

**"Kidnapped"**  
**By**  
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KIDNAPPED

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON - LEOPOLD CAIN'S FACE - UNDERWATER

LEOPOLD CAIN (15) lies face down in a rooftop swimming pool, same pose as William Holden in Sunset Boulevard, except this is a rooftop on the Upper East Side of New York. The boy lies perfectly still, all five feet six inches of him. Rain begins to fall. It's morning.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK EAST, NEW YORK - 6:59 AM

Sheets of rain hit the sidewalk. Doormen take cover beneath awnings; all except for the doorman at the San Remo: he just waits by the curb, beneath an umbrella. He checks his watch.

7:00 AM: a black Suburban pulls to the curb. The passenger door opens, and a GIANT BLACK MAN issues onto the sidewalk. Javier shields him with his umbrella.

JAVIER  
Morning, Virgil.

The mountain known as VIRGIL (40) nods.

INT. LOBBY OF THE SAN REMO - SECONDS LATER

Chandeliered, marbled, oaked, and gilded. An OLD DESKMAN sits at reception, reading the paper. The clock on the wall reads 7:00:10. Lobby doors open. Wind whistles through the lobby.

DESKMAN  
(w/o looking up)  
Mornin', Virgil.

Virgil walks past reception. Nods.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LOBBY, the elevator doors open. SAM the elevator man stands in the elevator, checks his watch.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Maple panels. Embroidered bench. Worth a whistle.

SAM  
Hey, Virgil.

Virgil nods, steps onto the lift. Elevator doors begin to close.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

DING. THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN ON:

INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - SAME

Marble, oak, original works of art, an elaborate arrangement of flowers on an antique bureau. Virgil's about to step off the elevator.

SAM

Yo Verge, you know they get those flowers delivered every week? New crystal vase and all? I once asked the guy delivers 'em, say, what's the bill on the roses? Know what he said?

VIRGIL

They're hydrangeas.

Virgil steps off the elevator.

SAM

Yup. That's what he said.

Elevator doors close. Virgil approaches the lone door at the end of the hallway, and just as he gets to it, the door is opened by a small girl, ALICE (9) clocking a watch.

ALICE

You're eight seconds late.

Alice smiles. Virgil nods. Alice nods back, in the same serious manner.

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Alice lets Virgil in. The small girl and the large man walk through the massive foyer of the lavish apartment/mansion of CONRAD AND ELLIE CAIN, SON LEOPOLD (15), DAUGHTER ALICE (9), MARIA THE MAID, AND MARIA'S HUSBAND ARTURO THE BUTLER.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Wall to wall mirrors, tiled floor, cast-iron stand-alone tub, plasma TV's depicting the state of the financial world.

CAMERA FINDS CONRAD CAIN (40s) in front of the mirror, as he shaves with a steady hand.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Conrad!

CONRAD

In here.

Ellie walks into Conrad's bathroom, smiling. Conrad is not.

ELLIE

There you are.

CONRAD

You're smiling?

ELLIE

The woman from the *Times* is here.

CONRAD

The woman from the *Times*?

ELLIE

Breakfast with the Cains?

CONRAD

Right. Did you tell her that we don't actually eat breakfast?

ELLIE

I laid your clothes out on the bed.

(re: his face)

You missed a spot.

Ellie exits. Conrad looks in the mirror, noting that he has missed a spot. He picks up his razor, and as the blade meets his cheek, he draws blood. A beat. He washes the blood into the sink.

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - SECONDS LATER

Ellie walks down a long hallway with TWO STAFFERS on either side. One holds up two cloth napkins, one green, one blue.

STAFFER #1

For the Lincoln Center dinner:  
Green or blue?

ELLIE

Try yellow-green.

STAFFER #1

They told me this was yellow-green.

ELLIE

That's green-yellow.

STAFFER #2  
The Guggenheim's requesting a loan  
for an upcoming show.

ELLIE  
Which piece?

STAFFER #2  
The Seurat.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alice makes Virgil a cup of coffee, as a small production unit lights a breakfast nook, which is being outfitted with different breakfast foods: cereals, oatmeals, juices, fruits, breads, etc...

An effete STYLIST ponders the breakfast table.

STYLIST  
Let's make sure all four food  
groups are represented, people.

One of the ASSISTANTS looks up from dressing the table.

ASSISTANT  
What are the four food groups?

ART DIRECTOR  
*[are you stupid?]* What are the four  
food groups?  
(he thinks about it)  
What are the four food groups?  
Anyone? Does anyone know the four  
food groups?

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Whole grain, vegetable, fruit, and  
legume.

Ellie and her two staffers enter the kitchen.

ART DIRECTOR  
Really? What happened to meat and  
dairy, and...

ELLIE  
They've been out since '92.

A young, attractive Journalist (ELIZABETH WESTLAKE) walks  
over to Ellie.

ELIZABETH

Mrs. Cain, I just wanted to introduce myself. I'm...

ELLIE

Elizabeth Westlake. Please call me Ellie. I'm a big fan. I loved your book.

ELIZABETH

Oh, so you were the one who read it?

They laugh. Ellie looks over at Alice, preparing Virgil's coffee.

ELLIE

Good morning, Alice.

ALICE

Good morning, Mommy.

ELLIE

Alice is my youngest.

Maria enters the kitchen, separates Alice from the coffee.

MARIA

(to Alice)

What'd I tell you about making a mess in my kitchen.

ELLIE

That's Maria, she's been with us since Leopold was born.

ALICE

And this is Virgil, he's my brother Leopold's--

ELLIE

(to Alice, in subtitled French)

We don't discuss Virgil with guests.

ALICE

(in subtitled French)  
Sorry, Mommy.

ELLIE

Virgil's my son's driver.

Ellie cradles Alice against her waist.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Alice)  
 Where's Leopold?

ALICE  
 He's training.

CU LEOPOLD CAIN - UNDERWATER - MOMENTS LATER

eyes closed, no movement, a small air bubble escapes from his nose. Leopold Cain seems at peace, a peace that is disrupted by the sound of someone screaming on the surface.

Through the water, and over Leopold's shoulder, we can make the blurry, hydrated figure of Alice Cain. She's calling out.

Leopold tries to ignore her, but finds himself unable to. Vexed, he opens his eyes, looks at his watch, and marks the time, before lifting his head out of the water, and glaring at Alice standing at the edge of the pool.

ALICE  
 Mom says you have to come now.

INT. KITCHEN - CAIN RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Alice walks in to the kitchen. The dressers are finished setting up the breakfast table.

ALICE  
 He's on his way. He wasn't happy.

ELIZABETH  
 So, there's Alice, Leopold and...

ELLIE  
 And Aubrey, our eldest, goes to Brown. Like her mom.

ELIZABETH  
 I went to Brown. Class of '92.

ELLIE  
 Class of I'd rather not say.

JOURNALIST  
 Is that where you met Mr. Cain?

CONRAD CAIN (O.S.)  
 No, I went to City College.

Conrad Cain enters, dressed in a very dapper suit.

CONRAD  
Night school, actually.

Conrad kisses Ellie on the lips.

ELLIE  
This is my husband Conrad. Conrad  
this is...

CONRAD  
The girl from the *Times*.

ELLIE  
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
That's all right, I go by either.

CONRAD  
(looking around)  
Has anyone seen my briefcase?

ALICE  
(to Virgil, in French)  
Why do people need bodyguards?

ELLIE  
(to Alice, in French)  
I'm not sure Virgil speaks--

VIRGIL  
(to Alice, in French)  
Because the world doesn't always  
make sense.

CONRAD  
I know I left it somewhere over...

Conrad's distracted by a croissant on the kitchen table. He reaches for it, but Ellie playfully smacks his hand.

ELLIE  
That's not for eating.

CONRAD  
I don't know what came over me.

LEOPOLD CAIN enters, knapsack on his shoulder. Leopold's scrawny, brainy, awkward, introverted, and more comfortable around books than people, just now he's holding a big white book.

CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Morning, sport. Watcha readin'?

LEOPOLD  
*The Origin of Consciousness in the  
Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind.*

CONRAD  
Is that like *Harry Potter Five*?

ALICE  
And this is Leopold. He's odd.

LEOPOLD  
How do you do?

Leopold's cell phone rings, he answers it.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)  
Hello.  
(listens)  
Sure, meet us downstairs.

ELLIE  
(to Leopold, in French)  
Don't talk on the cell phone in the  
house. It makes you look like a  
gangster.

Leopold hangs up.

LEOPOLD  
(to Ellie, in French)  
Nowadays, it's cool to look like a  
gangster, mom.

CONRAD  
Has anyone seen my briefcase?

ELLIE  
(to Conrad, in French)  
I don't know, ask Maria.

CONRAD  
All I understood was Maria.

ELLIE  
I said, ask--

Maria enters the room, hands Conrad his briefcase.

CONRAD  
Thank you, Maria.  
(in Spanish)  
I don't know what I'd do without  
you.

