

THE DARKENING

By

J.G. Pile

johnpile76@yahoo.com
Jennifer Graff c/o Niad Mgmt
niadmanagement@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER -- NIGHT

An eerie BLACK MIST wafts over the labyrinthine dark river as it empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

Fireworks go off in the blackened sky.

The French Quarter of New Orleans...not too far away is lit brighter than normal if such a thing is even possible.

WE drift through the stifling mist and see...

...muzzle flashes. Sounds of gunfire. Different intensities of both sound and light burst through the black mist at us.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- NIGHT

SUPER: NEW YEAR'S -- JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT

We break free of the mist to find a fire as it rages in the background...

...and the remains of a bloody shoot out.

A MAN IN A LEATHER COAT AND A DARK GREY, ALMOST BLACK HOODIE JACKET. A POLICE SHIELD HANGS FROM HIS NECK.

A WOMAN also dead has FBI stenciled on her WINDBREAKER.

Automatic handguns aren't far from anyone's reach.

Blood pools everywhere.

Sharp scrapes are heard on the ground. Someone is still alive.

He's CALE BISHOP, 30, baby faced but with a steely eyed intensity, tries to get on his feet.

A GOLD SHIELD sits on his waist. He too wears a DARK HOODIE JACKET and BLACK LEATHER COAT.

He collapses back to the ground...it's too fucking hard. In too much pain. Then...

Footsteps...

The determined cadence marches across the pavement towards Cale.

(CONTINUED)

The BLACK SHOES of the person approaching are polished like glass.

They step in and step out of the pooled blood like it isn't there.

The BLACK SHOES stop by Cale's useless body...

Cale looks up at the UNSEEN FIGURE...plants his head back down on the cement road...can't believe this is the end...as everything around him...

CALE
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...FADES TO BLACK:

SILENCE.

THEN, A RACING HEARTBEAT...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CEMETERY -- DAY

A JAZZ FUNERAL PROCESSION leaves a handful of mourners to grieve over a casket.

The rain falls. Not heavy enough for umbrellas but enough to be an annoying presence.

Cale in CEREMONIAL POLICE UNIFORM stands with his hands clasped firmly in front of him.

SUPER: CHRISTMAS EVE

There's a LARGE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DECEASED NEXT TO THE CASKET. IT'S VICTOR BISHOP...IN THE PHOTO HE WEARS A POLICE OFFICER'S HAT.

Mourners shake Cale's hand for one last time and depart.

Cale watches FOUR CRYPT KEEPERS as they position the coffin inside of a large CONCRETE TOMB.

Before Cale leaves he gives each Crypt Keeper a crisp, new HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. They nod their gratitude.

Cale turns abruptly. Not ten yards away stands OLIVIA BEAUCHAMP, 30, a looker from the womb to the tomb. She drinks him in with those Bette Davis eyes.

A gun sits on her hip, along with a FEDERAL GOLD SHIELD.

Cale stops upon seeing her...

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Cale and Olivia break bread in a tiny corner of the room.

OLIVIA

I didn't know they still buried
people on Christmas Eve.

CALE

They do if you pay them enough.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry I missed it.

CALE

He wasn't your father. Besides my
loser half-brother wasn't there
either so you more than get a pass.

OLIVIA

How's Claude doing?

CALE

Claude is Claude. Still as crazy as
ever.

OLIVIA

Kinda hard to judge him for myself
since I've never even met the man.

CALE

Trust me, he's not the meeting
type.

Cale stirs his coffee. He watches her pour her milk into her coffee. She looks up at him. He looks away but not fast enough.

OLIVIA

They say that since Katrina, cops
around here have the second highest
rate of suicide.

CALE

Really. Who's number one?

OLIVIA

Former cops.

CALE

Makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Nothing much does, especially
around here.

CALE

On that point you're right. My
father, Louisiana's meanest, most
selfish son of a bitch died about
fifty years too late. My erratic
brother's a drug addicted criminal
and I'm still stuck in my luxury
accommodations compliments of FEMA.
The whole goddamned world is one
giant clusterfuck.

OLIVIA

You wanna talk about it?

He gives her an 'Are you kidding me?' look...

CALE

Nothing to talk about. I'm tired of
thinking of other people. Time to
love me some me.

OLIVIA

They'll always be your family--

Pours sugar into his coffee...

CALE

So how's life at the Bureau?

Takes the hint...

BEAT.

OLIVIA

A pain in the ass. Like you.

CALE

C'mon. You know that's part of my
charm.

OLIVIA

Now imagine if you'd just kept your
so called charm from between other
women's legs, we'd still be
married.

Her phone rings...

She speaks in rapid Creole to the person on the other end.
Then hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CALE

How's the old woman? She still does
those Voodoo parties?

OLIVIA

The tourists wanna see Voodoo. Nana
gives 'em Voodoo.

CALE

Bunch a bullshit that's what it is.

OLIVIA

You still think that everything you
don't understand isn't worth
anyone's time.

CALE

Well, I never quite got a handle on
you.

OLIVIA

Really...well does that mean I fall
into the same category as not being
worthwhile?

Cale lifts his coffee mug to his face and stares at her
above the rim as he sips...

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dark...but a little moonlight slips a note through the
window.

Cale lies with his hands behind his head. Fully awake.
Pensive.

Olivia is asleep next to him. Her ample breasts shake as she
shifts position.

Cale lights a cigarette. Inhales generously. Exhales.
Observes the smoke drifting away...

His cell phone goes off sharply. Snatches it up.

CALE

(into phone)

Jesus Christ...It's Christmas Eve.

(beat)

Okay, I'll be there in fifteen.

Snaps it shut. Lays there. Listens to the silence. Looks
around. Heads over to a desk, lifts up...

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON: A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN IN POLICE CEREMONIAL UNIFORM...HIS FATHER.

CAPTION READS: VICTOR BISHOP - WE WILL NEVER FORGET.

He puts it back on the desk.

Puts his clothes on and grabs his coat on his way out...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET -- NIGHT

Cale crosses the street...walks up to a PANEL VAN. Opens the door...

INT. PANEL VAN -- NIGHT

...slides in.

There's a ton of artillery and ammo amongst KEVLAR VESTS. RADIO AND VIDEO EQUIPMENT are scattered on the floor.

His Commanding Officer, GRIFFIN WALSH, 40, with salt and pepper hair and well toned, tosses a vest to Cale.

The scars on his body suggest a cop that everyone fears firsts and respects second. An urban warrior.

 GRIFFIN
 About goddamned time.

MATT BURNETT, 32 with dark bronzed skin and TOMMY KEANE, 30, a tall Irish-American watch Cale with an indifference bordering on aversion.

FRANK MARIS, 34, short and pudgy, picks his nose violently.

They carry the rough, disheveled look of plain clothes street disciples too burdened by their jobs to shave.

Cale nods at them. They nod back.

 CALE
 Won't happen again, boss.

Griffin points a BLACK HANDLE SERRATED KNIFE AT HIM.

 GRIFFIN
 Better not. Or I'll bust you back
 down to patrol.

CALE
Yeah...yeah I got it.

TOMMY
(to Griffin)
What the fuck is the choir boy
doing here anyway? I thought he
didn't like getting his hands
dirty.

GRIFFIN
It's time he got his call for the
majors. Anyone got a problem with
that?

They shake their heads...

MATT
So what's the score, man?

GRIFFIN
We got The Dauphin. Finally tracked
his ass to that house behind us.

TOMMY
Bullshit. How'd you find him?

GRIFFIN
I got my sources.

Frank, Tommy, Matt shift in their seats nervously...Cale
stays motionless, exchanges a look with Griffin.

FRANK
Jesus Christ on a cross.

TOMMY
You're fucking kidding me.

MATT
Really is Christmas.

CALE
Now what?

GRIFFIN
(nods)
The same thing we all agreed we'd
do when it was time to answer
history's call. I have it on good
authority that the son of a bitch
is sitting on a cool fifteen
million dollars. My math is a bit
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
rusty but when we include the
Captain and Mike those're a little
over two million reasons we each
need to take him out.

All except Cale nod. They smell blood....

MATT

GRIFFIN

Nah...he's only got his bitch up
there. They're counting it out as
we speak.

FRANK
We can take them.

TOMMY
Hell yeah!

MATT
Kinda strange don't you think?

GRiffin
How so?

MATT
Prison life has made him paranoid bordering in the neighborhood of psychotic. He's never without hired help. How is it possible that the five of us can take him and whatever armed sons of bitches he's got up there?

CALE
Word on the street is that he don't use bodyguards anymore. Last year he met a sweet little thing named Cloretta and has since knocked her up. This here Cloretta just happens to be a so called Voodoo priestess. She's his good luck charm.

MATT
You serious?

GRIFFIN

As 'Dubya' was when he said,
'Brownie, you're doing a heck of a
job'

They laugh...except Cale.

Griffin focuses his attention on Matt, Frank and Tommy...who nod approvingly. Then he looks at Cale again.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Your old man was a player. So now's
your chance. You get to decide
history right here, right now.

They all glare at him...watching for any sign of weakness.

Cale stares back at them. Ready. Willing. Able.

He nods firmly. Wants to show them that he has the balls to pull this off.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

We go in under the hoods for this
one.

Griffin tosses them SMOKE COLORED pieces of clothing.

Cale watches as they put on the DARK GREY HOODIES with the zips on the HOOD.

One by one they zip the Hoodies from the back of their neck right over their heads and down to their mouths with two almond shaped eye slits that give them sight.

They then put on LONG, BLACK LEATHER COATS.

They glare at Cale, under their masks. Almost as though daring him not to follow through. But he does.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

We do this hard and stiff. Don't
dick around and you won't get
fucked around.

They exit the vehicle, fully armed like ghosts going into goddamned Fallujah.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Inside is like a Dirty Disneyland. Impish statues and figurines hug the wall. Trinkets hang from every available hook. Skulls are nailed to the wall with their standard shit eating grins plastered on.

Oils. Powders. Dried herbs...everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

The flames of two candles dance in the cool breeze that passes through the window. Incense burns and stifles the air.

A pink CD player hauntingly drawls out an instrumental jazz piece.

CLORETTA, 24, is murky and hot like a cup of fresh brewed Juan Valdez and gorgeously pregnant to boot.

She places a stack of Benjamins in a money counter machine.

Next to her is THE DAUPHIN, late 30s, southern good ol' boy with reddish crazy eyes. He stops counting to snort a line of cocaine on the coffee table.

It hits him in the back of the throat. He curses in Creole French and giggles in ecstasy.

On a nearby table rests bales of cash and new handguns.

Dauphin goes back counting.

It's precise and methodical here...almost robotic.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Tommy, Matt, Frank, Cale and Griffin climb the chain link fence that guards the property.

A dog howls in the distance at the full moon.

Griffin dishes out his orders via hand signals. Cale hesitates. Griffin stares him down. Cale goes off as told.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Dauphin and Cloretta pack bales of cash into the backs of TVs. The ones with the huge backs that no one seems to have anymore.

EXT. WESTERN SIDE OF HOUSE -- NIGHT

Frank sprints to a side door of the house. Cale follows with a hint of anxiety.

His hand extracts his weapon...flicks off the safety...grips the handle tightly.

FRANK

Ready...

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cloretta finishes the count on the last stack of cash.

