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 whirling 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 flies.

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 sniffs. 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 beat 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. JAMAICA WAY. 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.
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 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?

MILROY
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 cliche. You have referred to your own wife as summa cum laude. At what, I would hesitate to guess.

MILROY
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?

MILROY
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
Search 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 "Scienta est Potentia". Do you know Latin?

CRAVEN
Sure. I went to Boston Latin.

JEDBURGH
Then subigo telum, miles militia.

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 enviromentalist 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 doesn't drink". She said once you got bullshit when a guy at work sent you 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 "NIgniteflower" 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

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 town car 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 town car. 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 EC 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.
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 Almarencos, 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. Savorie 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 goes 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. Evey 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)
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?
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 mayonnaise 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 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 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 interestingly. 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. BENNET'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.
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?

JEDBURG 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