturally, I blame the mother...

(reflective)

Still...

(shakes it off)

But there's more.

LEDBETTER

(picking it up)

Joshua has a history of psychological difficulties: Various stays in hospitals, drug use, violent behavior...

WOLF

(the point)

He's dangerous.

LEDBETTER

We prefer "troubled".

CUT TO:

A MAGAZINE COVER

of Benjamin Lomond in a Fortune 500 pose.

PULL BACK TO

A CRUDE COLLAGE

Photos and pictures -- all Lomond -- as though he were the favorite heartthrob of a teenage girl. We are in

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

A former industrial space now empty and dilapidated.

But we get the indication that someone is here, most likely squatting. On a

MAKE-SHIFT WORKBENCH

are several articles printed from the internet, titles like HOW TO ERASE YOUR IDENTITY IN 30 DAYS OR LESS ... FOOLPROOF ALIBIS ... FLESH EATING SALT: THE NEW NAPALM?

And whoever is here gently hums "Zippa-de-do-dah".

CLOSE ON A HANDFUL OF PHOTOS

being carried in another area. All of them feature the young man we saw in the last scene: Joshua, Lomond's son.

In fact, it's

JOSHUA

(20s) who's carrying them. Handsome, troubled, and dangerous.

JOSHUA

My O My what a wonderful day...

(re photos)

Man O Man, you are a good looking motherfucker...

Joshua stands above a portable paper shredder.

The machine is kicked on with a HIGH-PITCHED GRINDING NOISE.

JOSHUA

But the butterfly must kill the caterpillar.

He starts feeding the photos through, each time giving off a mock scream, like they're being tortured to death.

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - LIBRARY/VARIOUS - AS BEFORE

WOLF

...I see. And I can assume that's why the authorities have yet to be involved?

LOMOND

This is a delicate matter. And a private one. We done here?

WOLF

I have everything I need. We'll be in contact.

...with that, Wolf gets up to exit. However...

LOMOND

It's a curious coincidence but I knew your father--

...Wolf stops cold. Turns around...

LOMOND

--In fact, I saw you perform Chopin's *March Furèbre*. You were only nine years old.

WOLF

That was a lifetime ago.

LOMOND

Or several, by the looks of you. Perhaps when this is all said and done you can explain to me how someone with your gifts chooses to just piss them away.

All of this will be revealed in due time but this concerns Wolf's past, which he refuses to discuss.

WOLF

I will find your son. And that will
be all.

LOMOND

smugly acknowledges, as to say he will have the final word.

WOLF

makes a hasty exit.

LEDBETTER

watches him go. Turns to

LOMOND

who exchanges a look with Ledbetter -- as though everything is
going according to some plan. Meanwhile, in the

HALLWAY

Wolf makes his way out. Reaches the

FOYER

about to reach the door when he sees the

BALLROOM

off to the right, where we see the SHADOW OF AN OBJECT...

WOLF

recognizes it and enters

BALLROOM

where a GRAND PIANO is the only thing occupying this space.

WOLF

takes a few steps forward -- Drawn, familiar -- But hesitates,
stops and quickly exits.

FADE TO BLACK:

and we go into

INT. BOURGEOIS LIVING ROOM - DAY

from a lifetime ago. Book-lined, a few pieces of antique
furniture. But the sole purpose of this room is the grand piano
in the center...

where a boy (11) is performing a complex piece. His finger work
is rapt, precise, bordering sublime. His blond hair and blue eyes
should tell us this is Wolf when he was young, when he was called
WOLFGANG.

And looming over him like the Sword of Damocles is SEBASTIAN
EDELBERG, his father, with a stern look that registers permanent
dissatisfaction. Wolfgang stops with a heavy sigh (DIALOGUE in
GERMAN here)

WOLFGANG
A break, papa?

SEBASTIAN
No.

WOLFGANG
I've been practicing all morning.

SEBASTIAN
And you will continue to practice
until you have corrected those sloppy
transitions. Again.

Wolfgang resumes, best to his brilliant ability, but

SEBASTIAN
No, no! Too fast. Again.

The long building earthquake in Wolfgang's heart begins to
surface. He resumes playing...then stops.

WOLFGANG
Please papa! My fingers are numb.

SEBASTIAN
It takes ten years to even begin to
play this piece adequately. When
you are older you will thank me.
Again.

Wolfgang resumes. The piece he is attempting -- Rachmaninov's
Piano Concerto No. 2 -- gives even the most seasoned players gray
hairs. For his age this should be impossible...

Not that his father gives a damn. Sebastian stomps.

SEBASTIAN
No! Are you deliberately trying to
annoy me? Imbecile!

WOLFGANG
(like Vesuvius)
Fuck you!

Sebastian grabs

THE FALLBOARD
or the piano key cover and slams it down on Wolfgang's fingers.
Wolfgang cries out in pain.

Sebastian resets the fallboard, violently grabs Wolfgang's
trembling wrists and sets them above the keys.

SEBASTIAN
Are they still numb? Again.

ALL SOUND DROPS FROM THE SOUNDTRACK.

WOLFGANG'S FINGERS

hover over the keys. Stunned and shaking. But when they make contact the CLICK-CLACK SOUND OF TYPING ON A KEYBOARD is heard instead.

MATCH CUT TO:

A WOMAN'S HAND
typing on a keyboard. We are in

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy yet impersonal. A suite with two rooms. A layer of cigarette smoke hangs mid-air from

YANN
smoking, sitting on the bed with multiple piles of papers and photographs. We see that Lomond is in several.

HELEN
at the desk, on a laptop.

ON SCREEN
with the emblem of INTERPOL on the homepage. CLICK. She types an encrypted password that brings her to the database. CLICK. "Search" ... "EDELSBERG, WOLFGANG" CLICK ... A picture of WOLF pops on the screen, but younger (early 20s) and undeniably handsome. CLOSE ON "No movement since 2002" ...

HELEN
stares at the screen, her mind goes to

MATCH CUT TO:

HER FACE
...16 years earlier. She is just as remarkable looking but those oversized glasses make her a touch nerdy. She is writing on a legal pad and we are in

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

Not dissimilar from an Interrogation Room: A table, two chairs, a secured window, and nothing else. Helen, smartly dressed, looks up when the DOOR OPENS

And Wolf (here 20s) enters, escorted by TWO POLICEMEN. Right away we notice a difference in their uniforms: A touch more Military than what we're used to seeing.

That's because we're in South Africa.

WOLF
looks like the aftermath of two back-to-back Saturday nights: Wrecked, reeking, and the largest smile on that handsome face. If he's in trouble it doesn't concern him.

HELEN
Have a seat, Mr. Edelsberg.

The Policemen leave. Wolf slumps in the seat opposite Helen.

HELEN
I am Helen van der Stel. I will be
your Council in Court.

WOLF
Wunderbar.

HELEN
The charges against you include
property damage, public intoxication--

WOLF
--Mmm--

HELEN
--Public fornication, arson--

WOLF
--At the same time?

HELEN
And resisting arrest. These are quite
serious, Mr. Edelsberg.

WOLF
If you say so. You're very beautiful.

HELEN
I...I think it's in your best
interest to plead guilty, and in doing
so we can reduce any--

WOLF
(cuts her off)
Nein. No. Not guilty.

HELEN
Mr. Edelsberg--

WOLF
--Call me Wolf--

HELEN
Mr. Edelsberg: The charges against you--

WOLF
--Are nothing I haven't endured
before. You are very beautiful.

HELEN
(tries to ignore that)
What you want could be expensive.
If this goes to trial--

WOLF
Money doesn't concern me as I have
plenty of it. Have dinner with me
this evening.

He is enticing, but

HELEN
I don't think that's very appropriate
Mr. Edelsberg.

WOLF
I'm not sure I know what that word
means. And call me Wolf.

A small smile on her face; a spark ignites.

HELEN
Then what I would like to do is go
over these charges one-by-one and--

WOLF
Excuse me. I have to tie my shoe...

He disappears under the table...

HELEN
A little thrown, but dives back into the police report. Studious,
focused...when her face registers sudden surprise and shock.
Whatever he's doing under there it's not tying his shoe.

She doesn't know how to react, simultaneously excited and scared.
But you'll notice she doesn't resist.

HELEN
Mr. Edelsberg...?

WOLF (OS)
Call me Wolf.

HOTEL ROOM - AS BEFORE

HELEN
comes out of that memory. She turns to Yann (DIALOGUE in FRENCH)

HELEN
How're we doing with Lomond?

YANN
Fine.

HELEN
Fine?

YANN
Fine. Good. What's up?

HELEN
I need to do something...
(she lets that hang)

YANN
And?

HELEN
I need you to take over the
investigation. Just for a day or two.

YANN
 (knows the answer)
 This wouldn't have anything to do
 with the private investigator,
 would it?

HELEN
 Please. It's important.

YANN
 What's in it for me?

HELEN
 (considers, then)
 I will continue to tolerate your
 fucking cigarettes.

Yann shrugs. He's pretty agreeable.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE BACK OF A MOTORCYCLE HELMET
 on a workbench.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Joshua paints something on the front we cannot see. He seems to
 be enjoying himself.

JOSHUA
 (quietly sings)
*Papa was a rolling stone. Where 'ever
 he lay his hat was his home. And
 when he diiiiiiied all he left us
 was alone...*

The serenade continues as we MOVE OVER TO

ANOTHER WORKBENCH
 and PAN ACROSS a variety of objects: A KNIFE ... A MACHETE ... A
 HACKSAW ... A TOILET PLUNGER ... A SCREWDRIVER ... YARDS OF
 ROLLED UP CHAIN ... ROPE ... AN AXE ... A MELONBALLER ... and at
 the end CLOSE ON A HANDWRITTEN LIST:

THINGS TO DO:

BOBBY

GORDO

GUS

PUTA MADRE

BIG DADDY

INT. WOLF'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Maybe one or two pieces of furniture but it's Spartan to a fault.
 Not one personal affect in this place. Not even a picture on the
 wall.

On the other side is an open door, where steam pours out. We hear RUNNING WATER; someone in the shower. A BEAT, then it shuts off. ANOTHER BEAT before

WOLF

exits the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. Horrible scars cover his entire body. Their pattern doesn't indicate one single incident but a prolonged period of suffering and torture. He walks over to

A LAPTOP

on the kitchen counter. The screen is alive with moving information: A search is in progress. In the corner is a screen capture of Joshua's photo.

Wolf picks up a glass of wine and takes a sip. Opens the

FILE FOLDER

from Lomond, next to the laptop. All incidental stuff: Bank statements, school records; nonsense and bullshit...

back to

LAPTOP

ON SCREEN he CLICKS one of several windows that have popped up: Information from the search. CLICK. CLOSE ON "Last known address..."

Wolf writes

CLOSE ON A NOTEBOOK

"Whole Year Inn Apartments 12417 NE Burnside..."

FADE TO:

EXT. WHOLE YEAR INN APARTMENTS - MORNING

Once a shitty motel, now shitty apartments.

WOLF

enters the broken gate that goes into the

COURTYARD

with a criminally neglected pool in the center. It's open air so you can see all the doors. No one around, but we hear A DOZEN SMALL DOGS BARKING from behind closed doors. When WOLF ENTERS THE FRAME...they all stop.

Wolf takes the stairs to

THE THIRD LEVEL

...specifically to apartment #314.

WOLF

looks around. Then puts his ear to the door. Nothing. Puts his nose to it...but reels back, repulsed.

He KNOCKS. A LONG BEAT.

KNOCKS AGAIN. Nothing. Looks again before pulling out a

DUMMY KEY

a soft metal blank that forms to any tumbler. Not exactly legal.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT #314 - VARIOUS - MORNING

...as Wolf enters a moment later.

Black faux leather furniture that would zebra-stripe if you hit it with a black light. Empty bottles of bottom-shelf liquor. Fetish porn next to spent condoms and, of course, the largest flat-screen TV in existence...

WOLF

reacts. Covers his nose. Enters

THE KITCHEN

and opens

THE FRIDGE

where nothing would qualify as food except the cockroaches dead from overindulgence.

GARBAGE

is everywhere

PILES OF MAIL

with different names and addresses on every single one.

WOLF

groans. Walks into

THE BEDROOM

which is just a mattress on the floor with a staggering pile of laundry on top.

WOLF

to the

DRESSER

as he starts searching inside. And pulls out

A STACK OF IDs

rubber-banded together. Presumably all stolen.

Wolf's fingers flip through them (they're all different) when

A LOUD MOAN

comes from the pile of laundry.