A shuffle outside the door interrupts the operation.

The Dauphin pushes his head through the beaded curtain from the kitchen with an anxious look on his face.

CLORETTA

What time is it?

DAUPHIN

Time no one should be up.

The Dauphin scurries to grab a gun from the table. Cloretta grabs a KALASHNIKOV RIFLE from under the sofa's cushions.

...The Dauphin secures the doorknob...gazes through the peephole...

...A SIZE FIFTEEN, HEAVY DUTY, MOTHERFUCKER OF A BLACK BOOT kicks the goddamn door in.

The Dauphin is knocked to the floor as...

...Griffin, Tommy and Matt, storm their way in...

Cloretta shrieks like a banshee. Frank and Cale appear from the side of the house. Frank knocks her to the floor.

The Dauphin leaps onto Tommy. Tommy spins around helplessly. The others try to get off a shot but can't do so without hitting Tommy.

The Dauphin rips away the part of Tommy's Hoodie Mask that covers the side of his head. Gnaws hungrily on Tommy's ear.

TOMMY

Get him off me! Goddammit. Get him off! Fucking get him off!

Frank and Matt go after The Dauphin. Griffin keeps his REVOLVER aimed on them. Frank and Matt try to pry him off of Tommy but he's as strong as a fucking Ox.

Cale stands motionless. Just watches. Transfixed.

Cloretta gets to her feet. Rams herself into Griffin. They crumble to the floor.

The Dauphin kicks Frank in the face. Slams Matt's skull into the wall. Cale rushes forward to help. The Dauphin leaps at him as well. Snatches his weapon.

BLAM!

A shot goes off...but not from the gun in The Dauphin's hand.

It's from Griffin's weapon.

Cloretta kneels over him. A knife in her hand. She wavers like a tree blowing in the wind. Her stomach is coated in blood. Shot by Griffin.

Griffin lays there motionless. Watches her.

She falls to the ground. Holds her stomach. Not a sound comes from her. In total shock. She just looks down at her body in horror...

The Dauphin mumbles underneath his breath. His eyes burn.

The Dauphin charges Griffin. Griffin offloads a shot into The Dauphin.

He won't go down...continues his defiant charge.

Griffin pumps him full of lead three more times. Finally, The Dauphin goes down.

Silence.

The haunting jazz track is the only thing that breaks the hushed room, until...

CALE
Jesus Christ!

GRIFFIN
That's why Christmas was named after him.

FRANK
What do we do?

MATT
Yeah man. What the fuck do we do?

TOMMY
You see this shit?

Tommy rips away the remainder of his Hoodie Mask left by The Dauphin and now soaked in blood...

GRIFFIN
 Calm the fuck down!

Tommy tears off a piece of his shirt to apply pressure on the wounded ear.

As their curiosity compels them to examine him...

 CALE
 Hey, where's the woman?

The others turn and realize that she's fucking disappeared.

 GRIFFIN
 You gotta be kidding me. Where'd
 she go?

They kick away loose cushions and boxes. Until they hear her...

 CLORETTA (O.S.)
 I shall raise up the dead and they
 shall eat the living. I shall make
 the dead outnumber the living.

Her voice carries like a megaphone in a concrete room.

 MATT
 Where the fuck is she?

 GRIFFIN
 Find her.

Suddenly, the entire house is encased in darkness...

 GRIFFIN (cont'd)
 Goddammit...someone please find
 that bitch.

Then....a struggle in the rich blackness. The cops haven't quite got their bearings.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Shots are fired. Chaos ensues. They all panic... and fire back wildly.

 CALE
 She's got a fucking gun...

 GRIFFIN
 Get some light in here!

As Matt and Frank turn on their flashlights...

Cloretta stands in the middle of their strategic circle. With them all backing each other, they don't see her or know she's there until..

CLORETTA
I SHALL MAKE THE DEAD OUTNUMBER THE
LIVING.

She launches towards the closest target...Cale. Blows a powdery dust at him.

She rams his ass into the wall fiercely...he goes for his gun.

Matt's and Frank's flashlights glare on Cale and her.

Cale's head is slammed against the wall...

...a gunshot goes off. Cloretta drops to the ground. Fresh blood gushes from her stomach.

Cloretta laughs for a few seconds, then it stops...

Cale's weapon smokes.

He's on the floor...knocked out from the blow to the head.

The flashlights shine on their two bodies on the ground...

DISSOLVE TO:

MINUTES LATER...

CALE'S POV

A DARK MIST drifts slowly apart as Cale opens his eyes and rejoins the conscious world.

The power is back on. The house is now lit like it was.

Tommy, Matt and Griffin hover above him.

END POV

Cale's on the floor. A cushion under his head.

Griffin helps him up...

GRIFFIN
You did good kid. Real fucking
good.

Cale takes off the Hoodie Mask...

(CONTINUED)

CALE
What happened?

GRIFFIN
You did what you were supposed to do. Survive. And with a pretty big bump on your head for good measure too.

Cale feels the welt at the back of his head. Winces in pain.

Griffin looks at the others...

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
Bag the money and let's get the fuck outta here.

Cale looks over at Cloretta's body. Her eyes are open long after her shell has been emptied of its soul. It lays on top of The Dauphin's body.

Cale stares back at her empty eyes. Doesn't even bat an eyelid.

FLASH TO WHITE:

DREAM SEQUENCE--

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

As distorted as it is with the hot steam rising from the tube, we see Cale as he walks towards a bathtub.

A HAND IS DRAPED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BATHTUB.

Reddish water overflows from it. It crashes to the ground and corrupts the integrity of WHITE FLOOR TILES.

It flows freely to his feet.

He just stands there as we hear the water hitting the floor.

He slowly walks forward. He reaches for the shower curtain that partially hides his father's face...

He yanks it open...

HIS FATHER BLEEDS FROM A GUN SHOT WOUND TO THE HEAD...

END DREAM SEQUENCE...

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM -- DAY

SUPER: NEW YEAR'S EVE MORNING

Cale awakens from the dream in shock. Screams.

Sweats like a whore in church. Breathes like a racehorse after a strong gallop.

A CD PLAYER'S alarm goes ape-shit with a noisy rock track.

HE KNOCKS OVER A GLASS OF WATER AS HE REACHES FOR IT.

He slumps back down into his sweat laced bed. Springs back up and runs to...

INT. TRAILER BATHROOM -- DAY

...the bathroom. On his knees as he pukes into the toilet. He officially looks like the word SHIT in the dictionary.

Gets to his feet.

Stares at himself in the mirror. Turns the tap on. Splashes the water over his face generously. It's soothes him.

He looks up at his face in the mirror again. Towels off his face gently. Examines his teeth.

Suddenly...A SHADOW IN THE FORM OF A MAN FLASHES BEHIND HIM...

FLASH TO QUICK IMAGES IN BLACK AND WHITE--

N.B. (THE QUICK IMAGES THAT CALE SEES ARE ALL FRAGMENTED AND JARRING)

...a FIGURE covered in a BLACK HOODIE holds a gun to Cale's head.

...in an open lot with rusty old sailing ships...

...Cale, Griffin and TWO MEN wearing N.O.P.D Jackets all draw their weapons on A MAN IN A FBI WINDBREAKER.

...it's a showdown. Everyone breaks off...steps away.

BACK TO SCENE

Cale holds onto his head as though he's getting a migraine. Grimaces in anguish at the images he's seen.

...turns around.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing but empty space. There's no one there. Or was there?
On Cale's face...

...he breathes heavily. Slumps his head against the mirror.
Splashes it with more water. Blinks furiously.

INT. TRAILER/LIVING AREA -- DAY

Cale occupies himself with a bowl of Captain Crunch and the newspaper.

The T.V. watches him. Looks up at it...searches for the remote.

Turns up the volume...

TV REPORTER
...City Hall and the New Orleans Police Union still haven't come to an agreement on a system of implementing increased wages. Sources within the N.O.P.D have informed me that a large number of officers across the city have not reported for duty on today of all days, New Year's Eve--

Cale turns the T.V. off...

Goes back to his cereal and newspaper.

WHAM!

A noise echoes from the bedroom.

Cale's spoon stops halfway to his mouth. Ceases crunching. Sits there. Listens. Nothing but silence.

Goes back to his cereal....

WHAM!

From his bedroom again. Cale knocks the cereal away. Grabs his gun from his hip holster and bolts towards the bedroom...

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM -- DAY

...he enters cautiously. Sees no one. Hears nothing else. The only thing disturbed is the photograph of his father.

It's now on the floor.

He goes to the ground...picks it up. Senses someone is behind him and turns--

Just his shadow! He turns away. Starts to laugh.

CALE

I must be going outta my fucking mind.

He puts the Photo Frame back on the table. Leaves the room...

...EVEN AS HIS SHADOW REMAINS IN PLACE.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET -- DAY

A HEAVY DUTY SUV pulls up alongside the New Orleans City Hall Building.

INT. SUV -- DAY

TED JARVIS, 42, FBI VETERAN AGENT, places a hand on Olivia's shoulder.

JARVIS

Hey...you okay?

OLIVIA

Yeah...why?

JARVIS

You've been distant all morning.

OLIVIA

(beat)

I'm fine. Just been feeling a bit--nevermind. It's silly.

JARVIS

If you're not up to this--

OLIVIA

I said I'm fine.

He studies her...

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS

Okay, it's simple enough. The story's been planted that an accomplice of The Dauphin wants to turn state's evidence and declare who The Dauphin's killers are. All you gotta do is get Cale back to our offices in Baton Rouge as soon as possible.

OLIVIA

You're gonna be there when it goes down?

JARVIS

Yeah...just in case. It'll also help sell it.

OLIVIA

What about the other guys in Cale's unit? They're not stupid.

JARVIS

We don't need them to be stupid, just distracted. If we do this right, they won't even know what hit 'em. Come Monday we'll stuff their assholes with federal indictments.

OLIVIA

For the record I don't like it.

JARVIS

You do your best work when you don't like the task. Look, you'll be in and out in an hour tops.

Jarvis hands her the FBI FOLDER. She opens it up and sees a PHOTOGRAPH OF CALE. Rifles through some more papers.

OLIVIA

I can't believe he'd be involved. His file shows some red flags but nothing to hint he's corrupt.

JARVIS

Would you say that if he wasn't your ex-husband?

OLIVIA

(beat)

Maybe.

JARVIS

The DEA and some boys in Justice back in D.C. were planning on moving on The Dauphin in a matter of days. Now he's dead. And they want someone to prosecute, but more importantly they want the marked fifteen million dollars he had which would go a long way to securing extradition warrants on some major bad ass talent in Mexico.

OLIVIA

But we're not sure--

JARVIS

Whispers around town are that Griffin's strike unit was involved and given his penchant for being an asshole I'm inclined to believe it. Christ, the only reason that sadistic fucker is still a cop is because they needed the manpower after Katrina. I'm sorry but we need Cale to think he could go down for this in order to flip him on Griffin and recover the cash.

OLIVIA

This is bullshit.

BEAT.

JARVIS

You still have feelings for him.
Don't you?

As she returns the file, he grabs her hand. For just a second too long. She yanks hers away.

OLIVIA

I told you it's over between me and you.

She exits the SUV...

EXT. TRAILER PARK ROAD -- DAY

It's mid morning but it looks more like late afternoon. The entire sky is a putrid and sickly gray.