MARIA  
Well, right now you'd be talking to  
yourself.

Conrad chuckles.

ART DIRECTOR  
Okay, people...time to take a  
picture. Look happy.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CAIN RESIDENCE

PHOTO OF THE FAMILY POSED AROUND THE TABLE

A portrait of the perfect American Family.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAN REMO - MINUTES LATER

Leopold, Virgil, and Sam.

SAM  
Give it to me. How long today?

LEOPOLD  
Three minutes, twelve seconds. I  
woul'da gone longer, but my sister  
screwed it up.

SAM  
Now what's the record, again?

LEOPOLD  
The world record for static apnea  
is 8 minutes, 6 seconds, held by  
Martin Stepanek of Czechoslovakia.  
There's an Italian who can hold his  
breath for 12 minutes and 47  
seconds, but the AIDA doesn't  
recognize the record, because he  
pre-breathes using 100% oxygen.

SAM  
The AIDA?

LEOPOLD  
Association Internationale Pour le  
Developpement de L'Apnee.

SAM  
The hell is that?

LEOPOLD  
People who compete to see who can  
hold their breath the longest.

SAM  
That's a white people sport, right  
there. Never see any brothers doin'  
that. Right, Virgil?

Virgil doesn't respond. Leopold looks up at Virgil.

LEOPOLD  
What's the longest you ever held  
your breath for, Virgil?

A beat.

VIRGIL  
As long as I had to.

DING. The elevator doors open. Virgil steps off the elevator,  
and into the lobby.

SAM  
(to Leopold)  
Hey, that's more than he's ever  
said to me.

Leopold gives Sam a pound, as he steps off the elevator.

EXT. SAN REMO BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Leopold and Virgil walk to the SUV, under Javier's umbrella.

LEOPOLD  
My dad says it's stupid, and that I  
should give it up.

VIRGIL  
What do you say?

LEOPOLD  
I tell him not to hold his breath.

Leopold gets in the back. Virgil closes the door. He can't  
help but smile, at that last bit.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Virgil gets in the front seat, closes the door, nods to the driver, who's about to throw the car into gear, when...

The car door swings open. Virgil reaches for his piece.  
ALFRED MASTERS (15) gets into the car.

LEOPOLD

It's only Alfred. His driver  
brokedown. He needs a lift.

ALFRED

(to Virgil, smiling)  
Morning.

INT. TOWNCAR - MINUTES LATER

Morning traffic. Alfred and Leopold in the back of the car.  
Leopold reading, Alfred playing PSP, Virgil up front, eyes  
peeled.

ALFRED

You know, Virgil, I've always been  
intrigued by the relationship  
dynamics of bodyguards and their  
clients. There seems to be an  
emerging pattern of denial,  
insulation, and professional  
distancing, followed by one of  
awareness, proximity and finally  
acceptance and in some cases love.  
I'll use Frank Farmer and Rachel  
Marron as an example?

(beat)

Whitney Houston and Kevin Costner.

LEOPOLD

You can shoot him, Virgil. I  
wouldn't tell.

Virgil smiles. Leopold catches Virgil's smile in the sideview  
mirror, when...THE SUV ALL OF A SUDDEN STOPS SHORT.

EXT. FDR DRIVE/59TH STREET BRIDGE - SAME

REVEAL TRAFFIC JAM. The SUV crawls through morning traffic.

A POLICEMAN, rain beading on his poncho, directing traffic,  
motions to the SUV.

INT. SUV

The driver squints through the rain.

DRIVER

Great.

Virgil leans forward. The policeman knocks on the driver's window. The driver powers down the window.

The CAMERA SLOWLY travels the length of the poncho, stopping at the neckline, just before the policeman's face, as we

FLASHBACK - INT. OFFICE - DAY - SIX WEEKS EARLIER

Spare, empty, save for a fat fella (SCHROEDER) in a swivel chair behind a big desk. A chair sits vacant across from him. The door to the office opens and in walks a man (GREENE). (\*Note: Schroeder wears a hearing aid).

SCHROEDER

Mister Greene?

GREENE

Mister Schroeder?

SCHROEDER

Have a seat.

Greene sits down across from Schroeder.

SCHROEDER (CONT'D)

You come highly recommended. So, Tell me about yourself.

GREENE

What do you wanna know?

SCHROEDER

What do you want me to know?

GREENE

I'm a Pisces. This is my natural hair color. I prefer the country to the city.

SCHROEDER

Why's that? Why do you prefer the country to the city?

GREENE

I like to go on hikes.

SCHROEDER

Tell me about one of your hiking experiences.

GREENE

I could tell you about the time I went on a hike and saw three rattle snakes and a dead dog.

SCHROEDER

Okay.

Beat.

GREENE

Well, this one time I went on a hike and saw three rattle snakes and a dead dog.

SCHROEDER

To brass tacks, then.

GREENE

How does it work?

SCHROEDER

The way that it works, is no one knows the way that it works. Everyone involved is given a task. A component of an overall picture that no one but me is privy to. You do your job, and you'll be paid a flat fee. Guaranteed. It's an early bird snatch. High society. Headlines. Very public. You're working contingency.

END FLASHBACK - INT. SUV - FDR DRIVE/59TH STREET BRIDGE

The policeman's bending torso fills the driver's side window.

DRIVER

What's the hold-up?

DRIVER'S POV - POLICEMAN'S FACE (\*WE EXPECT THE POLICEMAN TO BE GREENE, BUT IT'S NOT.)

BANG! The cop shoots the driver. Blood splatters Leopold and Alfred. The Driver slumps over. BANG! Virgil shoots the cop through the door, twice, center mass.

Virgil adjusts the rearview, sees they're blocked in by a garbage truck. Virgil turns to Leopold.

VIRGIL  
 (calm as a graveyard)  
 Don't move.

Virgil reaches under the seat, pulls out a shotgun.

EXT. FDR DRIVE/59TH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door opens: Virgil gets out of the SUV, walks to toward the garbage truck.

THE DRIVER OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK sees Virgil coming at him, shotgun raised.

DRIVER OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK  
 Shit!

INT. SUV - SAME

Leopold and Alfred in the backseat. Alfred's crying, freaking out. Leopold's frozen in terror, he begins to breathe.

EXT. FDR DRIVE/59TH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Virgil shoots up the garbage truck with slugs: blasting giant holes into the door, pinning the driver down. Virgil gets closer to the truck with each shot: a few feet away.

THE TRUCK DRIVER stares at Virgil through a giant hole in the door. Virgil's about to dispatch him, when THWIP! Virgil's tagged in the chest, spun around sent to the pavement. The rain mixes with the blood spilling out of Virgil's chest.

SNIPER POV - VIRGIL - SAME

lying on the pavement. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a sniper perched on a

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Quarter mile away. A building under construction. The sniper peers through his scope. The body of a security guard lies motionless at his feet. The sniper's face comes out from behind the scope: Greene (\*FROM SCHROEDER'S OFFICE).

GREENE  
 (into comm)  
 Clear.

INT. SUV

Alfred opens the car door, and is about to get out when...

EXT. SUV

The Policeman lying on the ground rises like something out of Dawn of the Dead. Alfred freezes with fear. Policeman reveals his kevlar vest.

CU ON TRUNK - AS VIRGIL'S THROWN INTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, AND THE HATCH IS SLAMMED.

EXT. SUV

The policeman jumps into the SUV.

INT. SUV

The policeman slides the driver over.

EXT. SUV

The Garbage truck reverses, unblocking the SUV from view.

ANGLE ON THE SUV

as it pulls onto the FDR. The traffic jam begins to clear. Morning commuters sit in their cars unaware anything has happened.

INT. THE CAIN RESIDENCE - MORNING

Ellie Cain's on the telephone.

ELLIE

I got a call from Dalton. They said Leopold didn't show up for school.

INTERCUT - INT. OFFICE - SAME

Conrad Cain stares out the window of his office.

CONRAD

Relax, Ellie I'm sure he's okay.

HEAR: KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MARIA WALKS TO THE DOOR. OPENS IT.

ELLIE

(calling)

Who is it Maria?

A beat. Ellie looks up from the phone: Alfred Masters enters the salon. He seems in shock.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Alfred? Is everything all right?

Alfred nears, Ellie reacts to the dry blood splatter on his shirt collar.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Alfred...Where's...Where's Leopold?

He hands her a folded piece of paper. She fumbles the paper. Opens it. Stares blankly at it. The color runs from her face.

CONRAD

Ellie?

ELLIE

They've got him.

CONRAD

Ellie? What? Who's got him? Ellie?

Ellie collapses. The note drops from her hand. She and the note land simultaneously.

ANGLE ON NOTE - "DON'T CALL THE POLICE"

END OF TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN REMO - EVENING

ROGER PRINCE, a fat man in a five thousand dollar suit, steps out of a Lincoln Town Car, and walks to the entrance of the San Remo Building.

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad Cain walks to the front door and opens it, letting his old friend and counselor inside.

