

FADE UP ON:

VIDEO FOOTAGE of a LITTLE GIRL. No more than three. Smiling at the camera. Tottering on "princess" shoes. Digging on a beach on Cape Cod, seriously, with a shovel and pail. Daddy's little girl. In the last shot she looks at the camera with a little smile. Heartbreaking.

BLACK. For more than you'd think. Then

TRAFFIC SOUNDS UP AS WE

FADE UP ON:

EXT. SOUTH STATION BOSTON. DAY

CRAVEN, 50, a cop in a whitish "car coat", one of those utilitarian semi-raincoats worn by guys who are not working men and not quite white-collar, is standing outside South Station, waiting. An anonymous looking guy. Anydad. Decent. Hardworking. Separated for twenty years, widowed while separated. In not-great shoes. Waiting for his girl.

Go to

BLACK.

TITLE IN WHITE:

"EDGE OF DARKNESS"

EXT. THE CONNECTICUT RIVER. PRE-DAWN

LATE WINTER ICE floats on the black water. The water level is high, the current whorling among the black boles of trees half submerged along the banks.

EXT. THE STREET NEAR SOUTH STATION. LATER

It's getting darker. CRAVEN takes change out of his pocket and puts it into the slot on the parking meter. He can't see the slot very well. His eyes aren't what they were.

We see his car: an old yellow VALIANT. It has unpainted steel sheets riveted or spotwelded on over the rusted areas of the fenders. Craven, clearly, does not care about certain forms of appearances.

He wanders back towards the station entrance, and waits, hands in his coat pocket.

CONTINUED:

We are on his face as he sees his daughter (in a burst of other arrivees from Springfield, MA) come through the

GLASS DOORS OF THE TERMINAL.

EMMA CRAVEN is in her middle twenties and there is no mistaking that she was the girl in the silent videos. The same coppery hair. She walks towards her father, smiling.

EMMA

Hi, Dad.

CRAVEN

Howaya.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees a ROSE-SELLER and realizes he might have got one for his daughter. But he's missed another one: donkey.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek. Awkward. In panicked, shy adoration. And takes her duffel. Her other luggage, her BACKPACK, is on her shoulders.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You look tired.

EMMA

(shrugging, lying, looking
at him)

Rough trip.

She seems already to have something to say to her dad, something worrying her, but she says nothing. Finally she smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Daddy.

CRAVEN blushes.

CRAVEN

That's right I am.

(looks at her, holding
her)

Let's get home.

EXT. BOSTON. EARLY EVENING

RAIN is falling on the city. Neon lights smoke in the rain.

INT. A STAR MARKET NEAR HUNTINGTON AVENUE. EVENING

Exterior of an urban supermarket, street people sheltering under the overhang as the rain comes down.

INT. STAR MARKET. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN is shopping like an Irishman. PORK CHOPS, a bag of POTATOES, ONIONS, BUTTER, MILK, BREAD. Orange juice for vitamins... He hesitates in front of the mysterious PREPARED SALAD section. He reaches out as if the salad might be toxic, and unfolding his reading glasses reads the label carefully. Uncertainly, he puts SALAD in the cart. He starts to leave the vegetable section and looks gloomily at ASPARAGUS. He grabs some and flees.

EXT. STAR MARKET. MOMENTS LATER

CRAVEN comes out carrying his purchases, running through the rain, and when nearly at his car he sees:

EMMA bent over beside the open passenger door of the car, vomiting. He runs to her. He pulls off his raincoat and holds it over her head protecting her from the rain.

CRAVEN
Are you all right?

She nods, gasps. It's as if she's actually drowning in the rain.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

She nods, holding her hair away from the vomit. On CRAVEN's concerned face

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JAMAICAWAY. CRAVEN'S CAR. NIGHT

The traffic is heavyish and slow in the rain. Winding past the scarred oak trees which lean into the road, with nailed-on reflector strips. CRAVEN, shifting his three on the tree, looks at EMMA, and finally can't keep silent..

CRAVEN
You know there are things you can
tell me. I'm not as bad at
communication as you might think.
I've lived in the world.

She looks at him, loving her Dad.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

I'm not pregnant.

The very idea.

CRAVEN

No, no, I wasn't saying that.
(though he was. A long
beat:)
Are you seeing someone?

EMMA

Yes.

CRAVEN

Someone with a name?

EMMA

(she looks out the window
at the passing lights)
You wouldn't like him.

CRAVEN accepts this as logical. Odds are he would not. But with genuine interest:

CRAVEN

How do you know?

(It's as if he's praying. Let me learn how to be closer.)

EMMA doesn't answer that, but:

EMMA

I wish you had someone.

CRAVEN

(broadly)
Who says I don't have some honey
stashed somewhere?

She looks at him.

EMMA

Me.

He drives, shifts. He takes her hand and kisses it.

CRAVEN

You're my girl.

He puts her hand down. Drives. He looks over a moment later to see that EMMA is silently weeping.

CONTINUED:

Instead of asking anything--this man is a Boston Irish Catholic of the lace curtain variety--he drives, and leaves her daughter as private in her pain as he is in his own. Wipers beating.

CRAVEN'S CAR enters the rotary in Jamaica Plain. Red taillights swerve slowly around the roundabout past mock-Tudor mansions.

EXT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

His car is parked on not a driveway but two concrete tire strips between a house directly next door. His house is what you might call an urban Victorian. A small house but ornate. Guilty of stained glass. Dating about 1910.

At the end of the street, where it joins Washington Street, Roslindale, GANGBANGERS stand around in a wash of neon.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT

EMMA, her face no longer tear-streaked, but still puffy, is looking at an object on a bookshelf on the landing. She reaches out her fingers to it.

DETAIL:

It is an object from her childhood, a CAST-IRON STAG. Her fingers touch the rough iron coat. It is something she remembers from earliest childhood.

That stag. This landing. This sound of rain in this silent house. EMMA looks around in a kind of afterlife wonderment, wondering how that past became this present. Off, we hear WBZ ACCU-WEATHER FORECAST.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

A bakelight AM RADIO plays as CRAVEN, in his yellow kitchen, unchanged in any detail since perhaps 1960, drains boiled spuds and mashes them with milk and butter. PORK CHOPS are ready to go into the pan with a little onion. He is precise, maybe even a little bit of a fuddy-duddy. Craven was trained early on the toilet. He pees sitting down. He looks around as EMMA comes in. EMMA notices the yogurt and salad and...asparagus.

She holds up the ASPARAGUS.

CRAVEN
Yeah, well, I...

CONTINUED:

She kisses him. She snuffles. Gets a knife and cuts the ends off the asparagus. She really does not feel well. Stops cutting.

EMMA

You finally got a vegetable and I don't know if I can eat it.

She sits down. CRAVEN is a man whose wife died young.

CRAVEN

You're all right, you've been to the doctor, right?

EMMA

When's the last time you went?

CRAVEN

I have a physical every year.

EMMA

That's right. They make you.

She lifts a ceramic CAKE COVER with a rooster for a handle off a dish on the table and reveals: CRAVEN'S SERVICE PISTOL, WALLET, BADGE.

CRAVEN

How'd you get time off from work?

EMMA sits for a moment without answering.

EMMA

I'm a glorified intern. I can get off when I want. I wanted to come home.

CRAVEN

Well I'm glad you did.

EMMA

I don't want you to think there's anything wrong. I'm just tired. I'm getting over a bug.

CRAVEN

Well you, you go to bed. It's all set up there. Your room.

EMMA

I know it is, Dad.

CRAVEN puts the PORK CHOPS in the pan.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

Why...don't you have some ginger-
ale. It will settle your stomach.

EMMA nods.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

He goes to the fridge, an actual frigidaire, immaculate and
yellowed, and when he turns,

EMMA has vomited through her fingers. He drops the plastic
gingerale bottle, and goes to her with a dishtowel.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

(cleaning her up)

Listen. I want you to go upstairs
and lie down. I'll bring you what
you need, okay? You go lie down.

She nods, crying, defiled with vomit.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You go lie down, sweetheart.

Her shirtsleeve has rucked up a bit and we see, as Craven
sees: A TATTOO OF A BLACK FLOWER on her left shoulder. He
notices it (and when Craven notices something, he notices
it): doesn't mention it.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Just go upstairs, don't worry about
it, you go. Do you want me to help
you?

She shakes her head.

EMMA

Daddy.

CRAVEN

What?

EMMA

I think I better go to the doctor.
I have to tell you something.

CRAVEN

You have to tell me what.

EMMA

I have to go to the doctor.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. LATER

CRAVEN, moving fast, with his coat on, grabs KEYS and WALLET. He leaves his PISTOL. EMMA, in her coat, ashen, shaking, is already standing near the front door, looking out through the frosted VICTORIAN glass at the rain, the street of houses mostly converted into apartments.

CRAVEN comes along jingling his keys, his change in his pockets. He opens the dark-stained door, turning the top lock, and escorts EMMA through onto the porch.

EXT. PORCH. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN turns to close the door and lock the deadbolt with his key. At that moment:

A VOICE (O.S.)

CRAVEN!

CRAVEN turns in time to see:

A MASKED GUNMAN fire both barrels of a shotgun THROUGH EMMA.

The window beside his head blows out. Craven and what remains of the glass is covered with blood.

EMMA staggers backwards and CRAVEN catches her. There is no impulse to chase the man...why would there be. EMMA is blown apart, gargling on blood. CRAVEN looks up desperately as the GUNMAN runs away down the road but there's no thought of chasing him. He looks down at his ruined daughter: he's a cop: he knows she's done. Her hand bats at his face. She is trying to breath, talk.

CRAVEN

You're my girl.

EMMA

I know.

She convulses and dies. CRAVEN screams. He lays her down gently and runs in a circle. He picks her up again. He puts her down and starts to do chest compressions but it is clearly too late. He holds her against him.

CRAVEN

Through this holy anointing...love
and mercy help...the grace...with
the grace of the...May the...

He can't remember. He just screams.

CONTINUED:

He kisses his daughter's head. SIRENS OS. He takes his bloody hand and smears it on his face. And holds his dead daughter.

EXT. CRAVEN'S PORCH AND FRONT YARD. NIGHT

The rain has stopped. The BODY is no longer on the porch. But a chalk outline is. No brouhaha. A quiet crime scene, cops beyond the yellow tape. A BPD detective just arrived, WHITEHOUSE, 50s, stands looking at the scene.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER

COPS are looking at each other. Not knowing what to do.

CRAVEN sits staring. He is in a nubbly beige chair from the Kennedy Administration. His coat is gone, but he is in his bloody shirt, with blood on his hands, his face. He keeps sniffing at nasal drip and his face flexes as he does it. Whatever he is thinking he is far, far, away.

DETECTIVE JIMMY HURD stands looking at him. DETECTIVE DARCY JONES sits on a hassock and doesn't look at him. JONES sees WHITEHOUSE in the hallway. He gets up and goes.

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

WHITEHOUSE looks at JONES.

JONES

(low)

About five nine, five ten. Thinks he was white from the hands, what he could see through the eyes of the ski mask. He yelled Craven! One word. Then he shot the daughter... Then he ran. Craven tried to administer...

(a beat)

He didn't pursue.

WHITEHOUSE nods. He moves into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

He looks at Craven. WHITEHOUSE and CRAVEN are the same age: have worked together a long time.

WHITEHOUSE

You want some coffee or water or somethin'? You want something stronger?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

I know somewhere in here there's a bottle of Crown Royal with dust all over it.

CRAVEN shakes his head.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

You're gonna put the first foot forward sometime, Tommy, I don't care if it's now, I'll sit with you. Ok?

He sits on the couch.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

(looks at other men)

Get out of here, he's not a basket case, get out. Somebody make some coffee.

The other cops retire.

ON CRAVEN, and it takes him a long time to make the words:

CRAVEN

I want a glass of ginger ale.

WHITEHOUSE

Get him a ginger ale.

WHITEHOUSE sits watching him. We are on CRAVEN the whole time until a ginger ale is put into his hand. He picks it up and drinks it. It's queerly as if he's drinking the ginger ale for Emma. Has to. Gags on it. Then finishes it and puts the glass down carefully on a coaster. He sniffs. His eyes are full of tears. He bares his lower teeth, trying to breathe normally. Sitting upright in his chair.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

We'll get him Tommy. You know how we react to things like this. Officer involved.

CRAVEN

We should do it for everybody, right? "Officer involved".

WHITEHOUSE realizes that maybe this is true.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Officer involved. Who the fuck do you think you are.

CONTINUED:

He finishes the ginger ale and sits with the glass in his fist.

WHITEHOUSE

If you wanna get philosophical I'll get philosophical. Do you want to get cleaned up?

CRAVEN

I'm all right.

WHITEHOUSE

I want you to come stay with Carol and me.

Craven shakes his head.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

You can't stay here.

CRAVEN

This is where I live.

WHITEHOUSE

If the perp came back, Tom. Because he missed you.

CRAVEN

Well, that would be best.

He sits, staring.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I want everybody to go as soon as they're done.

EXT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The yellow tape is still up. But the cops are gone, except for one guard car.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

CRAVEN is in the bathroom. Not looking at himself in the mirror he wipes away the blood with a face cloth. He looks at the blood on the white worn face cloth. He clenches it in his hand. Then he looks at himself.

He folds the facecloth with her blood on it carefully. He puts it into, he can't think of anything else, the toothglass.

CONTINUED:

Then he forces himself to wash the rest of the blood off him. The water runs pink in the drain. He is horrified to see it go.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

CRAVEN is wearing a white t-shirt, khakis, socks. He looks at the elderly answering machine attached to the old rotary phone on the "phone table" in its nook. He cannot bring himself to press the button. Then he does.

EMMA'S VOICE

Hi Dad. I'm at the train station in Springfield. I'm coming home for a few days, maybe a week. I'll see you soon. I love you.

Beep. CRAVEN, fumbling, takes the tape out of the machine and holds it. He can't think of anything to do with it. He wraps it foolishly in his handkerchief and puts it in his pocket. He checks a minute later to make sure it is there.

CRAVEN

Yeah...yeah...I'll be...

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. MORNING

Thin gray light comes through the plastic over the shattered bloody glass. Some CSI types are digging in the doorframe for shotgun pellets. Low crackle of their radios.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN is looking at his daughters room up under the eaves. Pin neat, as he would have kept it. A braided oval rug. An old bed. A vanity. But nothing really of Emma's in it but...

Her LUGGAGE. DUFFEL and BACKPACK on the bed.

On the wall: (CRAVEN LOOKS):

DIPLOMAS from HARVARD (undergraduate BS) AND MIT (Masters, science).

He doesn't want to look at them.

A MOBILE PHONE RINGS. He locates the sound in:

EMMA'S LAPTOP BAG.

He digs through it and comes up with a BLACKBERRY. He has to put on his readers to punch the right button. The call ID reads "PRIVATE".

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN
(choking on it)
Emma Craven's phone.

We hear an open line.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

The phone goes dead.

CRAVEN puts the phone down. He starts to go through the luggage and then gives it up.

HOME MOVIE IMAGE

A TINY GIRL (EMMA) STANDING ON HER FATHER'S FEET, DANCING. NO SOUND.

A CRY AS

CRAVEN leaps out of bed, not awake, stumbling, shouting, covered with sweat. He turns around like a madman, his fist clenched, looking for something to hit, to smash, to hurl over. There's nothing. Not the image in the mirror, either. We stay on CRAVEN in the mirror as he composes himself. He breathes normally. He opens a drawer. Takes out underwear. Takes out socks. Walks out of the mirror's frame.

EXT. JAMAICAWAY. MORNING

Traffic is light. CRAVEN is heading into town in his beater Valiant, along the same road he drove the other night with Emma. Light comes off the waters of Jamaica Pond. The old blackened apartment buildings to the right. As usual he is listening to AM radio.

RADIO
The fatal shooting last night of the daughter of a Boston Police Detective leads our news. Emma Craven, 23, an MIT graduate, was killed in front of her home in Roslindale by a man thought to be targeting her father, Detective Thomas Craven.

CRAVEN switches it off. He's dealing. He's starting to swim forward through the water. Move, like a shark, or drown. We begin to see resolve in Craven.

EXT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS. MORNING

The modern glass and steel building. CRAVEN locks his car. Heads in. A solitary figure heading towards the building.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. LATER

The CHIEF comes to work in uniform in Boston. He is a tall man in a striated blue "tactical" sweater like an SAS jersey. He is not looking at Craven, but at Ross.

CHIEF

What's the theory.

WHITEHOUSE

You know Craven. Completely straight-up. He arrested everyone who needed it, because it says so in the book.

CHIEF

All my officers do that.

An ironic beat from Ross.

WHITEHOUSE

Oh yeah.

(a beat, as the CHIEF
looks at him)

The thing is, he hasn't been on Gangs, hasn't been on Organized for fifteen years...If I had a pick a cop who had enemies it wouldn't be Craven. He could put you away for life and you'd agree that he had a point.

CHIEF

But he's been on political. Towelheads. That guy who jumped a freighter in Eastie with the drawings of the gasyards.

CLOSE ON WHITEHOUSE. WHITEHOUSE nods.

WHITEHOUSE

Yuh, there's that.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SQUADROOM. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN comes along in his corduroy coat. Something you'd wear for snow-shoveling. He encounters: TINA. A female cop, administrative worker. She hugs him.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

Don't get us started, darlin, we'll both be a wreck, ok?