Cale walks by THREE KIDS playing with marbles in the dirt. He smiles at them. They run away.

CALE
(shakes his head)
Everyone's a goddamned critic these days.

Heads off towards a local street...

EXT. STREET ALLEY -- DAY

From nowhere he's pushed onto a wall by a BLACK HOODED FIGURE.

There's also a REVOLVER now attached to Cale's head.

BLACK HOOD
Give me somethin' asshole!

CALE
(empties out his wallet)
Take it easy, man. Take it easy.

BLACK HOOD
Twenty bucks? That all? I should blow a hole in your fuckin' skull right now for wastin' my time.

CALE
Don't be stupid. You won't get away with it.

BLACK HOOD
Fuck you! Half of the city's cops are out getting drunk. Who the fuck is gonna work the overtime to solve your murder?

Cale looks up to the heavens. He can't find an answer.

Black Hood turns him around and uncovers...and turns out to be none other than GRIFFIN.

(CONTINUED)

CALE
Goddammit!

GRIFFIN
(laughs wildly)
You shoulda seen your face when you
saw it was me.

CALE
Asshole!

GRIFFIN
Hey, at least you didn't say you
were a cop. If I'd been a real
crack head piece of shit, you'd be
well fucked for sharin' that juicy
tidbit.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

A FIGURE covered in a BLACK HOODIE holds a gun to Cale's head.

BACK TO SCENE

Cale looks around with concern. Something doesn't feel right.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
What's up with you?

CALE
You know...I could've sworn you
pulled this stunt on me before.

GRIFFIN
(shakes his head)
I think you hit your head harder
than I thought. C'mon, last day of
the year, let's go claim it.

Cale looks up at the dark city sky anxiously.

CALE
Miserable day to claim.

INT. GRIFFIN'S BLACK TAHOE -- DAY

Griffin negotiates the road and sips on coffee.

Cale's attention is focused on the outside.

GRIFFIN

You look like a man who's got a lot
on his mind.

 CALE

Ever get the feeling you were being
watched?

 GRIFFIN

What do you mean? Like
surveillance?

 CALE

Not exactly.

Griffin looks over at Cale. Curiosity all over his face.

 GRIFFIN

What the hell are you talking
about?

 CALE

Forget it. It was stupid. Just
forgot it.

 GRIFFIN

How long you been a cop now?

 CALE

Eight years.

 GRIFFIN

And in those eight years, you ever
took the law into your own hands?

 CALE

What do you mean?

Griffin gives him a deadpan look...

 CALE (cont'd)

Beat up on a few suspects. Couple
of child molesters and such. That's
about it.

Griffin cackles loudly.

 CALE (cont'd)

What?

 GRIFFIN

You feel guilty about killing The
Dauphin's Voodoo bitch and taking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
the money that's your goddamn problem.

Cale looks away ashamedly...Griffin starts up his laugh again.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
I knew it. I fucking knew it.

CALE

GRiffin
Let me give you a piece of advice.
Take as much as you can and get
out. A New Orleans cop is nothin'
more than a target for thugs and
civilian lawsuits these days. And
you're gonna deserve something for
the bullshit you're gonna endure
wearin' that fuckin' shield.

CALE
Like I haven't heard that before.

GRiffin
You have because it's true. You
don't wanna go out crazy and
tormented like your old man did, do
you?

CALE

GRiffin
Your old man was a hell of a cop
but even he couldn't keep the
demons at bay could he?

Cale bows his head...

CALE
We all have our demons.

True. But you more than anyone would know what I'm talking about.

Cale nods. Watches the city's worker bees passing by them as they head off to their mundane jobs.

CALE
Hey pull over I gotta take a piss.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CITY STREET/ALLEY -- DAY

Cale strolls into the deserted alley. His shadow walks alongside him on the building's wall.

He heads over to a large dumpster. Looks around. Whips it out and pisses all over the wall. Relief at last.

A bottle breaks a few feet away from him over by a couple of trash cans. He zips up and pulls his gun to investigate.

He creeps forward slowly. Slowly....slowly. Aims his gun...

...then a fucking STRAY CAT leaps from behind the trash cans. Looks at him and hisses in anger. Takes off.

He re-holsters his gun...

Behind him...his shadow plastered against the wall flutters erratically.

IT FORMS A HAND THAT REACHES BEYOND THE CONFINES OF THE WALL AND MOVES TOWARDS HIM...

GRiffin (O.S.)
You done playing with yourself?

Griffin looks at him from the top of the alley.

Cale nods. Turns and looks at the wall. There's no shadow there on the wall anymore. He hurries off.

INT. BLACK TAHOE -- DAY

Cale jumps inside. He's uneasy as hell. Shakes his thighs rapidly.

Griffin negotiates the traffic streets with an accomplished ease. Like nothing is actually there.

GRiffin
Just got a call from the Captain.
Says that some prick claims to know
who killed The Dauphin and his
woman.

Cale looks at him in shock. Returns to gazing outside. Ignores Griffin.

Griffin looks at him slightly bewildered.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

CALE
Yeah I heard.

GRiffin
Okay you been acting weird since I
picked you up. You wanna tell me
what the hell is going on?

CALE
It's nothing.

GRiffin
Bullshit!

Cale runs a nervous hand through his hair. Might as well
tell him...

CALE
That night when we killed them. The
woman did something to me with that
shit she blew into my face.

GRiffin
What the hell are you talking--?

CALE
Ever since that night I've been
getting this feeling as though I
was being watched.

GRiffin
(beat)
Watched by whom?

Cale can't answer...

GRiffin (cont'd)
Well, who is it?

CALE
(beat)
I don't know. It's like...like a
presence of some kind.

GRiffin
(beat)
A presence?

CALE
I know it sounds crazy--

Griffin mashes on the brakes...

GRIFFIN
Now listen to me good. I don't know what kind of shit you're trying to pull but I'm not in the mood. Now we got ourselves a real life crisis that could cause me my badge and my pension if we don't get our shit together. You may not care about that but I certainly do because two million and change doesn't go as far as it used to. Nod if you feel me.

Cale nods steadily...

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
Good. Now in order for all of us to get through with this situation our heads have gotta be on straight.

Cale nods steadily once more...

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
Good!

Griffin gives him a lasting harsh look. Drives his SUV forward.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Within a sprawling ship graveyard where former commercial watercraft were once stripped of their metal.

There's still tons of ship skeletons and bastard machine equipment still scattered around. They compliment the derelict brick and metal buildings that have long been abandoned.

Cale and Griffin push forward together. Griffin is beside him.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

An open lot full of old ships.

BACK TO SCENE

Griffin looks into Cale's face...it shows confusion and doubt.

GRIFFIN

What?

CALE

I think I've seen this place before.

GRIFFIN

So...?

CALE

(beat)

I...I don't know.

Griffins grows frustrated...

GRIFFIN

Is this gonna be a problem?

Cale shakes his head. Griffin places a reassuring hand on his shoulder...

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Look...if I was in your shoes, I'd probably be struggling with what went done. It couldn't have been easy for you, but now's not the time for this. Simply put...they died because of what they did. Shit happens every day and this city is a living, breathing example of that.

Cale looks around. Still unsettled.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

We'll finish this later.

Griffin charges forward...

They approach the group.

There's a MAN WITH AN FBI JACKET ON, it's Jarvis.

Cale stops in mid walk. Looks at them fervently. His brow creases in anxiety.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

The N.O.P.D COPS and The FBI AGENT are in the midst of a standoff.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE

Both the N.O.P.D cops and Jarvis watch their approach.

Cale flushed with anxiety wets his lips in anticipation. His hand goes to his holster.

Griffin and Cale approach CAPT. MERRILL KENTISH, 55, with the body of a defensive end and OFFICER MIKE BREWER, 31, the Captain's right hand...

...WHO WERE THE TWO PREVIOUSLY SEEN N.O.P.D COPS IN CALE'S VISION.

JARVIS

... don't give a shit, Kentish.
We're going in with or without you.

GRIFFIN

What the hell is goin' on here?

JARVIS

If it isn't the the heart and soul
of the unnatural hybrid of SWAT and
detective.

GRIFFIN

The Feds have no jurisdiction here.

JARVIS

You couldn't be more wrong Walsh.

Griffin eyeballs him furiously.

JARVIS (cont'd)

Oh don't look so surprised. Being
the bag man of this ill conceived
unit, do you really think the
federal government wouldn't be
keeping tabs on you?

GRIFFIN

'*Novus Ordo Seclorum*', huh?

JARVIS

Your tax dollars at work.

KENTISH

Griffin Walsh meet FBI Special
Agent Ted Jarvis attached to the
Baton Rouge Field Office.

GRiffin

I don't care who he is. I just wanna know why he's at my bust.

JARVIS

We heard a rumor that an accomplice of The Dauphin wanted to provide evidence on who his killers were.

Griffin looks at Kentish who can only offer a shrug...

GRiffin

You don't have the authority.

JARVIS

I see your shitty police badge and raise you one federal gold shield.

GRiffin

Bullshit!

JARVIS

The Dauphin had been transporting drugs and cash across the border to here via Texas which makes it a federal matter all the way.

GRiffin

You're stretchin' it to get what you want. If this guy, whoever he is, can help us find the killers we deserve first crack at him.

JARVIS

And have some unfortunate incident occur? Not a chance.

GRiffin

Son of a bitch!

Griffin pulls his gun.

Jarvis does the same which in turn sends Cale, Kentish and Mike into the same downward spiral...

...just like in Cale's vision...

...until they all point a gun at Jarvis.

Then from out of nowhere, Olivia steps into the middle of it all...

Cale can't believe his eyes. What the fuck is she doing here?

She tries not to look at him but it's just too hard. Finally turns her attention to the testosterone fueled men.

OLIVIA

You can't have a pissing contest
and measure your dicks at the same
time, boys. It's either one or the
other.

A few chuckles are heard...

Jarvis looks right at her. She ignores him. Cale still has his eyes on her.

Everyone slowly holsters their weapons. Jarvis walks off in disgust.

GRIFFIN

Well, well, well. The prodigal
daughter has returned. You decided
to come on back to the force?

OLIVIA

I'm quite happy with the Bureau,
but thanks for asking.

She nods to Cale...

CALE

(beat)

Olivia!

Griffin chuckles...

OLIVIA

Just like old times.

GRIFFIN

So what's this really all about?

KENTISH

Like Jarvis said, we got a tip that
one of The Dauphin's crew wants to
turn himself in here today.

GRIFFIN

(to Olivia)

What exactly is the FBI doing here?

OLIVIA

All I can say is that we have a
special interest in anyone that can
help us solve The Dauphin's murder
and recover his cash.

(CONTINUED)

Kentish looks at Griffin. Griffin remains stone faced.

Olivia runs her hand over Cale's unshaven face...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

(smiles deviously)

Cale...you wouldn't happen to know
where all that money is would you?

Griffin pulls Cale a few steps back by his shoulder...

GRIFFIN

Why would he?

Cale looks away from Olivia...

OLIVIA

Why indeed.

She walks away to rejoin Jarvis...

CALE

I don't like this. They know
something.

KENTISH

They're fishing. As long as we keep
calm and find this guy first,
whoever he is, we can take care of
it.

GRIFFIN

Sounds good to me.

CALE

Now what?