CONRAD

Thanks for coming, Roger.

ROGER PRINCE

Where's Ellie?

CONRAD

We had to sedate her.

INT. STUDY - CAIN RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Conrad and Roger stand at the window, staring out at the city as night falls.

ROGER

I spoke to Russ Alderman over at SecurCorp, Virgil's employer. He says they'll keep it under wraps on their end.

CONRAD

Who does something like this?

A beat.

ROGER

Connie?

Conrad looks away from the window, at Roger. Roger's not sure how to say this.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Is there anything I need to know, that I don't know?

CONRAD

What the hell is that supposed to mean, Roger?

The door to the study opens, and in walks Ellie Cain: tired, wobbly, unstable, her system lousy with drugs and bile.

ELLIE

What are we doing?

CONRAD

Roger and I are discussing it.

ELLIE

Well, we can't just sit around and wait for the phone to ring.

ROGER PRINCE

We could call the police.

CONRAD

The note says not to involve them.

ELLIE

This is just a guess, but I would think the note always says that.

(then)

I'll call my father. He'll know what to do.

Ellie picks up the phone, Conrad slams it back down.

CONRAD

I don't want you calling him. He's my son. I'll deal with it.

ELLIE

Then deal with it. Now. Make a decision, Conrad.

A beat.

ROGER PRINCE

Look. I know a guy. Well...I know of a guy. He's a specialist.

EXT. FARM/COMPOUND - NIGHT

Somewhere in Rural New Jersey. Woodsy, bucolic.

A dog barks enough to drive a man crazy, this minute one man in particular.

MAN'S VOICE

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

A MAN sits up in bed. He's being driven crazy by a barking dog. The dog barks just outside the sliding, glass door off his bedroom. The man sees: the dog chained to a post, barking like crazy.

MAN  
SHUT THE HELL UP!

But the dog keeps barking, so the man gets out of bed...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...steps outside, looks around, sees nothing. Starts toward the dog.

MAN  
I'll give you somethin' to bark at  
ya lousy--

A gun is pressed to the man's head. Another man, KNAPP (40) in jeans and a Led Zeppelin t-shirt, steps into frame.

KNAPP  
Isn't it amazing how they're always  
the first to know?  
(beat)  
I'm here for the girl.

MAN  
Go to hell!

Knapp cocks the trigger.

KNAPP  
I'll meet you there.

INT. BEDROOM - COMPOUND

A dark room. ANOTHER MAN AND A YOUNG GIRL, lying in bed, watching Conan O'Brien. A gun sits quietly on the nightstand. A beat.

THE DOOR'S KICKED IN! Knapp and THREE MEN in tac gear and ski masks storm the room with shotgun/flashlight combos.

THE MAN IN THE BED reaches for his gun on the nightstand. One of the masked men smashes him in the mouth with his shotgun.

Knapp grabs the girl out of the bed kicking and screaming.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

OUT FRONT, a van skids to a stop. The side door slides open.

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE FLIES OPEN, and Knapp and the mercenaries exit with a screaming, scantily clad girl slung over Knapp's shoulder.

Knapp throws the girl into the van. A woman named TURNER (30), already in the back of the van, shoots the girl up with a hypodermic. The door is slid shut, which takes us to BLACK.

INT. VAN - LATER

The van pulls into a gas station in the middle of nowhere, in jerkwater New Jersey.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME

A wealthy old couple, MR. AND MRS. KAHN (50s), stick out like sore thumbs, standing in the rundown gas station, in front of a Lincoln Town Car. The van pulls into the spot beside them.

KNAPP (40) hops out of the van. The side door slides open. The once kicking, and screaming girl, now heavily sedated, lies on the floor of the van wrapped in a blanket, surrounded by mercenaries.

MRS. KAHN

Is she all right?

KNAPP

We had to tranquilize her.

EXT. GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER

The young girl lies in the backseat of the Lincoln Towncar, her head in her mother's lap.

Mr. Kahn, hands Knapp a gym bag.

MR. KAHN

How she ever got mixed up with those people, I'll never know. Thank you for bringing her back to us. If there's ever anything I can do for you...

KNAPP

I'll keep that in mind, judge.

ANGLE ON

The Towncar as it disappears around the side of the gas station.

Knapp and one of the mercenaries stand in the rear of Knapp's car the open gym bag sits on the trunk. Knapp takes out two stacks of ten thousand, hands them to the mercenary.

MERCENARY

If you put us on full-time, I could save you some bread.

KNAPP

I'm travellin' light.

MERCENARY

Only way to travel.

KNAPP

Hooah.

MERCENARY

Hooah.

They pound fists. The mercenary gets into his van, and Knapp gets into his car, a non-descript American Sedan.

INT. KNAPP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Knapp's "associate" TURNER (20s) tall, lanky, brunette in faded jeans and dark sunglasses, sits in the driver's seat.

TURNER

Is there any left over? Baby needs a new pair of shoes.

KNAPP

We could probably swing one.

TURNER

One pair?

KNAPP

One shoe.

TURNER

Oh, I almost forgot, the phone rang while you were paying the mercenaries, and... What does hooah mean, anyway?

KNAPP

It means anything except no. Who called?

TURNER

Roger Prince, on behalf of Conrad Cain, referred by Nathan Ferris.

KNAPP

Was it a job?

TURNER

Hooah.

(then)

You're bleeding.

Knapp flips the visor, opens the mirror, sees a wound on his neck, fresh, put there by a woman's nail.

TURNER (CONT'D)

The girl do that to you?

Knapp gently brushes the gash with a finger.

TURNER (CONT'D)

I guess not everybody wants to be saved.

Turner turns the ignition, and reverses out of the spot. The car disappears around the side of the motel.

CAMERA CRANES OVER THE GAS STATION REVEALING - JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOTEL IS THE HUDSON, AND JUST BEYOND THE RIVER, MANHATTAN SHIMMERS LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Conrad opens the door to Alice's room, and looks in on his sleeping daughter. He closes the door.

Conrad opens the door to Leopold's room, and finds his wife sleeping in Leopold's bed. He closes the door. Black.

Prelap: Doorbell.

FADE UP:

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - MORNING

Roger Prince opens the front door to find Knapp and Turner standing in the hallway. Prince looks them over: the Led Zeppelin t-shirt, the jeans, the sunglasses.

KNAPP

I'm Knapp, this is my associate,  
the Cains are expecting us.

ROGER

I'm Roger Prince, we spoke on the  
phone.

(beat)

I thought you'd be dressed  
differently.

KNAPP

(beat)

Okay.

Knapp and Turner enter. She wheels a giant, hard plastic case  
along the marble.

INT. STUDY - CAIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A lavish study. A two-story bookcase. Ellie Cain sits alone  
on the sofa, crestfallen.

Conrad stands out on the terrace, smoking a cigarette,  
shirtsleeves rolled to the elbow, tie loosened.

The doors open and Conrad sees Roger, Knapp, and Turner. He  
extinguishes his cigarette on the sill, and enters the study.

CONRAD

Thank you for coming, Mr. Knapp.

KNAPP

Of course.

(turns)

If it's all right with you, Roger,  
I'd like a moment alone with the  
Cains.

Roger looks at Conrad. Conrad nods. Roger manages a smile.

ROGER

Please let me know if there's  
anything I can do to help.

KNAPP

You could show my associate around,  
while she sets up, and answer any  
questions she might have. That  
would be very helpful.

## INT. HALLWAY - CAIN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Roger finds Turner in the hallway unscrewing a telephone on a bureau. Roger closes the study doors. Roger turns, smiles at Turner, as she reassembles the phone.

ROGER

So, you're Knapp's...Associate?

TURNER

Yes.

ROGER

Do you have a name?

TURNER

Yes.

An awkward beat.

## INT. STUDY - CAIN RESIDENCE - SAME

Conrad walks to the couch, and takes a seat next to his wife.

KNAPP

For liability reasons, the first thing I'll tell you to do, is call the FBI. Kidnapping's a federal crime and the proper channels for investigating a federal crime involve involving the FBI. You should know that that option is available to you. That being said, there is no law that requires a citizen to report a crime, and therefore, as an outside adviser brought in to advise you, my advice would be: Don't call the FBI. See, during a kidnapping investigation, the FBI's objectives are to effect the safe return of the subject, along with the identification, apprehension, and prosecution of the kidnapers, and the recovery of ransom payments. All I care about is retrieval. Everything else is a distraction. Not bound by ethics, or bureaucratic entanglement, I can go places that the FBI can't go, ask questions they can't ask, and I can ask those questions in a way that the FBI can't ask them.

(MORE)

KNAPP (CONT'D)

My fee is ten percent of the ransom, non-negotiable, and payable upon the safe return of the kidnapped victim. Intact.

MRS. CAIN

What does that mean? Intact?

MR. CAIN

It means we don't pay him if Leopold's dead.

KNAPP

From nothing comes nothing.