TINA

She was a beautiful girl.

CRAVEN

(stiffly)

Yes she was. Yes she was. Listen to me.

(looks at Tina)

There's only one thing to do with the dead. You bury them.

(holds her)

You remember them. But you have to keep doing what you have to do. Right?

He holds Tina.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Right?

INT. SQUADROOM. MOMENTS LATER

The homicide being worked is Emma Craven's. Pictures of her dead body have not been posted but heads look up nervously as Craven enters... JONES looks at him.

CRAVEN

Sorry I'm late. What have you got.

JONES

None of your neighbors saw anything and the rain hasn't left much for forensics. We have to go through your cases. You must have an instinct, Tommy.

CRAVEN

Not off the top of my head. Not off the top of my head.

JONES

They want you upstairs first, Tom.

CRAVEN takes out Emma's cell phone.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

Listen. This is off-subject maybe a little bit, but I need to get all her contacts printed out, numbers, I have to call her friends. Associates. Whatever. I don't know any of...

I don't know her friends, I don't know anything about her life.

JONES

Yah, Janet can do that. Don't worry about it.

CRAVEN

The blocked incomings too.
(a beat)
I'll go up.

*

JONES

Then you sit with us and think about who might have done this. We really got nothing, Tommy.

CRAVEN looks at them. The evidence board. He nods. Goes. The DETECTIVES look at each other.

*

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. LATER

*

The CHIEF takes Craven's hand and puts the other on her upper arm.

CHIEF

I'm very sorry for your loss, Tom. Anything you need from me and Mary. Let us know about the arrangements.

CRAVEN

It'll be in the Globe and the Herald. I haven't gone down to, ah, you know. Thank you.

CHIEF

Bill Whitehouse is running things. He has every resource this department possesses to get this son of a bitch. This is a cop thing. Officer involved.

CRAVEN nods. We know how he feels about this.

CONTINUED:

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Will you take a leave of absence?

CRAVEN
No.

CHIEF
Tom... We can't have you on this investigation. It's a rule.

CRAVEN
Well, since it's me who has to figure out who would want to kill me for reasons only I would know about, I'd rather get paid for it. The rule doesn't apply.

The CHIEF realizes he's right.

CHIEF
He's right, isn't he.

WHITEHOUSE
I think he is, yeah.

CHIEF
I have to make a statement to the media. Is there anything you want in there? Do you want to stand with me?

CRAVEN
No. Thank you.

CHIEF
They want to see you. The media.

CRAVEN
No. I don't want any part of it.

The CHIEF and WHITEHOUSE look at each other.

EXT. CORRIDOR. MOMENTS LATER

WHITEHOUSE and CRAVEN stand in the hall.

CRAVEN
I'm not going to sit in the Murder Room. There's no point to it. There's no physical evidence. Unless you find the gun ...something...I can't think...it'll come to me.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

It'll come to me. It's not going to come to me here. I have to drive around. I have to think.

WHITEHOUSE

I'll do what I can. You do what you need to do. Keep me informed. I'll punch you in.

CRAVEN nods.

CRAVEN

I have to go. The Coroner needs a formal ID.

WHITEHOUSE

Are you up to it?

CRAVEN

I need all my case files brought up. There's nothing from this year I can make any sense of.

WHITEHOUSE

I'll send them to your house.

CRAVEN nods.

INT. BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL MORGUE. CORRIDOR - DAY

PAUL HONEYWELL, a forensic pathologist, leads Craven down a corridor to the mortuary door.

HONEYWELL

Cause of death was injuries arising from gunshot wounds. Massive hemorrhage. Heart seizure due to shock.

They reach the door.

HONEYWELL (CONT'D)

Remember, Tom, this time you're here as a father and not as a cop. It's not going to be the same.

CRAVEN

Open the door. I need to get her taken care of.

INT. MORTUARY ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Honeywell leads Craven into the room. The corpse lies covered on a stretcher. An attendant waits beside it. Honeywell nods to the attendant who pulls back the sheet.

CRAVEN stands looking down at Emma's pale face.

HONEYWELL

Is this your daughter, Emma
Charlotte Craven?

CRAVEN

Yes, it is.

The attendant goes to cover Emma's face. Craven is not ready.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Leave it.

The startled attendant pulls back the sheet, revealing the tattoo of the Night Flower on Emma's shoulder. CRAVEN notices that the tattoo is slightly scabbed...still fresh.

HONEYWELL

That's been noted. It's recent.

Craven finds her hand beneath the sheet. He holds it until he notices something written on her palm. It's a number T36- but the last digit is smudged.

HONEYWELL (CONT'D)

I've made a note of it but I can't
work out the last number. It's a
two or a seven.

CRAVEN

It's a seven.

Craven looks back to Emma's face. Honeywell looks away giving him a moment.

He brushes her forehead with his lips and presses his face to hers.

INTERCUT: TODDLER EMMA, looking at him through her hair.

He stares into her face, intently his lower lip trembling.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Let me have a pair of scissors.

EXT. CASTLE ISLAND. DAY

CRAVEN is walking. Dead. He holds in his hand a LOCK OF EMMA'S HAIR. He holds it to his nostrils. His lips. He stuffs the hair in the top pocket of his suit jacket. He looks at the sea. He looks sideways and sees:

EMMA, at FIVE, fishing very seriously.

He looks away from the apparition. Stares at the sea.

CRAVEN

I did it. I didn't scream. I didn't knock the walls down. I said goodbye.

EMMA'S VOICE

You always do your part.

CRAVEN

I don't think I can make it.

EMMA'S VOICE

I need you to.

CRAVEN

All right.

EXT. BOSTON. DAY

CRAVEN drives around, thinking, racking his brain. He's coming up with nothing.

CRAVEN

Talk to me.

EMMA'S VOICE

Why do you drive that shitbox?

CRAVEN

Because it runs.

EMMA'S VOICE

Mum said you only got married because your mother died and you needed someone to wash your clothes.

CRAVEN

That's an old Irish joke. Which I told her. She plagiarized it.

(a beat)

I would have taken her home again.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I don't know why she died without me.

INT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS. TWILIGHT

JANET, a tech specialist, is downloading information from Emma's phone.

INT. A RESTAURANT IN ROSLINDALE. NIGHT

CRAVEN sits with a plate of uneaten food in front of him. He forces himself to eat.

INT. A RECTORY. NIGHT

CRAVEN is sitting with an elderly PRIEST.

CRAVEN

I go to Mass... I go to Mass because I was told to go to Mass, we went to Mass. I have the reflexes of a Catholic. The reflexes. But I don't believe in God. Not when I think about it.

PRIEST

It's natural to have doubts.

CRAVEN

It's not a doubt.

(a beat)

I'm just a donkey, I'm a donkey from Roslindale... I'm not gonna say that me not believing makes any difference to anybody....What I think, what I think, is that if there is...continuance. It's through your kids. Someone with your eyes. Your foibles. Continuing.

PRIEST

You should worry that your soul survives.

CRAVEN

That's what I'm saying. I looked at Emma, I saw my mother at one angle, my father at another. My sister who died when she was nine, she had meningitis. Now she never had a chance.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

But I looked at my daughter and I knew that in some way my sister was alive. And that I myself would continue. Through her. And her children. That's all done now. That's what's ended. The hope that one of us is alive. And alive for us all.

PRIEST

I don't know if this is what you want to hear but you can have another family Tom.

CRAVEN shakes his head. Then shakes it again.

CRAVEN

No, I'm all done.

PRIEST

Can I pray with you Tom.

CRAVEN looks up at him.

CRAVEN

What would I be praying for?

PRIEST

Peace for both of you. Your daughter and yourself.

CRAVEN

She died in agony.

PRIEST

All of us do.

CRAVEN

I need you to know that I'm going to kill whoever did it.

PRIEST

Then you'll go to Hell, Tom.

CRAVEN

So be it.

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE. NIGHT

CRAVEN is sitting with the funeral director. A silk stockinged Irishman, overly groomed, pink, oleaginous.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

I'll want an announcement in the
Globe and the Herald.

UNDERTAKER

There are two kinds....

CRAVEN

The kind you pay for.

He puts across a piece of paper.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

It's written down there. We didn't
have much family, and I haven't
called a lot of them, so we won't
have a wake.

UNDERTAKER

No wake?

CRAVEN

We won't have a fucking wake!
Because there won't be anyone at
it. And I couldn't handle that. Do
you understand.

UNDERTAKER

(taken aback)

I understand.

CRAVEN

I want a Mass said here. For just
me, and my daughter. And I want her
cremated.

UNDERTAKER

That's an unusual decision, Tom.
Your family....

CRAVEN takes out his checkbook.

CRAVEN

I want you to write up two
funerals. Hers and mine. I don't
have anyone to bury me. Let's take
care of it now.

EXT. JAMAICAWAY. NIGHT

CRAVEN is driving. For a moment he seems to suspect that he
is being followed. LIGHTS in the rearview.

INT. A PHARMACY. NIGHT

CRAVEN is in the sleep aids aisle, reading packages. This to help you sleep. That to help you sleep. He puts the package back. He leaves the pharmacy.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET ROSLINDALE/ROSLINDALE SQUARE. NIGHT

CRAVEN, coming out of the pharmacy, notes a car across the road. TWO MEN sitting in it. He starts across the street to speak to them and the car pulls away.

He stands in the road staring after them. The car pulls over within shouting distance. He steps towards it and the car pulls away.

EXT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A police watch is stationed outside Craven's house.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

A DESK piled with CASE FILES from storage boxes. Craven is on the phone... He can see them outside. He moves to the phone and dials.

MOMENTS LATER

CRAVEN

I don't know whether they're IA or who they are but they were there on Roslindale Square. This is the United States. Two men above the age of forty don't sit in the same car unless they're homosexuals, carpoolers who are also homosexual, or cops.

INTERCUT WHITEHOUSE, at his own dinner. Kids, sullen teenagers, a jug of milk bunged on the table.

WHITEHOUSE

Or criminals. They aren't our guys, Tom. Maybe it's the bad guys, you think of that?

CRAVEN is holding a paper with a PLATE NUMBER written on it. He starts to speak, then does not.

CRAVEN

(putting the plate number
note in his pocket)
Maybe I'm a little worked up.

CONTINUED:

He looks out the window at the UNIFORMED COPS in their marked car.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, whatever, you're wasting two guys here at my house. If you need them in the neighborhood, have them going door to door.

WHITEHOUSE' VOICE

Someone's trying to kill you Tom. Let's not make it easy.

CRAVEN

It'd be easiest if he came back. Because I've got nothing. I mean from the cases. Nothing. I don't have any enemies. I never lived life or said what I thought enough to have enemies.

(a beat)

By the way, tell the guys in the cruiser they can piss in the house.

INT. CRAVEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

He is at the computer. He punches in the license number. It comes up: "STOLEN PLATE". (Or corresponds with another car). [check with Tommy Duffy]. CRAVEN reaches for the telephone...then does not pick it up. He has decided to keep his own counsel.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM. LATER

CRAVEN switches on the light and does what he has avoided doing. He sits on her bed and opens her backpack. Computer, cord for it. Makeup. Change. Wallet (he looks at the picture on her license). Scraps of paper. A badge with her picture on it reading NORTHMOOR DEERFIELD FACILITY, CLEARANCE B. He puts it aside.

KEYS. Other litter. Four unopened cans of RED BULL. Vitamins. He gives up on that. Searching the duffel he realizes that she unpacked the clothing from it. He goes to the dresser and pulls open the top drawer. He smells a shirt. He is replacing it when he sees a glimpse of metal beneath her clothing. He pushes t-shirts aside to reveal:

A HAND GUN. A SPRINGFIELD ARMORY MICRO-COMPACT .45.

CRAVEN takes it from the drawer, bewildered, and sits down on the bed.

CONTINUED:

He sits there as if the gun is his own suicide weapon, left for him. But then something dawns on him: hope. He has a clue.

EMMA'S VOICE

You see why I need you Daddy?

CRAVEN

Yes I do.

EMMA'S VOICE

Find them.

He removes the MAGAZINE: loaded. He racks the slide and another CARTRIDGE flies out onto the braided rug at his feet.

CRAVEN

Cocked and locked and one in the pipe. There's a good girl. Now where'd you learn that?

CUT TO:

CRAVEN WITH HIS BAD EYES DOING A PENCIL RUBBING OF THE PISTOL'S SERIAL NUMBER.

He looks at the rubbing under the swan light on his desk. Then he copies the numbers down on a pad.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM. MORNING

CRAVEN is typing in the serial number of the gun into a Federal firearms registry. He gets a hit. Registered to Daniel Burnham, 46 Fairview Ave, Wilmington, Vermont, 05363. A social is given. CRAVEN writes it down.

CRAVEN (V.O.)

I'm going to buy a better car, honey, if that's all right. I was saving the money for you. I'm gonna buy a car.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

(aloud)

A fucking expensive one.

JANET (O.S.)

(worried)

Do you need anything, Tom?

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN
(realizing he spoke aloud)
Just the numbers, Janet.

JANET
I've got the voicemails also, on a
tape.

CRAVEN
Thank you.

WHITEHOUSE looks in.

WHITEHOUSE
You ready for this?

CRAVEN
What?

CRAVEN switches off the monitor without Ross noticing.

WHITEHOUSE
Ski mask found stuffed in a hedge
five doors from you. We got hair.
Caucasian. It's in for DNA.

CRAVEN looks up through his glasses. Computer light
reflected.

CRAVEN
(a beat)
Keep me posted.

WHITEHOUSE nods, a bit curious about Craven's calm, and goes.

LATER

CRAVEN goes to Janet's desk. She hands over a sheaf of paper,
a disk.

JANET
I even got the blocked numbers. The
private ones.

CRAVEN looks for the last one. The hangup.

CRAVEN
Thank you.
(reads)
The last one called her five times
in the last two weeks. What's the
202 area code?

CONTINUED:

JANET
Washington, DC.

He nods and goes.

INT. CREMATORIUM. DAY

CRAVEN stands as the cardboard box containing his daughter's corpse is run into the flames.

He stares expressionlessly. Then he turns and goes.

EXT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. DAY

CRAVEN has bought or rented a decent personal car. It's American, of course. A sedan. Nothing crazy. Anonymous wheels.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN has underlined the last incoming "private" call. It is a Washington DC area code. He sits at his desk and dials. He hears the phone answered and the silence that follows.

CRAVEN
Who are you?

A WOMAN'S VOICE
I can't tell you that. You called a private line, a private number.

CRAVEN
My name is Thomas Craven. I'm a detective in Boston Massachusetts.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
Who are you calling for, please?

CRAVEN
Whoever's number this is.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
I can't give out that information.

CRAVEN
Don't worry about it. I'm a detective.

The line goes dead. He replaces the receiver. He unfolds a piece of paper in his hand to reveal the number that was written on Emma's palm T367. He stares at it trying to work out its meaning. He keeps going through the phone sheets.

INT. CRAVEN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

He lies in his t shirt and underwear.

EMMA'S VOICE

Did you kill anyone in the war?

CRAVEN

I fired my weapon.

EMMA'S VOICE

Why can't you say if you killed anyone?

CRAVEN

Because you never know for sure if you did.

EMMA'S VOICE

But do you know you did.

CRAVEN

I saw some men fall. I thought what did they ever do to me or mine. I never should have done it.

He looks at: EMMA'S KEYS in his hand.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE. DAY

CRAVEN goes through the Newton tolls, leaving Boston, the skyline of which stands behind him.

EXT. A RESTAURANT IN NORTHAMPTON. DAY

CRAVEN sits and eats a hamburger off a plate on a tray in a student cafeteria. The other customers are students and the sort of people who linger in college towns. He's still having trouble eating. Forcing it down. He eats, balls up the wrapper, takes his tray to the trash area. Cleans it.

EXT. MAIN STREET, NORTHAMPTON. DAY

CRAVEN walks past some begging punks, and then through an anti-war demonstration, people holding signs and banging drums and pots and pans. Most of them old hippies, very old hippies, with a mix of crazy young people. Banging and chanting.

EXT. MARKET STREET, NORTHAMPTON. DAY

CRAVEN parks his car and goes around the corner onto Graves Ave. He looks from a notepad in his hand at a small duplex house. It's a student neighborhood, split between student tenements and welfare moms. He climbs a stoop past a ruptured bigwheel and, after looking at both doors, rings a bell under a sticker that reads "D. Burnham".

The door is opened. Burnham is a man of about 28. He has been drinking, and he has been asleep. He has white patches at the corners of his mouth. He keeps his right hand concealed behind the door.

CRAVEN
Mister Burnham?

Burnham nods.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
I'm Emma's father.

Silence.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
I assume you know she's dead.

Silence.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
You seemed to have meant something to her.

BURNHAM
She told you about me?

CRAVEN
She mentioned you. There's another reason we have to talk.

BURNHAM
I'm sorry she's dead. But I can't help you.

He looks past Craven.

CRAVEN
Who are you looking for, Mr Burnham?

BURNHAM does not answer.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I want to know if Emma was in some kind of trouble. I look at you and I think about drugs. Should I be thinking that?

BURNHAM starts to speak, stops.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I need to know if she was in trouble. If you were her problem I need to know that.