GRIFFIN

(beat)

The Feds ain't gonna leave so we
gotta control them as best we can.
The best way to do that is to keep
them with us. Propose a truce and
invite them to join forces with us.
They may actually come in useful.

Matt and Tommy arrive in a blue pickup truck. Kentish,
Griffin and Mike hurry over to meet them.

Cale is left alone. He walks over to Kentish's SUV. Leans
against it. Watches everyone.

The CAR STEREO in the SUV suddenly turns on. First
static...then music...then more static.

Cale looks around. Reaches inside the car and turns off the stereo.

The stereo turns on again. This time louder than before. With all static. No music.

CALE
What the hell...?

Cale reaches inside through the window again and turns it off.

Cale looks towards the others. All are accounted for.

He draws his gun. Walks behind the SUV cautiously.

Nothing there.

Cale stands motionless perplexed... A SHADOWY FIGURE FLASHES BEHIND HIM.

FLASH TO QUICK IMAGES IN BLACK AND WHITE--

...Olivia tries to compress Mike's bloody wound...

...Cale runs from a barrage of bullets...

...someone in a Hoodie Mask searches for Cale and Olivia in a dark storage room...

...Jarvis gets shot in the head on a building rooftop...

BACK TO SCENE

Cale sweats profusely. Throws up on the ground. Leans on the the SUV for balance.

Griffin walks up to him...

GRIFFIN
You lost your balls all of a sudden?

Looks up at him...

CALE
Fuck you.

GRIFFIN
High hopes. Unless you think you're God or something. Hey, we can't afford to have this guy get to the Feds. So you better be ready.

CALE

I don't need you to tell me how to do my job.

GRIFFIN

Good. Because we wouldn't want any harm to befall Olivia would we?

Cale glares at Griffin. He can't believe what he's hearing...

CALE

What did you say?

GRIFFIN

The day of your old man's funeral,
I coulda sworn she spent the night over in your shithole trailer.
Seems you two are back together.
Tell me something, are her tits as good as they look?

Cale's eyes burn with rage at Griffin.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

If you think I'm scared of you,
you're gonna be in for a disappointment.

CALE

Stay the hell away from me.

GRIFFIN

I can't now. You and me are joined at the hip and I hate to say it but you've got me thinking that I can't trust you anymore. Who knows what you'll say if you're motivated enough. I'm not going down because of you or anyone else.

KENTISH (O.S.)

Everyone gather 'round.

Griffin walks towards Kentish. Leaves Cale by himself.

CALE

Shit...

Cale spits to the ground and walks off.

Cale's shadow follows his every step like a normal obedient shadow would, except this one carries eye slits where no shadow should have.

The entire compliment of N.O.P.D cops and Jarvis and Olivia hover around Jarvis' SUV...

JARVIS

Okay, this is how it's goin' down.
N.O.P.D will assume tactical
command and we will oversee but
this still remains a federal
investigation...

KENTISH

Since our man power is limited,
we'll spread out and cover as much
ground as we can. If this guy's in
here, we've got to find him. No one
tries to apprehend singlehandedly.
Call for back up. Set your radios
to channel 3.

Kentish and Griffin exchange looks...

KENTISH (cont'd)

So what the hell are we waiting
for...?

Everyone breaks off in NINE separate directions...

Griffin pauses and takes a look over his shoulder at Cale as he disappears inside a building...

He turns to find Olivia watching him. He blows a kiss at her. Walks off into a section of another building.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/SOUTHWEST END -- DAY

Olivia walks stealthily along a wall. She hears a SHARP SCRAPING SOUND coming from the room on the other side of her...

She approaches cautiously. Gun out. Finger on the trigger. Turns the corner...

...finds Cale over Mike who's convulsing.

She rushes towards them...

OLIVIA

What the hell happened?

Cale moves out of the way. Stands above her.

(CONTINUED)

CALE
Came around the corner. Heard
sounds like someone was in a fight.
Found him like this. Jesus is he
gonna live?

Olivia compresses his wound with her FBI jacket. Cale looks on...

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

Olivia compresses Mike's wounds.

BACK TO SCENE

Cale runs his hand through his hair...

OLIVIA
We gotta call for help.

CALE
I already tried. My cell's dead.
So's my radio.

OLIVIA
What?

She tries hers instead. Looks on her cell phone's screen...NO SERVICE.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Shit!

Mike gets worse with each passing second...

CALE
Jesus, we gotta do something for
him.

Olivia is out of her league here and knows it. Mike quickly slips away.

CALE (cont'd)
FUCK!

OLIVIA
Did you see who it was? Anything at
all?

CALE
I told you that when I got here he
was already like this.

OLIVIA

I didn't hear any gunshots. You?

CALE

They must've used a silencer.

OLIVIA

Who could've done this?

CALE

I'm guessing the guy we're in here to find right? Makes sense. Lure us in here and then kill us all.

OLIVIA

That's not possible.

CALE

Why the hell not?

OLIVIA

Because we made it up.

CALE

What do you mean you "made it up"?

Olivia runs her hand through her hair. This shit is now getting out of hand...

OLIVIA

The FBI suspected Griffin's unit was responsible for killing the Dauphin and his girlfriend and stealing his cash.

This news shakes Cale to the very core...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

The D.O.J and D.E.A were putting together a case to move on him. The fifteen million dollars were all marked and could've tied him to a Mexican cartel our government wants out of business. We find the cash, we give the government their case. The only way we could get to any of you was to flip one of you.

CALE

And your ex-husband was the logical way in.

OLIVIA

Naturally. I was to take you back to Baton Rouge to be interrogated. By the time Griffin and the others found out it was all a ruse. We would've had what we wanted.

CALE

Jesus.

OLIVIA

That's not what I expected to hear.

Cale can't look her in the eye...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

Please tell me what I told Jarvis. Tell me that you didn't have anything to do with killing The Dauphin that night.

Cale walks to the wall. Bangs his head softly into it.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

Cale? Please!

CALE

It wasn't supposed to happen. We were just gonna rob them and leave. Things got outta hand.

OLIVIA

How could you be so stupid?

CALE

They were animals. It was self defense. I swear.

OLIVIA

It wouldn't have to be if you weren't there in the first place. What the hell happened to you?

CALE

I was tired of living in squalor. Tired of living in this fucking city. I want out.

Olivia draws her gun on him.

OLIVIA

Turn around.

(CONTINUED)

CALE
What are you doing?

OLIVIA
I said turn around. Now!

Cale obliges her...

CALE
Olivia, have you even considered
that Griffin knows this is a ruse
and that he's the one who killed
Mike?

OLIVIA
Why would he do that? Mike's part
of your team isn't he? Mike was in
on it too.

CALE
Isn't it obvious? He's cleaning
house. He'd want to get rid of all
of us.

She looks him in the face. Knows he's got a point. But even
still, she tosses him the handcuffs...

Cale puts them on. Has a sour look on his face.

CALE
You're making a mistake, Liv.

OLIVIA
I'm taking you to Baton Rouge as I
was ordered. We get back on
schedule and get you out of here.
Let's move.

Cale turns reluctantly and walks off in handcuffs. Olivia
follows closely.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Cale and Olivia approach the rally point...

They get into her car.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR -- DAY

She tries to start it. Nothing happens. She tries again. Nothing.

OLIVIA
You gotta be kidding me.

CALE
What?

OLIVIA
This car just had a tune up and now
it isn't starting, that's what.

He looks at her...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Don't say it. Don't you fucking say
it.

They exit her vehicle.

INT. SUV -- DAY

They get into Jarvis' FBI SUV...

Olivia grabs the spare key from the sun visor. Tries to start it.

Nothing.

OLIVIA
SONOFABITCH!

Slams the steering wheel in pure frustration. Looks over at Cale.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Get out!

EXT. SUV -- DAY

Olivia lifts the hood up.

OLIVIA
Well?

CALE
Well what?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
Why won't it start?

Cale shakes his head. Looks around inside the car.

CALE
Looks like your fuel pump hose is
gone.

OLIVIA
Well, can you fix it?

CALE
This car ain't going anywhere.

OLIVIA
Who would--?

CALE
Who do you think?

Olivia ushers Cale into the SUV and locks it.

CALE (cont'd)
What the hell are you up to now?

OLIVIA
What do you think? I'm gonna try to
hotwire one of these bad boys and
drive us outta here.

She tries every other vehicle there...even Griffin's,
Kentish's and Tommy's trucks. All to no avail.

She pulls her hair back and ties it in one as if that will
help her think of her next move. Her fingers tremble
slightly.

She puts on a brave face and lets Cale out.

Jarvis approaches in a trot. There's a SHOTGUN strapped
across his back. His cell phone to his ear.

Olivia draws her weapon...until she sees it's him.

JARVIS
What the fuck is going on?

OLIVIA
That's what I'm trying to figure
out.

JARVIS
I can't get a damn signal on this phone.

Looks around at the vehicles, then Olivia and Cale.

JARVIS (cont'd)
What the hell are you still doing here? You should be halfway to my office by now.

OLIVIA
They won't start.

JARVIS
What're you talking about?

OLIVIA
None of the vehicles can start.

Jarvis looks over to them...

JARVIS
What happened?

CALE
Griffin messed with them.

JARVIS
What did he say?

OLIVIA
They've been sabotaged.

JARVIS
All of them?

CALE
Don't you understand English asshole?

JARVIS
Hey Cale, why don't you suck the butter from my ass! If it wasn't for you and your friends we wouldn't be in this mess in the first place.

CALE
So now it's my fault?

JARVIS

It seems I'm not the only asshole
that doesn't understand English
either.

OLIVIA

Goddammit Jarvis. Now's not the
time. We found one of the cops from
Cale's squad killed.

Jarvis can't believe what he's hearing. The strain and worry
of the last few minutes takes over Olivia's face.

JARVIS

Show me!

OLIVIA

Are you serious?

JARVIS

Show me. Show me now. It's not like
we can go anywhere.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/SOUTHWEST END -- DAY

Olivia and Jarvis enter the room where they found Mike. Cale
is still handcuffed...

...but the room is now empty.

Cale and Olivia question each other with glances.

JARVIS

So where's this body?

CALE

It was right here. We left Mike
right fuckin' here.

JARVIS

Maybe you got the wrong room.

CALE

This is the spot.

They look around fervently...

JARVIS

(taps his chest under his
coat)

Maybe he was wearing a vest and
wasn't that badly hurt.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
He was shot to pieces.

JARVIS
Even if that's true, where's the body? Or the blood for that matter? A guy the size of Mike would have bled a shit load of blood.

CALE
(beat)
I don't know. Something's wrong here.

Jarvis glances at Olivia...

OLIVIA
I...I don't understand either. This is the room.

CALE
We know what we saw...

Jarvis walks around the room. Looks at every spec of dust he can find and there's plenty. Sees nothing. Hears nothing.

JARVIS
Well whatever happened here will have to be dealt with after you leave. You're still on the clock.

CALE
(beat)
This is Griffin's handiwork.
Earlier he made a threat to me. He threatened Olivia too.

JARVIS
What did you say?

CALE
(beat)
He said I should keep my mouth shut about what happened with The Dauphin or he'd hurt Olivia.

OLIVIA
You son of a bitch. And you're just telling me this now?