Wolf calmly turns around and

WOLF

(loud)

Hey!

The laundry pile explodes to reveal...

BOBBY

20s. Your average congenital dumbshit. It takes him several seconds to realize he's never met Wolf.

BOBBY

'the fuck?

WOLF

Guten morgen.

BOBBY

'the fuck are you?

WOLF

I'm looking for Joshua.

BOBBY

Josh? Fuckin Josh moved out. This is my place...

(realizes this fact)

Hey. I'm calling the cops.

Wolf grabs the IDs and holds them up.

BOBBY

Hey. I found those...

WOLF

Young man, I have no time for this stupidity. I need to find Joshua.

BOBBY

I don't have to tell you jack-shit. I think you should leave my house or something.

WOLF

(new tactic)

I'll tell you what: You answer a few questions for me and I can make this...

(holds up IDs)

Disappear. You will get in no trouble for having them.

BOBBY

(suspicious)

Yeah? How you gonna do that?

WOLF

I have friends in Law Enforcement. You know what will happen to you if you are found with these?

Bobby doesn't, and it's giving him the fear. But neither does Wolf; he's bluffing.

BOBBY

And I just have to answer some questions?

WOLF

Correct.

BOBBY

Well, shit. Okay man...

WOLF

Alright: Do you know where Joshua is?

BOBBY

Nope.

WOLF

When did you see him last?

BOBBY

You like a cop or--

WOLF

I'M ASKING THE QUESTIONS.

BOBBY

Shit. Chill. Jesus.

WOLF

Last time you saw him?

BOBBY

Um, two, three weeks ago.

WOLF

What was his mood?

BOBBY

Huh?

WOLF

What was he like? Why did he move out? Was it sudden?

BOBBY

Huh. Now that you mention it, yeah, it was like, sudden. He'd just quit rehab again and he came in here all like "I'm fuckin celebrating to-NIGHT". It was sick dude: He had this chick and this empty bottle of Jaeger and he--

WOLF

Okay. But he didn't tell you where he was going?

BOBBY

I told you I don't know.

WOLF

Did he leave anything here? Anything behind?

BOBBY
Naw. He didn't own nothing.

WOLF
Family?

BOBBY
I think his mom's still alive...

WOLF
You think? Did you ever see her?

BOBBY
No, but Josh used to see her all
the time.

WOLF
Where?

BOBBY
He said she lived in the mountains,
by the ocean.

Wolf takes this all in. Then sets a

BUSINESS CARD
on the dresser.

WOLF
Alright. I'm leaving you my card.
If you remember anything else.

BOBBY
(re IDs)
What about the...

WOLF
(tucks them in
his jacket)
I will turn them over personally.
But you're safe. Your name will
never come up.

Bobby seems grateful. In his own way.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT #314

Wolf exits. Takes the stack of IDs

AND TOSSES THEM OUT ... where they land in the POOL BELOW.

Wolf continues his way out. WE HOLD HERE:

TITLE ON SCREEN:

PART THREE:

"MEMORY AS NEMESIS AND VICE VERSA"

A SUBTITLE:

10 MINUTES LATER...

and

THE BACK OF A MOTORCYCLE HELMET
comes INTO FRAME. Aimed directly at #314.

REVERSE ANGLE -- A WHITE SKULL
crudely painted on the front visor. Joshua's handiwork from
earlier and genuinely frightening. A large bag on his back as

JOSHUA

rushes the front door, kicks it in, and charges inside...

We may HEAR A CRASH ... A THUD ... A SCREAM ... but it's over in
an instant before the entire scene becomes eerily quiet.

WE CONTINUE TO HOLD HERE.

ANOTHER SUBTITLE:

35 MINUTES AFTER THAT...

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH...

and we should recognize the Officers Alex Black and Nick Black
(again, no relation) from earlier. They stop in front of #314.

ALEX

This one?

NICK

Yeah. "Disturbance".

ALEX

(re environs)

I'm already disturbed.

NICK

(POUNDS DOOR)

Police!

A BEAT...

before the door ominously opens by itself. Alex and Nick exchange
a look before unholstering their sidearms. They enter #314.
WE REMAIN OUTSIDE. TWO BEATS, then

ALEX (OS)

What the...?

NICK (OS)

Holy-Mother-Fucking-Christ!

They burst outside, dancing like ants in their pants. They are beyond disgusted.

ALEX
(verge of tears)
What was that? What the fuck was it?

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

as the Forensics Show gets in full swing. POLICE OFFICERS secure the area. LAB TECHS move in and out of the apartment; OTHERS takes measurements and photos. Our brave Officers' Black are nearby, taking statements from neighbors.

DETECTIVE PERRYMAN
arrives and enters

INT. APARTMENT #314 - CONTINUOUS

...the living room. Blood everywhere. And those meaty parts strewn about are presumably what's left of Bobby.

Perryman, droll:

PERRYMAN
Oh, very artistic. What do we have James?

James is JAMES ORT, Forensics, who's bagging and tagging.

JAMES
Best I can tell it was a white male, early twenties. Seems he had an accident with a can opener.

PERRYMAN
Find the can opener?

JAMES
Bathroom. Take your pick.

Perryman enters

THE BATHROOM

where the sink, walls, and mirror drip with blood and meat like a hemorrhoidectomy gone terribly wrong.

INSIDE THE SINK
are a hacksaw, machete, and a spatula.

PERRYMAN
Jesus...

He looks over to the

TOILET
like it vomited blood.

He opens the lid and, whatever is in there, truly grosses him out.

PERRYMAN

Christ.

VOICE (OS)

Detective!

Perryman to the

BEDROOM

where OFFICER DOUG hands him

AN EVIDENCE BAG
...with WOLF'S CARD INSIDE.

PERRYMAN

with ironic satisfaction. Or is that sweet revenge?

But then

A WOMAN STUMBLES OUT OF THE CLOSET
in a shirt and underwear. She grabs her head to counter the
hangover pushing her skull out. This is SHERYL (20s) and the
sight of the Police doesn't seem to faze her.

SHERYL

'the fuck?

PERRYMAN

What are you doing in there?!

SHERYL

Fuckin passed out. Chill man.
Where's Bobby?

PERRYMAN

Have you been here all morning?

SHERYL

Yeah. I think so...

PERRYMAN

Did you see anyone else here?

SHERYL

I didn't see nobody...
(however)
But I heard this weird voice.

PERRYMAN

Weird how? Like with an accent?

SHERYL

I guess...

PERRYMAN
 (to Officer Doug)
 Ask around and see if anyone here
 speaks German...

OFFICER DOUG
 I speak German sir.

PERRYMAN
 Good. I need you to say something
 to her in German. Anything.

OFFICER DOUG
 (to Sheryl - in GERMAN
 SUBTITLED in ENGLISH)
 It would give me great pleasure to
 hear you orgasm while I lick your
 ass...

A BEAT.

PERRYMAN
 (to Sheryl)
 Did it sound like that?

SHERYL
 Yeah. I guess so...

PERRYMAN
 (low - to
 Officer Doug)
 Get a statement and... Maybe wait
 to get her out of here.

SHERYL (OS)
 Did I hear laughing?

Perryman holds up the evidence bag.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON WOLF'S NOTEBOOK
 with "Last place of work: Gordon's Fireplace Shop..."

CUT TO:

INT. GORDON'S FIREPLACE SHOP - DAY

No big secret: They sell fireplaces. And the man to see is GORDON BLEUIT (50), who has few illusions about his failures, which could include his entire life.

GORDON
 ...Yeah, Josh works for me. Well,
worked for me. If I ever see him again
 I'll have to fire him...

...that pun is the cleverest thing he's said in years, and he missed it...

GORDON
 I don't know what else to tell you.
 I haven't seen him in weeks. In fact,
 I still have his last paycheck.

WOLF
 looks around.

WOLF
 Excuse me, but what exactly do you
 sell here?

GORDON
 (has never been
 asked this question)
 We...sell fireplaces.

WOLF
 Just fireplaces?

GORDON
 Um. Yeah. That's pretty much it.

WOLF
 They do not put them in the houses
 already?

Wolf's not being thick; this is genuinely puzzling him.

GORDON
 Well...it's, uh...that's a pretty
 complex issue.

It really isn't.

WOLF
 What can you tell me about him?
 Did you know him personally?

GORDON
 Oh, God no. Josh is, uh, he's an okay
 guy, when he has his act together.
 But he had some problems with the
 boozing, and then he'd clean up and
 start on the Jesus stuff...
 Not that I don't like Jesus...Well,
 I really don't...But there's a time
 and place for that sort of thing.
 Like church. But, you know, he was
 good with customers. You know,
 when he had it together.

WOLF
 I'm trying to find his whereabouts.
 Would you know anything of what he
 did outside work? Friends? Family?

GORDON
 You a cop?

Wolf hands him A BUSINESS CARD.

WOLF
Private Investigator.

GORDON
(dreamy)
Oh yeah? You know...I thought about getting into that. Yeah: Helping rich clients, getting into fights, meeting a woman with a mysterious past...

He looks entranced. Wolf shakes his head.

WOLF
It's nothing like that.

GORDON
(dream over)
No?

WOLF
No.

GORDON
Huh. (Anyway) I don't think Josh has any friends. Maybe some of the weirdos at the rehab clinic. But I don't know.

WOLF
Family?

GORDON
Didn't have any.

WOLF
No? I was told his mother was alive, that she lived in the mountains near the ocean.

GORDON
You know: Come to think of it, he did make a lot of trips out there. I assumed it was bible study, or something. But no, I think his mother passed on years ago.

WOLF
Okay. I appreciate your time. If anything else comes up, can you call me?

GORDON
Sure. You bet...
(salesman mode)
Say: You wouldn't be interested in a fireplace, would ya? Lots'a great deals for the holidays...

Said with a smile that would elicit charity.

WOLF

No.

GORDON

(back in his shell)

Oh. Sure. No problem. People stay
warm lots'a ways. Like with sweaters.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUBTITLE ON SCREEN:

26 MINUTES LATER...

and back to

INT. GORDON'S FIREPLACE SHOP - DAY

Now ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

All the newest model fireplaces...on fire.

And the devil in this Hell wears a

WHITE SKULL MOTORCYCLE HELMET
wields an axe and closes in on

A TERRIFIED GORDON
being backed into a desk near the corner.

JOSHUA

I want my paycheck!

GORDON

What? Wh-who are you?

Joshua "stares" at Gordon for a second. Then flips the helmet
visor up, revealing his face, annoyed.

GORDON

Oh Jesus...Josh...Jesus Christ...

Visor back down. Hand out:

JOSHUA

Paycheck!

Gordon fumbles through the desk, finds the check and hands it
over. Joshua looks at it. Shakes his head.

JOSHUA

Fucking OSHA.

He shoves the check in his pocket. Then heaves the axe up...when
he sees

WOLF'S BUSINESS CARD
on the desk.

Joshua reaches over and picks it up.

JOSHUA

Huh. Uncanny.

and for whatever reason he takes out his phone and snaps a picture of it...

Meanwhile Gordon open his eyes and, because he's not dead, believes Joshua to have had a change of heart.

GORDON

Hey. Hey, let's, uh, chalk this whole thing up as a misunderstanding. Okay? You can have your old job back. But no rush! Heck, take some time off. I'll even foot the bill. What d'ya say?

but Joshua was merely distracted. He looks to Gordon

And raises the axe up...

GORDON

...oh crap.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. GORDON'S FIREPLACE SHOP - DAY

...after the fire has been put out. Ambulance and Firetrucks littered about.

PERRYMAN

walks through this circus and into

INT. GORDON'S FIREPLACE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

where everything is burnt to a crisp.

PERRYMAN

walks over to

JAMES ORT

who is examining the blackened remains of Gordon Bleuit...with an axe embedded in his skull.

Standing over him is Detective MARTY COAL (40). Tall and lanky, with a large sketchpad that he doodles on. His voice is monotone and disassociated. Most likely stoned out of his gourd.

PERRYMAN

Marty.

COAL

Avner.

PERRYMAN

People certainly get excited around the holidays.

COAL

The idea of a holiday...of time outside of time...is a linear fallacy. The fabric of the universe is no more constructed with atoms than it is with the idea of atoms. But what moves those atoms? Is it Time? Well, what about the idea of Time? This building here is a good example: Was it something? Is it now...something else?

(beat - looks around)

I think a dark persona is responsible for all this.

Coal wanders off. Perryman shakes his head; he can't stand this guy. To James:

PERRYMAN

(re Gordon)

What up with Mr. Migraine?