BURNHAM

Everybody's in trouble. I am. You are. Guy down the street is in fucking trouble, too. I can't help you with anything.

CRAVEN

Handguns are hard to get in Massachusetts. But where your parents live, in Vermont, you can buy one with a driver's license. Do you still have a Vermont driver's license, Mr Burnham?

Beat. CRAVEN, discreetly, shows him the .45. In a manilla envelope.

BURNHAM

Are you her dad, or a cop?

CRAVEN

You tell me what I should be. I'll be either one, or neither of them, if you'll talk to me.

BURNHAM

Look... she's dead, man! I can't help you. I can't help you.

CRAVEN

Did you give her the gun?

BURNHAM

She had the gun.

CRAVEN

Why?

BURNHAM is terrified.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I didn't see a shotgun on your list of weapons, but do you own one?

BURNHAM

You think--

CRAVEN

I'm carrying your pistol. I can call the State Police barracks and tell them you answered the door with it. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that's a year in jail.

BURNHAM

But you'd be lying.

CRAVEN

I don't care.

He pronounces it kay-ah.

BURNHAM

I know enough about you. You're the straight arrow. You're her Dad. Unless she gave me an inaccurate picture you would not do what you said.

Emotionally, another tack.

CRAVEN

You work with her.

BURNHAM

I can't talk about that. I have a national security clearance... there are signed papers... I can't talk to you.

CRAVEN

Security clearance for what?

BURNHAM

Emma had one too. You really don't know?

CRAVEN

No one ever came to me to vet her for a security clearance.

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM

They don't go to *families*, or
friends. They know families and
friends lie. It's a waste of their
time.

CRAVEN

Let me come in.

BURNHAM

No. I'm sorry. No.

CRAVEN

Did she live with you?

BURNHAM

No. She had her own place. Haven't
you been there?

CRAVEN

Look. I don't mind if you don't
help me. But I'm a little confused
that you won't help Emma.

BURNHAM

There's no way to help Emma. I'm
sorry. I gotta go.

He closes the door. CRAVEN bangs on it. BURNHAM opens.

CRAVEN

I'm going to leave you alone until
you realize you have to talk to me.
I know you're a good guy. Or Emma
wouldn't have anything to do with
you. Here's my card. It's got my
cell on it. I just have one
question.

BURNHAM

What's that?

CRAVEN

Did she belong to a gym?

INT. NORTHAMPTON ATHLETIC CLUB. DAY

CRAVEN looks into a room where "seniors" are doing a "senior
stretch".

ATTENDANT

Are you interested in joining?

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN
Not just yet.

He shows his badge.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
My name is Craven. I think my
daughter had a locker here.

ATTENDANT
Emma Craven?

CRAVEN
She passed away.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER BAY. DAY

We are CLOSE on a riveted plate that reads:

DETAIL: "T367" embossed on the plate.

CRAVEN stands back as a JANITOR snaps the padlock with bolt-cutters.

THE LOCKER opens. CRAVEN turns to the janitor and the attendant telling them to back off: they do.

He looks through the locker. SPORTS gear on an upper shelf. On the bottom, a pair of shoes and a DUFFEL BAG.

CUT TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

A baby crying somewhere in the building. CRAVEN uses one of Emma's keys on the door of apartment four.

INT. THE APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN pushes the door open slowly, revealing: a kitchen to the left, a bathroom, and back door to a fire escape. To the right, a hallway, a warren of rooms carved out of the attic and turret of an old victorian. The apartment has knob and tube wiring, warped windows, paint spatters. It reminds you how old Massachusetts is, how European, how utterly not like the rest of the country.

CRAVEN closes the door behind him. Seeing that the rear window has been punched out above the doorknob, he pulls his pistol. He moves--we follow him-- through what is revealed as a totally ransacked apartment. Mattresses shredded.

CONTINUED:

Drawers pulled out and capsized. Pictures taken down and frames smashed. CRAVEN finds the ends of some wires.

Her computer and hard drives are gone.

He lies on her trashed bed.

He lights another cigarette and continues to go through Emma's things. He finds a vibrator. For a minute he doesn't know what it is. He nearly reacts and the thought that men searching his house found this...He continues, picking up things from the mess on the floor. PHOTOGRAPHS of BURNHAM and EMMA together. He puts them in his pocket.

EXT. SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN. AFTERNOON.

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN is one of many mountains or hills called Sugarloaf, but this one, with its observatory on top, is the one where the Indian King Phillip watched the British army come out of Boston for him in 1675. One can see for miles down the Connecticut Valley. For our purposes it is the Northmoor Facility. A fortress. The CONNECTICUT RIVER runs past its base. We come closer and see the wire fences, the barbed wire, the PUMP HOUSE that would convey river water into the facility.

*
*
*
*

EXT/INT CRAVEN'S CAR. LATER

*

CRAVEN sits in his parked car across from the gates of the Northmoor Facility. Crash barriers force the workers now leaving the premises to zigzag out onto the road. There are no sign of heavily armed guards but CRAVEN sees:

What might be concrete, camouflaged, bunkers above the road that climbs the hill.

CRAVEN realizes that he necessarily must be photographed if he lingers. He puts his car in gear.

EXT. AN ICE CREAM SHOP. TWILIGHT

An ice cream shop with a view of sugarloaf. CRAVEN is sitting with a coffee. Not looking at sugarloaf, coronaed with blazing sunset, behind him. Across the road: fields blazing with light. Tobacco barns.

CRAVEN

This was a nice place to live.

(drinks coffee)

I never came out.

EMMA'S VOICE

You never liked new experiences.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN
No, I never did.

Now imitating Craven's accent:

EMMA'S VOICE
Never had any use for them.

CRAVEN
No.

EMMA'S VOICE
(imitating Craven)
Never wanted any *part* of it.

CRAVEN
I wanted part of being a father.
Maybe some of I got right. The
rest...I didn't know how.

EXT. MAIN STREET, NORTHAMPTON. NIGHT

We see the Gothic spires of the town, a blackened church with a yellow clockface. Autumn leaves flying everywhere. A busker is like the watchman singing All we are SAYING....

EXT. BURNHAM'S DUPLEX HOUSE. NIGHT

CRAVEN sits and looks at Burnham's house. One light on in a lower story. He gives up.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT/HALLUCINATED MORNING

CRAVEN sits at the kitchen table, wedged into its alcove, and looks out at the kitchen. Hallucination: morning light. EMMA (her age at time of death) passes by.

CRAVEN watches as she walks back and forth doing her morning routine, getting ready to go to work. Sometimes she passes by him at the table when he is thinking, not watching. He watches her with her mug of tea (perhaps put the MILK into into play), watches her put her coat on, watches her go out the back door onto the fire escape porch.

CRAVEN
Have a nice day sweetheart.

He gets up, looks around the thrashed apartment. NIGHT.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
No, I can't stay here, honey. I'll
get a hotel.

EXT. CRAVEN'S MOTEL ROOM IN NORTHAMPTON. LATER

*

CRAVEN, a nonsmoker for perhaps many years, has obtained cigarettes. He unwraps them, puts one in his mouth. He looks at the DUFFEL on the bed. His suitcoat is folded across a corner of the bed. He is in shirtsleeves, his pancake holstered pistol visible.

He opens the duffel and removes...a damp bundle of clothing...mildewed, not smelling very good, muddy boots, which he examines, a flashlight, and a folded hand-drawn map which could be of anywhere. It's a map for someone who knows a location anyway. It's unintelligible. Arrows. He finds a clip of bullets which -yes-does fit the gun that Emma was carrying. And then he finds...a Geiger counter. He finds the switch and turns it on. It registers a mild response. He tosses it down on his folded jacket and it SHRIEKS. He pulls it away from his jacket, it falls silent. He moves it back and the instrument squeals. The response is to something in the breast pocket of his coat. He reaches into the pocket and removes

THE LOCK OF EMMA'S HAIR. Craven stares at it. Stunned.

JEDBURGH (V.O.)
Golf is even better than sex.

EXT. A GOLF COURSE IN TEXAS - MORNING

The thwack of a golf ball. A flurry of sand rises from a bunker. The ball lands and rolls across the green.

The generous figure of DARIUS JEDBURGH rises from the bunker. He smiles at MILLROY, a tense man in a dark blue suit, and phone headset, who is waiting for him.

MILLROY
I wouldn't know. I've never played the game. I haven't dared to have sex since Clinton sold missile technology to the Chi-Coms.

JEDBURGH eyes his putt.

JEDBURGH
Chinese don't golf. They're very tense. Got little dicks, too, that's why they're dangerous. I think I'm probably number one on their hit list.

MILROY
Ever been to Boston?

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

I try to stay on this side of the Potomac. I fight for the South.

(a beat, examining his lie)

I have a handicap of four, Millroy. You know what that means?

MILROY

I have no idea what that is, but I hope it lets you use the special parking spaces.

JEDBURGH

What can I do for you, Millroy?

MILLROY

What do you do generally, Jedburgh?

JEDBURGH maybe doesn't like to think about what he does generally. He sinks his putt. Dink. He straightens.

JEDBURGH

Generally at this juncture I have a drink.

INT. 19TH HOLE BAR. LATER

JEDBURGH looks at a blown up ID photo of EMMA.

MILROY

Emma Craven. MIT in nuclear science.

JEDBURGH

You didn't say "top of her class", Millroy. We usually surf in your world of resume cliché. You have referred to your own wife as summa cum laude. At what, I would hesitate to guess.

MILLROY

In point of fact Emma Craven was not "at the top of her class". The verdict on Emma Craven is that she was extremely bright and extremely disinterested in...outward distinctions.

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

You do understand that the very intelligent usually are uninterested in gold stars and fucking bullshit?

MILLROY flushes.

MILLROY

Is this about your continued criticism of my middle class matrix of perception, or is it about national security?

JEDBURGH takes a long drink.

JEDBURGH

At this stage of my life it's about whatever the hell I say it is, Millroy.

MILLROY

Brilliant scientist but bored by science and mathematics. Her honors counselor predicted that she would never work in her apparent field and he was right, until, two years ago, after a sabbatical, she put herself on the nuclear research market and was snapped up by Northmoor in Massachusetts.

JEDBURGH

What's Northmoor?

MILLROY

It's an American based R&D subsidiary of Hollander-North. Enormous multinational. Northmoor, Massachusetts based, has two sites, one of them a particle accelerator, one of them even more hush hush...that's where she worked... has no less than twenty four Defense Department contracts and licenses.

A long beat.

JEDBURGH

You're absolutely sure you want me to look into this, Millroy?

CONTINUED:

MILLROY

It's not an agency front. If that's what you mean.

JEDBURGH

Then that makes it unusual in military application R&D. Don't it, Millroy?

(a beat)

How many congressmen they have in their pocket?

MILROY flushes.

MILLROY

Northmoor is into Fusion, fission. Particle acceleration as I said. Very little of what they do is unclassified. Most of it very classified.

JEDBURGH looks at her picture. Bright, complicated girl.

JEDBURGH

Her position?

MILLROY

We're not sure what side she batted for.

JEDBURGH

You mean she's a carpet layer, Millroy?

MILROY

I don't believe so. But if she is she's a dead carpet layer now. She was shot dead three nights ago... Boston PD are working on the assumption that her father was the target.

JEDBURGH

(reading)

What assumption are we working on?

MILROY stares at JEDBURGH.

MILROY

That he wasn't.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE, ELM STREET. NIGHT

The house shrouded in rain.

Craven can be seen through the window in a halo of light. We hear a phone ringing.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE, ELM STREET. CONTINUOUS

DETAIL:

A 617 number is up on the screen of CRAVEN'S PHONE. He switches it off. The office.

CRAVEN

I don't think we're gonna talk to
the office anymore. Is that all
right?

NO answer from "Emma". CRAVEN lights another cigarette and continues to go through Emma's things.

The refrigerator: ransacked. Someone went to the extent of emptying milk cartons, yogurt containers, dumping food in the sink. CRAVEN thinks a moment.

CUT TO:

FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY GOING OFF IN THE APARTMENT

WOORDWORK being dusted for fingerprints.

A NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE stands talking to CRAVEN.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

She was killed.

CRAVEN

Yes, but this isn't part of that.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

A funeral robbery.

CRAVEN

Yes. Her address was in the
newspapers.

(a beat, he gestures the
detective aside)

I don't need it mixed up with the
other business. We don't need it on
the database. I don't need the
trouble.

CONTINUED:

The NORTHAMPTON DETECTIVE looks at him. Understands.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Just run the prints that you get.
Favor to me. You're only doing
prints on a burglary because I'm a
cop. You wouldn't do it for a
civilian. Let's leave it between
us. I'll buy the guys some beer.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

Do me a solid in Boston sometime.

CRAVEN

I will.

LATER

CRAVEN is sitting at the kitchen table looking over his list of phone numbers. He dials the 202 number. A recording announces that the phone has been disconnected. CRAVEN drinks a coke. He dials a number...underlining, on his page, M Conway 413-555/1212....and The phone is answered.

MELISSA (V.O.)

Hello?

CRAVEN holds the phone so hard it cracks.

CRAVEN

My name...my name is Tom Craven.

Silence. Perhaps a sob on the other end.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You were in my daughter's phone records. I'm Emma's father. I'm a policeman. Had I more time I would have found out your name, and maybe what you were to Emma...but you're gonna have to tell me.

MELISSA

I wish you'd had a funeral.

CRAVEN

The way she died... You understand that the best I can do for her is find out what happened.

CONTINUED:

MELISSA
It says in the papers what
happened. Someone tried to kill you
and got her.

CRAVEN hears something in her voice.

CLOSE on CRAVEN:

CRAVEN
What do you do think, Melissa?

MELISSA
I run a shop. A luggage shop.

CRAVEN
Where?

MELISSA
I want to keep running a shop.

CRAVEN
I need your help.

MELISSA
You know everybody talks about the
corporations this, the corporations
that. But they don't really
understand. They don't really
understand.

CRAVEN
Understand what.

He looks at his phone:

DETAIL:

A 617 call is trying to beep through.

Melissa hasn't answered.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
I would really like to talk to you
in person. About Emma.

MELISSA
About Northmoor.

CRAVEN
...Whatever you want to talk about.

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

How do I know you're you?

CRAVEN

We'll meet in person. I'll show you my id. You'll see me. I couldn't be anybody but Emma's father.

MELISSA

I told her to go to you.

CRAVEN's face contorts.

CRAVEN

Honey, I think she tried. She didn't make it. Help me.

MELISSA

...I'm out of state. I'm at my grandmother's. I have your number. I'll call you.

She disconnects. CRAVEN leans against the wall, looking down the thrashed hall of the apartment.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

You all right?

CRAVEN, recovering:

CRAVEN

Been quite a week.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

Let me ask you something. I don't mean anything by it. I don't want any part of it...

CRAVEN notices the echo.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

But did your daughter work at Northmoor?

CRAVEN nods.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

They're high security. National security, the whole nine yards. What I'm saying is this: They mighta done this. If they did...my hands are tied.

*

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN nods.

EXT. NORTHMOOR FACILITY. MORNING

Craven's car pulls up at the security entrance. A SECURITY OFFICER approaches. Craven shows his badge and ID.

CRAVEN
I'm here to see John Bennett.

SECURITY OFFICER
You're Emma's father.

CRAVEN nods.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm very sorry for your loss.

CRAVEN nods. Yeah thanks.

The security officer takes his I.D. and moves to the phone in the booth to check. He comes out.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
You won't drive your own car up.
You'll take the shuttle. If you'd
park over there...

INT. THE SHUTTLE VAN. LATER

CRAVEN, who has been given a VISITORS BADGE, the only passenger in the van, is carried up the winding mountain road to the top of Sugarloaf, where apart from a few outbuildings there is one main building, a concrete structure, simply the entrance to a facility largely underground in the hollowed out hill. Some workers are having lunch at picnic tables under the trees or having their constitutionals on a path that goes around the facility.

EXT. THE GATE. LATER

CRAVEN stands looking at the facility. A man in a suit (BENNETT) comes out to greet him personally. CRAVEN watches him come. BENNETT is more salesman than scientist. He has something of Steve Jobs about him. A brilliantly well-made suit.

BENNETT
Detective Craven. Jack Bennett. I'm
sorry for your loss.

CRAVEN
Thank you.

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

Can I say how shocked we were to hear of Emma's death.... She was a valued member of our team. I can't say that I knew your daughter very well personally. But she is well thought of. She is missed.

CRAVEN nods, inarticulate at this.

EXT. A "BALCONY" OF THE MAIN BUILDING. LATER

An incredible view of the Connecticut River valley. BENNETT and CRAVEN stand together.

BENNETT

It was from this hill that the Indian King Metacomet, the chap behind King Phillip's War, watched the English army come out from Boston in 1675. This was his stronghold. Until it wasn't. Do you know about King Phillip's war?

CRAVEN

I went to school when we still had education, yeah.

BENNETT

Bloodiest war per capita in American history and no one knows about it. Phillip was betrayed by a praying Indian and shot dead. Massachusetts cut his body into quarters. The head was displayed at Boston. The rest of him was hung from trees or given away as souvenirs.

Is there a point to this? CRAVEN examines BENNETT.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Then and now.