CALE
I'm sorry, okay! I'm a screw up. I get it. I screwed up our marriage.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CALE (cont'd)
I screwed up my career. But you
don't wanna fuck with Griffin.
Trust me.

Olivia turns him around and takes off his handcuffs...

JARVIS
What the hell are you doing?

OLIVIA
(to Cale)
Try anything stupid and I'll kill
you.

JARVIS
Agent Beauchamp!

OLIVIA
If Griffin was good enough to take
down Mike he's good enough to take
down any of us. We're better off
not having to watch Cale and our
backs at the same time. Let's go!

Cale hurries off. Jarvis yanks Olivia by the arm...

JARVIS
You working for Amnesty
International now? What the fuck
was that?

She looks away...

JARVIS (cont'd)
(beat)
Jesus! You're still in love with
him aren't you.

OLIVIA
We got a job to do.

JARVIS
Then here's a piece of
advice...start acting like it.

Olivia shakes him off and runs off. Jarvis gives the room a
final look around and follows.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Olivia waits helplessly in the middle of the yard. On her knees.

Jarvis runs up to her. Slows to a walk. Then stops. He sees what Olivia sees. Which is nothing.

ALL THE VEHICLES ARE GONE.

They look around in stunned silence. First at each other then at the empty yard.

JARVIS

What the hell is going on around here?

OLIVIA

I don't like this.

JARVIS

And where the hell is Cale?

Cale runs up to them. Jarvis draws his gun and aims at him.

JARVIS (cont'd)

Where were you?

CALE

I got lost. This place is like a maze. What the hell happened?

JARVIS

Look around! Tell me what you see!

Cale walks around the courtyard until it hits him that the vehicles are all gone.

CALE

Where'd they go?

JARVIS

That's what we'd like to know.

Jarvis punches him to the floor. Lunges on Cale like a fucking madman.

JARVIS (cont'd)

You son of a bitch!

Jarvis keeps pounding away on Cale. Olivia tries to pry him away. Jarvis shoves her aside.

(CONTINUED)

JARVIS (cont'd)
I'm gonna ask you one last time.
What the hell is going on?

CALE
I don't know. I swear.

JARVIS
Fucking liar!

Jarvis atop Cale, rams the gun against Cale's temple...until Olivia fires her gun inches from Jarvis's ear.

Jarvis rolls off of Cale. He's in agony. Dazed and confused.

Cale struggles to get to his feet. Olivia checks on him.

JARVIS
You bitch!

OLIVIA
You knew that about me from the beginning.

Cale wipes away the blood from his head...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Listen to me. Both of you.

They stop and look at her...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Cops and Feds aren't exactly the best of friends, but if we're gonna get through this we've got to learn to work together. We gotta pool our resources and figure out what the hell is going on.

Cale nods. Jarvis breathes heavily...his chest a volcano ready to explode.

CALE
Those cars couldn't move a few minutes ago and now they're all gone.

JARVIS
Are we sure this is the right spot?

OLIVIA
Of course it is.

CALE

Maybe the others took off to get help.

OLIVIA

Even if the vehicles could move, there's no help to get. Half of the N.O.P.D is out sick over the wage issue, every other law enforcement official is in the French Quarter right now making sure it doesn't implode on itself. It's New Year's Eve remember?

Cale digests what she says.

CALE

This has gotta be Griffin. Only he could pull this off.

OLIVIA

I don't wanna hear anymore about Griffin.

CALE

Ignoring the problem won't make it go away.

JARVIS

Okay asshole, say it's him, other than killing us, what's his real objective?

CALE

To keep from having to divide up that fifteen million.

He looks around hopelessly.

OLIVIA

So what do we do?

JARVIS

We walk. There's a gas station a couple of miles outside this dump. If I push the panic button I could get Washington to send a hundred Feds to cover every square inch of this place.

CALE

Are you crazy Jarvis? How far you think you're gonna get? This

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CALE (cont'd)
complex is over five square miles
of steel and concrete on either
side of the only dirt road in here.
Whoever helped Griffin moved those
vehicles is still around and
they'll be waiting for us to try
and walk out so they can pick us
off like they did Mike.

JARVIS
Shit, who the hell put you in
charge anyway?

CALE
Look, I don't care about all that.

JARVIS
I'm not puttin' my life in your
hands kid.

CALE
Then fine. Walk outta here. Go on.
I doubt you make it half a mile.

OLIVIA
Jarvis, he's right. It could be a
trap. This complex is one way in
and one way out. We'd be sittin'
ducks and it'd spare them the task
of hunting us.

Jarvis looks around at the decaying brick and metal
structures that inhabit the area. They look like old ghosts
staying long after their time.

The overhead sky gets darker and darker as time passes on...

Jarvis throws his hands into the air in frustration. Returns
to his cell phone. Tries desperately to make a call. All to
no avail.

OLIVIA
Now what?

CALE
Tally what we have.

JARVIS
What the hell for?

CALE
To know what we're working with.

The dirt ground cushions the fall of Cale's service issued SIG SAUER MOSQUITO PISTOL.

Olivia drops A BERETTA PX4 9 pistol and two clips. She shows them a RIGHT ANKLE HOLSTER WITH A SMALL GUN.

Jarvis lowers his REMINGTON 870 SPECIAL PISTOL GRIP SHOTGUN AND A BOX OF SHELLS.

Cale further extracts a Smith and Wesson pistol from his ankle...

...and three sets of cuffs, twist ties, his cell phone, a small flashlight and an expandable baton.

JARVIS
Are you always this prepared?

CALE
Never know when you're gonna have to kill the guy you work with.

A rustling sound low on the ground disrupts them. Something moves in the shadows.

Jarvis, Cale and Olivia draw their weapons.

JARVIS
Come out of there!

OLIVIA
Now!

The shadow takes a three dimensional form and crawls forward. It's not a shadow but actually Matt. He's covered in blood.

A BLACK SERRATED KNIFE IS STUCK IN BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES.

The others rush to him...Cale's eyes are wide open in shock.

CALE
Is he gonna make it?

Jarvis tries his best to pressurize the wound. Matt makes it all the more difficult as he constantly thrashes about.

JARVIS
Hold him down for fuck's sake.

Matt fights to stay alive but loses his grip on life and expires looking up at Cale.

Cale looks down on Matt. Then looks away. Screams in anguish.

The feeling of helplessness returns to suck the adrenaline out of them.

CALE
That's the type of knife Griffin uses.

JARVIS
(nods)
I've seen him with it.

Olivia heads off towards where Matt came from.

JARVIS (cont'd)
Where are you off to?

OLIVIA
To find out what the hell is going on. You coming?

She draws her gun. Slinks away into the darkness.

Cale nods his head in gusto. Draws his piece and follows her.

JARVIS
Shit!

Draws his shotgun and follows reluctantly...

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/HALLWAY -- DAY

The group maintains a defensive stance with their weapons. They follow the trail of blood that came from Matt.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/WEST ROOM -- DAY

Jarvis as point man enters the room quickly. Cale follows him. Takes up a position on the left flank. Olivia then tails him. Takes up a spot on the right flank.

They spot a BODY on the floor. Exactly where the blood ends.

(CONTINUED)

They move forward cautiously. Keeping eyes on their backs, flanks and above them as well.

They make their way over to the body...turn him over.

IT'S TOMMY...

CALE

Awww fuck!

Jarvis examines the bullet holes in Tommy's chest. Point blank kill shots.

Cale walks towards a segment of the wall. Part of the wallpaper has been stripped away.

Cale looks back at Olivia and Jarvis...they're still engrossed by Tommy's corpse.

OLIVIA

Matt's blood trail ends here, which means this is where it starts.
Maybe he and Tommy got in a fight and they went at it.

Cale walks towards the wall. Cautious but purposeful.

JARVIS

Tommy was killed professionally.
Clean. No fuss. There's no way Matt could've done this in the condition he was in if Tommy drew first blood.

OLIVIA

Griffin?

JARVIS

(nods)

Who else?

Jarvis tries his cell phone again. Nothing.

OLIVIA

We got no choice now. We have to make a run for it.

CALE (O.S.)

Guys!

Olivia and Jarvis hurry over...

Cale points to the stripped wallpaper.

The letters 'D', 'E' 'A' and 'D' peak from behind the wallpaper. They don't know what to make of it.

Cale goes to tug the hanging piece of wallpaper.

OLIVIA

Don't...

CALE

It could be a message from one of
the others...

JARVIS

Strip it!

Cale yanks at the wallpaper. It peels away stubbornly.
Jarvis helps him. There's a lit fire under their asses to
uncover what's underneath it all.

Cale and Jarvis step back in line with Olivia. They look
worried.

We see the letters are actually words, which is actually a
message....

"YOU'RE DEAD...EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU"

JARVIS

That son of a bitch thinks he can
scare me?

Jarvis turns and looks up to the rafters.

JARVIS

I'M RIGHT HERE GRIFFIN...COME GET
ME! COME GET ME!

Silence...

Cale walks towards a window. Stares out into the distance.

He spots a moving shadow. The shadow goes towards a wall and
seems to blend with it. The shadow turns and looks at
Cale...

It has the face of his father...

Cale slams his eyes shut...and re-opens them slowly. His
father is gone...

Only blackness resides on the wall. All shadows and dust.

OLIVIA
Hey! You okay?

No answer...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
CALE...!

Cale takes off...

Olivia scampers after him. Jarvis follows.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- DAY

Cale runs to the spot where he thought he saw his father. There's nothing.

He reaches out to the wall to touch it. Half expecting the shadow to move away. It never does. He shakes his head in anger for even considering such a stupid thing.

Olivia and Jarvis finally catch up to him.

OLIVIA
Cale...what the hell is wrong with you? You just can't run off like that. We gotta stick together.

Cale nods...

...until a slew of bullets rain down on them furiously. Jarvis dives behind an OLD PIECE OF MACHINERY.

Olivia drops to the ground...returns fire.

Cale dives to the concrete. Fires round after round into the direction of the muzzle flashes.

Jarvis takes out his cell phone. Hoists it in the air looking for a signal. Gets nothing. Curses in frustration.

Olivia and Cale crawl to join Jarvis behind the decrepit machine.

Jarvis takes a swing at Cale. Cale swings back. Jarvis blocks it. Tries to force Cale beyond the protection of the machine heap...

Olivia fires a shot into the air...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
I should kill both of you now and
save my own ass.

JARVIS
Kill him, Olivia. If Griffin wants
his squad mates dead he can have
them all. I've had it up to here
with the N.O.P.D. Why should we die
for him?

OLIVIA
Shut up!

CALE
From the time you showed up with
your stupid ruse to get me out of
here Griffin probably figured it
out and was gonna kill you and put
the blame on me or whoever they
were gonna frame for my death.

JARVIS
Shut your cake hole! Shoot him
Olivia.

OLIVIA
No one's getting shot.

JARVIS
Then I'll do it.

The barrage of bullets ceases...

FRANK (O.S.)
I AIN'T GOING WITHOUT A FIGHT.

CALE
That's not Griffin. It's Frank.

OLIVIA
What the hell is he doing?

JARVIS
FRANK, IT'S FBI AGENT TED JARVIS,
I'M HERE WITH AGENT BEAUCHAMP AND
CALE BISHOP.

FRANK (O.S.)
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

Jarvis and Olivia are confused...

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA
What's his deal?

CALE
(beat)
I don't know.