JAMES

Nothing yet. But I'm guessing he had a lot on his mind.

PERRYMAN

You call me about this?

JAMES

I found something I thought you'd want to see...

James hands Perryman an EVIDENCE BAG

...WITH WOLF'S CARD INSIDE. Charred but recognizable.

PERRYMAN

Where'd you find this?

JAMES

Inside the mouth of the deceased.

PERRYMAN

examines the bag. Remember that sweet revenge from earlier? Now it's a full-blown pastry shop. He turns to Officer Nick Black standing nearby and hands him the bag.

PERRYMAN

Find this asshole and bring him to me!

Officer Nick takes the bag.

COAL

suddenly appears next to Perryman, so close that Perryman can taste the patchouli rotting his teeth.

COAL

You know what a story is? A story is when the sun and moon can finally make love. And then the universe dies.

PERRYMAN
reacts.

INT. CHRISTIAN BROS. REHAB - VARIOUS - DAY

CLOSE ON A POSTER
of Jesus in mid-air about to slam dunk a basketball. The caption
reads GET HIGH ON LIFE! We are in

A WAITING ROOM

that looks ironically like some people's version of Hell.

WOLF
already doesn't want to be here. He walks right up to

A MOUSY RECEPTIONIST
who looks up from her work with a saccharine peculiarity. Her
nametag reads BETHY. She has a nasally voice that would stop a
clock.

BETHY
Good afternoon! How are you this day?

WOLF
I'm here to see Mr. Bernstein.

BETHY
Oh, he might still be here, let me
check that for you...
(as she does so)
Most the staff have gone home on
account of our Lord's birthday...
Oh, but he's still here. Just go on
back. Last office down the hall.

WOLF
Thank you.

BETHY
And have a blessed Thursday!

BACK OFFICES

...as Wolf enters and looks around. Nothing has been updated in
30 years. It feels abandoned. Wolf sees

THE OFFICE AT THE END

the only one with the lights on. A placard outside reads GUS
BERNSTEIN. Wolf enters

...but no Gus. The still-hot coffee and half eaten baloney
sandwich would indicate he's still here. Bathroom maybe?

WOLF
(calls out)
Mr. Bernstein?

But...nothing.

WOLF
looks around the office. Everything orderly and tidy. Except...

THE FILE CABINET
is ajar.

Wolf double-checks that Gus isn't right behind him before he goes over and opens it.

WOLF'S FINGERS
quickly walk through the alphabet ...B ...C ...D ...E

Wait! All the "A"'s are gone.

Wolf scans the office. Nothing seems out of place.

He goes to the doorway, calls out again:

WOLF
Mr. Bernstein?

Another moment. Wolf leaves. But WE STAY FOR A MOMENT...
and do an Altman-esque ZOOM TO THE WINDOW, to a--
FLAGPOLE, just outside ... The CABLE SLAPPING in the wind ...
Anyway. Back at

RECEPTION

WOLF
Mr. Bernstein seems to have left.
May I leave my card?

BETHY
Well that's peculiar. But of course
you can do that...
(discreet)
You know: There are other counselors
on-call if you're fiending for a fix.

WOLF
I'm not--Please give him my card.
It's an urgent matter. Can
you tell me who his last appointment
was with?

BETHY
Oh, I'm sorry. That's between them
and Mr. Bernstein. And Christ.

Wolf leans forward, tries to catch the name on the schedule...

But Bethy's no slouch: She pulls it away whilst giving Wolf
stink-eye. Wolf gives up and exits.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

At the tail-end of lunch. A few patrons remain.

LUCA, the dedicated host, stands at the podium, focused on the reservation list when he looks up:

LUCA
 (is the ITALIAN
 accent fake?)
 Ah! Mr. Barathrum. Good to see you
 again. A table for one?

WOLF
 nearby.

WOLF
 Yes, Luca. *Grazie*.

Luca drops what he's doing, grabs a menu and leads Wolf to a table near the back. Wolf sits. Luca presents the menu, which Wolf waves away.

WOLF
 Just a glass of the Barbera D'Alba,
 an arugula salad, and an
 eight-ounce filet.

LUCA
 Very good, Mr. Barathrum. And how
 would you like your meat cooked?

Wolf stares at Luca; they've done this song and dance before.

LUCA
 (remembering)
 Ah! *Si, si*. Very good.

CUT TO:

LATER

A PLATE
 is set down. With sliced raw steak.

WOLF
 stabs a piece with his fork and chews it with relish. He washes
 it down with a good sip of wine. Looks over his

NOTEBOOK
 near the plate. CLOSE ON A HANDWRITTEN NOTE: "Lives in the
 mountains, by the ocean..."

He stares at this for a moment. Then resumes his lunch. His eyes
 idly go into the restaurant...to

A COUPLE
 seated a short distance away. They are clearly into one another,
 enjoying themselves.

WOLF
 watches them -- longer than casual. A distance grows in his eyes,
 his mind going to

REVERSE CUT TO:

HELEN
sitting opposite in a stunning black dress. But this is 16 years ago; we're back in South Africa in

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Helen and Wolf in the middle of a very crowded and very posh three-star establishment. Reservations are months in advance unless you know the right people.

HELEN
wide-eyed with excitement. She's never been to a place like this. She glows.

HELEN
This is so amazing.

Wolf shrugs. Indifferent or unimpressed.

WOLF
It's not terrible. I've been to places in France where the oysters are so fresh you can hear them screaming down your throat.

HELEN
Oh! I would love to go to Paris.

WOLF
Then let's go to Paris...

HELEN
(a dream come true)
Really?!

WOLF
Sure. Where else would you like to go?

HELEN
Oh goodness. Um, Rome?

WOLF
Not bad. Where else?

HELEN
New York...Barcelona...Hong Kong...

WOLF
Okay.

HELEN
Berlin might be fun...

WOLF'S FACE
darkens.

His enthusiasm evaporates. His eyes move elsewhere.

WOLF
 If you want to see that shithole you
 can do so by yourself.

He resumes eating though he's not hungry. Helen, uncertain,
 apologetic.

HELEN
 What did I say?

WOLF
 No. Just...No Berlin.

HELEN
 (innocent)
 That is where you are from?

Wolf's fork drops as he shoots an ugly stare at her.

WOLF
 What have I told you?

HELEN
 (submissive)
 Not to ask about your past.

A strangled BEAT. Wolf looks at Helen.

WOLF
 Hey...

She looks up. He drops his hand across the table; a peace
 offering. She takes it.

WOLF
 I'm sorry. It's just
 (can't/won't
 find the words)
 Berlin is no good.

He goes back to his plate. Then she to hers. The evening ends
 before it even began.

UPSCALE RESTAURANT - AS BEFORE

Wolf comes out of the memory.

A BEAT

before he pushes his plate away.

CUT TO:

INT. WOLF'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

The front door opens and

HELEN
 enters, quickly closing the door.

She looks around ... but there's really nothing for her to look at. She makes her way to the back, to the

BEDROOM

which is more of the same...

Literally: A bed.

Helen opens

THE CLOSET

Several black suits. Black shirts. Black shoes.

She turns, looks at the

BED

and

HER FACE

stares at it for a LONG BEAT, her mind going into...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

From South Africa:

Helen and Wolf make love on the bed. He is on top of her, moving faster into that inevitable crescendo. Her eyes are closed. Her body sings. She moans with every thrust.

WOLF

Oh God... Oh God... I'm close...

HELEN

Come... Into me...

Wolf hesitates.

WOLF

That is not a good idea.

HELEN

It's okay...

(she looks at him -
completely in love)
I'm pregnant.

Wolf stops.

WOLF

What?

HELEN

I was going to tell you later,
but it...just came out.

She laughs at her play on words...But Wolf swell with anger and practically leaps from the bed. Helen registers his seriousness.

WOLF
(furious)
You said you were using precautions.

HELEN
I...I was. I am. It just happened.
I mean, after all these months--

WOLF
Is it mine?

HELEN
Of course it's yours! What do you mean by that?

WOLF
Get rid of it.

A painful BEAT.

HELEN
(offended)
I will not! That is a sin.

WOLF
So is fucking before you're married.

The devotion in her heart collapses like a supernova.

HELEN
But I thought...

WOLF
YOU THOUGHT WHAT?

HELEN
That...we were going to be married.

Wolf stares at her...then quickly gets dressed.

HELEN
Where are you going? You're not leaving?

WOLF
I am.

HELEN
Please, Wolfgang. I love you.

WOLF
Do you?! Do you truly? Then kill that fucking thing inside you.

He storms out.

Helen cried uncontrollably.

and we return to

WOLF'S APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

Helen still in the bedroom when she hears

THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

CLOSE ON HER FACE
suffocating with hatred.

She reaches down and

UNHOLSTERS HER GUN
and grips it hard.

She moves behind the door, which is partially open.

CUT TO:

WOLF

as he enters the apartment ... And he's hit with something familiar. He raises his head, sniffs the air...

CUT TO:

HELEN'S FACE
with violence in her eyes.

HER GUN
as the chamber is loaded.

CUT TO:

WOLF

Confused, especially after the memory at lunch. Is his mind playing tricks? He sniffs the air again...

and his eyes furrow as an ANGRY GROWL rips the silence. Wolf stomps to

THE FRONT DOOR

and flings it open to

THE OFFICERS' BLACK

Alex frozen with his arm cocked-up, mere seconds from knocking.

ALEX
(feigns authority)
You...You're coming with us.

...eventually...

WOLF
If you say so.

Meanwhile,

HELEN
hears the DOOR SHUT. Then nothing. A BEAT.

She walks out of the bedroom.

No Wolf. She holsters her gun and makes her way out.

EXT. WOLF'S APARTMENT/STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Our triumphant Officers' Black escort Wolf to the police car.

WOLF
...shotgun.

Alex grumps...

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)

But rules are rules: Wolf in front with Nick while Alex grumps in back.

INT. INTERROGATION

WOLF
sits. Angry. Annoyed. An itching sense of *déjà vu*.

The door opens and

PERRYMAN
enters. All business, like last time, but business must be booming because he seems really pleased about something.

PERRYMAN
We meet again.

WOLF
I'm busy. What do you want?

PERRYMAN
You've been busy.

WOLF
Doesn't "busy" already imply that?

PERRYMAN
...busy-busy-busy boy...

Perryman slaps a thick file folder on the table.

PERRYMAN
I'm not going to bother with handcuffs
this time, but if you stand up
I'll just put you down...

WOLF
for some reason believes him.

PERRYMAN
sits. A BEAT. Then casual:

PERRYMAN
You working a case?

WOLF
I am.

PERRYMAN
Hmm. Care to share?

WOLF
Not particularly.

PERRYMAN
But a Missing Persons?

WOLF
It is.

PERRYMAN
Another child?

WOLF
In a manner of speaking?

PERRYMAN
Hmm. Is there something you'd like to tell me?

A loaded question if there ever was one. Wolf leans in:

WOLF
Make. Your. Point.

Perryman opens the file folder:

PERRYMAN
...at nine-fifty-five this morning officers responded to a disturbance call at the Whole Year Inn Apartments on North-East Burnside. You know the place?

WOLF
I was there this morning.

PERRYMAN
What time?

WOLF
Just before nine.

PERRYMAN
Hmm. And whom did you speak with?

WOLF
A stupid young man.

PERRYMAN
You're referring to the occupant: Robert Dumas? "Bobby"?

WOLF
I suppose I am.

PERRYMAN
What was the nature of the conversation?
Friendly? Heated?

WOLF
Pungent.

PERRYMAN
Anyone else there?

WOLF
No.

PERRYMAN
You sure?

WOLF
No one else was there.

PERRYMAN
Hmm. If you say so.

CLOSE ON A CRIME SCENE PHOTO
of Bobby. Sort of.

WOLF
stares at it.

PERRYMAN
Forensics puts the time of death
roughly around nine-thirty. You said
you arrived around nine. What
time did you leave?

WOLF
Quarter after nine.

PERRYMAN
You sure?

WOLF
Yes.

CLOSE ON AN EVIDENCE BAG
with Wolf's business card inside.

PERRYMAN
You drop this?

WOLF
I left it in case the stupid young
man had any further information
for me.

PERRYMAN
For the case you don't want to talk
(MORE)

PERRYMAN (CONT'D)
 about. Okay. And you're certain no
 one else was in the apartment?

WOLF
 No one else was there...

CLOSE ON A PHOTO
 of Sheryl. In all her glory.