MRS. CAIN

You're not very good with people, are you, Mr. Knapp?

KNAPP

No. But I'm good at finding them.

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A no frills retirement party's underway for Special Agent TOM NEWLAND (50s). Special Agent ANDY ARCHER, Newland's colleague and antithesis, makes a speech commemorating him.

ANDY ARCHER

Tom Newland's the last of the bloodhounds. A man who follows his gut. Hell, he can't even turn on a computer, can you Tom?

Tom manages a smile.

ANDY ARCHER (CONT'D)

Tom taught me everything I know.

NEWLAND

And for that I'm sorry.

A couple laughs, but Tom's not kidding, he thinks Andy Archer's a snot-nosed punk. Newland would like to say a few more words on the subject of Golden Boy Andy Archer, instead he just stares blankly at his gold retirement watch.

ANDY ARCHER

Come on, Tom.

Two people chant speech, speech, but it doesn't really get off the ground.

NEWLAND

Those of you who know me, know I'm  
a man of few words, and those of  
you who don't...don't.

Everyone waits for more, but that's all there is. A room full  
of blank faces. Someone starts to clap, but stops when nobody  
joins in.

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATER

Tom's at his desk, sifting through his old files, packing up  
his life's work.

NEWLAND

I know I'm pretty kid, but I'm not  
that pretty.

REVEAL A YOUNG TRANSFER NAMED ATKINS, WATCHING NEWLAND.

ATKINS

You probably don't remember me.

Newland looks at Atkins, and then looks away.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Atkins. I was stationed up in  
Anchorage when you were working the  
Hollister case.

NEWLAND

Nice quiet beat in Alaska, why the  
hell would you transfer to New  
York?

ATKINS

Thought I could maybe do some good  
here.

NEWLAND

Well, aren't you the bright-eyed,  
bushy tailed, North American go-  
getter.

ATKINS

I was looking forward to working  
for you.

NEWLAND

I'm retiring, or hadn't you heard?

ATKINS

You're a good agent, why would you retire?

NEWLAND

You know what percentage of pattern is?

ATKINS

The number of pellet marks in a thirty inch circle over a forty yard range, divided by the number of pellets in the load.

NEWLAND

That's why I'm retiring.

Newland looks up, sees an ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN on the other side of the office. She's looking around the office. After a moment, she sees Tom and smiles. She walks over to his desk.

NEWLAND (CONT'D)

Jackie, what're you doing here?

He can see something's wrong, that she looks uneasy.

NEWLAND (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Where's Virgil?

Jackie looks at Atkins.

NEWLAND (CONT'D)

It's okay. This is Atkins. You can talk in front a him.

JACKIE

Virgil didn't come home last night. He hasn't called. His phone goes straight to voicemail.

NEWLAND

Did you try his office?

JACKIE

They said he's on vacation. Which woulda been the case if we hadn't already missed our flight. I called the hospitals. The police. They laughed when I told 'em he'd only been missing eight hours.

ATKINS

It does sound a little drastic.

NEWLAND

You don't know Virgil.

JACKIE

Virgil told me if anything ever happened to him, I should go to you. Said you'd know how to handle it.

Newland gives Jackie a reassuring nod.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

We're supposed to go away tomorrow. Honeymoon we never got a chance to take, thanks to you comin' a get him middle of the night, fly off to god knows where, do god knows what.

(beat)

I thought those nights of not knowing where he is were over.

INT. HALLWAY - CAIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

TRACK Knapp walking with the Cains down a long hallway.

KNAPP

Do you have any other children?

CONRAD

Two daughters. Nine and twenty.

KNAPP

Where are they now?

ELLIE

Alice is in her room. Aubrey's at school. Brown.

KNAPP

Have you been in touch with Aubrey since this happened?

ELLIE

I haven't been able to get her on the phone.

KNAPP

Keep trying. I have a contact in Rhode Island.

CONRAD

Should we be concerned?

KNAPP

Better to err on the side of  
caution.

KNAPP (CONT'D)

Mr. Cain, why does Leopold have a  
bodyguard?

CONRAD

It's because of my business. There  
were some threats.

KNAPP

I want you to compile a list of  
enemies.

(adding)

And be honest with yourself.

Conrad, Ellie, and Knapp enter

INT. LIVING ROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

THE LIVING ROOM HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A COMMAND CENTER:  
ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, PHONE TAPS, A BOARD WITH A PHOTOGRAPH  
OF LEOPOLD FIXED UP TOP (\*AN EMPTY PICTURE FRAME), ETC...

KNAPP

(to Turner)

Get on the horn with Calvin Hicks,  
in Rhode Island, tell him I need  
him to look up Aubrey Cain, Brown  
Undergrad.

(leans in)

You set up on the phones?

TURNER

Yeah.

KNAPP

Get me outbound as well.

EXT. N.D. BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The building's plain brick. Somewhere on the Lower East Side.  
Graffiti on the building's facade, but nothing that indicates  
what goes on inside. The building actually looks condemned,  
the neighborhood definitely is.

CAMERA FINDS NEWLAND AND ATKINS STANDING AT A BIG RED DOOR

Newland hits the buzzer, holds up his badge.

CU ON A CLOSED CIRCUIT TV - NEWLAND AND ATKINS

A buzzer sounds, the door opens, and Newland and Atkins enter, PAN OFF CCTV TO NEWLAND AND ATKINS ENTERING

INT. SECUCORP - CONTINUOUS

The space is three or four times bigger than the facade lets on. Interior's totally sleek. Hi-tech. The sign on the wall reads: "SECURCORP."

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Newland and Atkins sit across from RUSS ALDERMAN, a SecurCorp representative.

Alderman enters his password to unlock his screensaver.

CLOSE UP - FISHING LURE ON A DESK

NEWLAND  
Parachute Blue Damsel.

SECURCORP REP.  
Sorry?

NEWLAND  
I was just commenting on your lure.  
It's a Parachute Blue Damsel.

RUSS ALDERMAN  
I'm sorry, why are you here?

NEWLAND  
Virgil Hayes.

RUSS ALDERMAN  
Virgil's on vacation. Is there something wrong?

NEWLAND  
How do you mean?

RUSS ALDERMAN  
With Mr. Hayes?

NEWLAND  
He's fine. He's on vacation. That's what I'd be saying if he was fine and he was on vacation.

ATKINS

Did Mr. Hayes have any problems on his assignment yesterday?

SECURCORP REP.

All procedures, protocols, etcetera, were followed, beyond that I'm not at liberty to discuss client information. All very sensitive stuff, I'm sure you understand.

A knock at the door.

SECURCORP REP. (CONT'D)

Would you excuse me a moment?

Russ exits the office, closes the door behind him.

Newland stands, walks to the other side of the desk, frowns at the password-protected screensaver:

A DORKY PICTURE OF RUSS FLY FISHING.

NEWLAND

Was it five or six taps?

ATKINS

Five or six what?

NEWLAND

Taps. Keystrokes. His password.

ATKINS

You want me to remember how many keys he hit?

NEWLAND

I think it was six.

ATKINS

Well, that narrows it down to...two billion passwords.

NEWLAND

Yeah, but only one of em's right? Think fish.

ATKINS

Grouper.

NEWLAND  
Shhh. I said *think* fish. Grouper's  
seven letters.

Newland taps the keyboard. The screen-saver unlocks, and  
Virgil's file lies open on the screen.

ATKINS  
What was it.

NEWLAND  
Angler.

ATKINS  
That's impressive.

NEWLAND  
Play the player, not the board.

NEWLAND READS THROUGH THE DOSSIER AND MAKES A MENTAL NOTE OF  
THE CAIN'S ADDRESS.

TIME LAPSE TO - THE DOOR OPENS, THE SECURCORP REP WALKS IN

RUSS ALDERMAN  
Sorry I kept you, I...

But, Newland and Atkins are gone.

INT. BOWERY FLOPHOUSE - DAY

Down at the check-in window, stands a man. The CLERK, behind  
the bullet-proof glass is a fat bastard with a clipped cigar  
clenched in his teeth and a sour face tipped sideways. He  
hands the man his room key.

REVERSE ANGLE - REVEAL GREENE (THE SNIPER)

Greene turns and gets onto the rickety old elevator at the  
other end of the lobby.

INT. KITCHEN - MASTERS RESIDENCE

Knapp sits in the kitchen with Alfred Masters, as the boy  
flips through an album of mugshots, the grave faces staring  
back at him. PRELAP: DOORBELL, as we

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

ON CONRAD CAIN - AS HE OPENS HIS FRONT DOOR

VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Cain?

CONRAD

Can I help you?

REVERSE ANGLE - TOM NEWLAND STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, WITH  
ATKINS

NEWLAND

I'm Special Agent Tom Newland, FBI.  
This is my associate. We'd like to  
ask you a few questions.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Newland and Atkins enter the house, and follow Mr. Cain into the study, the kitchen door at the end of the hallway slides shut in a quiet, yet ominous manner.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Conrad shows Atkins and Newland into the study.