JARVIS
Something spooked him.

Cale gets to his feet...

CALE
FRANK...

Cale falls to the ground just as another half a dozen slugs race to end his existence...

FRANK (O.S.)
I'M NOT GONNA GO OUT LIKE THE
OTHERS. I EARNED MY SHARE.

BEAT.

JARVIS
Poor bastard saw the bodies.

CALE
And doesn't know who to trust any more.

OLIVIA
We gotta get to him before Griffin does.

CALE
How?

Olivia and Jarvis stare straight into Cale's face...

CALE (cont'd)
You can't be serious.

OLIVIA
You're the only one he knows.

CALE
He'll blow my head off when I go up for oxygen.

OLIVIA
I'll cover you.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

(CONTINUED)

Cale runs from an onslaught of bullets...

BACK TO SCENE

Cale rubs his hand through his hair...takes out his gun.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
It's now or never.

Cale rises up from behind their cover. The shots are ratcheted up again from the window of a building.

Olivia fires in the general direction of the shots. Fiercely.

Cale dives and rolls on the ground. Leaps to his feet. Fires a few shots. Takes off. On all fucking cylinders. Like a wounded John Rambo.

INT. SMALL BUILDING -- DAY

Frank kneels on one leg as he aims with a M-16 RIFLE.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Frank's as pale as a ghost.

His sweat forms a saline tributary that runs down the side of his face, towards his chin and finally ends in a small pool on the dusty floor.

A figure rocks on the balls of his feet in the comfort of the dark...

...he wears a DARK GREY HOODIE MASK. Like the ones worn when the cops busted in on The Dauphin.

Frank turns and spots the outline of mask in the dark...

...he spins to shoot but the awkwardness and weight of the M-16 slows him down.

The Masked Hoodie draws a gun and fires twice. Then turns away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- DAY

Jarvis and Olivia hear the shots in the distance.

JARVIS
That's not a rifle.

OLIVIA
Cale!

INT. SMALL BUILDING -- DAY

Cale slips into the room. His gun pointed at Frank. He scans the room for threats. Finds none.

Rolls Frank over. Feels for a pulse. There's none.

He hears a sharp creak.

Spins around quickly. His gun ready to fire. No one is there.

He grabs the M-16. Heads over to the window and peeks through the scope.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

Olivia and Jarvis peek out of their hiding place.

Looks around at all the buildings. Spots someone in the shadows of a building. For just a split second.

The figure steps back out into the light. Wearing a HOODIE MASK.

END SNIPER SCOPE POV

CALE
Sonofabitch!

He drops the M-16. Exits the room hurriedly...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- DAY

Cale dashes towards them...

CALE
Frank's dead.

OLIVIA
What happened?

CALE
I don't know. Shot twice. There was nothing I could do.

JARVIS

Where's his rifle? It would've been useful.

CALE

What kind of a Fed are you? Don't you know that you're never supposed to go into battle with a weapon that you're not familiar with?

JARVIS

Point. Aim. Shoot. Oh yeah...I can see that being a challenge.

OLIVIA

Forget the damn rifle. Did you see anyone?

CALE

Not near Frank, but I saw someone looking down on your position from that building over there.

He points and they look up...

OLIVIA

I can't see anything. It's too dark.

CALE

I'm telling you I saw someone.

JARVIS

Well who was it?

CALE

I think it was Griffin.

JARVIS

You think?

CALE

He was wearing one of those Hoodie Masks. Who else could it be? We should get out of the open, he could be aiming at our heads now. No telling what kind of weapons he's got.

OLIVIA

Let's go back inside.

CALE

NO! We don't know where he'd be coming from.

JARVIS

Then where?

CALE

That shed over there. It's got almost a 360 degree view from every angle.

Jarvis and Olivia turn to examine the SHED that Cale references.

It's like fifty yards away...but it does allow a strategic view of the general area.

Cale scampers off towards it.

OLIVIA

Cale wait.

Doesn't stop. Doesn't listen. He just wants to get the hell out of the open air.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

Shit. Come on!

Jarvis and Olivia scamper off behind him.

Cale comes to the door of the shed and kicks...

INT. SHED -- DAY

...it open.

Cale rubs his temple furiously. Breathes heavily. Paces like a tiger in a cage. Mumbles to himself. Agitated. Stressed.

The others make it inside.

The three of them engage each other with a defeated look. Their eyes tell of the doubt that lingers in the room as to their chances of survival.

They lean against the walls of the rickety shed. Cale looks through the several slits of rotten wood that provide ideal views.

OLIVIA

We're forgetting one person left
that we haven't considered.
Kentish.

JARVIS

Kentish? He's probably dead.

CALE

What are you thinking?

OLIVIA

I'm not sure but I'm not fitting
Griffin with this. It just doesn't
feel right.

JARVIS

Everything points to Griffin being
the killer.

OLIVIA

Because we know Griffin's file
backwards. Obsessive compulsive
behavior, prone to violence,
excessive force. He's not our
favorite guy.

JARVIS

What's your point?

OLIVIA

Think. Griffin runs the squad but
who actually runs the precinct?

CALE

Kentish. He runs the whole
department. Friends with all the
City Council members, the Mayor,
all the important people in New
Orleans.

OLIVIA

Kentish could use our distrust of
Griffin to pop up somewhere and
finish us. It's like sleight of
hand. Magicians do it all the time.

CALE

So keep our attention focused on
Griffin--

JARVIS

While Kentish is the real killer?

OLIVIA

How did the squad know that The Dauphin had fifteen million in his house?

The others shrug...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

It had to be from Kentish. A man like him who worked the streets for all these years would have had scores of informants where he could have gotten that information.

JARVIS

No way. This is Griffin all the way.

CALE

Just before we were about to hit The Dauphin, Griffin mentioned something about Kentish being in on the cut. I was actually surprised when I saw him here. He normally doesn't make it out into the field.

OLIVIA

Because he had a vested interest in taking out our made up informant remember? Kentish could be the puppet master. It fits.

JARVIS

I'm not buying it. Sorry.

Jarvis turns his head away from one of the wall slits to debate the idea when...

A slew of bullets cut through the shed. They rip into Jarvis. He falls to the floor. Lays still, no movement whatsoever.

Cale pounces on Olivia.

The bullets continue to disintegrate the shed's rotten wood.

Cale kicks open a loose board on ground level. He drags Olivia with him...

EXT. SHED -- DAY

...and squeezes through to the other side.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/SOUTH END -- DAY

They run as fast as they can.

The Masked Hoodie charges forward like the Tasmanian Devil.

Cale and Olivia dive behind loads of scrap metal...as bullets fly over their heads.

Masked Hoodie continues to fire.

The hunt is on.

OLIVIA

Jesus. What do we do?

CALE

(looks around frantically)

We can't stay here, that's for damn sure. We can take cover in that building over there...through the door.

OLIVIA

That door could be locked or barricaded for all we know.

CALE

If we stay here Liv we're as good as dead! Do you hear me? Fuckin' dead!

She nods soberly.

CALE (cont'd)

(punches in a clip into his Sig Sauer)

I'll fire at him to give you cover. You run your ass off to the door. Make sure you take out the hinges just in case it really is locked and ram it with everything you got. When you're in, you cover me and I'll follow. Start shitting your pants if you understand me.

Olivia looks towards the wooden shed which is now a tomb for Jarvis' body.

(CONTINUED)

CALE (cont'd)
(shakes her violently)
Olivia!

OLIVIA
I fucking got it, okay?

CALE
Then go!

She sprints for the doorway.

Cale rises above his shield of scrap junk...and fires away at the Masked Hoodie.

Olivia scampers like a fox. Falls. Gets back up. Keeps running.

She attempts to shoot at the door's hinges but her piece jams up on her.

OLIVIA
Shit!

She gains more momentum.

OLIVIA
(shouts wildly)
CAAAAAALE!

Cale turns and fires off a quick burst at the doorway, like an expert marksman...and dives for cover.

Olivia rams the doors with her knees...and falls inside. She lays on the grounded door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/SOUTHWEST END -- DAY

She resumes a stance by the doorway, changes magazine clips in her gun and fires at the Masked Hoodie.

Pauses long enough for Cale to join her.

They tear through the abandoned building at full speed.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/MAINTENANCE ROOM -- DAY

It's dark and filthy.

The pair leans against the stagnant machinery.

Olivia slumps to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CALE

Hey, we can't stop. We gotta keep movin'.

OLIVIA

(cries)

I...can't stop thinking about Jarvis. You saw what was done to him. He's gone. He's dead. He's fucking dead.

CALE

And there's nothin' we can do for him now. But I need you to hold on. Just hold on.

OLIVIA

(pounds onto Cale's chest)
Fuck you. If not for you fucking cops we wouldn't be in this mess. You can add Jarvis to the others who're all probably dead. So just do me a favor and go to hell.

He tries to comfort her. She shoves him off.

He hears something.

Cale clamps his hand around her mouth.

They listen...footsteps. Someone's coming!

They spot a doorway in the room and scramble for it as quietly as they can...

INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

It's a storage room filled with all manner of mechanical riff raff and oddities from rusty wheel gears to sheet metal.

They scramble inside. Olivia uses the light from her cell phone to guide them.

They duck behind a MILLING MACHINE just as...

...a STROBE OF LIGHT cuts through the Storage Room.

Someone in a Hoodie Mask and black leather coat is behind the light...

There's nothing but silence now.

(CONTINUED)

Olivia peaks her head out. She watches the Masked Hoodie walk off in another direction. She hardly seems to be breathing at all.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

Masked Hoodie searches for Cale and Olivia...

BACK TO SCENE

CALE
(whispers excitedly to her)
Liv...I've seen this...before.

Olivia's eyes are red with anger. She places a finger to her lips to signal Cale to be quiet.

Cale sits with his back to the Milling Machine. He pulls out his piece...tries to replace the magazine clip...

CA-CLICK!

In this place the sound is enough to wake the fucking dead...

The light quickly goes to their general direction...

Olivia turns around quickly. If looks could kill. Cale seems apologetic.

Masked Hoodie slowly bears down on the Milling Machine. He looks behind it...

...no one is there.

He resumes his desperate search...

Cale and Olivia hug the side of the room. Against the wall. Tight. They creep as slowly as they can...

Cale eyes Masked Hoodie as he searches the room with his flashlight. Cale stops and goes for his gun...

There's a murderous glint in Cale's eyes.

Olivia turns to Cale with his gun and about to pull the trigger. Cale looks at her. She nods.

Cale steadies his aim. His finger squeezes the trigger. He doesn't realize that the safety is still...

CLICK!

Cale and Olivia duck down towards the floor.

Masked Hoodie whips around and points the light in their direction. Only the wall is illuminated.

Olivia and Cale finds themselves slithering on the ground...they slide under a FORKLIFT MACHINE with it's front raised mere inches in the air.

Masked Hoodie walks towards them...

He charts the light around but not directly downward at his feet where Cale and Olivia have a good view of his shins...

Masked Hoodie turns slowly around, all three hundred and sixty degrees he's allowed. Pointing the light at every manner of thing that looks like a person or good hiding place.

His flashlight flickers on and off. He slaps it with his hand. It still flickers...

He kneels to the floor, inches from Cale and Olivia.

Taps the flashlight on the floor.