(a beat)

In the Sixties this hill was excavated, it was a site for Nike nuclear missiles. Miles of tunnels and launch chambers. I'm sure Emma told you.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

We never talked about work.
Northmoor bought this from the
Federal government?

BENNETT

Well. We lease it.

CRAVEN

For money?

No answer from BENNETT but he smiles at Craven's acuity. The *
ELEVATOR DOORS open and a GUARD-OPERATOR looks out.

BENNETT

Come on. I can't show you a great
deal, but I'll show you what I can
show.

INT. THE ELEVATOR. MOMENTS LATER *

As it drops, and drops. A little music. BENNETT waits as if
CRAVEN is a stranger. No conversation. Craven looks at him. *

INT. TUNNEL CORRIDOR. MOMENTS LATER *

A brightly lit, well-ventilated tunnel corridor. BENNETT and
CRAVEN walk along. White coated workers give BENNETT a wide
berth.

BENNETT

Here's my office. Come on in.
Coffee?

CRAVEN

Do you have a ginger ale?

BENNETT

Annie, get Detective Craven a
ginger ale, would you?

And they move into...

INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN notes: PHOTOGRAPHS of BENNETT with...everybody. TED
KENNEDY. The Junior Senator, TIM PINE. The President. Cheney.
On and on.

CRAVEN

You have interesting friends.

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

This facility - R&D in general - brings a very great deal of money to Massachusetts. As reflected in the tax breaks.

HE runs a coin over the back of his fingers. A magician with money.

CRAVEN sees a photograph on Bennett's desk of a well groomed wife and two children, the eldest a daughter not much younger than Emma.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

CRAVEN

I suppose I want to know what Emma was doing here.

Beat. Too brightly:

BENNETT

In what sense?

CRAVEN notices but:

CRAVEN

When your child dies you realize there are conversations you should have had.

BENNETT

She never told you about her work?

CRAVEN

Perhaps because she observed security protocol.

BENNETT

And what is that? In your understanding.

CRAVEN

She didn't talk about work.

(a beat)

She had a badge...a security... badge. This is a tech facility...

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

Right. Well you'll understand that most of what we do is classified, and the rest tends to be trade secrets. Extremely expensive ones. What she did...Despite her qualifications your daughter was a trainee. What we call an intern. She did *filing*. That sort of thing. Of course she was a full employee, there was a benefit package...which I suppose you should see Personnel about...

CRAVEN

I'm not interested in that just yet.

BENNETT

All our people are very well insured.

CRAVEN, whose daughter's hair just set off a geiger counter...

CRAVEN

I bet they are.

BENNETT

Well. *What we do here.* Northmoor is essentially a research facility. We have a mandate from government to develop a safe and clean energy source based on fusion technology. Very green.

CRAVEN

And weapons?

Fluently, swinging in his chair:

BENNETT

What about them?

CRAVEN

You make them, don't you?

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

If we did, it would be classified. I can tell you, because you're a policeman and have access to this information anyway, that Northmoor is an important part of the nation's SS&M program.

Craven looks at him, wanting some elaboration.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Stockpile Stewardship and Maintenance. It's our responsibility to ensure that the nation's nuclear stockpile remains ready for the President's order. Not weapons but...raw materials. This is a very secure facility. Hardened facility.

CRAVEN

Was Emma a part of this?

BENNETT

God no. As an intern she didn't have a direct involvement in SS&M. She worked on the research floors.

CRAVEN

May I see where she worked?

BENNETT

I'm afraid I can't do that. I'll be as hospitable as I can, but this is a secure facility. As you understand. We all very much, very much, regret Emma's death. It must be especially painful in the circumstances...

CRAVEN

You mean that she was shot, instead of me.

BENNETT

As a parent I can guess at your pain. I think. Though I am sure I cannot imagine its full dimensions.

CRAVEN

I won't take up any more of your time. I'd like to talk to some of her friends. If any.

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

I'll tell personnel. I'll see what I can do. We'll get you a list... Contact numbers. So forth. Can I ask you a question?

CRAVEN nods.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What does it feel like?

CRAVEN doesn't answer.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What does it make you want to do?

CRAVEN

To be dead with her. Afterwards.

BENNETT

After what?

CRAVEN

After I take care of a few things.

BENNETT

I suppose that's a father's thought.

CRAVEN nods. He stands.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

We didn't know about the arrangements. We would have sent flowers. I'll call Personnel. There's some paperwork...you can deal with it later, as you wish...and they'll take you back up.

CRAVEN

Is there any chance that your security people turned over her apartment?

BENNETT

Turned over? What do you mean.

CRAVEN

Searched it.

CONTINUED:

BENNETT

There are circumstances in which that would be imaginable...but she had an unblemished record here, Detective Craven. So far as I know.

CRAVEN

If someone *doesn't* have an unblemished record...who does the searching?

BENNETT

That's classified.

CRAVEN stands and looks at BENNETT.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

If there's anything I can do...

CRAVEN

I don't know. What can you do?

BENNETT'S eyes wander over his rogues gallery of influential people.

BENNETT

You might be surprised. Help.

CRAVEN

Could it go the other way if you didn't like me?

BENNETT

This is too much philosophy for one man who's careworn, and another one who has to fly to Washington. I'm sorry for your troubles, Detective Craven.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN. DAY

CRAVEN stands staring out over the valley.

The phone rings.

CRAVEN answers the 617 call.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE ROOM. NIGHT

WHITEHOUSE is walking.

WHITEHOUSE

You ready for this? We have a DNA match.

CUT TO:

A PICTURE OF AUGUST BUONAROTE.

Having shown it, WHITEHOUSE keeps walking.

WHITEHOUSE

Born in Germany but his old man was a US soldier and he brought him over here when he was five. The mother was a junkie near Ramstein AFB, the father was a putz. He was about six when his criminal record commenced in Revere Massachusetts. He strangled a classmate and ran away. Adult stuff: sold acid to an undercover at the Garden, yada yada, barfights, yada yada, beat the fuck out of his father, etc, etc, then became a hitter for Frank Costello.

CRAVEN is walking along the basement corridor.

CRAVEN

Where is he?

WHITEHOUSE

Revere.

(a beat)

Let me have your service weapon.

CRAVEN hands it over.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

That was easy. Where you been, Tom?

CRAVEN

Western Mass. Clearing up her stuff.

WHITEHOUSE

You got no buzz off this guy?

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

None.

WHITEHOUSE

What do you think about him being a
hitter.

CRAVEN

I'm curious about it.

WHITEHOUSE

You're awfully calm, Tom.

CRAVEN

It doesn't do me any good to be any
other way.

EXT. A STREET OF THREE DECKERS IN REVERE. MORNING

A SWAT TEAM, the heavy mob, goes into the first floor
apartment. No waiting.

INT. BUONAROTE APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS

The team comes across BUONAROTE, in his underwear, at least
three days dead, executed with two in the hat while kneeling
in front of his couch with his hands tied behind his back.

A LADY OFFICER, coming late into the room, accidentally rips
off a three-burst from her automatic weapon and everybody
hits the deck. Cop fuck-up.

COP AND RADIO ADLIBS

What the fuck...what the fuck was
that...

INT. BUONAROTE APARTMENT. LATER

CRAVEN stands staring at the corpse. Buonarote has a crewcut
head, shattered. CRAVEN runs his hand over it thoughtfully.
He looks at the stubbly backgrowth on the neck.

WHITEHOUSE

What's the matter.

CRAVEN

Nothing.

WHITEHOUSE

You're looking at something. Tell
me what you're looking at.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

In the evidence log it said the hair you found was two and a half inches.

WHITEHOUSE

So he cut his hair.

CRAVEN

Well. Not recently as a week ago.

WHITEHOUSE stares.

WHITEHOUSE

So what are you saying.

CRAVEN

Not saying anything. Hair can stick to a hat for a long time. Years. Decades.

CRAVEN stares down at the dead man.

WHITEHOUSE

Why would a pro blow off two barrels of a shotgun instead of saving one for his target.

CRAVEN

A hitter can make a mistake. Everybody's an asshole. Why does a deli clerk get his hand caught in a slicer? Why does a guy driving a car drop a lit cigarette through his open fly and run over a nun? Why do half the people in the world get married? Why is there no Roman Empire? *They fucked up.*

WHITEHOUSE

So who wanted you dead. And then killed the killer.

CRAVEN here could tell his friend: *she was carrying a gun. Her apartment was tossed. She was the target.* But he doesn't.

CRAVEN

I wouldn't put the two things together. Guy like this has any number of reasons to get dead.

SYRINGES, works, on a kitchen counter.

CONTINUED:

WHITEHOUSE

Did you do it.

CRAVEN

I was in Western Mass. I didn't know this guy existed. But thanks for asking. So far all you've connected to my daughter is a hat with a hair in it. Maybe somebody borrowed his hat.

WHITEHOUSE

Well, I need you in the rooms now.

CRAVEN

...I'll probably come in tomorrow.

WHITEHOUSE

Time for you to come in and think at the department. Cause between you and me the rest of us ain't so good at it.

EXT. CRAVEN'S REAR YARD - NIGHT

Craven wears heavy gloves as he pours petrol on the back pack and the pile of clothing. He strikes a match and lights the pile.

He steps back and watches the flames rise. The dosimeter shrinks and melts with the heat.

Craven removes the lock of Emma's hair... he hesitates then throws it into the flames. We hold on Craven's face in the darkness. He turns and we see:

A MAN sitting on the back steps.

JEDBURGH.

JEDBURGH

Public burning is illegal.

CRAVEN

So is trespassing. And creeping up on a bereaved man at a murder scene is not very bright.

We see that CRAVEN, backlit by the fire, is holding his pistol low.

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

I know.

(taking out and lighting a
cigar)

In the circumstances you'd be forgiven if you shot me. Even in the People's Republic of Massachusetts. Where if you are threatened you must wait in hope, fortified with prayer, for the duly constituted authorities to arrive, fail to understand, and fuck everything up. Even the cops suffer these constraints, I imagine. And sometimes wish to avoid them.

(shakes out match)

You smoke cigars?

CRAVEN shakes his head 'no'.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

There's a secret about cigars. Even the best ones are like burning dogshit. Craven, we've got things to talk about.

CRAVEN

Like what?

A long beat.

JEDBURGH'S VOICE

Like who shot your daughter.

Craven is silent.

CRAVEN

Do you know who shot my daughter?

JEDBURGH

No. I'm anxious to find out.

(beat)

I know you don't smoke. It mentions the fact on your DARPA file.

CRAVEN, holding the gun on Jedburgh, reaches into Jedburgh's coat and comes up with his wallet. He looks at it. Just a Virginia driver's license.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

DARPA stands for Defence Advanced
Research Projects Agency.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

Their slogan is "Scientia est
Potentia". Do you know Latin?

CRAVEN

Sure. I went to *Boston Latin*.

JEDBURGH

Then *subigo telum, miles militis*.

CRAVEN

Sto sursum.

Stand the fuck up. JEDBURGH stands up as ordered.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Why do I have a DARPA file.

JEDBURGH

Because your daughter was flagged
as a possible terrorist threat to
the United States of America.

CRAVEN

Funny the Boston Police Department
didn't come up with that.

JEDBURGH

No it isn't funny at all.

CRAVEN sits down beside Jedburg, holsters his pistol, and
watches the stuff burn in the ancient burning barrel.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

What the fuck are you burning over
there? Jesus fucking CHRIST.

A window slams down.

JEDBURGH

The term "terrorist" is loosely
applied these days. Say someone
decided to run a check on, say, a
person with a security clearance
who had come under suspicion of
some kind. A person of suspicion.
Anyone and everyone can get the
whole nine yards. Your daughter got
it. And we don't know why.

CRAVEN

Who pulled the report on her.

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

Unknown. But some agent or agency did. Without identifying themselves. These days you don't need to.

CRAVEN

Who are you Mr. Jedburgh?

JEDBURGH

I may or may not be associated with a government agency.

INT. CRAVEN'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

CRAVEN pours out a whiskey for Jedburgh. Jedburgh looks at his watch and then takes the time to take a number of pills.

JEDBURGH

Age is a terrible thing. Pills pills pills. Not like it was in youth when it was pills pills pills in a very different context. I bet you never were a partier.

CRAVEN stares at him.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

What do you do for fun, Craven.

CRAVEN

What's your interest in my daughter's death?

JEDBURGH slides a file across the table. CRAVEN opens it to reveal photographs of DROWNED BODIES. Two men and one woman. Under the age of thirty.

JEDBURGH

Recognize them?

CRAVEN

Should I?

JEDBURGH shows a further image: A NIGHTFLOWER TATOO.

JEDBURGH

They were friends of your daughter. Two journalists and a videographer. They broke into a U.S. Classified nuclear research facility. There's a theory out there Craven that they had your daughter's help.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

(nothing from Craven)

They landed a boat at Northmoor, where your daughter worked, broke into the facility. And then they drowned in the Connecticut River while making their escape. Before you ask, it was an accident. I looked into it. Just because people were committing treason doesn't mean they can handle a canoe, or swim too good in thirty degree water. Agnosco, peregrinus?

JEDBURGH lifts the cake plate revealing the gun and badge.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that throwdown you pulled on me outside?

CRAVEN

My daughter was carrying it.

JEDBURGH

Police know that? They know that you know that her apartment was tossed? Her computer stolen? That she was the real target?

CRAVEN

No.

JEDBURGH

You are a smart fucker.

(a beat)

The people drowned...they belonged to Night Flower. You can look em up. Not these deaths. That's classified. But the organization itself. Tree huggers. Militant tree huggers. Anti-corporate ninja. Don't look for the web site: it's been taken down.

(a beat)

A few marches and the waving of placards is all within reason...but these people are serious. They make raids into secure facilities and post videos on the internet. Usually they depend on inside help. Say an intern at a facility. With sympathetic politics.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

My daughter was not a joiner. She was like me.

JEDBURGH

That's not what it looks like, Craven. You see, I saw the autopsy report. The tattoo.

For some reason that makes CRAVEN want to kill him.

CRAVEN

Listen to me. She was not anti-nuke protester. She was a nuclear scientist. She called vegetarians "dirtwizards". She said that beer in a brewpub was made with a hippy's sock. She ate veal and that other shit, that...

JEDBURGH

It's probably called *foie gras*, Craven. I see what you're struggling after.

CRAVEN

She was not the type.

JEDBURGH

We don't yet know what type was required. What could be bad enough to make her join forces with environmentalist dirtwizards who she would, ordinarily, despise is what we maybe should be asking. Politics? Money?

CRAVEN is stumped.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

Her friends died. She came home. She came to you.

CRAVEN

She didn't tell me anything. I think she meant to, but she didn't make it.

(a beat)

You don't know who killed her.

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

No. And I have advised my department of one, which would be me, that the best way to find out is to let you keep at it.

CRAVEN

With you concealing what I find.

JEDBURGH

Fuck, I have a magic wand. I wave it over *anything* and it turns classified. But I think you don't need any help concealing anything.

CRAVEN

I'm not going to arrest anybody, Jedburgh. You know that.

JEDBURGH

I know that.

CRAVEN

I'm going back out west. Tomorrow.

JEDBURGH

I'll be at the Ritz on Avery Street. Under the name of Diogenes. He's the one who went around with the lamp, looking for an honest man.

CRAVEN

How'd it turn out?

JEDBURGH

For him? I don't remember. But you and I have both done pretty good. Bonne chance.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET STREET NORTHAMPTON. MORNING

CRAVEN is moving slowly in his car, stopping and "parking" as Burnham shambles along the street past Joe's Cafe. He follows him at a distance.

INT. PACKAGE STORE, MARKET AND MAIN. AFTERNOON

BURNHAM, not in good shape, coughing, pays for off-brand cigarettes and an alcoholic's holiday, a pint of Jim Beam and a dollhouse of off-brand beer.

EXT. PACKAGE STORE, MARKET AND MAIN. AFTERNOON

BURNHAM sees that CRAVEN has pulled up beside him. He keeps walking.

BURNHAM
I thought you were going to wait
until I was a nice guy.

CRAVEN
Why don't you get in.

BURNHAM
As a career move, man, I really
need to be seen telling you to fuck
off. You have no idea. You don't
understand. Go home. Go home. Go
home.

And it seems as if CRAVEN is taking it on board. He stays stopped at the red light. BURNHAM moves around the corner with his beer.

CRAVEN sits on in his car.

INT. BURNHAM'S DUPLEX HOUSE. LATER

Sounds of key in lock and Burnham comes in. He enters the bumf-crammed hallway (things he might have needed before he was a drunk, like skis, plus things he's needed recently, like the knife up in the door casing and the length of pipe against the jamb). He moves through into his kitchen, a destroyed post-student shithole, and clumps the beer on the table. He hesitates bleakly for a moment. Then he turns into:

A PISTOL. With Craven behind it. CRAVEN grabs BURNHAM by the throat and holds him against the refrigerator.

CRAVEN
Same deal as before. Quick call. I
came to chat. Saw an illegal
firearm. You want to talk now?

BURNHAM
There's nothing you can do to me.

CRAVEN, begging to differ, lightly pops Burnham's head with the pistol barrel, and breaks the skin. Blood runs into Burnham's eye.

CRAVEN
I'm not this kind of guy. Don't
make me this kind of guy.

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM

There are times you don't have a
fucking choice what kind of guy you
are. I found that out. May I?