PERRYMAN
 Except for this young woman. She was
 in the closet and overheard your
 conversation with Bobby...
 something about you (reads)
 "having friends in Law Enforcement"?
 Want to name names?

WOLF
 silent. Invisible hands closing around his neck.

PERRYMAN
 No? We'll get back to that...
 At one-thirty emergency crews responded
 to a fire at Gordon's Fireplace Shop
 on North-East Sandy. Inside was
 the owner...

CLOSE ON A PHOTO
 of Gordon Bleuit. With axe.

Wolf stares.

PERRYMAN
 When did you speak with him?

WOLF
 (treading lightly)
 Just before one.

PERRYMAN
 Hmm. Do you have a watch?

WOLF
 No.

PERRYMAN
 But you're certain it was before one.
 Maybe it was a little later...

WOLF
 No.

CLOSE ON AN EVIDENCE BAG
 with Wolf's charred card inside.

PERRYMAN
 They found this inside his mouth.
 (quick pause)
 And when did you speak with Gus Bernstein?

WOLF
I never spoke to Gus Bernstein.

Perryman slams his hand on the table.

PERRYMAN
Liar!

WOLF
I went there but did not speak with
him.

PERRYMAN
throws another EVIDENCE BAG on the table...with another one of
Wolf's cards inside.

PERRYMAN
I'm getting quite the collection.

WOLF
Bernstein wasn't there.

PERRYMAN
Oh yes, he was...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTIAN BROS. REHAB - DAY

Remember when we zoomed out the window of Bernstein's office...to
the flagpole outside? That's where we are now...and if we LOOK UP
we'll find all 250 lbs. of Gus Bernstein strung up at the top.
Presumably dead.

The POLICE and FIREMEN below are attempting to lower the body ...
but one hard tug accidentally severs the head from the body ...
and everyone scatters as both sail to the ground.

INT. INTERROGATION - AS BEFORE

WOLF
I still didn't speak with him.
(pause)
This doesn't look good.

PERRYMAN
Finally! Something we agree on. My
question is: Why?

WOLF
Coincidence.

PERRYMAN
(can't help
but laugh)
Coincidence? That you happen to be
at three crime scenes just before the
crimes occur?

WOLF
And circumstantial.

PERRYMAN
Were it just one I would have to agree with you. But again: Three crime scenes. I think you should really take a moment and come to terms with reality here...
Do you pray?

WOLF
(the hell is
this going?)
To what?

PERRYMAN
I'll take that as a 'no'. I was just curious how you've gotten this far in life without divine intervention...

WOLF
This conversation is officially absurd.

PERRYMAN
(sharp)
Then you need to start explaining what the hell you've been doing?

A BEAT.

WOLF
I was hired by Benjamin Lomond to find his son.
(re pile of evidence)
All of these people are connected to him in some capacity: His roommate, his boss, and his drug counselor.

PERRYMAN
(recalling)
Lomond? The millionaire...?
(some interest here)
I didn't think he had any children.

WOLF
None publicly disclosed. And none he's ever met.

PERRYMAN
Why now?

WOLF
He claims he's dying.

PERRYMAN
What about the son?

WOLF

He's a deeply confused young man.
Unstable, and probably dangerous.

There's a shift here while Perryman absorbs all this. Yes, his initial intention was to nail Wolf's ass to the wall...But he is first and foremost a detective (and a pretty good one despite what we've seen previously) and any grudge he has takes a backseat to what is starting to appear a much more complicated set of crimes.

PERRYMAN

You find him yet?

WOLF

I was making progress until I was interrupted...

PERRYMAN

Okay. Just for argument's sake: You had nothing to do with the three murders...But you are somehow involved.

WOLF

Like I said: Coincidence.

PERRYMAN

Look at it from my point of view.

WOLF

...okay.

PERRYMAN

All these victims have a connection.
And that connection is the son...
Does he know Lomond is his father?

WOLF

Lomond says no.

PERRYMAN

But how does he know that?

WOLF

seriously considers this.

PERRYMAN

Who else knows you're working this?

WOLF

Lomond. His lawyer.

PERRYMAN

Anyone else? Someone you pissed off once upon a time? I imagine that's a long list.

WOLF

To the best of my ability, detective, I don't have a past.

Door OPENS

and Ed Bruin enters and motions for Perryman to close the gap. Perryman goes over. Their conversation is INAUDIBLE, and short. Afterwards, Perryman almost looks impressed.

PERRYMAN

And just when we were getting along...
You're going into custody.

WOLF

You damn idiots--

PERRYMAN

Not us. INTERPOL want to talk to you--

Wolf, confused, when

HELEN

enters the room. Like the eye of the hurricane:

HELEN

Guten tag Wolfgang.

WOLF

stands. His world just became a hurricane. And since we're on weather metaphors:

Like a flash of lightning Helen points

A TASER GUN

and pops Wolf point-blank in the chest with 20,000,000 volts of electricity wickedly CRACKLING THE AIR ...

PERRYMAN AND BRUIN

react defensively ...

WOLF

drops to the floor like God just cut the marionette strings.

Bruin, incredulous:

BRUIN

Jesus lady! Was that fucking called
for?

HELEN

(icy)
He was my fiancée.

Perryman and Bruin exchange a look. The conversation at the bar later will be interesting.

FADE TO BLACK:

A moment -- as the BLACK SCREEN becomes a BLACK SPACE. Vast. Enclosed. HUNDREDS OF VOICES MURMUR INAUDIBLY.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

PART FOUR:

"DESCENT IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD"

We are in:

INT. CONCERT HALL

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT

cuts across the darkness ... finds a GRAND PIANO

in the center of a stage we cannot fully see. A TUXEDOED FIGURE enters the beam to ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE ...

WOLF

here aged 20, soaks up the recognition with a professional's indifference. A moment, before he sits. The APPLAUSE trickles to a deep quiet ...

AT THE PIANO

a moment before ...

WOLF'S FINGERS

begin to play Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 14 ("Moonlight Sonata"), perhaps one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written -- haunting, profound, melancholy -- and Wolf's finger-work transcends mere talent: There is an intimacy with each note that fills the space of the soundtrack, like a longing that each member of the audience can finally embrace ...

CLOSE ON WOLF'S FACE

empty, like the music simply goes through him and he is its messenger. We ANGLE on the other side of his face -- that the audience cannot see -- where an ugly bruise crowns his cheek and eye. A BEAT. Wolf looks up, towards off-stage where

SEBASTIAN

stands in the wings. A bruise on his face: Almost identical. He watches Wolf with neither love or admiration.

WOLF

feels his father's judgement burning inside him.

THE PIECE SLOWS TO A NEAR HALT ... and begins again, all the while Wolf stares at Sebastian ...

It is the same piece but different. It is a variation. And Wolf's playing this time is erratic, violent; an act of aggression. Those unfamiliar might find this exciting; traditionalists would think it abhorrent ...

But this is defiance, pure and simple. A provocation. Wolf continues to assault the keys with a smile bubbling on his face.

SEBASTIAN

clearly find this abomination undignified...

It physically pains him to hear Beethoven played this way. He reaches his breaking point...

and rushes the stage to stop the performance.

Wolf remains calm for a moment

...before jumping up to meet his father head-on in front of the piano where

WOLF

delivers a devastating punch that SMACKS Sebastian into the exposed strings. Wolf grabs the

PIANO LID

and slams it down repeatedly on top of Sebastian. The BLURTING SOUNDS of NOTES MIX with the REACTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE ...

Sebastian lays motionless.

Wolf walks to the front of the stage, his face elated. Free.

He bows, believing there is RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, which we HEAR. A moment ... before Wolf staggers away in lonely triumph. THE APPLAUSE CONTINUES, bringing us to

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON WOLF'S FACE

...as he is now. The APPLAUSE DIES DOWN as he comes to, still woozy from the taser. He is bound to a chair in a large hollowed-out warehouse. He quickly realizes his predicament. A few yards away

HELEN

is waist-deep in the ground, digging a large hole with a shovel. She stops, looks at Wolf and climbs out.

WOLF

watches her approach ... before she BELTS HIM across the face. A BEAT, as he snaps back.

WOLF

Helen. Long time.

HELEN

Too long, as they say. You don't look good.

WOLF

I clean up pretty well.
(re the elephant
in the room)
What's with the hole?

HELEN

If I can be honest here--

WOLF

--I'd appreciate that--

HELEN

I was so excited to see you again I thought I might bury you alive. But seeing as that's cruel and unusual I might just kill you first. I haven't decided yet.

WOLF

Do I get a say in the matter?

She BELTS HIM again.

HELEN

No.

WOLF

So, you're with INTERPOL now. I can assume South Africa didn't work out?

She BELTS HIM again. She is becoming very angry.

HELEN

Fuck you...
Do you remember the last time we spoke?

WOLF

Yes.

HELEN

What did you say to me?

WOLF
remains silent.

HELEN
moves to hit him again...but when she gets close enough...

Wolf stomps his foot right into her kneecap. She bends and falls back two steps. This just pours gasoline on her anger. Helen whips out her gun and presses it hard into Wolf's forehead.

HELEN

What did you say to me?

WOLF

I think you may want to hear my side of things first--

THE GUN'S HAMMER
COCKS BACK, meaning the question won't be asked again.

WOLF

(defeated)

I told you to get rid of our child.

HELEN
stares.

WOLF
And I'm going to make another
assumption and say that that decision
led to bad consequences.

HELEN
as her mind goes to

CUT TO:

HER FACE
16 years ago...BEFORE A HAND SLAPS IT HARD...

We are in

INT/EXT. HOUSE (SOUTH AFRICA) - DAY

...and Helen's face instantly crumbles into a sobbing mess
and the little man standing in molten Judgement of her is her
father, JAN VAN DER STEL (50), smartly tailored with a bald head
and bushy moustache.

JAN
What have you done?!

HELEN
...I'm sorry, papa...I didn't know
what else to do...

JAN
So you defied Christ? In my house?!

HELEN
Please papa. I'm sorry...

JAN
And where is he? Where is this man
you betrayed our family with?

HELEN
I...don't know. I can't find him.

JAN
You told him. And he left you?

HELEN
...He didn't leave me. He loves me.
He wanted to marry me...

A BEAT

before Jan turns and PUNCHES Helen square in the stomach -- and
given the procedure she's just gone through makes this act of
violence especially gruesome.

Helen drops to her knees, coughing, fighting for air.

JAN

I hope you feel that pain the rest of your days. I hope it reminds you that God's life is not yours to give and take at your whim...

HELEN

(still struggling
for air)

I'm so sorry...

Jan SNAPS -- grabs Helen by the hair -- and physically drags her to the front door.

Helen screams and pleads as her father quite literally throws her outside.

JAN

If your dear mother was still with us she would kill you. This is mercy, Helen. Never come back to this house...

(choking on
tears)

I will pray for your Soul.

The door SLAMS closed.

Helen's world empties of light and love. She lay helpless on the ground, her words like an echo from a voice that just died.

HELEN

Please papa...I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - AS BEFORE

HELEN

pulls the gun from Wolf's forehead and walks a few steps away from him. She is strangely and suddenly calm.

HELEN

Tell me why you didn't come back.

WOLF

Do you really want to know?

HELEN

(agitated)

Wolfgang: You have approximately two minutes of your miserable life left unless I decide otherwise. So my suggestion to you is while I am having this moment of lucidity, you start explaining yourself...

WOLF

I was on my way back to you, to apologize.

HELEN
But you got lost for sixteen years?

WOLF
I was taken. Kidnapped.

Her cynicism wants to dismiss this as outright bullshit. But something in his voice appeals to her reason.

HELEN
By whom?

WOLF
What happened is after I left you I got profoundly drunk. But my intention was to go back and make things right. I'm not sure what happened in the interim but when I woke up...

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

more accurately a DARK SPACE. Concrete. Iron bars. Sounds of suffering and the stench of death. It may be a prison but there is no Law here. We're back in South Africa.

WOLF
beaten, bloody. Torn clothing. He's been here for some time. His expression is one we haven't seen yet: Fear.

TWO LARGE MEN approach and unlock his cage.

WOLF
(pleads)
Please, please. I have money. A lot of money. Just let me go. Please.

A metal collar is clamped around his neck as he is dragged to

INT. UNDERGROUND FIGHTING PIT - DAY

Dirt and blood and A HUNDRED RAISED VOICES.

An enclosed arena surrounded by elevated bleachers. Above us are opaque windows filling this space with filthy sunlight. There is no Law here either. SPECTATORS fill the seats, thirsty for entertainment. Money is exchanged.