CONRAD

What's this all about, Agent...?

Newland and Atkins sink into the big couch, Conrad takes a seat on the other side of the coffee table. Mr. Cain is the poster child for calm, cool, and collected.

NEWLAND

Newland. It's about Virgil Hayes?

CONRAD

Is he in some kind of trouble?

NEWLAND

He's missing, so yeah, that's a possibility.

CONRAD

Missing? I just saw him...yesterday morning.

NEWLAND

What time was that?

CONRAD

Same time as every day. 7:00 AM.  
You can set your watch to him.

Newland smiles, knowing this to be true.

NEWLAND

Where's your son now, Mr. Cain? Is he here? Could I talk to him.

CONRAD

Leopold went to Rhode Island for the weekend to visit his sister Aubrey at Brown.

NEWLAND

Alone?

CONRAD

How do you mean?

NEWLAND

No bodyguard?

CONRAD

I was against it, but Leopold...  
Well, as a parent, you have to pick  
and choose your battles.

NEWLAND

Did he get there, okay?

CONRAD

Yes, he called last night, and my  
wife spoke to him this morning.  
Look, if there's anything I can do.

NEWLAND

I'll let you know. Thank you for  
your time.

Newland begins to rise, when...

ATKINS

Why does your son have a bodyguard,  
Mr. Cain?

CONRAD

Leopold suffers from paranoia,  
having a bodyguard puts him at  
ease. Virgil's been a good  
influence on my son.

ATKINS

Thank you, Mr. Cain.

INT. KITCHEN - MASTERS RESIDENCE

Alfred's still flipping through the mugshots with Knapp.

KNAPP

Take your time, Alfred.

Alfred's mother, MRS. MASTERS watches from the doorway.

MRS. MASTERS

Is this really necessary? Hasn't he  
gone through enough?

KNAPP

I'm sorry, Mrs. Masters, but he's  
the only witness we've got.

Knapp's phone buzzes. Knapp gets up from the table, and  
answers it.

KNAPP (CONT'D)

Knapp.

(listens)

We knew it was just a matter of  
time before somebody knocked on  
your door, Mr. Cain.

(listens)

Please, Mr. Cain--

Knapp is distracted, as Alfred stops flipping pages. The boy  
is overtaken by fear.

KNAPP (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

Knapp closes his phone, and walks over to Alfred.

KNAPP (CONT'D)

Which one is it Alfred?

Alfred points to a mugshot...

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE MUGSHOT: IT'S THE MAN WHO WAS DRESSED  
AS A POLICEMAN.

FLASHBACK - POLICEMAN SHOOTS THE DRIVER

BACK TO SCENE.

Knapp opens his cell, dials a number. He holds the mugshot.

KNAPP (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

I need a current on Raymond Vance.  
Case number...

EXT. SAN REMO BLDG.

Newland and Atkins exit the San Remo. Newland dials a number  
on his cell phone.

NEWLAND

Good work in there.

ATKINS

You caught that?

NEWLAND

If your kid's paranoid and that's the reason he has a bodyguard...

ATKINS

...why would you be "dead set" against him going away for the weekend without one. If anything it'd be a breakthrough.

NEWLAND

(sighs)

It's amazing how many of them follow that part of the note about not calling the police.

Newland's call goes to voicemail, "Hello, you've reached..."

NEWLAND (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Cal, it's Tom. Need a favor. Drop by Brown, look up a student for me. Name's Aubrey Cain. Call me when you get this.

EXT. TENEMENT - LOWER EAST SIDE

Knapp gets out of his car, walks to a high-rise tenement. A dangerous proposition for a lone white man in these parts.

Knapp pulls looks from drug dealers, basketball players, cats toting ghetto blasters, but if this concerns him, it doesn't show, as he make his way to the building's entrance.

INT. ELEVATOR - TENEMENT

Knapp rides the elevator, all graffitied up and vandalized to shit. Ding. The door's open.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Knapp makes a right off the elevator, almost bumping into a small bespectacled man, with a balding pate, and a face best described somewhere between forgettable and unmemorable, a man who looks like Willy Loman.

THE MAN

Excuse me.

The man walks past Knapp, and on to the elevator. The elevator doors close. Knapp continues down the rundown hallway, to the last apartment on the right.

Knapp gets to the door, listens: the sound of a television. Knapp checks the door: unlocked. He pulls his gun, opens the door: gently, quietly.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Knapp stalks through the apartment without a sound. The apartment's decorated in Early American Low-Life.

The tv gets louder, as Knapp moves around a blind corner and enters

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A man sits in a La-z-boy, kicked back, watching tube, faced away from CAMERA. Knapp notes the sawed-off shotgun in the man's lap, just sticking out. Knapp levels his gun at the man's head, and he's about to let this fool know he's got the drop on him, when the shotgun falls to the floor. CLUNK!

Knapp changes his angle of approach, and lowers his gun, when he sees RAYMOND VANCE (\*THE POLICEMAN) throat slit, dead as a door nail. *Shit.*

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Schroeder sits behind his desk throwing a little blue racquet ball against the wall. He stops when the phone rings.

Schroeder puts down the ball, cracks his neck, loosens his jaw, and finally picks up the phone, but doesn't say a word.

VOICE

The accounts for Vance and McKinley have been closed.

(then)

I noticed something out of place.

(beat)

Someone. Actually.

CU ON SCHROEDER'S HEARING AID. A BEAT.

SCHROEDER

Leave it for now. What's the status on Greene?

INTERCUT - INT. BOWERY FLOPHOUSE - AFTERNOON

TRACK A MAN WALKING DOWN A LONG DUSTY HALLWAY. REVEAL THE MAN IS THE ACCOUNTANT (WILLY LOMAN FROM THE TENEMENT).

ACCOUNTANT

Handling the matter as we speak.

SCHROEDER

Good. Call me when it's done.

Schroeder hangs up the phone. He goes back to bouncing his little blue ball off the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - BOWERY FLOPHOUSE - SAME

The Accountant stops in front of room 1009. He knocks on the door. A beat. The door opens. Greene's standing on the other side of the door.

GREENE

You the accountant?

ACCOUNTANT

I balance the books, yes.

The accountant taps his briefcase. Greene lets him inside.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Accountant enters. Greene close the door, locks and bolts it behind him. Greene has his back to the Accountant for only a beat.

GREENE

(turning)

So, how does this work?

Greene turns around to find the Accountant pointing a long gun/silencer combo at his head.

ACCOUNTANT

The way that it works, is nobody knows the way that it works.

THWIP! The Accountant shoots Greene in the head. Point blank. Greene drops like a ragdoll. The Accountant turns, leaves as quickly as he came.

EXT. BOWERY FLOPHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Accountant steps into the light of day, briefcase at his side, cell phone pressed to his ear. Such an efficient little man.

ACCOUNTANT

All three accounts have been closed.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - SAME

Schroeder holds his racquet ball in his hand. He nods, double taps the receiver on the telephone, and dials another number: a series of beeps, he enters a code, presses pound, hangs up the phone, reclines in his chair, resumes throwing his ball at the wall.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Suburbia. Like Long Island or Connecticut. A small, square backyard, where we find a man pushing a little girl on a swingset. A beeping noise. The man looks down at the beeper on his belt. He sees the code in the little window.

MAN

Daddy's gotta go back to work,  
sweety.

LITTLE GIRL

Eskimo kiss.

The man and the little girl rub noses.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The man enters through the kitchen, off the back porch. We can still see his kid on the swingset, framed in the kitchen window, as the man opens a door that leads into

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

He flips the light switch, closes the door behind him, and walks down the stairs. He walks to the end of the basement, and unlocks another door, and enters

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He closes the door behind him, locks it, switches the light on revealing: a very hi-tech communications set-up. He slips on a headset, punches a bunch of keys, dials a phone number.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CAIN RESIDENCE - SAME

The phone rings. Turner signals Conrad to answer. Conrad picks up the phone.

CONRAD

Hello?

A distorted voice on the other end says:

VOICE

We have your son. He's alive. If you would like to keep him that way, wait by the phone for further instructions. And do not call the police.

CONRAD

Let me talk to him. I want to talk to my son.

Conrad's face falls as the line goes dead.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. ROOM - SAME

The man, who we will now refer to as THE OPERATOR, hangs up the phone, removes his headset, and closes the light, which takes us to

BLACK.

A beat. The sound of a pull chain being pulled. We find ourselves...

INT. ROOM - UNKNOWN

Leopold Cain lousy with drugs, vision blurry, a skull like a stone, lying in moldy bed where the sheets, pillows, and blankets have all been taken from different collections. Leopold's about to scream, a giant hand covers his mouth.

Leopold looks up, at a man that we will refer to, for now, as KIDNAPPER #2. Kidnapper #2, a skinny, mean Mexican dude, with wired eyes, pops open his switchblade, and presses the flat part of the blade to Leopold's cheek.