He shoves away from Craven and rips the cardboard open and
gets a beer, pops it open, virtually drains it.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I always drank. Not like this but.

(a beat)

She always said "my dad does't
drink". She said once you got
bullshit when a guy at work sent yu
a card with a drunk leprechaun on
it. You said If I was a black chap
would I get a card showing a
brother going over the fence with a
watermelon. Oh I know it all. You
don't mind a pop but you can keep a
bottle of crown royal for ten
years. With dust all over it. See?
We're practically fucking related.

CRAVEN

You drinking the good stuff because
your job's going well?

BURNHAM looks at him. Drinks.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Why you drinking?

Craven sees a photo of Emma magneted onto the fridge. There
is another photo beside it of Burnham in Army fatigues
against a desert background.

BURNHAM

Is this an intervention? If it is
I'd like to call a few people who
don't fucking pistol whip me
because I'm afraid for my life. I'm
not going to work because I took
two weeks. I'm going back.

He drinks at the thought of going back. He looks and sees:
CRAVEN holding up the stub of a cigar.

CRAVEN

What did you tell Jedburgh?

BURNHAM

As little as I could.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN indicates the pictures.

CRAVEN

Iraq?

Burnham nods, defensive.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Funny town for you. All lesbians
and hippies.

BURNHAM

I'm a funny guy.

CRAVEN

What was your job in the Army.

BURNHAM

Combat infantry is what you were.
You told her the only medal that
mattered was the little blue one
with the rifle on it. And yours had
an oak leaf cluster.

CRAVEN

I asked what you were in the
service. What you did.

BURNHAM

Diesel mechanic. I ran the
generators that ran the camps.
Electrified the wire. Kept your
Daisani water from coca cola cool.
You think people are shithouse
about hydrating here. You should
see these meatwhistles with their
waterbottles in Ramallah. I ran the
generators. Big fuckers. You had to
pour a slab.

CRAVEN

I assumed you were a scientist.

BURNHAM

Why? Didn't think your daughter
would go for a grease monkey?

CRAVEN

Something like that.

BURNHAM

What if I said she said I reminded
her of you. Except drinky.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I think it was something about the absence of bullshit and no patience with Broadway musicals. You're looking at me like I'm crazy. Somebody shot my girlfriend. Have you factored that in?

CRAVEN

What do you know about Night Flower?

Surprised, guardedly:

BURNHAM

Not much.

CRAVEN

You're not a member?

BURNHAM

I know how to keep a fucking canoe from tipping over. Politics don't interest me.

CRAVEN

What did interest you?

BURNHAM

Emma.

CRAVEN looks at him.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I know the songs you sing in the car. I know how much she loved you. I'm not saying she said greatest guy in the world. She said you never did a thing for yourself. That you just weren't capable. If it's in your interest, you just don't do it. Somebody else, you go to the end of the earth. Right? You ready to go to the end of the earth?

CRAVEN

What do you do at Northmoor?

BURNHAM

I am under contract. I am surveilled. I'm going to lose my fucking job if I talk to you, no matter who's dead.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

And in answer to why I drink Old Hammerhead it's because my mother has cancer and I send her half my money. Sorry. Fuck my psychodrama. I work in maintenance.

CRAVEN

Tell me about it.

BURNHAM

The whole place is built on an old Nike missile site. The missiles that went obsolete. There are tunnels that run right into the hill. That's how Emma got those fuckheads into the place.

CRAVEN

Through DOD security.

BURNHAM

...There's a rumor she had help.

CRAVEN

You?

BURNHAM

No, must have been someone who's mother didn't have cancer. I passed a polygraph. At work.

He toasts himself. Drinks.

CRAVEN

What happened? In the breach of the facility.

BURNHAM

They came in. Shot their film, I guess. Did their sanctimonious bullshit like it was reality TV in a haunted house. There's a procedure...

CRAVEN

What procedure.

BURNHAM

Put it this way. There are signs. Contamination possible. It's more than possible. If the motion detectors pick something up...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Say if they weren't completely defeated...They released irradiated steam. Into the service tunnels. They would have been exposed to... 300-400 REM. Severe radiation poisoning. That's a 50% fatality after 30 days. You know...someone breaks in...you have a release "accident". And call it scheduled. If someone gets exposed, fuck you, too bad, it clearly says no trespassing. So even if "Nightflower" hadn't dumped their little ninja boat they would have been fucked. Like I'm fucked.

CRAVEN

Was Emma with them? Was she exposed?

BURNHAM

No. They went in the water. Capsized. Bodies recovered by DOD Ninjas. Classified.

CRAVEN

Then how was Emma exposed. If she wasn't with them.

BURNHAM is truly surprised.

BURNHAM

I don't know. She wasn't even at the facility when they came in.

A long beat. CRAVEN thinking, and then:

CRAVEN

Bullshit you passed a polygraph.

BURNHAM

I don't fucking know how...

CRAVEN

If these people are what you say...They told you you passed it.

CRAVEN looks out the window. A CAR at the end of the street.

BURNHAM

Emma...was first gonna be a whistleblower.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

She was writing to some politician, I don't know who the fuck it was, and she went to some lawyer to see if they really could sue her into the Stone Age if she talked to the newspapers. And they could. And around here I couldn't tell you if the lawyer talked to DOD...

CRAVEN

I'll want the lawyer's name.

BURNHAM

Anyway, this politician couldn't help her so, however one thing led to another, she helped these Nightflower assholes in through the old cooling tunnels. Back in the old days they wanted to be able to suck water into the place and flood it in case of a fire. That's how they got in. I told her how to put the power and the generators offline simultaneously. Killed the cameras, the electric fences, everything.

Beat

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I warned her man. I told her not to do it.

CRAVEN

Who was Emma's contact in Night Flower? I need something

BURNHAM

There was some woman she would speak to.

CRAVEN

I want the fucking name, Burnham.

BURNHAM

She didn't tell me that kind of stuff. I'm telling you the truth. I warned her man. I told her not to do it.

CRAVEN

You helped her defeat security for Nightflower.

CONTINUED:

BURNHAM

She wasn't easy to refuse.

CRAVEN

Listen to me. You didn't pass the polygraph.

BURNHAM nods, nods. CRAVEN starts to go.

BURNHAM

You're a cop. Help me.

CRAVEN stops. He looks around. Not really wanting to say this but meaning every word of it:

CRAVEN

I will help you. I'll take you into my house. You quit Northmoor. I'll give money to your mother, whatever you're giving her now. You come with me, you tell me the truth, you let a lawyer depose you.

BURNHAM shakes his head "no".

BURNHAM

This is under Homeland security. We both been in the Army. This is war-footing, but worse because it's fucking secret. They got secret courts, they got secret warrants, they got secret everything. They'll come after you and make you look like fucking Osama bin Laden. It's just easier to let them kill you.

CRAVEN stares at him.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

It's just easier.

CRAVEN hands BURNHAM his .45.

CRAVEN

Don't make it that easy.

BURNHAM takes the gun. Looks at it. Lays it on the table.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

That's illegal in Massachusetts.

BURNHAM

Yeah I fucking know it is.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

I'll be back. You think about what I said. I don't know what you're afraid of. But no one is coming through me unless I'm dead. All right?

BURNHAM nods.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

All right.

He goes out.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

He's cleaned it up. He is lying on her bed, shoes on, holding the DOSIMETER. It clicks idly, not reading anything. He is thinking. Absolute silence. Suddenly, he hears a key in the lock.

CRAVEN looks down the long hallway and silhouetted at the back door that leads out to the wooden fire escape (porches more like) he sees:

A MAN'S FIGURE. Featureless. A big guy, dark clothes. CRAVEN knowing that he himself is invisible, takes out his gun.

CRAVEN

Daniel?

The MAN bolts. CRAVEN lunges into a run. By the time he gets to the door, the MAN is halfway down the stairs. CRAVEN chases him.

MOMENTS later. CRAVEN is in the paved back area of the house. He feels the hood of the car...ticking motor, warm hood. He looks around at the darkness, pistol out.

He looks behind the dumpster and...

A figure emerging from darkness, arm raised...

BANG. Craven is instantly flat on his back, eyelide fluttering.

The MAN drops a length of pipe, walks past Craven, and ON SOUND we hear him get int his car and drive away.

CRAVEN doesn't pass out. He crawls towards the pistol he has dropped. He lies there clutching it.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

What now coach.

He rolls onto his back, disgusted with himself, blood trickling in his hair. As he gets up, a bag-head WHITE RASTA on a fucked bike looks at him.

WHITE RASTA

You ok.

CRAVEN

Yes I am. Some other guys aren't.

(looks at his watch)

Gets dark early, doesn't it.

EXT. NORTHMOOR FACILITY. NIGHT

WORKERS are leaving the parking lot in their personal cars. We see BENNETT alight from a shuttle and go over to a waiting towncar and get into the back. As the TOWNCAR pulls away, we see...

INT. CRAVEN'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN picks him up, following. They wait at a light. The light changes.

EXT. A ROAD NEAR THE INTERSTATE. LATER

The TOWNCAR gets on I-91 South. CRAVEN'S CAR FOLLOWS.

INT. CRAVEN'S CAR. LATER

CRAVEN is following the TOWNCAR. As he does he realizes: HE is being followed, by a big black SUV, a brand new Suburban with blacked out windows.

CRAVEN realizes that following BENNETT was not the best idea. He puts on his blinker and pulls into a rest area.

EXT. DESERTED REST AREA. CONTINUOUS

As CRAVEN expected, the SUV has pulled in after him. CRAVEN gets out of his car and walks into the REST ROOM.

MEN with shined black shoes and earpieces get out of the suburban.

INT. REST ROOM FACILITY. CONTINUOUS

A LOBBY with some vending machines and tourist maps. YOU ARE HERE.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN goes through into the men's room, straight past a barrier that says PISO MOJADO, throws the lever on the window at the rear, then levers himself through the window.

EXT. THE MEN'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

The Night woods. Now raining hard. CRAVEN closes the window, and moves off around the building.

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

The TWO AGENTS stand in the men's room.

AGENT 1

Detective Craven? We have a really serious situation. You were following Mister Bennett, Detective Craven. It's time to have a discussion...

They begin opening stall doors. One, then another.

EXT. THE REST ROOM BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN approaches the SUBURBAN, opening his KNIFE. He quickly stabs two of the tires, breaks off both windshield wipers, and hurries through the driving rain to his car, gets in, and pulls away back onto the highway.

CRAVEN

*You're the end of the rainbow...my
pot of gold...*

EMMA'S VOICE

That's probably the straw that broke the camel's back. They'll kill you now.

CRAVEN

*You're Daddy's little girl...to
have and hold...*

He claps the blue light above his window and accelerates past 100 MPH.

EMMA'S VOICE

See you soon, Dada.

CRAVEN

See you soon.

CONTINUED:

He fucking floors it. Through his windshield we see him coming up on the speeding towncar. Since the silent blue flasher is not obeyed, he leans on the horn until...

EXT. HIGHWAY. CONTINUOUS

BENNETT'S CAR pulls over. It waits, black, mysterious. CRAVEN goes up to the right rear passenger window and raps on the glass.

The window comes down.

BENNETT

If you wanted to see me, I would have made time. I think you're a little unstable right now, Detective Craven.

CRAVEN

I need to tell you something. We're at war. So whatever you need to do with me, you do it. And whatever I need to do, I'll do. And if you dare, if you dare, think that you're safe because I can't prove anything, you are very wrong. Because the only one who needs to know what you did, when I find out, is me.

BENNETT

I don't know what you're talking about and neither do you. My driver is armed, Mister Craven. And you're a man distracted by grief who is in a state of paranoid confusion. Let's let it drop. Let's let all of it drop.

CRAVEN

We're at war. I need you to know that. Get the fuck out of here before I just kill you on gut instinct.

BENNETT

What if I file a police report, Detective?

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

I say I pulled over to give you assistance and learned to my surprise that you were a man I met a few days ago. I'm a cop. Don't fuck with me.

The town car rolls off. A STATE POLICE CRUISER with blues going has pulled up behind Craven's car with its little flashing detective light.

CRAVEN takes out his badge and approaches the trooper.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Craven, I'm from Boston. Asshole's trunk was open, I flashed him.

STATIE

Oh, ok.

CRAVEN

(getting into his car)
Have a nice night.

INT. CRAVEN'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER

CRAVEN, in his car, wet with rain, wonders if he is crazy. Wonders if he is over the edge. He puts the car in gear.

CRAVEN

You're the treasure I cherish so sparkling and bright... You were touched by the holy and beautiful light... Like angels that sing a heavenly thing...

CRAVEN, losing it for the first time, pulls wildly to the side of the road. He gags and vomits on himself.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to kill you.... I am going to kill you all.

EXT. HIGHWAY OFFRAMP. LATER

CRAVEN'S CAR swerves off the highway onto the access road to the I-90 to BOSTON.

TV IMAGE

MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR TIM PINE is on television. A lanky dope, faux patrician.

CONTINUED:

TIM PINE

I think the American people are asking, with good reason whether the price they have paid for their security is too high.

PINE is being interviewed on a current affairs program.

INTERVIEWER

With respect, that sort of attitude is to be expected of a democratic senator. But how does it jibe, Senator, with your support of secret research facilities in Massachusetts.

AMBUSHED, PINE recrosses his legs.

TIM PINE

I don't follow you, Tim.

INTERVIEWER

You're Tim, Senator, I'm Mike.

TIM PINE

That's what I meant, Mike. I'm curious about what you just asked me.

INTERVIEWER

What can you tell me about Northmoor Arcadia.

TIM PINE

I'm not familiar....

INTERVIEWER

Their parent company is one of your biggest corporate donors.

TIM PINE

All I know about my donors is that they are completely vetted and above board...

INTERVIEWER

There is a petition movement to ban military research and development in Massachusetts.

TIM PINE

I understand that. I understand that.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TIM PINE (CONT'D)

But people have to realize the importance of R&D of every kind to the Massachusetts economy...

EXT. CRAVEN'S STREET. NIGHT

MEDIA trucks, reporters, are staking out CRAVEN'S HOUSE. CRAVEN stops for a moment at the end of the road. Then drives on.

EXT. BURNHAM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

WE hear music. Lights are on. And then we hear a muffled BANG. BLOOD splashes on the inside of the kitchen door windows.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. MORNING

CRAVEN sits. WHITEHOUSE sits at the conference table as well.

CHIEF

Well the issue is what do we go to the press with. We have a DNA hit. We have a known contract killer. What we do not know is why he was shooting at Detective Craven and maybe we never will. Do we say that.

CRAVEN

I'd say you say what you have to say.

CHIEF

Don't you want to get to the bottom of this, Tommy? I know you do. But I'm asking why it seems you don't. Because it seems you don't care. You seem out of it.

CRAVEN is barely interested.

CRAVEN

I haven't sat down with the murder book yet and you're thinking about ID'ing this guy as the murderer. On one piece of evidence which, if he was alive, if I was a lawyer, a shitty lawyer, I'd get him off the hook on. "Your honor my client left his hat on the bar at the Beacon Hill Pub two years ago". Prove otherwise.

CONTINUED:

CHIEF

I'm not trying to stick a fork in this. The press has your house staked out, you know.

CRAVEN

I know. I stayed in a hotel last night.

Broad surprise from his friend Whitehouse.

WHITEHOUSE

Hotels are for rich people. What was it like, your first time.

CRAVEN

It wasn't bad.

CHIEF

Listen, Tommy, you want to look at the murder book, you look at the murder book until the cows come home. I won't say anything. I'll continue to call him a person of interest. We can find no link between the shooter and detective Craven, but the shooter was known as a professional hitter, how 'bout that.

CRAVEN sits.

CRAVEN

Whatever. Look. I'm gonna take that leave of absence.

CHIEF

I can make it paid for a month maybe.

CRAVEN

And, ah, during that time I may be thinking about early retirement.

CHIEF looks at WHITEHOUSE.

WHITEHOUSE

He's got a paid-for house. I woulda done it ten years ago.

CHIEF

Well your dedication to the job is noted.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF (CONT'D)

(to Craven)

Listen, Tommy, take what time you need. I'm not gonna go out and say we solved this.

CRAVEN

Have you been asked to say that?

CHIEF looks at him.

CHIEF

I beg your pardon?

CRAVEN

Is there pressure on you to declare this guy the shooter.

CHIEF looks at WHITEHOUSE.

CHIEF

I'm gonna...I'm gonna just pretend I didn't hear that. I'm gonna just pretend I didn't hear that. You get some rest Tommy. You get some rest.

He leaves the conference room.

CRAVEN looks at WHITEHOUSE.

WHITEHOUSE

Yeah, the Lieutenant Governor.

CRAVEN

Why?

WHITEHOUSE

Big case... Big murder...

CRAVEN might buy it. Might not. He gets up. His phone rings. He looks at the number and answers.

CRAVEN

Craven.

CUT TO:

EXT. A REST AREA ON THE MASS PIKE. DAY

Halfway between Boston and Springfield. Traffic heavy.

INT. A BURGER KING ON THE MASS PIKE. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN sits with the Northampton Detective.

CONTINUED:

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE
I'm sorry if you thought it was
about the prints. Just to get that
out of the way there were no
prints. Except yours. Your
daughter's. I'll tell you where
your prints were, though.