And upon the sight of Wolf the Spectators LAUGH, MOCK HIM. Wolf is shoved in the arena as the gates close behind him. On his

PETRIFIED FACE
...as he surveys the arena of the former "combatants" strewn throughout: Bloody, mauled, dead. He looks over to

AN AUTHORITATIVE BLACK MAN
on the other side of the arena, occupying a large chair like a throne. We'll call him LORD-BELOW.

He watches Wolf indifferently. Wolf pleads to him:

WOLF

Please let me out. I don't belong here.

LORD-BELOW

None of us belong here, white-man.
Yet, here we are...

WOLF

What do you want of me?

LORD-BELOW

It is very simple: You fight and live...
Or you fight and die.

WOLF

I have money...

LORD-BELOW

I have money too. And I will have
more of it if you survive.

SPECTATORS ERUPT, reacting to something O.S.

Wolf turns around to see

HIS "OPPONENT"

More ox than man. Or like a sculpture of beef. Skin blacker than
crude oil.

He towers over Wolf and delivers

A BACKHAND

across Wolf's face that sends him to the ground. Wolf whimpers,
tries to claw away...

But the Opponent is already on top of him -- and proceeds to
thoroughly beat the shit out of Wolf for several moments

...but for all his brutality the Opponent seems bored with the
lack of challenge; he's torturing Wolf the way a cat would play
with a mouse...

CLOSE ON WOLF'S FACE

as he starts to surrender.

OPPONENT

picks up a limp Wolf like a rag-doll, those massive arms like a
python hugging Wolf. Opponent looks disappointed; this is
pathetic. So he "dances" around the arena with Wolf in his arms,
which elicits LAUGHTER from many SPECTATORS. Opponent looks over
to Lord-Below, who simply shrugs. It's a look that says: You
might as well put him out of his misery...

But something in WOLF'S FACE

Clicks. Call it adrenaline or survival but something deep-seated
and primal rises out of Wolf. His mind suddenly bloodier than
blood...

as he savagely rips both of the Opponent's eyes out...

The SPECTATORS react...

Lord-Below reacts...

The Opponent howls and hollers...

Wolf jumps hard onto Opponent, sending him on his back. Wolf climbs on top and what comes out of him is a long-brewing vehemence from a lifetime of abuse. And an unfathomable violence erupts as Wolf, with his bare-hands, turns Opponent's face into a gnarled red mash of fleshy pulp...

and I should mention that the SPECTATORS are growing really fucking quiet now. This might be too much even for them.

LORD-BELOW
with a big pearl-white grin.

WOLF
as he stands up. Another lonely triumph. His face and body dripping and glistening with blood and chunks of meat and bone. His expression is pure absence. This was his baptism...Into Hell.

CUT TO:

EMPTY WAREHOUSE - AS BEFORE

WOLF

I was in that place for a year.
Eventually I escaped. There are other things. Worse things. I did get back to Johannesburg to find you, but you had gone.

HELEN

Ironic now that you find people for a living. Clearly you did not want to find me...
You are so full of shit.

WOLF

I'm telling the truth.

HELEN

Shut up! Just shut up. You are a liar and coward. Just confess! How many other women were there?

WOLF

(his breaking
point)
Enough of this--

and his face hardens and grimaces, his teeth clenching ... as he breaks through the binds and stands up--

HELEN
grabs her gun, aims at

WOLF
who rips his shirt open ... exposing all his horrible scars.

HELEN
freezes. Reads his body like a dossier on pain.

HELEN
(aghast)
Oh my God...

WOLF
I will accept your apology when you
decide to give it.

HELEN
pissed...raises the taser and shoots Wolf point-blank. Again.
Part of Wolf wants to laugh at this comedy...but he drops.

At that moment the warehouse doors open -- and Yann enters. Sees ... Wolf laying there ... the chair he was bound in ... and the hole he was to be put in. He looks to Helen and gives an accompanying gesture that could only mean "what the fuck has been going on around here?"

HELEN
(shrugs)
We were just talking.

EXT. LOMOND ESTATE - MORNING

as we MOVE to the front doors of the house. They open -- and Old Servant stares blankly at--

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - VARIOUS - MORNING

PERRYMAN
as he enters. Old Servant walks ahead and leads Perryman through
HALLWAY

and they continue to

LIBRARY

where Old Servant does an about-face and leaves. Perryman takes a few steps inside, immediately sensing

THE TAXIDERMY ANIMAL HEADS

above the entrance.

Perryman reacts.

LEDBETTER (OS)
Who are you?

Perryman turns. Ledbetter is behind the antique desk.

Perryman approaches, takes out his badge.

PERRYMAN
 Detective Avner Perryman. Are you
 Benjamin Lomond?

LEDBETTER
 No. His lawyer, Louis Ledbetter.

PERRYMAN
 Is Lomond here?

LEDBETTER
 I'm afraid Mr. Lomond is...presently
 indisposed with business. Is there
 something I can help you with?

PERRYMAN
 (beat)
 Maybe. Do you know a private
 investigator named Wolf Barathrum?

LEDBETTER
 (long beat)
 What exactly is this in regard to?

PERRYMAN
 I'm getting to that. Answer the
 question please.

LEDBETTER
 Yes. Mr. Barathrum is currently in
 our employ...

A BEAT.

PERRYMAN
 ...Care to expand on that?

LEDBETTER
 I do not. But I'm going to assume
 your presence here means you already
 have that answer.

PERRYMAN
 I take it that doesn't make you
 very happy?

LEDBETTER
 Detective--

PERRYMAN
 --Perryman--

LEDBETTER
 Perryman: There are a lot of people,
 powerful people, who want nothing
 more than to see Benjamin Lomond
 thrown to the lions. Mr.
 Barathrum was given a task with
 the upmost discretion.

PERRYMAN
Don't be too hard on him. I dragged
it out of him.

LEDBETTER
...Oh?

PERRYMAN
Mr. Barathrum has gotten himself
mixed up in three separate homicides.

LEDBETTER
...I see.

PERRYMAN
No, you don't. All three were related
to his investigation; all three of
them knew Lomond's son.

LEDBETTER
You're suggesting he's somehow
involved?

PERRYMAN
I'm not suggesting anything; I'm
just going where the facts take me.
What the son's name?

LEDBETTER
Joshua. Joshua Attia.

PERRYMAN
And Lomond has never met him?

LEDBETTER
Or seen him. Neither have I, for that
matter.

PERRYMAN
(beat)
Why would that matter?

LEDBETTER
(thrown; hiding
something?)
Excuse me, I misspoke. I assumed that
was your next question.

PERRYMAN
You know what they say about
assumptions...?

If Ledbetter does he keeps it to himself.

PERRYMAN
Tell me about Joshua's mother.

LEDBETTER
She worked for Mr. Lomond for many
years.

PERRYMAN
Name?

LEDBETTER
...I don't remember.

PERRYMAN
But "Attia" would be her last?

LEDBETTER
I wouldn't make that assumption.

PERRYMAN
You know where she is now?

LEDBETTER
Probably a graveyard.

PERRYMAN
Dead?

LEDBETTER
I would hope so...
Look, I'm not following your line
of questioning here; all this
information is precisely why we
hired a private investigator in
the first place--

A CRASH from the hallway just before

LOMOND
stumbles into the library. Swaying, slurring...but not just
drunk; there's something else wrong with him. He looks right at
Perryman. And he's loud:

LOMOND
Who the fuck is that cocksucker?

If Ledbetter had a heart attack right now it'd be the least of
his worries. He shoots up and practically runs over to Lomond.

LOMOND
And where is my drink?

LEDBETTER
Mr. Lomond, this is--

LOMOND
--Huh?!--

LEDBETTER
--This is detective Perryman, Mr.
Lomond. He's helping to find your son.

LOMOND
He's too old to be my son--

LEDBETTER
Helping to find him.

LOMOND

My son...How can he be my son when
he's not a man...My son. My sons...

--FLASH ON PERRYMAN as this tidbit is revealed--

LOMOND

All of them: Worthless tree sap.

LEDBETTER

Okay Mr. Lomond, let's get you back
to bed.

And Ledbetter literally shoves Lomond OUT of the library.

PERRYMAN

now by himself. Shakes his head. Looks around, eyes falling on

THE DESK

with a manila folder on top.

PERRYMAN

curious. Checks the library entrance ... Then opens it

CLOSE ON PAPERS

and the TOP SHEET is a kind of itemized bill ... for a CATHOLIC
HOSPITAL ... in SEASIDE, OREGON ... Several dates and
corresponding payments, the first of each month ... under the
heading TERMINAL CARE ... Patient #1177 ... CLOSE ON: FEMALE, 63
YEARS OLD ... "ATTIA, E" ...

PERRYMAN

takes this all in -- and for reasons entirely his own he quickly
grabs the paper and shoves it in his jacket pocket. A BEAT. He
makes his way out

when Ledbetter RETURNS.

LEDBETTER

Are we finished?

PERRYMAN

I am. Besides, it looks like your
hands are full.

(indicates POLAR BEAR
head on the wall)

Aren't those things endangered?

LEDBETTER

Isn't everything?

PERRYMAN

Did you know that Polar Bears are
among the only mammals that eat
their young?

A weird BEAT.

LEDBETTER

...Interesting.

PERRYMAN
Isn't it?

Perryman exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Perryman approaches the door, about to knock but

THE FRONT DOOR

is open. Just.

Perryman cautiously enters...

INT. WOLF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

PERRYMAN
...Hello?

Nothing.

PERRYMAN
about to leave ... when the TOILET FLUSHES. He looks to

THE BATHROOM DOOR

just as

JOSHUA
walks out, looking like he just came from the yacht club: Blue blazer, cravat, Top-Siders sans socks. He smiles wide.

JOSHUA
There you are!

and neither we or Perryman notice the SPEARGUN at Joshua's side

AND A SPEAR

THUNKS! right into Perryman's neck. He drops to his knees. That horrible GURGLING SOUND is him fighting for air. Blood gushes everywhere. Joshua reloads.

JOSHUA
I was wondering when you'd show.
I mean, Jesus, I know we didn't have
plans but talk about making a
guy wait...

PERRYMAN
in agony. Pulls out his gun--

But Joshua kicks it out of his hand.

JOSHUA
No-no-no. This is my party, fucker.

Joshua kneels by Perryman.

JOSHUA
 So: What's the deal? Why are you
 following me?
 (reading from
 his phone)
 And what kind of a name is "Wolf"?
 You Native American or something?

PERRYMAN'S FACE
 upon realizing that he's being mistaken for Wolf. So much for
 bathos. But he's quickly losing the bigger struggle.

JOSHUA
 You know, shit. Probably shouldn't
 have shot that in your neck.
 Makes conversation a bit difficult.
 ...Do you know sign language?

Perryman reaching for something in his jacket. But Joshua takes
 over.

JOSHUA
 Let me help you with that...A wallet?
 With a driver's license...
 (reads - then
 annoyed)
 Oh Hell! You're not even him?! Who
 the fuck are you to be sneaking into
 someone else's place of residence.
 Asshole!

But Perryman was really reaching for

HIS BADGE
 that he throws onto the ground. Joshua, upon seeing it:

JOSHUA
 Oh. You're a cop. I guess you can
 do that...But still!
 (realizes his
 mistake)
 Anyway. Um, sorry. My bad...
 Oh, fuck it...

Joshua aims the Speargun at Perryman's head ...

Then SNAPS HIS FINGERS, as though he's forgetting something. He
 walks to the kitchen counter and pulls out

CLOSE ON JOSHUA'S HANDWRITTEN NOTE

and he make the following change:

THINGS TO DO:

BOBBY

~~GORDO~~

GUS

> SOME SHITHEAD

PUTA MADRE

BIG DADDY

Joshua then aims the Speargun and

CUT TO BLACK:

THUNK!

...and then we find...

WOLF'S FACE

as his eyes open, aware...that he has no idea where he is.

He is on a bed in a nice but non-descript room.

He gets up, walks to a door and enters

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

and walks right into a thick haze of cigarette smoke. Yann and Helen at a table off to the right. There are dozens of thick file boxes throughout, and stacks of papers and photos piled everywhere. Lomond is featured in many. Yann approaches:

YANN

I am Yann Martin...
First, let me apologize on behalf
of INTERPOL. Helen was not acting
on orders from me or our
organization. I have spoken to her.
Perhaps we can call a truce?
For now?

HELEN

For now. (to Wolf)
No hard feelings?

WOLF

For now...
What exactly are you investigating
here?

YANN

What do you know of the Arthur
Foundation?