KIDNAPPER #2

Shhhh...

OFF LEOPOLD, AS WE SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Knapp walks into the kitchen. Turner looks up, when she sees Knapp enter. She pushes one headphone aside.

TURNER

We got the call.

KNAPP

The call call or the prelim call.

TURNER

The prelim call.

KNAPP

We...We've got your son, right?

TURNER

Yeah.

KNAPP

Kid get on the line?

TURNER

Caller did all the talking.

KNAPP

You get a trace?

TURNER

He's bouncing the call. He's good at it too.

KNAPP

How good?

TURNER

Everybody in Brooklyn's talking to each other. Plus, no background noise. Guy's built himself a room.

KNAPP

You make out anything on his twang.

TURNER

Too much distortion.

KNAPP

Call seem prepped? He says, if you would like to, instead of if you'd like to? No elisions, or dangling participles. Deliberate pauses.

TURNER

Yeah, if I had to take a guess, I'd say somebody's writing his material for him. What about Vance?

KNAPP

He's clay.

TURNER

So much for ask questions first.

KNAPP

Wasn't me decided to move his smile to his neck.

(then)

Anything on the phones?

TURNER

Maria...

KNAPP

The maid?

TURNER

Her husband called twice.

KNAPP

And?

TURNER

They spoke Spanish?

(off Knapp)

What? I took French. You can go through the tapes yourself.

KNAPP

What else?

TURNER

Mr. Cain's made three calls to Lloyds of London, as it turns out he has a Kidnap and Ransom Insurance Policy on Leopold.

KNAPP

Something he might've mentioned this morning. What about Mrs. Cain?

TURNER  
First she called Daddy, but Daddy  
wasn't available.

KNAPP  
Who's daddy?

TURNER  
Well, normally daddy is anyone but  
daddy, but in this case daddy's  
actually daddy. It's her father.  
And she really does call him daddy.

KNAPP  
Who is he?

TURNER  
Benjamin Rand.

KNAPP  
Okay? Who's that?

TURNER  
[scoffs] Read a magazine. So after  
she couldn't get through to daddy,  
she tried another number.

KNAPP  
Who'd she call?

TURNER  
I don't know, but they're still on  
the phone. Wanna listen?

TURNER hands Knapp a pair of headphones, as they listen to  
Ellie Cain and a man talking on the phone:

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Please.

VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll fly in as soon as I can.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
I need to see you.

Knapp lifts up his headphone.

KNAPP  
Find out who that is.

TURNER  
I'm running a trace.

INT. FBI NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Newland's sitting at his desk, when his phone rings. He picks it up.

NEWLAND

Newland.

INTERCUT - EXT. BROWN CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

CALVIN is slick, young, African American. He's ex-military, works in the private sector.

CALVIN

It's Calvin.

NEWLAND

You get my message?

CALVIN

I'm at the student union.

NEWLAND

You find her?

CALVIN

She's a no show. I dropped by her house. Housemates tell me that she disappears from time to time, and that when she does, you got a better shot at finding Deepthroat.

NEWLAND

They found Deepthroat.

CALVIN

See what I mean? I'll keep looking. Now, guess who I ran into in Aubrey Cain's experimental psyche class? You remember Avery King, from Camp Pendelton? Turns out, you ain't the only game in town.

NEWLAND

He was looking for Aubrey Cain?

CALVIN

That's what I'm saying.

(beat)

Now, you know who his sometime employer happens to be?

Newland looks up from his desk, sees Andy Archer storming over from across the room.

NEWLAND

Yeah. I know.

CALVIN

I only bring it up, because I was under the impression--

NEWLAND

I gotta call you back.

Newland hangs up the phone. Archer arrives at his desk.

ANDY ARCHER

I just got off the phone with Roger Prince. Do you know who that is?

NEWLAND

No.

ANDY ARCHER

Conrad Cain's lawyer. And the next time I go to the bathroom, I'm gonna have options.

NEWLAND

Is that a fancy way of saying he ripped you a new--

ANDY ARCHER

What the hell were you doing there?

NEWLAND

The kid was snatched. And watch your tone, Andy. I'm still your superior until the end of the week.

ANDY ARCHER

The lawyer says the kid's in Rhode Island.

NEWLAND

He's lying.

ANDY ARCHER

And what are you basing this on? Your army buddy didn't come home after work? Maybe he left her. Maybe he decided to take that vacation alone.

(MORE)

ANDY ARCHER (CONT'D)

After I hung up with Prince, the deputy director called me. Gave me an earful of the same. You're in the tall weeds, Tom. You need to zip up your fly.

Atkins rushes over.

ATKINS

I found Virgil Hayes.

INT. FBI NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE - SAME

NEWLAND

Where'd they find him?

FLASHBACK - EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT

TWO MEN THROW A BODY INTO THE EAST RIVER.

FLASHBACK - EXT. SANDY BEACH UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

The ebb and flow of the tide. Waves crash on the shore and recede. Virgil's body lies washed up on the shoreline

INT. ICU - BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Virgil's in ICU at Bellevue. He's unconscious, wires everywhere. Monitors beeping. Alive. But barely. Jackie, distraught, holds his hand.

Jackie looks up. Newland's standing in the doorway.

INT. KITCHEN - CAIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Ellie's making herself a drink in the kitchen. Conrad walks in, sees Ellie. He watches her a beat. She turns sees him.

CONRAD

I don't want you calling him.

ELLIE

I haven't spoken to my father.

CONRAD

That's not the "him" I was talking about.

A beat.

EXT. TERRACE - CAIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Knapp stands on the balcony overlooking Central Park, smoking a cigarette. Turner walks outside.

TURNER  
You know I almost bought this  
place?

KNAPP  
Me too, but the view sucks.

TURNER  
I ran a callback on that number.

KNAPP  
Mrs. Cain?

TURNER  
I got a Secret Service switchboard.

KNAPP  
And?

TURNER  
And I hung up.

INT. LEOPOLD'S ROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE - SAME

Knapp finds Mrs. Cain in Leopold's room, making his bed. He  
watches her for a moment.

KNAPP  
Mrs. Cain, I need to ask you a  
question.

ELLIE  
How long does it take? To get them  
back?

KNAPP  
It depends.

ELLIE  
Do you usually...get them back?

KNAPP  
More often than not.  
(changing topics)  
Mrs. Cain, who were you--

Knapp's interrupted by his cell phone buzzing.

KNAPP (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

Knapp turns, exits the room, flips open his cell.

KNAPP (CONT'D)  
Hello.

NEWLAND (V.O.)  
Knapp.

KNAPP  
That you Tom?

NEWLAND  
Just calling to say hello and how's  
the wife?

KNAPP  
She's right next to me, she says  
hi. How's Barbara?

NEWLAND  
I'm lookin' at her right now...  
she's pregnant...big as a house.

KNAPP  
They know who the father is?

NEWLAND  
Zinger. Say, are you in the city? I  
was thinking, maybe we could get  
together for dinner or something.

KNAPP  
Actually I'm in Kentucky.

NEWLAND  
Yeah?

KNAPP  
Yeah, but maybe when I get back.

NEWLAND  
How do you pronounce the capital of  
Kentucky? Is it Lou-ie-ville or Lou-  
iss-ville?

The doorbell rings. Maria walks past Knapp, and answers the  
door.

KNAPP  
It's Lou-ie-ville.

MARIA (O.S.)  
Excuse me. You can't just--

NEWLAND, ARCHER, AND ATKINS ENTER THE RESIDENCE. NEWLAND'S GOT HIS CELL PHONE PRESSED TO HIS EAR, SMILES AND SAYS,

NEWLAND  
Actually, it's pronounced  
Frankfort.

KNAPP  
Wife looks great. Wouldn't be  
surprised if she was carrying  
twins.

NEWLAND  
You're screwing around with a  
federal investigation! Get in my  
way and I'll throw you in jail.

Ellie enters, sees the Feds.

MARIA  
I'm sorry Mrs. Cain. I tried to  
stop them.

ELLIE  
Conrad!

Conrad enters, sees the feds.

CONRAD  
I thought I made myself clear with  
your people.

NEWLAND  
We're here to help, Mr. Cain. We're  
not the enemy.

ANDY ARCHER  
Mr. Cain, I'm special agent Andy  
Archer.

KNAPP  
Yeah? What's so special about you?

ANDY ARCHER  
Get him outta here.

An FBI Agent walks over to Knapp, and puts his hands on him. Knapp puts him in a wrist-lock, subduing the man twice his size. The other agents go for their guns. Newland steps in the middle.

NEWLAND

Whoa, whoa, easy. He's a friend of mine.

(to Knapp)

Let him go.

Knapp releases the giant.

CONRAD

You two know each other?

KNAPP

We used to work together.

NEWLAND

Until he got thrown out of the FBI for trying to remove a suspect's eyeball with a switchblade.

KNAPP

*[starts to say something, but]* It was a stiletto. Switchblade pops out from the side, this one came straight out.