CRAVEN
I visited him.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE
You handled his firearm?

CRAVEN
He had a Springfield Armory micro-
compact in his kitchen. On the
counter. I advised him that it
should be safely stored with a
trigger lock in place to comply
with Mass. Law.

The NORTHAMPTON DETECTIVE looks at his partner.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE
You were in Boston last night.

CRAVEN
I already told you that.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE
Well the time of death isn't
arguable. He woke up the
neighborhood.

Turns a page on his notepad.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
What was your impression of his
state of mind.

CRAVEN
He was despondent over my
daughter's death. He was drinking
heavily. He was confused. But not
to the point where I would have
ever thought to PC him. He put away
the firearm when requested to do
so.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE
You know he was unpermitted for a
handgun in Mass.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

I did not know that. I was visiting him in civilian capacity, outside my jurisdiction, and I took his representations about the firearm at face value.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

OK, well I'm done. You got one lucky thing, admiral.

CRAVEN

What's that?

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

We're not putting it out there that he was your daughter's boyfriend.

CRAVEN

Why not?

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

I thought you asked.

CRAVEN looks at him.

CRAVEN

I didn't. But maybe it was someone with my family's interest at heart.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

Like the Lieutenant Governor?

CRAVEN

Were you also told to not mention Northmoor?

A stare.

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE

No one tells a police officer anything. But as you know, it can be *strongly suggested*.

(a beat)

You remember when the Statie who busted Whitey Bulger got transferred to the airport?

CRAVEN nods.

CONTINUED:

NORTHAMPTON POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It's about that level.

CUT TO:

EXT. AVERY STREET. NIGHT

The new Ritz Carlton. CRAVEN gives his keys to the top-hatted doorman, and pushes into the hotel, abashed by it.

INT. RITZ BAR. MOMENTS LATER

JEDBURGH is in the bar, eating peanuts, drinking. CRAVEN sits down beside him. On sound, Neil Diamond's "A Solitary Man" is playing.

JEDBURGH
Your theme song, Craven? This your intro?

CRAVEN
I prefer the Johnny Cash version.

Jedburgh
You would, because it's as depressing as fuck.

CRAVEN
Happiness is not an emotion I'm overly familiar with. But whenever I did feel it, Emma was usually the cause.

JEDBURGH
You loved her very much, didn't you?

Craven is silent.

CRAVEN
Nightflower. My daughter, evidently, helped them get into the Northmoor facility. I have, had, a source that says that they were intentionally exposed to radiation while in the tunnels.

JEDBURGH
You got him on record?

CRAVEN
You are kidding, right?

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

You know, Craven, you have to wonder how many cases go down the toilet, are never solved, simply because they're too fucking complicated. Too much work. There's a lot out there in this world that you'll just never connect A to B. In my own profession, sometimes that has not mattered. Facts. In yours...you can't leave home without em. And sometimes it's like trying to get warm jello to take a shape. You threatened Bennett.

CRAVEN

How do you know?

JEDBURGH

Because I was told to kill you.

CRAVEN

You gonna kill me?

JEDBURGH

Well see--what I'm trying to tell you about my profession is that I wasn't told *in so many words* to kill you. You see, deniability is such a god to people because it's all you need. Like Love, in the old days. In a world where you have to be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, plausible deniability is your best friend. And it's very easy, Craven. Very easy. You can't connect me to the government. I'm just another swinging dick in the universe. But everybody being so shit scared about being connected to what I do means I can use my judgement.

CRAVEN

Could someone have used their own judgement to kill Emma.

JEDBURGH

No I think whoever did that is who I want to kill. Expose. Or mutilate unto the death by media. They're not really playing for Team USA.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

And I am. I really am. Have been
for years.

He drinks.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

Great city. Great city. Where it
all started. Granted, a charismatic
Virginian such as myself had to
come up and take over the army but
you people, you flounder-
fuckers...Jesus Christ. British had
80 percent casualties on Bunker
Hill, and you would have won the
war in one battle if you hadn't run
out of ammunition.

CRAVEN

I wasn't there.

JEDBURGH

Where you are is the bar at the
Ritz Carlton and this man behind
the bar wants to know if you're
drinkin'.

CRAVEN

Crown Royal and gingerale.

JEDBURGH winces.

JEDBURGH

We'll have a drink and then we'll
take a turn in the Public Gardens.

CRAVEN

I'm not walking into the dark with
you.

JEDBURGH

Wise man.

CRAVEN

If an employee were going to blow
the whistle on Northmoor, what
would they be blowing the whistle
about?

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

That's classified. You know the old Scott Fitzgerald thing, about an artist being a man who could hold two opposing ideas in his head and believe in them both simultaneously?

CRAVEN

Heard of it.

JEDBURGH

That's what I have to be.

CRAVEN

Why don't you just be what it's right to be?

JEDBURGH looks at the bar.

JEDBURGH

I'll take it under advisement.

(a beat)

You're right not to walk into the dark with me. A lot of people have, and haven't come out.

CRAVEN

I'll be fine with you letting me do what I'm doing for a while. You don't have to be on my side.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

CRAVEN has set up a WHITEBOARD. On it he has written:

WHISTLEBLOWING -- NOT POSSIBLE (NON-DISCLOSURE AGREEMENT).

SEES LAWYER -- NDA NO LOOPHOLES.

"POLITICIAN" (?) no use to her.

"NIGHTFLOWER" -- assists operation.

NIGHTFLOWER TEAM INTENTIONALLY EXPOSED TO RADIATION

EMMA EXPOSED -- WHEN & HOW.

CRAVEN stares at the WHITEBOARD. Then he scrubs it clean. He drinks coffee.

EXT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

He comes out, past a REPORTER who hustles out of her WCBV VAN, a cameraman who switches his light on.

REPORTER
Detective Craven...

CRAVEN keeps walking to his car.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
How do you feel about a suspect
being identified?

CRAVEN keeps walking. Then he stops and looks at the REPORTER. She is a gawky pretty bright girl, Emma's age, in uncomfortable shoes.

CRAVEN
You're here later than everybody
else. You here because you got a
lousy boss?

REPORTER, stunned, nods. She breaks role:

REPORTER
I'm so sorry for you. I'm sorry I
have to be here.

CRAVEN
It's ok, you take it easy, let me
have your business card.

She gives it to him.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Now you go home, honey, ok? It's
too late to be out here. I'll call
you.

He gets into his car.

EXT. NORTHAMPTON, A STREET OF MIDDLE CLASS HOUSES. MORNING

CRAVEN is waiting in his car. A lawyer, SANDERSON, all adams apple and bad suit (provincial finery about five years out of date) comes out of his house with a briefcase and a travel cup. He looks like a guy who dates, once, only other "professionals" that he finds online. CRAVEN watches him get into his car, a BMW. The BMW has a CLINTON 2008 sticker on it. As the BMW pulls out, CRAVEN follows.

INT. A BAR IN NORTHAMPTON. DAY

CRAVEN is eating a sandwich. Local (BOSTON) TV news is on. We see a picture of EMMA.

CRAVEN

Turn it up.

The BARTENDER does. We see the CHIEF in front of microphones.

CHIEF

We can safely say, to the best of our knowledge, that the suspect, Matt Almarenco, was responsible, yes, for the murder of Emma Craven and the attempted murder of Detective Thomas Craven.

CRAVEN stares, betrayed.

BARTENDER

That was some fucked up shit. The old man was a cop, and some dude was trying to kill the cop and dusted the daughter.

CRAVEN

Yeah?

BARTENDER

She lived out here. I think at one time she was fucking my friend Tony.

A click in CRAVEN's throat.

CRAVEN

Oh yeah? Where's Tony now?

A moment of real stoner fade out.

BARTENDER

Oh, he went to San Francisco in a band called Meat Whistle.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. DAY

CRAVEN at the back door, visible through glass, using his key. He comes in, with gun held down at his side, and sees:

A MAN'S LEGS stretched out. Good brown shoes.

*

*

*

*

CONTINUED:

He comes forward and sees: JEDBURGH leaned back at the kitchen table. His eyes closed. Not dead, not asleep, just "resting his eyes".

JEDBURGH
(without opening his eyes)
Paranoid yet, Craven?

CRAVEN says nothing: sits down with Jedburgh. Pistol laid on the table.

JEDBURGH now opens his eyes. He does not look all that well.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)
I used to be afraid of death. I used to conceal it pretty good, I admit. I have a certain savoir-faire. Or did. Savoir faire is like a scarf, or being very drunk. It looks better on a youth.

CRAVEN
Mind if I ask you what you do for a living?

A long beat.

JEDBURGH
Me? I'm the oversight committee.

CRAVEN
Who signs your checks?

JEDBURGH
That's classified. How you doing, Craven?

CRAVEN
That's classified.

JEDBURGH
You know how it is in the world, Craven Someone hurts you, and then somehow, in their minds, it's you that becomes the bad guy. If I owe you money and don't want to pay it I can convince myself that you don't deserve it. You noticed this, out in the world?

CRAVEN
(has been listening, but
non-sequitur)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I don't like you sitting in my
daughter's apartment...

JEDBURGH

What I am or used to be is an
appearance-artist. Make one thing
look like another thing...

CRAVEN holds the pistol on him.

CRAVEN

Like a murder?

JEDBURGH

I didn't do it. But if I had...I
would have looked through a
database for a man accused of
contract hits in the City of
Boston. I would then have
burglarized that man's apartment
and retrieved DNA material. Such as
hair. And killed him no more than
24 hours after the hit.

CRAVEN

Can you help me.

No answer from Jedburgh.

EXT. NORTHAMPTON COURTHOUSE. DAY

A huge brick gothic structure. CRAVEN in his car coat is
standing by the side door on Gothic Street. People are coming
out of the recessed court...criminals, debtors, witnesses,
cops, lawyers, and SANDERSON.

CRAVEN goes up to him.

CRAVEN

Mister Sanderson, I'm Detective
Thomas Craven, Boston Police
Department.

SANDERSON can't immediately figure out what to say.

SANDERSON

I know who you are... I'm sorry for
your troubles.

CRAVEN

Thank you. I understand my daughter
was your client.

CONTINUED:

SANDERSON

Yes. I mean, no. We had a consultation. She never formally became my client.

CRAVEN

She has a calendar on her phone. It said that you and she had dinner on the 18th of last month.

SANDERSON

I...asked her on a date.

CRAVEN

How'd it go?

SANDERSON

...Fine. Fine. She was a nice girl. Smart as a...Can I ask you what this is about?

CRAVEN

She came to your office, you couldn't help her with her NDA situation with Northmoor...

SANDERSON

...I can't talk about that...

CRAVEN

...I'm not asking you to talk about that...but then you asked her out to dinner the same day. Did you tell her you were going to try to help her further with her situation?

SANDERSON

Her situation...

CRAVEN

You're really nervous, Mister Sanderson.

SANDERSON

I...

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

You're about two seconds from telling me that this is inappropriate so let me say right off that I know you couldn't help her with her NDA, but you suggested that you could give it some further discussion, and then you had dinner.

This is all accurate: SANDERSON is in a state.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Now I think you had two agendas. One, you wanted to have sex with her. Hey. I'm not passing judgement. The second thing on your agenda is that you wanted to know more about what sort of potential breach she represented to Northmoor...

SANDERSON

...I have to get to a deposition in Springfield...

CRAVEN

...Which you also represent.

SANDERSON stares at him.

SANDERSON

This is...

CRAVEN

Let me add that you also organize Western Mass for Tim Pine who has put your name up before two different governors for district court judge. So, you started to say something.

SANDERSON

I don't have anything to say and you are out of your depth, and far from your jurisdiction.

CRAVEN watches him get into his car. CRAVEN bends down at the window.

CRAVEN

You never get Judge because of the rape charge.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You and the boys at Theta Chi, 1983. Now you listen to me. Unless you talk to me, I'm going to go to the Globe and the Herald, and lead with you. I'm going to tell them that my daughter went to you to talk to you about her ability to blow the whistle on Northmoor, and that you work for Northmoor and did not disclose it to her. And you'll be right in the middle of a story saying my daughter was the target, not me. That where you want to be?

SANDERSON

On what evidence would you say this?

CRAVEN

....I'll forge a fucking diary. I don't care. Getting you in trouble's good enough for me. Listen, asshole. This is not about police. Do you understand me. It's not about "police" and "arrest" and all that. This is about me knowing what I need to know. And the fact that you have to tell me.

SANDERSON starts his car.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I need to see the Senator.

SANDERSON

"See the Senator". Who the fuck do you think you are?

CRAVEN

I'm the guy who has nothing to lose and doesn't give a shit. You tell everybody that. Have a nice day.

SANDERSON sits for a moment. Then not looking at CRAVEN again he puts his car in gear and drives off.

EXT. NORTHAMPTON MAIN STREET. DAY

Punks, buskers, upscale shoppers. CRAVEN, aware of his tail, TWO GUYS IN SUITS, angles into THORNE'S MARKETPLACE

CUT TO:

INT. THORNES MARKETPLACE. CONTINUOUS

An old woodenfloored department store turned into a bazaar. CRAVEN moves through the throng and before anyone can catch up to him...

He gets into the ELEVATOR and punches a button.

EXT. THORNE'S MARKET. REAR. MOMENTS LATER

CRAVEN comes out of the lower floor of the building, hooks around a dumpster, and under an overpass leading to a parking garage. [It might be nice at this moment if it were twilight and snowing. And wouldn't Christmas be an advantage? Especially in a pretty little town.]

CRAVEN is going someplace. Fast.

EXT. A COUNTRY AIRPORT. TWILIGHT

A G4 is landed and BENNETT is waiting for whoever gets out of it. "Whoever" turns out to be...

MOORE. Call him a younger Jedburgh. Without the charm, class, or savoir vivre or conscience. But no one is a perfect villain: he probably has kids. He donates to his alumni charities. He comes forward and shakes hands with BENNETT.

MOORE

You mind if I get philosophical?

BENNETT

By all means.

MOORE

We're calling this a containment situation. But really the problem is that there are things uncontained and some of them will never go back in the box.

BENNETT realizes this.

MOORE (CONT'D)

You're worried about Craven-and wisely. But apart from Craven, three sets of parents have lost their kids. The dead have friends, lovers, relatives. One missing person leaves a billion loose ends. Estimated. Nightflower was hubristic. You don't think they announced their intentions?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MOORE (CONT'D)

And as for the deaths? They are paranoid anti-corporate freaks. You think that three of their people drowning is going to read as an accident?

BENNETT

It was an accident.

Another man gets out of the plane. MILLROY. Something is up with MILLROY being here. Something not good. MILLROY stands and waits for his luggage.

MOORE

Their bodies were recovered by a radiation team and disposed of. One of them was the only child of a Mum with multiple sclerosis...when she's on TV saying "the last I knew they were breaking into Northmoor"...do you know what I'm saying to you Bennett? Do you understand what you have done.

BENNETT

What's worse? Me doing it, if in fact anything has been done, or you covering it up. I'm just a private individual. What are you?

MOORE shuts up.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(serenely)

Whatever they say, there was no break-in. Northmoor has never had a security breach, Northmoor has never had an accident, and Northmoor does not make weapons, much less dirty bombs with jihadist fingerprints on them, and fuck you it's classified still works as far as I know.

(less serenely)

I'm not an idiot. Our best scenario may well be to enhance our position of deniability.

MOORE

I'm a student of appearances. I'm an analyst of appearances.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MOORE (CONT'D)

And if you're not completely fucked
I am not worth a penny I've ever
been paid. We have an advantage:
Nightflower is a pack of nuts. We
can spin that. But the cop is a
different matter.

BENNETT

There are difficulties with his
being a cop.

MOORE

He's like anybody else. He has to
be presented with a credible
scenario, and he has to buy
it...Perhaps pay him off...

BENNETT

You're coming to this late. I've
met him.

MOORE realizes that he may not be exactly where he should be
on the learning curve but

MOORE

Why does no one know that Emma
Craven was contaminated.

BENNETT

She was cremated. Checking for
radiation is not common in an
autopsy.

MOORE

How was she exposed?

BENNETT says nothing. MOORE looks at him.

BENNETT

Perhaps a protocol was expanded in
scope.

MOORE

I get it.

BENNETT

He's unhinged by grief. That's a
color in your paintbox.

MOORE

I'll decide what colors are in my
paintbox. Are you even here, Mister
Bennett? Are we even talking?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MOORE (CONT'D)

I'm at my house in Virginia. Where are you?

BENNETT

Not here.

MOORE

Anything happen while I was in the air?

BENNETT

He lost our observers.

MOORE

Does he know he has observers?

BENNETT

(hotly embarrassed)

I should speculate yes.

GUYS, definitely the HEAVY MOB, are removing gear bags from the luggage hold of the jet. MOORE dials his phone.

MOORE

(into phone)

I'm on the ground. Will advise.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. DAY

Something is wrong with Craven's living room. It's full of light and there's a LITTLE GIRL in it, sitting in a fall of light in bare legs and diaper and pink shirt, looking at a book, an adult book, She looks up, delighted.

TODDLER EMMA

Look Dada. So many A B Cs.

Slam to BLACK.