WOLF

Lomond's company? Nothing.

HELEN

Take a look...

ON HER LAPTOP:

A COMMERCIAL/VIDEO: WE SEE QUICKLY EDITED SHOTS of CHILDREN from an unspecified third world nation dressed in rags, playing in dirt, but with joyful smiles and laughter.

NARRATOR (VIDEO)
 We here at the Arthur Foundation
 have already brought hope to millions.
 And with your help, we can do so
 much more.

COMMERCIAL/VIDEO: A CGI POLAR BEAR comes ON SCREEN and scoops up the children, giving them a "bear hug". They love it. We ZOOM IN ON THE BEAR'S HEAD as it gives a POWERFUL ROAR. The b.g. goes BLACK -- And THE BEAR'S HEAD STARTS SPINNING, TRANSFORMING into a SPINNING GLOBE. The COMPANY LOGO FLASHES ON SCREEN and the whole thing becomes a backdrop. BENJAMIN LOMOND walks in front of it.

LOMOND (VIDEO)
 I'm Benjamin Lomond, CEO of the
 Arthur Foundation, and I thank you
 for your support.

END VIDEO.

WOLF
 So. They are bringing bears to Africa?

YANN
 Medical supplies and clinics, to
 one-hundred and fifteen
 developing nations.

HELEN
 On the surface. But in actuality
 they are the largest traffickers of
 human organs in the world.

YANN
 But we have yet to prove their
 connection...
 We have been successful in closing
 seven of their caches...but there is one
 supposedly here in Scotland.
 Our hope is if we find it we can
 tie it directly to the Arthur
 Foundation. And to Benjamin Lomond.

WOLF
 Just the two of you?

Yann leads Wolf to a door, to the adjoining suite.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

...the room is PACKED WITH FRENCHMAN, all smoking, all doing various things (reading, phone, computer etc.) The rest of the team. They acknowledge Yann and Wolf in their own way.

Door closes. Just the three again.

HELEN
So, our question to you is how you
fit in all this.

WOLF
I was hired by Lomond to find his
son.

Yann and Helen exchange a look.

YANN
But Lomond has no children.

WOLF
Lomond has never met him.

HELEN
Why?

WOLF
He says he is dying and he wants to
make some kind of peace.

Yann and Helen exchange another look. We hear A DING, like an APP
NOTIFICATION from the other laptop. Yann walks over...

HELEN
You find him yet?

WOLF
I was making progress...until I
was interrupted. And I'm still
waiting for that apology.

HELEN
You should hold your breath. It would
save me the effort.

YANN (OS)
Wolf. Come here...

Wolf goes over to Yann, who is watching something on the laptop.

YANN
Do you know this person...?

ON HIS LAPTOP:

FROM A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA: Inside Lomond's library...as
LEDBETTER speaks with PERRYMAN (from earlier.)

WOLF (OS)
He's a police detective.

YANN (OS)
Damn. I'm having a problem with
the audio.

FROM A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA: ...As LEDBETTER shoves LOMOND from the room. PERRYMAN by himself. Goes through the papers on the desk ... And TAKES ONE and PUTS IT IN HIS JACKET ...

WOLF
watches this.

HELEN
Are the police looking into Lomond?

WOLF
(abrupt)
I have to go...

YANN
What is it?

WOLF
Every person I have come into contact with concerning Lomond's son is now dead. The detective knows this. I think my investigation piqued his interest; that's why he was just at Lomond's. And I think he found something. I must see him.

YANN
I want Helen to go with you--

HELEN
--What?!--

WOLF
--I don't work for you...

YANN
I understand that. But if what you are saying is true, if Lomond is indeed dying, then our timetable just shrunk considerably. He must pay for what he has done.

HELEN
I refuse!

YANN
You are in no position at the moment...
(to Wolf)
You help us, we help you.

Wolf listens. Helen fumes.

WOLF
Okay.

Helen is not happy about this.

HELEN
Excuse me.

She walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

YANN
(shrugs)

Women.

INT BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM

THE SINK
is TURNED ON FULL...

and we PAN OVER as Helen snorts a line of cocaine. She whips her head up when the rush hits her. She looks into the mirror for a moment and it's an expression of burgeoning violence and/or dark resolve (or what we in the film community refer to as "The Kubrick Stare".)

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Helen and Wolf. Begrudgingly.

WOLF
...Take a left here.

HELEN
(recognizing)
But this is where you live.

Wolf looks at her: How do you know that?

WOLF
I need a change of clothes. Wait here.

The car STOPS. Wolf exits...

EXT. WOLF'S APARTMENT - DAY

And approaches his front door--

Seeing that it's open. He stops, sniffs around. And he doesn't like what it's telling him. He cautiously enters--

INT. WOLF'S APARTMENT

And finds

PERRYMAN
dead. A spear through his neck, another skewers his head off the floor. Blood pools around him like a shadow.

WOLF
instinctively checks for a pulse. Nothing, then

Wolf disappears into the back for TWO BEATS...

And returns with another shirt. He bends down and reaches inside Perryman's jacket, taking the paper he'd swiped from Lomond's. Wolf reads it for a second...

when we hear SIRENS, DISTANT BUT CLOSING.

Wolf flees--

INT. CAR

and startles Helen as he jumps inside.

WOLF
Drive. Now.

HELEN
What's--

WOLF
The detective is dead. He's in my
apartment.

HELEN
What?! How? You've been with us all
this time.

WOLF
I'm well aware of that! But if they
put me into custody again they're
not going to let me out.
(re paper)
But I have this.

HELEN
What is it?

WOLF
(what part of
'drive now' was
unclear)
Do you hear that sound?

He refers to the ENCROACHING SIRENS. She hears it.

HELEN
Shit.

She STARTS THE CAR and gets the hell out of there (CAR IS NOW
MOVING FAST.)

WOLF
Take a right up here.

Wolf scans around. Check behind them.

WOLF
Keep here. I think we're clear.

Wolf looks over the paper. A LONG BEAT. Then takes out his phone
and types into it for a moment.

HELEN
Where are we going?

No response. ANOTHER BEAT.

WOLF
Take the next left.

She does so, but notices

HELEN
This is the freeway.

WOLF
I know.

HELEN
Where are we going?

WOLF
To see a dead woman...

CUT TO:

EXT. HWY 26 - LATE AFTERNOON

The car travels along the highway through a mountainous area.
Lush forest surrounds us.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

PART FIVE:

"THE WOMAN WHO LIVES IN THE MOUNTAINS BY THE OCEAN"

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

HELEN
driving. Looks over to

WOLF
staring out the window.

She pulls out a pack of cigarettes and puts one in her mouth.

HELEN
Can you roll down your window?

He does so. Her right hand goes into her left-coat pocket...

Pulls out her gun and shoots Wolf point-blank in the temple.

He slumps. She reaches over, pulls the handle and shoves him out...

QUICK CUT TO:

HELEN

... coming out of that day-dream. She looks at Wolf.

He takes off his torn shirt and changes into the fresh one. She looks at his scars.

HELEN
 You said after you escaped that there
 were other things. Worse things.
 What happened?

WOLF
 (long beat)
 It's a long story.

HELEN
 It's a long car ride.

But he says nothing else.

CUT TO:

EXT. HWY 1 - LATE AFTERNOON

as the car travels south along the Great Coast Highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

as the car moves up a two-lane road. Behind them the coast below
 and the Pacific Ocean expanding into the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC HOSPICE

At the top of the mountain, just as afternoon begins fading to
 evening. Quietly nestled with the environs is a cluster of
 unassuming Mission-style buildings. The car parks in a small lot
 in front.

INT. CATHOLIC HOSPICE (VARIOUS) - EARLY EVENING

Helen and Wolf approach reception as a

YOUNG NURSE
 answers the phone. She holds up a finger: "One moment".

YOUNG NURSE
 (into phone)
 "Our Divine Lady the Blessed Virgin
 of Perpetual Mercy Full of Grace
 and Charitable Sisters of the Holy
 Ghost..." (beat)
 Please hold... (to Wolf and Helen)
 Can I help you?

WOLF
 ...Attia.

YOUNG NURSE
 Oh. Yes. Come with me.

Helen and Wolf exchange a look -- and are led to

A CORRIDOR

... and they reach ...

THE TERMINAL WARD

A large space with several occupied bed partitioned apart along the outer rim. No machines, no modernism to speak of. This is a waiting room for death.

Young Nurse brings them to

A FEMALE PATIENT

Maybe 70s. Frail. Skeletal. Colorless. Her eyes look into the room but with no acknowledgment of the world.

YOUNG NURSE

It was good of you to come. She is very near.

WOLF

Has her son been here?

YOUNG NURSE

(that's a strange question)

Aren't you her son?

WOLF

No.

YOUNG NURSE

Then you shouldn't be here...

She huffs away.

HELEN

Who is this?

WOLF

The young man I am looking for, Lomond's son? This is his mother.

HELEN

We came all this way for this? She's barely alive Wolf. She can't tell you anything.

WOLF

On the contrary: Her being alive tells me a great deal. When Lomond hired me he assured me this woman was dead. Perryman found the receipt for her care... All of it paid for by Lomond. Why?

Young Nurse returns with FATHER MICHAEL ANGELO (50), wears a cassock, with silver dusted hair and a studious face.

FATHER MICHAEL
Excuse me, are you family?

WOLF
I'm a private investigator--

FATHER MICHAEL
--If you are not family, I must ask
that you leave--

WOLF
You don't understand. Her life is
in danger...

THE FEMALE PATIENT
EVA, suddenly grabs Wolf's hand and grips onto it--

Everyone is startled and silent. Eva's eyes stare at Wolf. She mutters (barely audible) and though it sounds like gibberish it's actually LATIN.

WOLF
(to Father Michael)
What is she saying?

FATHER MICHAEL
(listens)
She...believes you are her son.
Joshua. She is praying. She is afraid
to die alone.

A BEAT. And for reasons he cannot explain:

WOLF
Then I'll stay with her.

HELEN
looks at Wolf.

WOLF
looks at Eva, still muttering. Her eyes with tears.

Father Michael and Young Nurse exchange a look.

FATHER MICHAEL
If you insist. I'll bring a chair.

HELEN
Bring two.

CUT TO:

LATER - NOW NIGHT

Helen and Wolf sit bedside. Wolf still holds Eva's hand.

Father Michael stands at the foot of the bed, reading from a bible, low and in LATIN. He finishes. Amen.

Eva stares into the light above her.

Her lips move but barely anything comes out.

WOLF
Is she saying something?

FATHER MICHAEL
No. Just words.

HELEN
What happened to her?

FATHER MICHAEL
We don't know. She's been like this
the entire time she's been with us.

HELEN
How long?

FATHER MICHAEL
Seven years.

HELEN
Jesus... (whoops) Sorry.

WOLF
Why is Lomond keeping her alive?

FATHER MICHAEL
Because I asked him to...

...Wolf looks at Father Michael...

FATHER MICHAEL
She had no other family than Joshua.
But I discovered their connection
to Lomond and approached him myself.
He agreed to pay for her care on
the condition that his identity
never be revealed to Joshua.

WOLF
You know a lot for a priest.

FATHER MICHAEL
I wouldn't be a good priest if I
didn't... (beat)
Except I broke my promise when
I told Joshua the truth.

WOLF
You told him.

FATHER MICHAEL
I did. I take that responsibility.

WOLF
You have no idea what he's done
in the meantime.

FATHER MICHAEL

I know what kind of man Joshua is.
But I also know what kind of monster
Lomond is... (beat - to Helen)
You asked what happened to Eva?
Lomond did this to her. She was
trying to protect her sons from him
and now she pays the price.

WOLF

Sons?

FATHER MICHAEL

Joshua had a twin brother.

WOLF

Did Lomond know? Does Joshua?

FATHER MICHAEL

(nods 'no')

He left this world long ago...
I have other business to attend.
Excuse me.

Father Michael leaves. A BEAT.

HELEN

Well, I will say this: You still know
how to show a girl a good time.

WOLF

It's from being raised on stories
of death and suffering and calling it
"Romanticism".

HELEN

(beat - remembering)

When I was in Berlin last year I had
seen on the television that your
father had passed. I'm sorry.

WOLF

That makes one of us. What did he
die of?

HELEN

Something about a former spinal
injury--

WOLF

--from having a piano lid slammed
repeatedly upon it. So I did end
up killing him. Not quite the
satisfaction I imagined when I was
a young man.

HELEN

Is it healthy to keep such a grudge?

WOLF
--said the pot to the kettle--

HELEN
--that's different.