It flickers some more. The on again off again flashlight illuminates their faces mere inches from him.

All he has to do is turn his head to the LEFT.

He stays on the floor. The flashlight remains on.

He turns his head to the RIGHT. Aims the flashlight on ground level. Sweeps it around generously. Sees nothing.

Cale and Olivia sweat profusely. Not wanting to move, but knowing that he could just as easily look their way. Cale goes for his gun once more, flicks off the safety...

Then...a noise comes from outside the room. Sounds like someone fell into some sheet metal.

And just like that, Masked Hoodie goes to his feet and runs away. Heads for the door and leaves.

Cale slumps his head to the ground...

CALE (cont'd)
I can't take much more of this.

OLIVIA
He may be waiting for us to show ourselves. We should stay here for a while.

Cale tries to slow his breaths per minute ratio and closes his eyes...

FLASH TO WHITE:**DREAM SEQUENCE--**

INT. SMALL BATHROOM -- DAY

Hot steam rises from the tub. Cale walks forward.

Reddish water overflows from it. It crashes to the ground and corrupts the integrity of WHITE FLOOR TILES.

It flows freely to the feet of Cale.

He just stands there as we hear the water hitting the floor. He looks terrified...

Reaches for the shower curtain that partially hides his father's face...

He yanks it open...

ONCE AGAIN, CALE FINDS HIS FATHER DEAD...

END DREAM SEQUENCE...

INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Cale is jolted up in shock. Olivia puts a finger to her lips to let him know..."BE QUIET."

Tries to shake the cobwebs from his head.

OLIVIA

Bad dream?

CALE

The same one I keep having. About the old man.

OLIVIA

If I'd found my father's body after he'd killed himself, I'd probably go crazy.

Cale looks away embarrassed...

CALE

A couple days before he died. Said he'd found peace with God. Said he was a changed man.

OLIVIA

Never figured him for the type.

CALE

It was all bullshit as far as I was concerned. But it's strange, I've had that same dream of him in the bathtub a couple of times since that night with The Dauphin. Ever since The Dauphin's woman chanted that nonsense.

OLIVIA

Wait a minute. The Dauphin's girlfriend chanted something? What was it?

CALE

I don't...I don't remember--

OLIVIA

Cale. Think! What did she say?

CALE

I don't know.

He gets up and heads out of the Storage Room. Uses his cellular to light his way.

Olivia follows cautiously...

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/ASSEMBLY ROOM -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia scamper behind machines and peek their heads out looking for any signs of danger...

OLIVIA

I think she cursed you.

CALE

What? What are you talking about?

OLIVIA

(beat)

The Dauphin's woman. I think she cursed you and maybe that has something to do with your recurring dreams.

(CONTINUED)

They crouch below a WINDOW to obscure themselves from any eyes on the outside...

CALE
I don't believe in that shit
Olivia, you know that.

OLIVIA
Fine. Indulge me. What did she say?

Cale gives her a nasty look...

CALE
Something about the fucking dead.
Raising them...some shit like that.
I don't know.

Olivia's eyes grow...Cale notices her fear.

OLIVIA
You have to remember what she said.

CALE
Why?

OLIVIA
Because it's important. Because I
asked you to. Because I say so.

Cale ignores her with a shake of the head...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
(beat)
Cale...it's okay if it freaked you
out--

CALE
It didn't. So can we fucking move
on?

OLIVIA
Jesus, okay! It didn't freak you
out.
(beat)
So what exactly did she say?

Cale looks at her painfully. Knows she won't give it up.
Agitated. Rubs his hand through his hair.

CALE
"I shall raise up the dead and they
shall eat the living. I shall make
the dead outnumber the living."

(CONTINUED)

Olivia swallows in fear...

OLIVIA
Are...are you sure?

CALE
Of course I'm sure. I'll never
forget that fucking night.

Cale takes out his gun and walks into a dark room. Olivia at his back as they cover each other and make their way to another door...whispering quietly.

OLIVIA
Have you experienced any strange
stuff happening to you lately?

He doesn't want to answer...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Now's not the time to be a pain in
the ass.

CALE
Okay...I've had these feelings of
precognition, visions of shit
happening and then it happens and I
feel like I know that it should
have happened but I couldn't stop
it. Like deja vu.

She stops...

OLIVIA
Precognition? Deja vu? Wait a
second. Is that what you were
trying to tell me when we were
hiding earlier?

CALE
Get back in formation.

She does...

CALE (cont'd)
Let me guess. You're gonna tell me
that means something right?

OLIVIA
Actually I don't know anything
about that stuff. But was there
anything else? Anything
supernatural? Spiritual? Spooky?

(CONTINUED)

They make it to the end of the room.

He rubs a hand through his hair...she hangs waiting for his every word. Almost seems to sense that he has experienced something...

CALE

(beat)

Normally I don't pay much attention
to this type of thing but lately
I've been getting the distinct
impression I'm being...watched.

OLIVIA

By whom?

CALE

I don't know. It's just a feeling.
Couple of times I could have sworn
there's this dark shade like
presence around me but I just
brushed it off as my mind playing
tricks. Whenever I encounter it, it
triggers the damned visions.

Olivia puts her hand to her mouth...

CALE (cont'd)

What the hell is wrong now?

OLIVIA

Have you ever heard of a
'revenant'?

He shakes his head...

A loud noise comes from not too far off. They go silent and take out their weapons.

No one or nothing comes...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

Nana used to speak of them often. A
'revenant' is French for a spirit
who's returned to the land of the
living to torment others or be
tormented. I think the priestess
did something to bring your
father's spirit back to haunt you.

Cale looks at her stunned...

CALE

I don't have time for this shit!

OLIVIA

Listen to me. You said you felt
like a shadowy presence hounded you
right?

CALE

So?

Olivia slowly closes her eyes...

OLIVIA

When I was eighteen I was visiting
Nana during spring break...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK...

EXT. HOUSE PORCH -- DAY

A TEENAGE OLIVIA stands behind AN OLD WOMAN as she rocks away in a rickety old rocking chair.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

...we were talking on the porch
about this and that and how my
first year of college was going.
Anyway, she was sitting in her
rocking chair and I was standing
behind her.

A whisper that calls to her comes from deep inside the house.

Teenage Olivia whips her head around quickly.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Suddenly I got the feeling that
someone was watching us, I heard a
voice call my name so I turned to
look toward the hallway behind me.
And there it was in the doorway of
the hall bathroom.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

An ominous figure of a human being except all shaded in BLACK looks towards her.

It's like a fuzzy black. Seems to both blend and not blend with the shadows.

It looks directly at Olivia...

OLIVIA (V.O.)

It was a black figure. A kind of living shadow. I could see it's chest area moving up and down as though it was breathing.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PORCH AND HALLWAY

Teenage Olivia turns and covers her mouth...but then turns back around...

OLIVIA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I turned away for a second, not believing what I had seen, then turned back.

She barely catches a glimpse of the creature as it walks inside another room...

She moves towards it...as the Old Woman mumbles away...

OLIVIA (V.O.) (cont'd)

It moved to the spare bedroom on the opposite side. So not wanting to tell Nana, I slipped away as she kept on talking and went towards it to find out exactly what 'IT' was. I'd heard Nana speak of Shadow People before but I'd never taken her seriously...until that moment...

INT. SPARE ROOM -- NIGHT

Teenage Olivia walks into the spare room...turns on the light.

It's a small room with no windows. Only thing in there is a small cot and a few pieces of wooden furniture.

Nothing. No one. She looks up and down. She finally moves towards the closet. Steadies her hand on the doorknob...

(CONTINUED)

...and yanks it open.

She nearly leaps out of her skin when an OLD IRONING BOARD, with some MEN'S CLOTHING falls out towards her.

She looks inside the tiny closet. Nothing.

She breathes a heavy sigh and stuffs them all back inside the closet.

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

As she closes the closet door...we can hear her footsteps walk away. The light switch is flicked off and the small sliver of light that peaks under the closet doorway is now gone.

Nothing but silence...

...then we see TWO EYES AGAINST THE BLACKNESS OF THE CLOSET INTERIOR AS THEY SHOOT OPEN.

END FLASHBACK--BACK TO SCENE

Cale opens a door and peeks inside...another fucking room.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/MECHANICAL ROOM -- NIGHT

They run towards the window but keep low to the ground. They settle themselves by some large OIL DRUMS.

OLIVIA

A few months after that I told Nana what I saw and she said she had seen several of them and believed them to be past owners of the house who'd once lived there. She said some were good. And others didn't want her to know what they felt.

CALE

So you're saying that the shadow thing I may or may not have been seeing is my father?

OLIVIA

Is that so crazy?

Cale laughs lightly. Olivia doesn't appreciate it.

CALE

I thought ghosts appeared in physical form and slimed people. Hell this is New Orleans, spirit capital of America but I've never heard of shadow people.

OLIVIA

The ghosts that people claim to see are the ones who haven't accepted their deaths. Shadow people, shades, darkenings, whatever you wanna call them, they're different and seem able to exist in this dimension and the next...maybe they've accepted their demise and moved on. Who knows?

CALE

Alright...enough of this fucking ghost-spirit-shadow bullshit.

Olivia is defiant...

OLIVIA

(beat)

Just remember this, the damned don't always suffer in pain and torment...sometimes they suffer in silence.

CALE

Not the time for a morality lesson.

She looks him straight in the eye...

OLIVIA

Which would you prefer? To be told of your mistakes every day or to have to repeat them every day?

Olivia looks up above the barrel to the window ten feet up the wall...

She climbs atop a LARGE OIL DRUM BARREL to look out of it...

CALE

Speaking of mistakes...how long were you sleeping with Jarvis?

She looks down at him in anger...

CALE (cont'd)
I saw the way he looked at you.

She looks out the window...

OLIVIA
(beat)
He was married with two kids. When I found out he wanted to leave his family for me...I ended it.

CALE
Motherfuck--and you wanna bust my balls over cheating and you were doing it?

OLIVIA
He made me feel needed. I don't expect you to understand.

CALE
(beat)
Just when I thought--

OLIVIA
What? What did you think? That just because I gave you a pity fuck that we were gonna get back together?

The look on his face says she's lost some of the luster she always carried or maybe it's jealousy...

She notices the disapproval on his face. Tries to ignore it.

She climbs down the oil drum...

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Maybe we should try to make a run for that roof over there. Try to get a cell phone signal again.

CALE
(beat)
Whatever...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia exit through the doorway of the building. Run alongside it...and run for the doorway of another building.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/STAIRWAYS -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia scramble up the stairs...

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia slump over exhausted. Wheeze heavily...

They take out their cell phones...search for a signal.

CALE

What do you got?

OLIVIA

Nothing. Goddammit! The
sonofabitch's probably using some
sort of jamming device.

They wave the phones around in the air. Desperate. Trying to pick up a signal.

Suddenly several thumps come from the other side of the doorway that leads to the roof.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

What now?

CALE

Let's not find out.

They crawl to the edge of the building and look over, looking for a way off the roof.

A barrage of slugs drop onto the rooftop.

Masked Hoodie fires at Cale from the roof of an adjacent building.

Cale dives for the waist high side of the rooftop. Olivia follows him.

Cale and Olivia fire back at Masked Hoodie.

The DOOR to the rooftop gets battered from the other side. It's going to give way any second now.