INT. CRAVEN'S CAR. TWILIGHT

He comes to consciousness with a an explosion of breath, tears on his face, and clears his throat, and turns the key. He gets the car in gear, and he drives, watching for a tail. We stay in the car as he turns onto Pearl Street, and then in front of The Tunnel a head-scarfed young woman in a long coat steps out of the recess beneath the train station and he reaches over and unlocks the door.

MELISSA gets in.

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

I want to go to her apartment. I want to see her things.

CRAVEN

That's not a very good idea. There's a problem with her apartment.

MELISSA

It's so fucking...I'm sorry...I am so scared...

She loses it.

CRAVEN

Look, I'd take you for a coffee, I'd take you for something to eat, but we have to just talk. I'd like to ask you things about her....maybe personal things I never knew...but we don't have time for that, we have to...

He stops the car. MELISSA has lunged and hugged him. He holds her, tears leaking.

MELISSA

I'm so sorry.

CRAVEN

I know...I know...Look, I can't take this, ok? Just talk to me.

MELISSA stares at him. Maybe a plain girl. Eyes red of course.

MELISSA

I introduced her to them.

CRAVEN

Introduced her to who, honey.

MELISSA

Nightflower. Fuck, you know? Fuck. Corporations this corporations that. Those people. How the fuck was I supposed to know...

CRAVEN

That they'd run into what they only fantasized about.

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

Yeah. They were just crusading jerkoffs. It was evil corporation this and evil corporation that but they never expected...

(suddenly together)

You know what Emma said.

Craven's look: no, what did Emma say.

CRAVEN'S POV:

EMMA, in a winter coat, a scarf, is walking down Pearl Street, looking in the windows of shops. Hip happy girl out for a walk in her town.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

She said what it was all about, was where academia blended into corporate and corporate blended into the government, and it was a world which didn't really know what it was any more...and it did just not give a fuck...it just did not...give a fuck...She said you give some academic dork a corporate job and a jet he's bad enough but if you give him a security apparatus and he's worse than anything that ever crawled on the earth. Bennett's the motherfucker. It's Bennett. That's all she wanted to say first. That he was insane. She realized he was completely fucking insane...

CRAVEN

OK, listen, whether the guy is this that or whatever, what do they do at Northmoor? Why did Emma go to Nightflower.

MELISSA

Because she couldn't go to the papers because of her contract and the senator wouldn't help and you are NOT hearing this from me. I run a luggage store! I have a three-year old!

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

I am not hearing it from you. What did Northmoor do that Emma wanted to expose.

MELISSA

They came to my house, these guys in black suits, asking about Emma, and I lied my ass off.

CRAVEN

Honey, concentrate. What did Northmoor do that Emma wanted to expose. Tell me. I'll let you out of here you can go back to your baby, I never saw you at all.

MELISSA

I have to tell you something else first.

CRAVEN

What is it.

MELISSA

They poisoned her. They poisoned her with cesium. She said she was going to die but she had to go see you.

(a beat)

She said it was in the milk in her fridge.

CRAVEN takes this on board.

CRAVEN

You know, I like this town, you know, when she moved out here she said it was like moving to Paris in the Twenties...because...you know...we have a very traditional home...Maybe not what she wanted out of life...

He loses it.

INSIDE THE FRIDGE

The door opens, and the light comes up on the GLASS MILK CONTAINER. And CRAVEN is partially revealed as he

Lays the DOSIMETER close to the MILK CONTAINER. The glass part gives a weak signal.

CONTINUED:

But when he moves the dosimeter up to the paper cap (that reads SAFE AS MILK), the reading oes through the roof.

We do not see Craven's face.

He closes the door and we go to

BLACK.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT

BENNETT is riding with MILLROY and MOORE. Silently. Other cars behind them.

MOORE

OK, I don't need to know every detail of this fuckup...

BENNETT takes it.

MOORE (CONT'D)

But I need to know something about the properties of the substance you gave Emma Craven.

MOORE (CONT'D)

I would rather not discuss it in those terms.

MOORE fumes.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Is it something she could have encountered in her work...

BENNETT

Any exposure, if there were an exposure, would be consistent with a documentable procedural failure on her part.

MOORE

Is it something that could have remained in her effects and been transferred to her father, without much collateral contamination.

BENNETT

Yes it is.

MILLROY sits, light washing over him.

CONTINUED:

MOORE

We'd be further along in this if
Jedburgh hadn't disappeared. Any
news of him?

MILLROY looks up from his BLACKBERRY.

MILLROY

None.

MOORE

If Northmoor were a Defense R&D
operation, what's the situation in
the opinion of you, not of your
department, if Craven opens his
mouth?

*
*
*
*
*

MILLROY

It's unsurviveable.

*
*

OMITTED

INT. A DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

A VERY BRIGHT LIGHT. We see a DOCTOR behind it, looking into
Jedburgh's eye.

JEDBURGH

Do you see a soul in there?

DOCTOR

I beg your pardon?

No answer from Jedburgh.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You can put your shirt on.

JEDBURG

(buttoning his shirt)

As a class I've found that doctors
have no sense of humor. Plus they
think that a narrow technical
education in a service profession
is a mark of intellectual
superiority. You get it in a form
from dentists as well, which I've
always found *truly* puzzling.

DOCTOR

As we discussed yesterday, there
will be some erratic behavior,
erratic ideation. Ideation...

CONTINUED:

JEDBURG

I know what ideation means.

DOCTOR looks at him. Jedburgh looks out the window at the Boston skyline.

JEDBURG (CONT'D)

I have to say that if you're going to get sick, Boston's not a bad place to do it.

Looks at doctor.

JEDBURG (CONT'D)

I've had some aural hallucinations. My father's voice calling my name just as I start to sleep. I come awake. I'm not sleeping. Every time I start to sleep I jolt awake. There's something about the darkness...that I don't like.

DOCTOR

I'm not a counselor...

JEDBURGH grins at him, finishing buttoning his shirt.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I know you want to banter with me. I don't do that. I can only give you the facts.

JEDBURGH

Everybody knows the facts. We live, we die, in most cases horribly and much sooner than we would wish. And when we do we think about what we've done and what we didn't do. Doctors too. I admire what you do. I know if I were operable you'd be in there like a kid after ice cream. The way you do it could use some work.

(a beat)

All I'll need is pain pills. Give me a lot of them. I won't be back.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE CORRIDOR. NIGHT

INT. CRAVEN'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

CRAVEN is shaving. Just getting it done. His phone, plugged in in the bathroom, rings, showing:

CONTINUED:

DETAIL:

"OFFICE"

CRAVEN keeps shaving.

Another ring: caller ID reads

DETAIL: "COMMONWEALTH OF MASS". He looks like he might answer that one.

CUT TO:

A LAKE IN THE BERKSHIRES. ABOVE THE LAKE, A MODERN HOUSE, ALL REDWOOD AND GLASS.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF TIM PINE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN stands with his arms out being searched. He has already handed over his pistol.

STATE TROOPER

Standard procedure with the senator.

CRAVEN

I get it.

STATE TROOPER

You know you didn't really let the side stand with you. You got a lot of brothers out there.

CRAVEN

I know. But I like a private funeral.

STATE TROOPER

The Senator gets in his moods. He's not too good today.

CRAVEN

I'm not too good either.

INT. SENATOR PINE'S KITCHEN. DAY

TIM PINE, in a fairly goofy dressing gown, is failing to make a tuna fish sandwich. CRAVEN stands looking at him, coat still on. TIM PINE licks mayo off his thumb.

TIM PINE

It's always a pleasure to meet another combat veteran.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TIM PINE (CONT'D)

You left as a Master Sergeant of a heavy weapons platoon.

CRAVEN

Yes sir, I did.

TIM PINE

How'd you do that at twenty?

CRAVEN

Everybody else was dead.

TIM PINE

Did you have trouble adjusting when you came home?

CRAVEN

No.

TIM PINE

Really.

CRAVEN

I know a lot of people say things about trauma and so forth but pretty much you come out of combat the way you come in. I know that's not a very kind thing to say but it's my own observation.

Senator Pine has a facial tic. Ignoring this:

TIM PINE

What is the nature of our appointment, Detective Craven?

CRAVEN

I'm gonna ask you to tell me that.

TIM PINE

Please sit.

CRAVEN does.

TIM PINE (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to tell you what you want to see me about?

CRAVEN

You're seeing me less than forty eight hours after I spoke to your attorney.

*

CONTINUED:

TIM PINE

Your daughter did come to me with allegations about Northmoor. She sent me a letter.

CRAVEN

What did that letter contain?

TIM PINE

It touched on National Security matters that are classified.

CRAVEN

What happened to that letter?

TIM PINE

That's also classified. But protocol would be to turn it over to the committee which does oversight on the area your daughter's letter touched upon.

CRAVEN

Prompting an investigation of my daughter? And myself?

TIM PINE

I'm not involved in security aspects. I did write to your daughter advising her that she might be in breach of security.

CRAVEN

So you didn't help her.

TIM PINE

I am very glad to see you, Detective, as both a veteran and as a police officer of your many years of service, but I have to tell you that your daughter, and we have to say this despite her terrible accident, was in violation of...almost everything of which she could be in violation.

CRAVEN

What did she allege?

CONTINUED:

TIM PINE

That's classified. You know, Detective, a very important part of the Massachusetts economy is research and development, whether it's biotechnology or military technology. We have unusual capability, people like your daughter coming out of MIT and so forth, you might say we're the brain of the United States...

CRAVEN

Senator?

The Senator has mayonaise on his face.

TIM PINE

Yes?

CRAVEN

If you can't help me I have things to do.

TIM PINE

Things like what.

CRAVEN

I think you're in a position, Senator, as regards Northmoor, where you had better decide whether you're hanging on the crucifix or banging the nails.

*

TIM PINE: blinking. Facial tics.

CRAVEN lays out photographs of the drowned nightflower people and a horrible in situ photograph, the first one we have seen, of the murdered Emma.

TIM PINE

Why do you include your daughter?

CRAVEN

These deaths are the result of a conspiracy by one of your major campaign contributors.

TIM PINE

Why do you include your daughter.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN

Because Bennett poisoned her with cesium. Possibly partially as a result of your handing her letter to your oversight committee. But the radiation poisoning wasn't happening fast enough. She made it home. And she was shot on my front porch. With both barrels of a shotgun.

TIM PINE

By someone after you.

CRAVEN shakes his head "no".

CRAVEN

It may not connect. I know the sort of people I'm after. But I can make it connect as much as I need to. I think I'm scaring you Senator, and there's probably no real upside to scaring a Senator, so I'm gonna go, and I'm gonna leave you these pictures. And I want you to get on the phone, and tell everybody concerned that I know what I have to know to throw a real box of tarantulas into your situation.

(as the SENATOR starts to prevaricate)

I'm not going to talk shit with you. I'm not being talked down. You investigate this at the national level and you may come out of it, I don't know. You're head of the oversight committee and you're also in bed with the people you're supposed to be overseeing. I believe you don't know that the people you're in business with killed my daughter. But now that you know it, what are you going to do?

TIM PINE puts his sandwich down.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Senator.

EXT. SUGARLOAF. TWILIGHT

The facility stands on its hill. Security lights come on.

EXT. A REST AREA ON THE MASS PIKE. NIGHT

CRAVEN, in his car is choking down a hamburger. He glances into his rearview mirror and sees a BLACK SUV behind him. He puts his car into gear.

EMMA'S VOICE
You're just a donkey from
Roslindale.

CRAVEN
I know that honey.

EMMA'S VOICE
You're all alone.

CRAVEN
I know that, too.

EMMA'S VOICE
The next thing they'll do is
connect you to Danny's death.

CRAVEN
I know that.

THE SUV is following as slowly as CRAVEN is moving.

EMMA'S VOICE
What are you doing now?

CRAVEN
I need to take them into my
jurisdiction, honey.

EXT. BOSTON. NIGHT

THE CITY OF BOSTON, lighted skyscrapers, stands above the Charles River.

INT/EXT. STORROW DRIVE. NIGHT

CRAVEN drives along, watching the SUV following him.

CRAVEN exits to the Back Bay.

EXT. ARLINGTON STREET. NIGHT

CRAVEN stops at the first light. The SUV pulls right up behind him. CRAVEN puts the gears into reverse and---

SLAMS backwards into the SUV, blowing plastic and glass all over the road.

CONTINUED:

He claps on his blue lights and gets out of the car with pistol drawn. Aiming at the blacked out driver's windows:

CRAVEN

Get out of the fucking vehicle.

A WINDOW ROLLS down. We see the guys from the previous scenes.

AGENT 1

What do you think you just did.

CRAVEN

I didn't do anything. You just rear ended an unmarked cruiser and I made an observation that you are armed.

AGENT 1

Through smoked glass and our coats?

CRAVEN

Yeah I'm funny that way. Get out of the vehicle. Or you're gonna make a move right now for the inside of your jacket. Do you understand me.

AGENT 1

Get out of the car.

CRAVEN

Get out of the car and put your hands on the hood.

SIRENS: at least two cruisers are whipping up to the scene. BPD, seeing craven holding a gun in one hand and his badge in the other, also draw their weapons. The SECURITY OFFICERS have their palms on the hood of the car.

WATCH SERGEANT

What is it Tommy?

CRAVEN

These guys are armed, they're following me, they just rear-ended my car.

COPS take charge of the security officers, finding sidearms and collapsible batons.

CRAVEN looks at a WALLET. Then another.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You're not law enforcement. Imagine that. What are you?

AGENT 1

You don't think this will get straightened out?

CRAVEN grins. He puts his pistol away.

CRAVEN

Not for a while!

A COP searching the SUV:

COP SEARCHING THE SUV

We got automatic weapons in here!
We got automatic weapons!

COPS immediately pigpile the SECURITY OFFICERS.

COP SEARCHING THE SUV (CONT'D)

We also got a shotgun, detective,
double-barrelled sawed off and a
pump.

CRAVEN

Don't touch anything. It's going to
ballistics.

AGENT 1

(now sitting cuffed on the
curb beside his buddy)
You have just made a serious
mistake.

CRAVEN crouches and looks at him.

CRAVEN

Did you kill my daughter?

The AGENT says nothing.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You know, I'm supposedly the target
of a killer and you decide to
follow me, armed, with no
credentials, into the City of
Boston? Welcome to hell.

TV IMAGE

A NEWSCASTER IS MID-STORY.

NEWSCASTER

The men, identified as Robert G Down of Dover, Maryland, and Thomas Hannaham of the District of Columbia, have provided no explanation as to why they were armed with automatic weapons.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

JEDBURGH, in his hotel room. He has lined pills on the little table in front of him and is washing them down with cognac from the mini bar. JEDBURGH doesn't look so good. He rubs his right temple. But as a picture of CRAVEN appears on the TV he smiles.

INT. NORTHMOOR FACILITY CONFERENCE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

MOORE is staring at the TV images, calculating, fast.

MOORE

We need to abort. We need to abort right now.

BENNETT

It's too late.

ECU

CRAVEN'S TOOTHBRUSH, sticking out of a glass.

WATER is running. CRAVEN washes his face in his bathroom sink.

He glances aside and sees TODDLER EMMA standing on a box brushing her teeth.

CRAVEN

That's good, honey. Good girl.

He reaches for his own toothbrush. He puts paste on it. He puts it into his mouth, and brushes his teeth. Not usually a fatal act. But this one is.

INT. NORTHMOOR CONFERENCE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

MOORE puts down a phone, staring. There are pictures of the two NORTHMOOR SECURITY GUYS on the TV. Then a picture of CRAVEN.

CONTINUED:

MOORE

We need everybody in a room, and we need it immediately.

MILLROY looks up from his Blackberry.

MILLROY

I've got Jedburgh.

MOORE

Tell him to come in. I don't care where he's been. We need him.

INT. CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

CRAVEN is sitting on Emma's bed. Just sitting. As if waiting for her to come. But she doesn't. CRAVEN hears a knock on the door, downstairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CRAVEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT

CRAVEN, with pistol ready, unlocks the door and swings it open, revealing not JEDBURGH but WHITEHOUSE.

WHITEHOUSE

Can I come in, Tom?

CRAVEN nods, WHITEHOUSE enters.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

You all right?

CRAVEN nods.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

Let's go sit down, Tommy.

They go into the kitchen. CRAVEN notices that the ends of the asparagus that Emma chopped are still on the floor. He looks at WHITEHOUSE.

WHITEHOUSE (CONT'D)

Do you remember when the trooper out at the airport busted Whitey, and he got demoted and transferred. Well, he knew what was going on but he couldn't prove it and nobody wanted to know about it, and finally he shot himself. You remember that?

CRAVEN

I do.

CONTINUED:

WHITEHOUSE

I don't think you'd ever shoot yourself. But what's coming is worse than that.

CRAVEN

I don't care.

WHITEHOUSE

It isn't what it is Tommy. It is never what it is. It is what it can be made to look like. There's a DA in Hampshire County gonna charge you with the death of your daughter's boyfriend. He don't have a case. That doesn't matter. It'll be five years of people thinking you did it. You'll go broke, you'll lose the house, they'll go after your pension. If you win the case there'll be a civil suit at which point you won't be able to afford a lawyer.

CRAVEN

So what are they offering?

WHITEHOUSE

What did you say to me, Tommy?

CRAVEN suddenly vomits. It's come on him suddenly and he reacts in wonder. He goes to the sink. He washes his face. He is gray, suddenly gray.