WOLF
No. It isn't. When you love someone
and they cannot return it, it is
unbearable.

HELEN
Did you ever love me though?

WOLF
(beat)
I did.

They look at one another.

CUT TO:

LATER

as DAWN comes through the windows.

WOLF
still holds Eva's hand. But his head in on the bed, asleep.

HELEN
watches him, then notices

EVA
whose eyes suddenly widen, reacting to the light above. Is she
seeing something? Her head rises--

Helen leans over and shakes Wolf awake. He looks to Eva. And she
to him. Her mouth twitches, perhaps trying to smile. She stares
into his eyes...

until they don't. A last exhale. Eva dies.

HELEN
crosses herself.

WOLF
stares. Drained. Tears well. His face collapses.

He removes his hand from Eva's and covers his face. Shaking,
weeping.

Helen walks over to him -- hesitates -- but puts her hand on his
head comfortingly.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER BLACK:

PART SIX:

"THE ONE AND ONLY LAW"

EXT. CATHOLIC HOSPICE - EARLY MORNING

In the parking lot, as Wolf and Helen say good-bye to Father Michael. They get in the car and a moment later drive away.

FATHER MICHAEL
watches them go.

INT. HIS OFFICE - 10 MINUTES LATER

At his desk quickly writing something.

He finishes ... folds it up and hands it to

THE YOUNG MAN
standing in the doorway.

FATHER MICHAEL
You know who to give this to. Go!

CUT TO:

EXT. HWY 26 - MORNING

As the car makes its way back to Scotland.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Helen's PHONE RINGS. She answers:

HELEN
What is it?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

YANN
(into phone)
The team just got back from the other warehouse. Nothing. No trace of anything. If they're onto us they're covering their tracks and our investigation just went to shit.

CAR (MOVING) - AS BEFORE

HELEN
Damn. All this time and still nothing. What are we missing?

YANN (VO/PHONE)
 We're out of leads here. So we'd better get clever real quick, you know?

HELEN
 I know that. It must be some kind of storage facility. If not a warehouse or hanger then...I don't know. Maybe it moves around. Another business front? A hospital...

on the word "hospital" Wolf remembers:

FLASHBACK - INT. LOMOND HOUSE - LIBRARY

when Wolf first met Lomond...

WOLF
Your mother was among the first women to earn a medical degree. There's a hospital here named after her...

BACK TO CAR

Wolf snatches the phone from Helen.

WOLF
 (into phone)
 Yann. This is Wolf. Look up Grace Hospital. It should be in South-West Scotland...

BACK TO HOTEL ROOM

Yann types on his laptop, then

YANN
 Yes. It's there, but it's been closed for forty...
 (realizes)
Merde! How did we not see this?

BACK TO CAR

WOLF
 Because Lomond never owned it. It was a State-run hospital that closed in the Eighties. But it's named after his mother. Get your men there now. Helen and I are on our way.

CLICK. Helen looks at Wolf. He shrugs.

WOLF
 And a Merry Christmas to you.

EXT. GRACE HOSPITAL - DAY

Nestled in the woods of South-East Scotland: Two white Deco-era buildings, abandoned and long forgotten. (Believe it or not, the bureaucracies-that-be deem it cheaper to let these beautiful buildings rot unoccupied than tear it down or use the land otherwise.)

12 ft. tall fences encase the property and NO TRESPASSING signs are everywhere ... Not that that stops Helen and Wolf, who approach the building on the other side.

INT. GRACE HOSPITAL - DAY

They enter...

It feels completely preserved, untouched for 30+ years. Not even a layer of dust. There's no sound -- save for a FAINT HUMMING coursing through the walls that gives the impression this place is not entirely unoccupied.

Wolf and Helen exchange a look. Then continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

A large building inconspicuously settled in the mountains. A wooden sign in front: SAINT LYKEON'S.

The Young Man from Father Michael's COMES INTO FRAME as he runs past.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

Where Time does not exist. Not as we know it.

The Young Man walks quickly (but quietly) through an open-air hallway that leads directly to

THE GARDEN

and walks up to

A ROBED MONK tending to a patch of dirt with a hoe. His face is covered.

The Young Man hands him the letter. A BEAT as he reads it...before setting the hoe down and entering the monastery proper.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE HOSPITAL

We are now underneath the hospital in an immense

UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

A drab concrete tunnel that seems to stretch-on endlessly.

Helen and Wolf enter. They look in both directions, neither of which looks promising.

HELEN
This is hopeless. There's nothing here.

She looks to Wolf, who points upwards to

A LIGHT BULB
Lit. On the ceiling in a never-ending line.

WOLF
I don't think they left the electricity on for thirty years.

WOLF
sniffing the air. Walks forward a few steps, searching--

HELEN
looks at him. *The hell is he doing?*

WOLF
...searching...senses something. He doesn't know what yet but he doesn't like it.

WOLF
(indicates one direction)
This way.

HELEN
You sure you weren't captured by a zoo?

A CRASH IS HEARD -- faraway in the other direction. Helen unholsters her gun.

HELEN
You continue that way. I'll go this way.

WOLF
(acknowledges)
Be careful.

HELEN
I can take care of myself.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S CELL - MONASTERY - DAY

as a

MONK'S ROBE

falls to the ground.

QUICK SHOTS OF:

PANTS being put on ... a SHIRT being buttoned ... a TIE tied ... and a SUIT JACKET being straightened out. We never see his face and we'll just refer to them as MONK from here on.

He reaches down and grabs a duffle bag.

EXT. MONASTERY - MOMENTS LATER

Monk exits the Monastery and enters an IDLING CAB parked in the turnaround.

A second later the cab drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

Wolf continues on by himself. Dead ahead, about 200 ft. away, is A LARGE METAL DOOR that ends the corridor.

Wolf walks right up to it, dwarfed by its size. He touches it:

WOLF

...cold.

Puts his

NOSE

right up to it, with a sharp inhale.

WOLF'S FACE

Stunned. Overpowered. A few tears fall from his eyes. His mind cannot comprehend what his nose is telling him.

He grips the massive handle and pulls at the door with all his strength...

Finally. It opens to a...

A VAST SPACE

...shrouded in darkness and freezing cold...

WOLF

a few steps inside and covers his nose as he approaches

A WHITE BOX

with an itemized list on it: HEART...KIDNEY...GALLBLADDER...LUNGS

HIS HAND

opens the lid

INSIDE THE BOX

is precisely as the list stated: HUMAN ORGANS in a kind of frozen stasis. Very disturbing. Suddenly...

OVERHEAD LAMPS CLANK ... CLANK ... CLANK ON, revealing the sheer size and depth of this place. THOUSANDS OF WHITE BOXES in rows and stacks in an underground warehouse.

WOLF
takes in this image. This is some kind of Hell.

VOICE (OS)
Freeze!

Wolf spins around to A DOZEN ARMED INTERPOL AGENTS with their weapons aimed at him. Yann runs up from behind them.

YANN
(in FRENCH)
It's okay! He's with us.
(in ENGLISH)
Wolf...

But the sight of this cache overwhelms him as well. A victory, but at what cost? He shakes his head.

YANN
Meaningless...
Where's Helen?

WOLF
We separated and--

SEVERAL GUNSHOTS ARE HEARD -- from a faraway distance, REVERBERATING THROUGHOUT THE CORRIDOR.

WOLF
reacts. Runs.

Yann follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMOND ESTATE - DAY

as we MOVE to the front doors, opened by

OLD SERVANT
whose eyes widen with disgust and/or confusion upon seeing...

REVERSE ANGLE - JOSHUA standing outside, naked, carrying a bunch of colorful balloons.

JOSHUA
(off Old Servant's
reaction)
Am I too early?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR (GRACE HOSPITAL)

Wolf and Yann run at a break-neck speed, their HARD FOOTSTEPS ECHOING throughout.

They reach a set of DOUBLE DOORS...

and burst inside to

INT. LABORATORY

That could double for a Sadist's playroom...But we'll get to that in just a moment.

TWO DEAD BODIES

lay in the middle of the floor. And in the corner is...

HELEN

propped up against the wall. Her face in agonizing pain, almost hyperventilating with panic breaths. She holds her shoulder... that has a SCALPEL sticking out of it. Blood runs down her shirt. She sees Wolf looking at her:

HELEN

Told you I could take care of myself.

Wolf crouches before her, examines her shoulder.

WOLF

The artery's intact. Good.
(puts his hand by
it with an apologetic
look)
But this will hurt.

HELEN

Coming from you? I'm used to it.

She smiles; she was trying to make light.

He yanks the scalpel out...

She screams...

He rips a piece of his shirt, balls it up, and places it on top.

WOLF

Keep pressure.

YANN

What happened?

HELEN

I don't know. I...walked in, started
looking around and then
(indicates)
that one--

CLOSE ON FIRST DEAD BODY

as Wolf overturns them over. It is a man, maybe 20s with a large scar across his forehead.

HELEN

--approached me. Attacked me. But
he was mindless, inhuman. Then
the other one--

CLOSE ON SECOND DEAD BODY

Also a man but old, leathery, almost reptilian.

He wears a white smock.

HELEN

--He came out of nowhere and stabbed me. I shot them both.

WOLF

crouching over the first body, examining the scar.

WOLF

This one's been lobotomized.

YANN

What the hell has been going on here?

Helen grabs her shoulder, folding over from pain.

WOLF

(to Yann - discreet)
She needs medical attention.

Yann nods and quickly exits.

WOLF

looks around and we get a better sense of this place: Grimy medical instruments line the walls ... fleshy remnants of former who-knows-what pickled in glass jars ... sick yellow lighting that would cause Milara. Perhaps the worst place imaginable.

He sees

A STACK OF FILES

on a nearby table. Wolf picks one up.

CLOSE ON FILE

that has Joshua's PHOTO next to a catalog of information. We SCAN DOWN THE PAGE TO SEE: "LIVER COMPATIBLE".

Wolf picks up...

ANOTHER FILE

with a PHOTO of another young MAN ... "DOMINICK" ... And TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE: "KIDNEY COMPATIBLE. EXCELLENT OPTIC NERVES" ...

WOLF

looks over to

THE FIRST DEAD BODY

...and realizes it's the same person.

WOLF

Jesus.

HELEN

What is it?

WOLF

I found Lomond's children...

HELEN
puzzled.

WOLF'S HAND
presses down on the stack of FILES, meaning: All of them!

HELEN
What?!

WOLF
(as he flips
through them)
Lomond didn't want Joshua to connect
with him; he wanted him for his
organs...In every single one of
these it is specified to what is
compatible with Lomond. They're
all his. All of them bred and raised
for the purpose of prolonging his
life.

HELEN
But what does this have to do with
the Arthur Foundation and his
black market trafficking?

WOLF
(shakes his head -
there's no
explanation)
Nothing.

HELEN
(realizes)
Oh my God...

Wolf turns to see

ANOTHER SET OF DOUBLE DOORS

Brightly lit on the other side of the room.

WOLF
Did you go in there?

Helen nods 'no'.

WOLF
Stay here.

She makes a look: What else am I going to do?

WOLF
approaches, cautiously.

A PLACARD
outside reads THEATER KRONOS
and he enters...

INT. OPERATING THEATER

Glossy and sterile, a stark contrast to the previous environment. Extremely modern, futuristic even. But if this is science-fiction it was conceived in a nightmare.

ON A METAL TABLE

The medical instruments laid out would feature nicely in the David Cronenberg sex fetish museum; an unsettling combination of chrome and organic matter. At the edge of the table is

ANOTHER FILE FOLDER

that Wolf picks up.

CLOSE ON FILE

with a YOUNG WOMAN'S PHOTO inside ... "GERTRUDE, 16" ... AT THE BOTTOM: "LIVER COMPATIBLE ... USE AS ALTERNATIVE" ...

Wolf looks around And on the other side of the Theater is

A METAL MEDICAL SLAB

Covered, with the unmistakable shape of a body underneath...

WOLF

...oh no.

He slowly approaches--

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

from the beginning...

As Wolf walks back to the porch to a dead Jenna Mackenzie.

RESUME OPERATING THEATER

As Wolf hovers over the slab and lowers the sheet. It's the SAME GIRL from the file (Gertrude). Eyes closed, a peaceful expression. Another one he could not save...

UNTIL SHE OPENS HER EYES!

Wolf, with his best John Cleese impression:

WOLF

DAAAAA!

He can't believe it. And neither can she:

GERTRUDE

What the hell?!

(realizing she's
naked underneath)

You fucking pervert!