A beat. The phone rings. They look up.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Knapp signals to Turner, Turner signals to Conrad. Conrad picks up the phone.

CONRAD

Hello?

The modulated voice of the kidnapper comes on the line. The room goes quiet. Conrad listens, then

CONRAD (CONT'D)

I'll give you anything you want, just please...please let me talk to my son! Please!

Click. Dialtone. Conrad hangs up the phone.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Pelham Bay Park. Two hours. Twenty-million dollars.

Turner looks up from her rig.

TURNER

We got a trace. It's a house in  
Brooklyn.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

The rest of the cavalry has arrived. A swirl of activity. Something going on in every corner of the house. People come, people go. Radios squawk. This is the war room.

Archer, Newland, Cain and Knapp pour over a map, laid out on the dining room table.

ANDY ARCHER

The house is here. Brooklyn. Park Slope.

NEWLAND

Nice neighborhood.

ANDY ARCHER

We should mobilize a tactical SWAT Unit.

KNAPP

These guys are too careful. The trace is a come-on, get us to stick our heads out, and sign their guestbook. We make the drop on the level, if we don't get the kid, we take the house.

ANDY ARCHER

I just don't want these guys to slip through our fingers.

KNAPP

These guys are nowhere near our fingers. Trust me. Call in the SWAT Team. Get 'em in position. But they don't blink unless we have the kid.

ANDY ARCHER

(re: another map)  
Pelham Bay Park is big, we should have agents here, here and here.

NEWLAND

And there's a subway station. We should put men on the platform, on the trains.

Conrad turns to Knapp.

CONRAD

What do you think?

KNAPP

I think if you ever want to see your son again, there shouldn't be an FBI Agent within a hundred miles of that park.

A beat on Cain considering what Knapp's just told him.

INT. BEDROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE

Conrad Cain's being outfitted with a wire, by Turner. Ellie looks on, a nervous wreck.

ELLIE

This is insane, Conrad. You can't do this.

CONRAD

He's my son.

The door opens, Knapp enters.

KNAPP

Mr. Cain...

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - SAME

At the front door, Atkins signs for the twenty million delivered by a bank representative, and then lugs the heavy case into the living room.

SNAP. The case is opened. Atkins turns to Newland.

ATKINS

Wanna get outta here? You and me. Somewhere with no extradition?

Newland stares at him and flips the case around to show to Conrad as he and Knapp enter the war room. Conrad nods. Knapp grabs the suitcase from Atkins.

KNAPP

(to Archer)  
We'll be in touch.

ELLIE

(to Conrad)  
Be careful.

INT. MERCEDES LIMO - DAY

Knapp drives. Cain rides shotgun, holding a case filled with twenty million dollars while riding through the Bronx.

Cain looks out the window. Across the glass, superimposed on Conrad's face, reflections of a part of town he rarely sees.

EXT. PELHAM BAY PARK - THE BRONX - LATER

Bums, druggies, beggars, people from all walks. It's a nice day, so the park is crowded. Different tunes, from different radios.

In the middle of the crowded square, we push in on Conrad Cain facing away from the camera, pulling all kinds a looks from the natives, not used to a well-dressed white man round these parts, a big leather case in tow. Folks wondering what's in that case. As we swing around Cain:

CONRAD  
(through gritted teeth)  
Knapp, you there?

KNAPP (RADIO)  
I'm right here, Mr. Cain. You're doing good.

Cain sees Knapp standing by the subway entrance.

KNAPP (RADIO) (CONT'D)  
(other channel)  
Who's got eyes in Brooklyn?

EXT. BROOKLYN - AFTERNOON

A quiet house, in a quiet neighborhood. But it only looks quiet...snipers on rooftops, helicopters in the heavens, a Tactical SWAT team in a delivery truck (agents in full TAC gear, and one dressed as a UPS man).

EXT. ROOFTOP - BROOKLYN

Archer and Newland, stand on the rooftop, snipers kneeling close by, targeting. All eyes are on this sweet little house in Park Slope, with the drapes closed. PUSH IN ON THE HOUSE.

ANDY ARCHER  
All quiet here.

## INT. ROOM

The room's small. The windows are covered. A few beams of ambient light in the cracks. Dust particles excited in the rays. Cartoons playing on the tv. SWEEP PAST the old tv, an untouched Hungry Man Dinner. FOOTSTEPS. We see Leopold Cain, as he quickly slides out from under the bed, jumps up onto the bed, and digs into his tv dinner, just as the door opens, and in walks a big fella, who we'll just call KIDNAPPER #1.

Kidnapper #1 is a a burly Mexican. He looks at Leopold for a beat, watching cartoons in Spanish. He leaves, closes the door behind him, his footsteps trailing down the hallway.

Leopold quietly steps off the bed, lies on the floor and quickly slides back under the bed.

PRELAP: PAYPHONE RINGING

INT. PELHAM BAY PARK - SAME

Mr. Cain picks up the ringing payphone on the third ring, as a train rumbles beneath his feet, brakes squealing.

CONRAD

Hello?

VOICE

(distorted)

*Go in the subway, go to the last  
car in the rear of the train. When  
the train stops, get off. Go.*

Click. Cain looks up: no sign of Knapp. Cain drops the phone, takes off running.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

TRACK CAIN DOWN THE STEPS, AND INTO THE

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cain jumps the turnstile. The subway doors begin sliding shut. He's gonna miss the train. Shit! At the last second, a hand reaches out from inside the train, and stops the doors. Mr. Cain looks up to see Knapp holding the doors. Mr. Cain gets on the train, the doors close, the train leaves the station.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BROOKLYN

Archer and Newland, stand on the rooftop.

ANDY ARCHER  
They're on the train.

Archer lifts his binocs, to check out the house.

INT. ROOM

The empty bed. The sound of Leopold working below.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

TRACK Cain as he walks from car to car to the rear of the train. TRACK Knapp, always staying one car length behind.

Knapp stays in the space between the last car and the one before it, watching Conrad Cain as he takes a seat.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Cain sits in the subway car, studying the faces on the train. An exercise in paranoia. A man looks at Cain looking at him, and says,

N.D. MAN  
You got a problem?

But before Cain can respond...

THE TRAIN STOPS SHORT. THE LIGHTS FLICKER. A BEAT.

CONRAD  
(gritted teeth)  
He said to get off when the train  
stopped.

Cain rises, walks to the door, hits the release. The doors open. A beat. Cain hops off the subway onto the tracks.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Archer, Newland, and Atkins.

ATKINS  
The train's stopped.

ANDY ARCHER  
What do you mean, the train's  
stopped?

ATKINS  
Someone pulled the emergency brake  
chord.

## INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Cain's in the tunnel, on the tracks. This is one of those big stretches of tunnel, double-wide.

Cain moves through the shadows, slowly. He hears a noise, turns: a rat scurries across the tracks.

Knapp follows Cain quietly from ten yards back, as Cain moves deeper into the tunnel, still walking alongside the train. He hears the sound of subway doors sliding open behind him, he hears whispers in front of him.

Cain sees: a figure lurking in the shadows. Cain walks closer. A beam from a flashlight shines in his eyes.

VOICE (IN THE SHADOWS)

Stay right there. Don't come any closer.

Cain stops walking. Knapp stops walking. Meanwhile...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN: A MAN MOVES STEALTHILY ALONG THE TRAIN, HE'S HOLDING A GUN.

WITH CAIN, TWENTY FEET AWAY FROM A SHADOWY FIGURE LURKING

CONRAD

I've got your money.

VOICE

Okay.

CONRAD

Where should I...Where do you want me to put it?

VOICE

You could just leave it right there.

CONRAD

Where's my son?

VOICE

Wherever he is, he ain't here.

THE MAN WITH THE GUN GETS THE DROP ON THE LURKING FIGURE, AND PUTS A GUN TO HIS HEAD

N.D. MAN

Don't move! FBI!

KNAPP  
What are you doing?! What the hell  
are you doing?!

CONRAD  
What's going on?! Where's Leopold?!

N.D. MAN  
(into comm)  
I've got the suspect. No sign of  
the boy. I repeat, no sign of the  
boy.

INTERCUT - EXT. ROOFTOP - BROOKLYN

Newland, Archer, Atkins.

ANDY ARCHER  
(into walkie talkie)  
Go! Go! Go!

KNAPP  
(into comm)  
Stand down! Stand down!

DOWN BELOW ON THE STREET:

All hell breaks loose in Brooklyn: Battering rams. Shock rounds. H&K MP5 Sub-machine guns. Shattered windows. Broken doors.

INT. BROOKLYN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SWAT STORMS THE HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR. SECOND FLOOR. KITCHEN. CLOSETS. BATHROOMS.

INT. ROOM

A mixture of sounds: the tv blaring, Leopold under the bed, and footsteps.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Another FBI Agent comes around, shines his flashlight on the shadowy figure: A homeless man. Shit!