CRAVEN

I asked you what they're offering.
For me to go away.

WHITEHOUSE sits.

WHITEHOUSE

I got kids Tommy.

CRAVEN

I don't.

WHITEHOUSE

And even if you did, right? Even if you did?

CRAVEN washes his face vigorously and runs water with his fingers back through his hair.

CONTINUED:

As he goes to turn the tap off he sees that hair has come away from his scalp. He looks at the hair that has come away in his fingers: and knows.

CRAVEN
...Even if I did.

A long beat as CRAVEN registers what has happened to him. He fastidiously washes hair from his fingers and turns off the tap.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Nobody expects you to be perfect,
Whitehouse, but there are just
basics you gotta get right. Do the
best you can by your family, go to
work every day, speak your mind,
never hurt anyone who doesn't
deserve it, and don't take anything
from the bad guys. That's all. It's
not much to ask.

WHITEHOUSE gives up.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
You tell them that I'm still
coming. Is what you tell them.

WHITEHOUSE draws his PISTOL and holds it on CRAVEN. CRAVEN looks at him. WHITEHOUSE opens the back door and

THE SECURITY GUYS come in.

AGENT 1
Hello Craven.

CRAVEN looks at WHITEHOUSE: Judas. WHITEHOUSE in shame rushes for the front door.

And as CRAVEN calculates and then moves for the CAKE COVER the AGENT hits CRAVEN with a sap.

BLACK

ON SOUND: A HUM. VIBRATIONS. TRAFFIC HOWLS.

FADE UP TO REVEAL: CRAVEN lying in the back of an ambulance. A guy in a RAD SUIT with an exposure badge on it sits with him. Looking at craven though a blacked out face screen. CRAVEN has his mouth taped over. His hands are bound with nylon cuffs. His ankles are duct-taped together. His EYES swerve around. CRAVEN apart from having been sapped does not look well.

CONTINUED:

He vomits into his taped mouth and vomit comes out his nose. The attendant in the RAD SUIT quickly removes the tape, and turns CRAVEN onto his side so that he can vomit freely.

CRAVEN

Where are you taking me?

No answer from the BLACK FACE MASK.

CRAVEN lies still, regulating his breathing, gathering his strength...

But the BLACK FACE MASK leans forward with a SYRINGE.

EXT. NORTHMOOR SUGARLOAF FACILITY. NIGHT

THE VAN pulls up at the SECURITY GATE. CRAVEN, unconscious, is stretchered out of the back.

INT. A ROOM. LATER

The room is fluorescent-lit. CRAVEN lies on a gurney-type bed with both hands cuffed to the frame.

EMMA'S VOICE

Dad.

CRAVEN'S eyes flutter.

EMMA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Dad!

CRAVEN wakes up. He takes stock. Sick as hell. Cuffs tight. No exit. He is not observed. No cameras. No windows. He feels the side frames of the bed. Not that bad. Bolts come through with nuts on them in dimples of the steel. CRAVEN tries to turn a nut with his fingers. He tries again..his finger-ends split and bleed. He keeps at it. It's no good. He rips his arm through the air and jolts the frame. He doesn't care if his wrist breaks, or bleeds. He keeps at it. Wham, wham, wham. Blood sprays from his wrist. Wham wham wham. The door opens just as...

THE RAIL comes away from the side of the bed. CRAVEN takes the rail section and with a backhand swing ...

BREAKS the BLACK FACE MASK. CRAVEN gets off the bed, drags it. The BLACK FACE MASK is heading towards the door. CRAVEN kicks at him impotently, dragging the bed behind him, but then in a frenzy, in one of those moments when a Mom can pick up an SUV, PICKS UP THE ENTIRE GURNEY and smashes it down on the guy. The gurney collapses. Using his foot CRAVEN smashes apart the other rail. CRAVEN takes a section of rail.

CONTINUED:

He is still cuffed. He rips the gurney off the BLACK face mask and going through his pockets finds...

KEYS.

CRAVEN

Have a nice day.

He rams the section of pipe into the hole in the FACE MASK and blood squirts up into his face.

INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE ANTEROOM. LATER

BENNETT'S ASSISTANT is sitting at her desk, doing a schedule. She looks up to see:

CRAVEN, barefoot, his wrists bleeding, blood spattered on him.

CRAVEN

I don't have an appointment.

BENNETT'S ASSISTANT

He isn't here.

CRAVEN

I need your car keys.

A DOCTOR stands in the door.

DOCTOR

Do you know why you're here? You're *sick*. They brought you here because you're *sick*. You were exposed by Emma. We have facilities. This is a national security situation. You are here to be *helped*.

CRAVEN

Then call the police.

The DOCTOR doesn't move.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Then Call. The fucking. Police.

The DOCTOR stares at him in terror.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

No, you guys, you don't call the police. Well. I AM the fucking police.

CONTINUED:

He steps closer to the DOCTOR. The DOCTOR steps back.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
And what I do is this.

He handcuffs the DOCTOR.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Do you want me to call? Or do you
let me walk out of here.

DOCTOR
You have maybe two days to live.
You'll be incapacitated before
that.

CRAVEN
Then I better get going.

He smashes the DOCTOR with a lamp. He turns to the terrified
secretary.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
I'm a cop. And let me tell you
something about cops. If a anyone
hits a cop with the paper off a
drinking straw the guy goes down
under one of those nice big reality
TV pig-piles with ruptured kidneys.
And whatever you have to explain
later *just won't be good enough*. If
you let me out of here, nothing
happens. If you pick up that phone,
you go to jail. You're going to
tell me where Bennett is.

We understand that the SECRETARY probably will.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
Give me your car keys. And walk me
out of here.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE. SUGARLOAF. NIGHT

CRAVEN, avoiding the road, gray-faced, smashes down through
the undergrowth, staggering and falling down the steep wooded
hill.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT BELOW SUGARLOAF. NIGHT

CRAVEN emerges from the treeline and works a keyfob door
opener, looking for the car it might open. Lights come on in
a sedan.

CONTINUED:

He vomits, leaning over in the parking lot. Then he drags himself into the lighted car.

LATER

A TRANSPONDER causes the gate to rise. CRAVEN drives out past the lighted security booth. The GUARD waves vaguely, reading his newspaper.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

CRAVEN has of course cleaned it up previously. But the fingerprint dust is still everywhere. CRAVEN runs water in the sink, washes his cut wrists with squirts of dish soap. He is not well, not well at all.

HE opens the fridge. He takes out the QUART OF MILK. He looks at it.

INT. CRAVEN'S KITCHEN. DAWN

Dawn light is coming in through the windows and onto the CAKE COVER.

CRAVEN is in his bathroom. He has combed his hair and some of it has fallen out. He wears his white mac. He has drunk pink bismuth liquid. But nothing can disguise that he is very ill. Barely functional.

CRAVEN
I want to lie down.

Listens. Empty air.

CRAVEN (CONT'D)
No, not yet.

INT. CRAVEN'S KITCHEN. LATER

He takes the lid off the cake plate.

EXT. GLOUCESTER HARBOR FROM NILES BEACH. MORNING

The glittering harbor. Fishing boats going in and out.

INT. CRAVEN'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

CRAVEN is asleep in the car. Two threads of blood have run from his nose.

He wakes up with difficulty. But he wakes up. He puts the car into gear.

EXT. A TUDOR MANSION ON EASTERN POINT. DAY

The house is set against the sea. We see BENNETT'S CAR, and a black SUV. Standing beside the SUV on the gravel is AGENT 2, lighting a cigarette, looking at the screen of his BLACKBERRY. He looks up to see:

CRAVEN walking through the front gate. Craven can barely walk straight. Something bulges in his pocket: the MILK.

Before AGENT 2 can react:

CRAVEN raises the pistol and executes him and keeps walking.

INT. THE HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

AGENT 1 comes out of a bedroom, alerted by the gunshot. He has his radio.

AGENT 1

Derek?

Glass breaks downstairs. BENNETT looks out from a bedroom down the hall, wearing a dressing gown. AGENT 1 holds up a palm and descends the stairs.

He sees:

CRAVEN standing in the front hall, aiming at him. He lowers his own pistol.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

You're all fucked up, Craven.
You're all done. Sit down. Lie
down. Be dead.

CRAVEN shoots him in the leg. AGENT 1 falls swearing down the stairs.

CRAVEN comes forward, kicks the gun away, and puts his foot on Agent 1's throat.

CRAVEN looks at him curiously.

CRAVEN

Say "Craven".

AGENT 1

Fuck you.

CRAVEN

Say my name.

CONTINUED:

More BLOOD runs from CRAVEN's nose.

AGENT 1

"Craven."

CRAVEN

Louder.

He levels the piece.

AGENT 1

Craven!

And we've heard it before, that voice, the instant before Emma was killed.

CRAVEN puts his head to one side.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

CRAVEN!

Craven looks marveling at the man who killed his daughter.

A pop.

*

CRAVEN is shot through the body by a small caliber handgun. He turns, wobbling, and sees BENNETT, holding a handgun. (Bennett has come down the kitchen staircase). CRAVEN returns fire, one shot, and BENNETT falls wounded in the hand. His PISTOL lies nearby. CRAVEN looks down again at AGENT 1.

*

CRAVEN

*

This isn't about my pain... I
wouldn't cross the street for it.
This isn't about what I lost.

AGENT 1

*

(and it's the very voice
we heard in the split
second before Emma was
shot)

Craven!

CRAVEN pulls the trigger until the gun is almost empty. Blood
splashes up on him.

*

CRAVEN

I'm sorry you had to see that,
honey.

He is talking to air: no Emma.

CONTINUED:

He looks at the dead man interestedly. Then he walks towards BENNETT, taking out the MILK. He kicks away Bennett's PISTOL. CRAVEN POURS the rotted, poisoned milk down BENNETT'S THROAT.

BENNETT gags, scrambles. He looks wildly around. CRAVEN, not well, not well at all, sits down on the edge of a chair.

BENNETT runs into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

BENNETT tears through a medicine cabinet and finds:

*

IODINE TABLETS.

CRAVEN, appearing. snatches them out of his hand.

CRAVEN snatches them out of his hand.

CRAVEN

These work?

BENNETT says nothing. CRAVEN dumps the PILLS down the toilet. He looks at himself in the mirror. BENNETT flees. He picks up a COMB. He combs his falling-out hair. Looks at the bunch in the comb. Craven could give a shit. He follows BENNETT.

BENNETT plunges out of the bathroom. CRAVEN follows him, through the house, taking out his pistol as he walks.

*

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

BENNETT vomits and grabs at the phone on the counter.

*

CRAVEN

Put it down.

BENNETT dials 9.

CRAVEN fires the last shot in his handgun. He has hit Bennett in the throat, a terrible wound. BENNETT's airways are destroyed. He falls to his knees. Elbows out. A JFK scrabbling at his throat.

*

CRAVEN (CONT'D)

All you need to know is that you deserve this. You don't have any doubt, deep down, that you deserve this.

BENNETT shakes his head.

CONTINUED:

CRAVEN grabs his head. He pinches BENNETT'S nose and covers his mouth. BENNETT, wild-eyed, kicks and struggles but between the wound and the suffocation he dies fairly quickly. CRAVEN, himself dying, bearing down on him. *

EXT. A BEACH. THE PAST (MOS)

TODDLER EMMA is digging, her pink hat on, tied under her chin. She looks up at the camera solemnly.

ON SOUND: THE SEA

EXT. THE COAST AT EASTERN POINT. DAY

CRAVEN has walked down the lawn to the ocean's edge. He staggers a bit. He goes down to a flat area on the rocks to a tidal pool and lies down. He looks into the clear water, waving seaweed. He reaches and pulls up a tiny CRAB.

CRAVEN
Look at that one.

He puts the crab back and rolls onto his back. View from above, his arms flexed back, the gun still in his right hand. Then sun on his face.

With effort he gets up. He walks back towards the house. *

EXT. BENNETT'S CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY. DAY

AGENT TWO is now moving, crawling across the gravel towards a CELL PHONE. *

He looks up and sees:

CRAVEN, silhouetted against the sun. CRAVEN fires.

The security man's shattered head bounces on the driveway.

CRAVEN gets into his car. He sits, thinking. Then he pitches sideways in his seat. SIRENS off. Then POLICE CARS on the gravel, and cops at the windows of Craven's car.

INT. THE LAKE HOUSE. NIGHT

THE SENATOR, MILLROY, MOORE...and that's who we see for now, gathered around the polished dining room table under the rafters. This is a war conference. A spin conference.

CONTINUED:

MOORE

We've got a cop of almost thirty years spotless service, and there's not one person not on our side who could account for his instability without lying. who has executed the director of a nuclear research facility at which his daughter was employed. OK... Ideas.

JEDBURGH

Your scenario is this. He was poisoned accidentally by his own daughter. But he blamed Bennett.

MOORE

How do we know that?

JEDBURGH

...Testimony of an altercation at Northmoor when he was there. Testimony from the Senator...

SENATOR

I can easily testify that I found him unstable...he came to my house...

JEDBURGH

That's right. He made wild allegations. And you're lucky to be alive.

SENATOR

True. My people can draft a statement...

JEDBURGH

Now the real story is "Senator Escapes Assassination."

MOORE is glad that Jedburgh is here.

MOORE

That's right! That's the lead story. It will wipe the rest of it right out of the newspapers...

JEDBURGH

Anyone looking into the rest of this is going to know that *something* happened, but no one is going to be able to figure it out.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

That's your objective. That it's so convoluted that everyone can have theories and no one has a fact that isn't contradicted by another.

SENATOR

That's quite good, Jedburgh.

JEDBURGH

Senator, I've been making things unintelligible for thirty years.

(a beat)

And by the way it's Colonel Jedburgh. To you.

(a beat, as PINE flinches)

What's the prognosis on Craven?

MILLROY

He's terminal.

JEDBURGH sits.

JEDBURGH

So... let me suggest that you've been blowing smoke up my ass as well. You weren't really attempting to treat him at the Northmoor facility. You just didn't want it known that he was exposed to radiation. Because it was a link.

MOORE looks at MILLROY who looks at MOORE.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

You would have let him die chained to the bed and then disposed of the body.

MILLROY

A plan almost worthy of you I should think.

JEDBURGH, not liking what this says about him, lays out his pills. One two three. He takes out his FLASK. Then he doesn't take the pills. He puts them away into the bottle. One, two, three. MILLROY looks significantly at Moore.

SENATOR

I understand you had a chance to terminate Detective Craven and did not do so.

JEDBURGH looks at him.

CONTINUED:

JEDBURGH

Well. That's a difficult issue.

(a beat)

Let me explain something to you gentlemen. I don't get orders. I get suggestions. I don't exist. It's up to me who I take into the dark. As I once said to Craven... We were drinking. He wasn't much fun, you see, something had happened to his daughter.

(a beat)

Now I'm a Romantic man...

MOORE

Jedburgh, we've got to get the senator out to the press.

JEDBURGH

...and I would like to think that what I have spent my life on is the fight between good and evil.

MILLROY

Are you feeling quite well.

SENATOR

We wouldn't be in this situation I think we all agree, if Craven had been neutralized.

JEDBURGH

I don't think you're aware of the side of the situation you're on.

He stands up and before we even see that he has a gun he shoots MILLROY and MOORE, both directly in the forehead.

SENATOR

I'm a United States Senator.

JEDBURGH

By what standard?

JEDBURGH FIRES. The door bangs open; the YOUNG TROOPER who was nice to Craven stands there with gun drawn--but Jedburgh has the drop on him.

JEDBURGH (CONT'D)

You got family, son?

The TROOPER nods. JEDBURGH holds his gun aside, like a gentleman refusing fire in a duel, and the TROOPER fires.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CRAVEN lies in the room. A shadow falls across his face. EMMA AT FOURTEEN has bent down and is whispering in his ear. He nods, emaciated, hair gone, listening. Nods, nods, nods. Yes I understand. Yes I understand.

ANOTHER angle on the bed.

CRAVEN is listing to nothing and nodding to no one. Yes I understand. Yes.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY

Craven's police colleagues (with the exception of WHITEHOUSE) maintain a silent vigil outside his room.

CRAVEN emerges from the room. He is dressed. He still has his hair. He sees Ross. He sees Jones. But no one seems to notice him as he walks past and moves through the busy hospital corridor.

Ahead of him skips TODDLER EMMA. Barefoot, prancing in a diaper and unsnapped pink babyshirt. He follows.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL. MOMENTS LATER

Craven emerges from the hospital. He wears his whitish coat, his big shoes. A car is waiting. His old car. The Yellow Valiant.

INT. CAR. MOMENTS LATER

CRAVEN gets into the car. He looks across to the passenger seat. Emma is there. She is the age she was at the time of her death, for the first time in these hallucinations. She smiles. He smiles back at her, with a hint of worry, of pain. *This is encouraging: I can see Emma: but still it is death.*

CRAVEN (fuck it if it's real or not: he's got his wheels) starts the engine.

He pulls the car out and they drive.

INT/EXT. JAMAICAWAY. LATER (MUSIC)

Craven's car travels down the highway. There's something high technicolor about the grain in the road. He shifts the three on the tree. He looks uncertain.

His car heads home around the rotary and disappears. After a beat, REGULAR TRAFFIC (AND LIFE) resume.

*

CONTINUED:

BLACK