WOLF

Was zum teufel?!

GERTRUDE
What are you doing, pervert?

WOLF
Who are you?

GERTRUDE
I'm not telling you my name, pervert!

WOLF
Stop calling me that. I'm saving
your life.

GERTRUDE
Oh sure. I bet you tell that to all
the girls. Before you rape them!
Where are my fucking clothes?

Wolf looks around for her clothes. She sits up, wrapping the
sheet around her.

GERTRUDE
And you better not be doing anything
perverted, like smelling my
underwear. God, this sucks! If I
find out you touched me I'm gonna
have my dad blow-torch your balls.

Wolf throws her clothes at her.

WOLF
Is your father Benjamin Lomond?

GERTRUDE
Yeah. The fucking millionaire, bitch.

WOLF
Get dressed.
(points to door)
I'll be in there...

He exits.

GERTRUDE
And don't be looking! (sotto)
Pervert.

INT. LABORATORY

SEVERAL INTERPOL AGENTS here now. Helen is on her feet, propped
up by an AGENT. Yann walks up to Wolf.

YANN
Who the hell is that?

WOLF
A charming young woman. One of
Lomond's children. I'm going to
take her home and get to the bottom
of this. You okay here?

YANN
 We're getting Helen to the hospital.
 And then we have a lot of clean up
 here, but thank you. For everything.

Wolf nods. Looks over to

HELEN
 who looks at him in a silent exchange.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMOND ESTATE - DAY

As a car parks near the house...

Wolf and Gertrude get out and

WOLF
 immediately senses something wrong, seeing

THE FRONT DOOR
 Open. And LOUD MUSIC coming from inside.

GERTRUDE
 (oblivious to all this)
 God. I smell like a fucking hobo.

She beelines to the front door.

WOLF
 Wait--

She ignores him and enters

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY

...and slips and falls flat on her back in the pool of blood in the entryway. She is covered in it. Nearby is Old Servant ... his head nearly removed from his neck. Gertrude freaks the fuck out:

GERTRUDE
 ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod...

She bolts from the house, screaming.

Wolf looks at Old Servant ... Then looks towards the library, where the LOUD MUSIC is coming from. He approaches

LIBRARY

and as he passes the entrance DROPS OF BLOOD DRIP DOWN from above. He looks up to see

LEDBETTER
 just his head ... inside the POLAR BEAR'S MOUTH.

WOLF
 looks across the room and sees this:

Benjamin Lomond, his head gashed and bruised, bound and gagged inside a cheap plastic swimming pool, buried up to his neck in what appears to be snow ... Joshua, still naked, stands in front of him taking huge swigs from a crystal decanter while peeing in the pool...

Wolf reacts.

JOSHUA

(to Lomond)

You know...Mama said she hated the taste of your old balls...

He finishes and turns into the room, noticing Wolf. Like old acquaintances:

JOSHUA

Hey! There you are. "Wolf", is it? How nice of you to drop by. I should probably apologize for leaving that mess at your place. Just send the bill to my secretary and she'll square it up right. Cool?

(takes a swig and poses)

It's my birthday. Like the suit?

(notices Wolf staring at Lomond)

Ah! You're probably wondering what this is all about...

(points to the "snow")

Flesh Eating Salt! Pretty fucking wild, huh? I got it from some guy down in South America. It's pretty self-explanatory, except the instructions don't say what you're to do about the smell...

(to Lomond)

Pee-ew Da-da!

(casual - to Wolf)

So. What's up? Wanna hang out?

WOLF

Your mother is dead.

JOSHUA

Really? Oh! That's a fucking load off my mind. I had it on my to-do list and was totally going to drive out there and strangle her or something but, you know, with gas prices and all...But I don't have to worry about that shit anymore! Once the old man here kicks I am getting the keys to this whole kingdom.

WOLF

You're done, Joshua.

JOSHUA

Um, I don't think so. I think the party's just getting started.

WOLF

At the risk of sounding like an idiot and attempt to reason with you, I must ask what was the point of all this?

JOSHUA

Jesus...I mean, who the fuck picks Christmas of all days to get philosophical...
Look: It's pretty simple...Do you know what an elephant is?

Wolf just looks at Joshua.

JOSHUA

Oh come one! You don't know what an elephant is?

WOLF

(annoyed/agitated)

Of course I know I what an elephant is!

JOSHUA

Okay. Chill. Just makin' sure...
So: Did you that an elephant has a memory so amazing that it can remember the exact place -- and this could be hundreds of fucking miles in the other direction -- but it can actually remember where its parents were born! Think about that for a minute. You're...nothing at that point; your own parents are barely nothing -- but their memory is so deep they can remember things from when they didn't exist. I mean: Crazy! But that's the same thing that happened to me! Here I was, going through the cycle of life -- living in shitty apartments and fuckin' some ugly ass women...But always in the back of my head...I don't know... Like a voice, calling me, calling me... And it's sayin: "You're more than this...One day son, life's going to get fucking awesome..." And -- Wala! -- I mean: Check these digs out! But that is what's beautiful about it, man: it was always going to be mine. I just didn't know it yet. Like the elephant, I just needed to remember where I came from...

(takes a swig)

(MORE)

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

And it's cool you're here. You Native Americans' got all that resurrection/reincarnation stuff going on, so I'm sure you know exactly where I'm coming from...

A sizeable BEAT.

WOLF

Young man, you are fucking nuts!

JOSHUA

Ah, don't be like that. Don't be hatin'. Fucking chill, dude. We got music. We got the old man providing some entertainment. And we got some really good fucking liquor. Shit, I don't know what this brown stuff is but it's making my brain pop.

WOLF

I am going to call the Police. My suggestion to you is that you surrender yourself and cooperate...

JOSHUA

flips like a switch ... and hits Wolf so hard across the face with the crystal decanter that it actually breaks...

Wolf goes down...

Joshua pounces right on top of him like a feral animal and unloads a brutal assault that drives Wolf into the floor.

Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMOND ESTATE - SAME TIME

The cab from the Monastery pulls up.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND THE MONK as he exits the cab and walks to the front door...

BACK IN LIBRARY

It's pure fucking brutality...

Wolf has regained some of his footing -- but you can't imagine a ground-fight between two opponents more evenly matched in strength, intensity, ferocity, and blood-coated savagery. These two were destined to fuck one-another up in this fashion. They are literally breaking bones and tearing bloody chunks of skin out of the other...

Then Joshua takes the broken decanter and drives into Wolf's chest. It's not fatal, but enough to Joshua the advantage...

He pins Wolf on his back and continuously hammers the decanter into his chest-plate.

JOSHUA
Ruin my gay festivities you cunt-nosed
belly fucker. How dare you, sir!

A shadow falls over Joshua a second before--

A GUN
is thrust into his temple.

Everything freezes.

Joshua, slowly, turns his head to see...

HIMSELF?

The Monk is Joshua's twin brother. Time stands absolutely still for moment as these two identical men, who quite possibly have never seen one another, stare into the eyes of the other. A long, strange BEAT...

until Joshua realizes what's next.

JOSHUA
No!

BAM! Joshua's brains vomit all over Wolf...

Joshua slumps off. The Monk aims again. BAM!

Walks over to a suffering Lomond...

And mercifully unloads the rest of the clip.

THE MONK
looks around ... then to a stunned

WOLF
bloodied, beaten, and heaving...

The Monk draws a finger to his lips.

THE MONK
Shhh.

Before he quickly exits.

WOLF
labors to get to his feet. A few breaths. Looks over the library, seeing

A BOY
maybe 7 or 8. Blond hair, blue eyes...staring at Wolf.

It takes Wolf a moment to realize he's not hallucinating.

WOLF
Hey...?

The boy bolts ... into a passage way in the back of the library we have not yet seen. Wolf walks over.

It is a secret passage ... with a tunnel descending underneath the house. Wolf follows--

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

A few minutes later ends up in another hallway, just as lavish and decadent as upstairs. We cannot see the boy but we -- just as Wolf picks up on -- HEAR A FAINT NOISE, LIKE VOICES, NEARBY, MUFFLED AND INAUDIBLE. Wolf follows them, coming to the end of the hallway and to a pair of large Oak double doors.

He pulls them open...

And on the other side is an ORNATE DINING ROOM with 30 WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE about to sit down for a meal. All of them are WOMAN and CHILDREN, some very young. This, for lack of a better word, is Lomond's "stable". All the children are his, and the women are their mothers. No one says anything until:

ONE OF THE WOMEN
Did you bring the wine?

All of them oblivious to what has occurred upstairs.

WOLF
stares at them -- a combination of pity, exhaustion, contempt, and confusion. No words will do.

So he leaves.

INT. LOMOND HOUSE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

As Wolf walks through

LIBRARY

...through...

HALLWAY

...on his way to...

THE BALLROOM

where he limps over to the GRAND PIANO and sits. POLICE SIRENS can be heard in the distance, growing LOUDER. He gets his posture right as his

BLOODY HANDS
hover over the keys. He readies himself to play...but his right-hand trembles badly. He turns it over, noticing

A SHARD OF CRYSTAL
sticking out of his bloody palm.

He pulls it out, winces.

But a smile breaks over his face...and he quietly laughs to himself as the SIRENS CAN NOW BE HEARD OUTSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S CELL - MONASTERY - EARLY EVENING

as a

SUIT

falls to the floor. And a

MONK'S ROBE

is put back on by the Monk.

EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN - EARLY EVENING

The Monk walks back to the garden...

Picks up the hoe and resumes tending the same patch of dirt.

FADE TO BLACK:

A BEAT, then

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dinnertime, but not terribly crowded.

Luca, our dedicated host, stands at the podium, when he looks up and sees

LUCA

Ah! Mr. Barathrum. Good to see you again. Table for one?

WOLF

still cleans up pretty well in that sharp black-on-black suit. Some time has passed so the wounds aren't so bad. His hair might even be a little shorter.

WOLF

I'm meeting someone, Luca. *Grazie*.

Wolf enters the restaurant, walking towards

HELEN

already seated at a table in the back. Looking beautiful. A bottle of wine and two filled glasses await Wolf.

He sits.

WOLF

Thank you for meeting me.

HELEN

Thank you paying.

Wolf: *Did I agree to that?*

WOLF
How's the shoulder?

HELEN
Better. Thank you. How are your legal issues?

WOLF
Sorting themselves out. Having a dead detective found in your place leads to a lot of hostility, even if the truth is on your side...

He looks over

TO OUR VIGILANT OFFICERS' BLACK
outside the restaurant, staring at Wolf. Alex points two fingers at his eyes, then turns them to point at Wolf; they are "watching" him. They stroll away.

Wolf shrugs.

WOLF
It's going to make my work more difficult, to say the least.

HELEN
Yann said he offered you a job.

WOLF
He did.

HELEN
Are you going to accept?

WOLF
How would that work?

HELEN
Well, you'd pretty much be doing what you do now just on a--

WOLF
No. I meant between you and me.

HELEN
Is there a 'you and me'?

WOLF
I'm not saying there is, but I'm not saying there isn't. Or that there shouldn't be. Perhaps...there is a reason we have come back into one another's life.

HELEN
I...I've been thinking the same thing.

WOLF
It would be different.

HELEN
How so?

WOLF
We are different people.

HELEN
Are we? I think about that sometimes.
What if I had never left Africa...
And I could somehow see into what
my life would have been like. Would
I recognize that person as me?
Would I like her? Despise her? Be
envious of her? I don't know...
Strange questions.

WOLF
That only elicit strange answers.
Personally, it feels like a hundred
lifetimes already.

HELEN
looks at him.

HELEN
(raises her glass)
Come now. We toast. Then you will
call Yann and accept his offer.

Wolf raises his glass.

WOLF
What do we have here...
(reads wine label)
A Chianti? Goodness Helen. I thought
I would have taught you better.

The glasses CLINK. Both take a good sip...before Wolf's face
sours with disgust.

WOLF
Ugh! Don't drink this. The bottle has
turned...

He turns, looking for Luca.

HELEN
Actually it hasn't...

Wolf, back to Helen--

HELEN
My thinking was: "Well. If I'm going
to poison his wine anyway, why not
serve him shit he won't like
on top of it..."

Wolf's face, like it's swiftly being stretched from the inside out ...

... His eyes are starting to bulge ...

... He can't breathe. He chokes.

Helen with a polite smile.

HELEN
Don't take this personal, Wolfgang;
It's only revenge...

He falls forward with a CRASH on the service ware. Dead.

HELEN
(with finality)
Animal.

FINAL FADE OUT.

THE END.