FBI AGENT #1  
(into comm)  
We've got a problem.

KNAPP  
What the hell's going on here?!

FBI AGENT #1  
Take it up with Archer.

FBI AGENT #2  
(to the homeless man)  
What are you doing down here?

HOMELESS MAN  
I live down here, you Jackass.  
What's your excuse?

CONRAD  
(to the homeless man)  
Where's my son?

HOMELESS MAN  
I don't know.

CONRAD  
You told me to leave the money.

HOMELESS MAN  
You asked me what you should do  
with the money.

The train starts back up. The doors close. The subway starts  
back down the line.

INT. UPSTAIRS

TWO SWAT GUYS in front of a locked door. They signal to one  
another: ONE...TWO..

SWAT GUY KICKS THE DOOR IN: BAM! SWAT guys flood the room,  
but it's not the room you were expecting it to be, and the  
occupant of the room is in fact a boy, but it's not Leopold  
Cain. It's just some kid home sick from school, lying in bed  
watching cartoons, and unsure of how to react to these SWAT  
guys in their tactical gear, with their guns.

KID  
Cool.

SWAT GUY #1  
(into comm)  
IT'S NOT HIM! IT'S NOT HIM!

EXT. ROOFTOP

Archer, Newland, Atkins. Faces fall flat. Shit.

## INT. LEOPOLD'S ROOM - SAFEHOUSE

The door swings open. Kidnapper #1, stands in the doorway holding a bottle of medicine.

KIDNAPPER #1

Time to take your...

His eyes go wide. He drops the medicine, spills all over the floor. He runs to the bed, and pulls it away from the wall, revealing three wood panels removed with a butter knife. A breach small enough for Leopold Cain to fit through. Shit! Kidnapper #1 runs out of the room.

## EXT. STREET - EVENING

The sun's going down. Leopold Cain runs down a quiet street, the world rushing by him in a blur. Leopold runs over to the first person he sees: A MAN.

LEOPOLD

Help... Help me...

The man turns, smiles a mouth of gold teeth.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

My name is Leopold Cain, I've been  
*kid...*

The man punches Leopold on the nose. Leopold falls down. The man bends over to lighten Leopold's load. He's removing Leo's watch, when a giant pair of hands come from out of nowhere, grabbing chin and forehead, and...CRACK! break the man's neck. The man falls down revealing Kidnapper #1 standing behind him. The kidnapper helps Leopold to his feet, dusts him off.

KIDNAPPER #1

Maybe it's better if you stuck with  
me.

Leopold and the Kidnapper walk toward the setting sun, as the CAMERA CRANES to reveal they're in Mexico City.

CUT TO:

## INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - SAME

The phone rings. Ellie Cain, alone, picks up the phone, and has to swallow before she can speak.

ELLIE

Conrad--

THE OPERATOR (V.O)  
You just killed your son.

BLACK.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

INT. ALICE'S ROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE - EVENING

Ellie sits on the couch holding Alice in her arms, fighting back the tears.

ALICE

What's wrong, mommy?

ELLIE

Mommy's just a little sad, baby.

Alice looks up at Ellie.

ALICE

Did Leopold do something bad?

INT. FOYER - CAIN RESIDENCE

Knapp and Cain exit the elevator and enter the apartment.

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Knapp drops the suitcase, in the middle of the room, and continues down the long hallway.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Archer, Newland and some other agents sitting around the kitchen table. The door to the kitchen opens, and in walks Knapp. He makes a beeline for Archer. Archer rises out of his chair. Knapp pops Archer right in the nose. A fight about to break out between them, but both men are restrained.

ANDY ARCHER

Are you crazy?!

KNAPP

We had a deal. No men in the park!  
No men in the subway! You blew it.  
You played right into it, you  
stupid--

NEWLAND

It wasn't him. It was me. It was my  
call.

Newland let's Archer go. Archer unruffles himself, looks at Knapp: *You just made my shitlist asshole.*

NEWLAND (CONT'D)  
Standard procedure.

KNAPP  
That's the problem with you people  
and your rule book. But what you  
don't realize is you're the only  
one's playing by the rules.

NEWLAND  
I did what needed to be done.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Get out of my house.

Newland turns, sees Mrs. Cain standing there.

NEWLAND  
Mrs. Cain, please let me--

ELLIE  
Get out of my house, now.

EXT. SAN REMO BLDG. - NIGHT

Newland and Archer exit the San Remo. Archer's nose is  
bleeding all over his two-hundred dollar suit.

NEWLAND  
I want a detail on the residence,  
taps on the phones, and a man on  
Knapp around the clock.

ANDY ARCHER  
What happened to retirement?

NEWLAND  
(getting in his car)  
Fuck retirement.

As the car drives off, HOLD on Javier the doorman. A  
succession of FBI cars wipe the frame.

EXT. TERRACE - CAIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Ellie Cain stands solemn on the terrace. One of the terrace  
doors open. Ellie turns to find Knapp. She Turns back, looks  
out at the city.

ELLIE  
Business as usual out there, huh?  
People going to bed in one place.  
People waking up in another.  
(MORE)

## ELLIE (CONT'D)

Like the ebb and flow of the tides,  
Mr. Knapp. Breakfasts. Lunches.  
Dinners. Traffic jams. Charity  
events. Baseball games. A  
teenager's first kiss. I don't  
understand how it all hasn't come  
to a halt. How the earth can still  
turn on its axis and not miss even  
one silly revolution for my boy.  
You wake up one morning worried  
about the color of a napkin, and by  
the end of the day you feel so  
small, you wonder if you'll be able  
to breathe.

## KNAPP

The men who took Leopold, they're  
motivated by greed. Your son isn't  
worth anything to them dead, Mrs.  
Cain.

Knapp gives her the subtlest of nods. So subtle it may not be  
real. But Ellie knows what has passed between them. Somewhere  
down below, a car horn honks.

## ELLIE

Business as usual out there.

Ellie turns and walks back inside. Knapp watches as the city  
goes to sleep.

## INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY - LATER

Conrad Cain walks down the long hallway, he passes Leopold's  
bedroom, afraid to look.

## INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Conrad pours himself a drink. Turns out the light.

## EXT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad walks past the study, but stops when he sees Ellie.

## INT. STUDY - SAME

Ellie looks at a photograph of her and Conrad when they were  
younger, during better days. He watches her for a beat, then  
walks away.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE

Conrad stops in the doorway to the living room. Knapp sits by the surveillance equipment in the dark. Knapp turns, and sees Conrad. A beat.

CONRAD

Just bring him home.

## INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. Except for the sound of a racquet ball smacking against a wall. Thud! Mr. Schroeder sits at his desk. Thud! Always at his desk. Thud! Suddenly:

THE IMAGE OF SCHROEDER BECOMES A NEAT LITTLE SQUARE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE FRAME, SURROUNDED BY BLACK.

(1) Schroeder catches the ball. Throws it. Thud!

IN THE TOP LEFT CORNER OF THE SCREEN ANOTHER IMAGE APPEARS:

(2) Virgil lying in his hospital bed, his wife at his bedside holding his hand. Thud!

AND THEN A SERIES OF IMAGES POSITIONED ALL OVER THE FRAME:

(3) Ellie Cain sleeping in Leopold's bed. Thud!

(4) Conrad Cain sitting at his desk, writing his list of enemies. Thud!

(5) Archer entering his bedroom, careful not to wake his sleeping wife. Thud!

(6) Newland sitting in a local dive, drinking a bourbon on the rocks. Thud!

(7) Greene looking at his head in the mirror. Thud!

(8) The Accountant sitting quietly in a recliner, gun on the stand next to him. Thud!

(9) A light is switched on in one of the boxes, the operator slipping his headset over his ears. Thud!

(10) Kidnappers #1 and #2 sitting in front of the television, #1 eats a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, while #2 sharpens his knife. Thud!

IN THE MIDDLE BOX, THE ONE THING CONNECTING THEM ALL:

(11) Leopold Cain sitting on the cold floor, handcuffed to a radiator. Thud!

Before us on the screen are eleven boxes depicting the people connected to the Cain Kidnapping. At rest. A beat. Thud! All the images disappear. Black. A beat.

INT. CAIN RESIDENCE - MIDNIGHT

WIDE. Looking down the entrance. Drifting. Midnight blue. Empty. The last set of footsteps fading into another wing of the house. The last light being extinguished. The last door closing. Darkness.

The camera drifts through the black, a few objects reflecting moonlight, as the camera continues to move through the

LIVING ROOM - CAIN RESIDENCE - MIDNIGHT

The camera moves toward the blackest corner of the room. Closer...closer...until a face emerges from the darkness: It's Knapp. He's sitting in a chair, motionless, waiting, waiting like an animal in the night, quietly stalking its prey, never closing its eyes. The camera continues into this dark corner, until we are looking at a close up of Knapp's face, the rest of him enveloped by the black.

A beat.

A telephone rings once.

Black.

TO BE CONTINUED