CALE (cont'd)

Shit!

Olivia empties the clip from her piece. Puts the safety ON. Takes out another clip.

(CONTINUED)

CALE

Hurry!

She drops the clip accidentally. The door is about to give way from the constant blows on the other aside.

She looks up at the door. Any minute now...

CALE

I'll take care of the bastard above us. No matter who comes through that door you have to take them out.

She nods again. Frantically.

Cale fires up at Masked Hoodie who moves out of the way.

The noise on the door is maddening.

Olivia aims her weapon. Ready to fire. Quickly she checks the safety. Realizes she left it on.

FLORES

Shit!

The door flies open...Olivia turns the safety OFF and fires at the newcomer.

BLAM! BLAM!

He drops. Double tap to the head!

She lowers her gun...

But something's not right. She scrambles over to the person.

Turns him over...it's JARVIS.

His KEVLAR VEST has four bullet holes. Apparently he wasn't killed in the shed. Just unconscious. Was coming to help them...

She grimaces in pain. Volcano wants to erupt inside her but she keeps it contained.

She looks over at Cale. Cale just stares back blankly, doesn't know what to say.

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH:

Jarvis gets shot in the head.

BACK TO SCENE

Masked Hoodie leaps off the top of the building and lands on another roof top much closer to them.

He drops to the ground in pain but manages to fire wildly at Cale.

CALE

Hold on!

Cale grabs Olivia and jumps....

EXT. BUILDING -- NIGHT

...over the side of the building with her. They land in a garbage dumpster.

They scramble out before Masked Hoodie can get there, but he doesn't come.

They run to the edge of a building and look up...

CALE

I think we're safe.

Cale turns to Olivia. She's got a gun on him. He's very calm under the circumstances.

CALE (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing?

OLIVIA

Jarvis wasn't killed in the shed.
He had his vest on.

CALE

I saw that.

OLIVIA

When Jarvis wanted us to run out of here you said no. A few minutes later we were attacked. We hid in the shed on your say so. Again we were attacked. We came up here on the roof and surprise, surprise we were also attacked. In your fits of precognition and deja vu, did you know that was where Jarvis was gonna get killed? Did you rush me to pull the trigger?

CALE

(beat)

I didn't know. I thought he was
killed in the shed just like you.

CALE (cont'd)

Are you working with Griffin?

CALE (cont'd)

I don't know what's going on okay?
Now get that goddamned thing outta
my face.

OLIVIA

You're a lying snake. Just like
when we were married.

CALE

I don't believe this shit. You
wanna bring up my faults now?

OLIVIA

Maybe you and Griffin are in this
together.

CALE

This is insane. I was getting shot
at. Just like you, Liv. Just like
you.

Olivia pushes the gun closer to him. Her finger taps the trigger.

Cale drops to his knees. Desperate. Scared shitless.

CALE (cont'd)

I swear. I'm not in league with
whoever that sonofabitch is. You
gotta believe me. I need you to
believe me.

A few tears run down his cheeks...

Olivia's own eyes glaze over...

CALE (cont'd)

Please...please!

She ponders this. Lowers the gun...

OLIVIA

I'm sorry...I had to make sure!

She hugs him, and he squeezes her tightly. A safe feeling with each other.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Come on. Let's get the hell out of here.

He nods willingly...they take off again...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/NORTH END ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia run parallel along a chain fence.

Masked Hoodie unexpectedly appears from nowhere. Searches for them in the distance. They fall to the ground.

CALE
Where the hell did he come from?

OLIVIA
I don't know.

CALE
What do you think?

OLIVIA
We're well hidden.

CALE
We should jump him.

OLIVIA
He's armed with better firepower than we are. If we do it's gotta be pinpoint.

He peeks around the scrap pile.

Masked Hoodie closes in.

CALE
He's getting closer.

OLIVIA
I've had enough of this shit.

CALE
What do you wanna do?

OLIVIA
It's dark enough that I might be able to follow him when he goes after you.

(CONTINUED)

CALE
Follow me?

OLIVIA
It was your idea to jump him.

CALE
What if we're wrong? What if there's more people? What about Captain Kentish? We haven't seen him either?

OLIVIA
For all we know that could be Kentish. And Griffin's actually dead. Whoever it is we gotta do something.

CALE
Okay...I'll do it.

OLIVIA
You'll be fine. After all it's probably you they want.

She looks upwards towards the stars. A tear rolls down her right cheek.

CALE
What?

OLIVIA
I was supposed to go to this costumed party. A bunch of us from the Bureau were going as zombies and we had this Thriller dance routine rehearsed--
(beat)
It's soon gonna be a new year and here I am fighting for my life.
It's just overwhelming.

CALE
You know what they say, 'Life is what happens when you start planning shit'.

He nods at her...

She fires a couple of shots at Masked Hoodie.

Cale leaps from behind the scrap and takes off like a bat out of hell.

Masked Hoodie spots him and fires in his direction. Runs after him.

OLIVIA
Good job.

She waits for a few seconds and takes off after them.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/NORTHWEST END -- NIGHT

Cale rounds a corner at full speed.

Masked Hoodie is hot on his heels. He fires repeatedly at Cale. Cale turns and sees Masked Hoodie bringing up the rear.

He opens fire on him. Masked Hoodie retreats hastily.

Cale rounds a corner and comes...

...face to face with THE SHADOW FIGURE.

Cale falls to the ground...scrambles to get out of the way. His mind can't cant make the connection with what his eyes see.

Cale's lips quiver. Looks like he's about to shit ten bricks.

He holds his head in pain...

The Shadow Figure moves towards him...

CALE
No...not now!

BLACK AND WHITE QUICK FLASH OF IMAGES:

...Olivia on the concrete floor. Dead.

...Kentish lays on the ground. Dead.

...Griffin's on the ground. Dead.

...Cale gets shot. On his hand he tries to crawl away, he turns and screams...

BACK TO SCENE

Cale reacts as though he's just come up for air.

He looks around and above him, looking for answers. No one is around. The Shadow Figure/Mind Fuck of whatever it is, is nowhere to be seen.

Cale bends over to catch his breath...

He looks up. Kentish rushes towards him. He waves his gun around. Scared shitless.

He spots Cale...

KENTISH

(frantic)

Jesus, Cale. I thought I was the only one left. The vehicles are gone and I can't get out of here. I keep going around in goddamned circles. Where the hell is everyone? What the fuck is going on?

CALE

Captain?

Kentish looks at Cale. Cale has his sights focused on Kentish's gun.

Cale looks on. His steely eyes show no fear...no confusion...no finality.

Cale looks up at the Captain. Kentish looks back at Cale.

Silence reigns between them.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/NORTHWEST END -- NIGHT

Olivia scurries along the fence near the ground. She hears a single gunshot. It echoes across the complex.

The gunshot comes from the area Cale where was headed.

She runs forward full throttle.

Rounds a corner, but is knocked to the ground...by the Masked Hoodie.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/NORTHWEST END -- NIGHT

Masked Hoodie pours gasoline on the ground. Lights a match and throws it callously on the floor.

He walks away as...

The ground is lit up in flames.

Walks towards Olivia slumped on the ground. He slaps her awake.

She tries to scratch at him but he slaps her silly. She cries as she lays on the floor. Very afraid.

Masked Hoodie takes off his hood...Griffin is underneath.

OLIVIA

You bastard. Let me go!

Griffin ignores her...

OLIVIA (cont'd)

I hope Cale kills you.

GRIFFIN

Not before I kill The Dauphin first.

She stares at him. Wipes away the tears...

OLIVIA

What did you say?

GRIFFIN

I'm gonna kill The Dauphin and end this once and for all. I saw what he did to the others. He's trying to get rid of all of the evidence.

OLIVIA

What are you talking about? The Dauphin is dead. You killed him a week ago.

Griffin looks her straight in the eye.

GRIFFIN

He's not dead. He never was. He was with you all day. Open your fucking eyes and see. Cale is The Dauphin.

The news hits her like a ton of bricks...she shakes her head fervently.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
He was using his brother as a
shield for years. A decoy to keep
the heat away.

FLASHBACK:

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Cale and Oliva sit at a table...

 OLIVIA
How's Claude doing?

 CALE
Claude is Claude. Still as crazy as
ever.

 OLIVIA
Kinda hard to judge him for myself
since I've never even met the man.

 CALE
Trust me, he's not the meeting
type.

CUT TO:

INT. PANEL VAN -- NIGHT

The team sits in the van...

 GRIFFIN
We got The Dauphin. Finally tracked
his ass to that house behind us.

 TOMMY
Bullshit. How'd you find him?

 GRIFFIN
I got my sources.

Cale and Griffin share a knowing look...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cale under his Hoodie Mask shoots Cloretta in her stomach...

Cale looks over at Cloretta's body. Her eyes are open long after her shell has been emptied of its soul. She lays on top of The Dauphin's body.

Cale stares back at her empty eyes. Doesn't even bat an eyelid...then a smile grows on the corners of his mouth.

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia trembles in her fear as she puts the hypothesis together...

OLIVIA

You're lying. You killed the others because you wanted the money for yourself. You killed everyone.

GRIFFIN

You don't know anything. When Cale's father heard of the case they were building on The Dauphin, he decided enough was enough. The old man was on the verge of confessing his and Cale's drug operation to the Feds. Cale had to turn somewhere for help.

OLIVIA

Cale's father...?

GRIFFIN

Cale brought me in on the operation a few weeks ago when his brother went in hiding with all of the family's cash. He needed me to help find Claude. So he confided in me who he was. He promised me a cut of the money to recruit the others.

She continues to shake her head...

OLIVIA

STOP IT! JUST STOP IT!

GRIFFIN

When I started finding the bodies, I realized the sonofabitch was cleaning house. So I went on the offensive. He wanted you to think I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN (cont'd)
was doing the killing. He was just
trying to distract you and Jarvis
from thinking straight. I was never
trying to kill you, I was gunning
for him.

Someone approaches from the shadows.

A shot rings through the air. A red hole about an inch in diameter appears on Griffin's forehead. Blood drips from it. He falls to the ground.

Olivia screams out. Looks up. Kentish walks towards her...then crashes to the ground.

A BLOOD RED BLOT covers the back of his shirt...

Olivia looks up...

A Masked Hoodie walks towards her...he takes off his Hood.

It's Cale.

MONTAGE--CALE THROUGHOUT THE DAY

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/SOUTHWEST END -- DAY

Masked Hoodie walks up on Mike and shoots him cold with a silencer...

...Cale and Olivia hover over Mike.

 CALE
...found him like this. Jesus is he
gonna live?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Jarvis, Olivia and Cale try to save Tommy...

 CALE
Is he gonna make it?

Matt dies as he knowingly looks up at Cale...

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/WEST ROOM -- NIGHT

Masked Hoodie runs up to Tommy and Matt. Throws a knife at Matt. It sticks in his shoulder blades.

Shoots Tommy with the silencer.

INT. SMALL BUILDING -- DAY

A figure rocks on the balls of his feet in the comfort of the dark...

Frank turns and spots the outline of mask...

...the Masked Hoodie draws a gun and fires twice. Then turns away. Pauses. Takes off his mask...it's indeed Cale.

He then walks towards Frank and checks his pulse.

He looks at Olivia and Jarvis through the scope. A smile cuts across his lips.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/NORTHWEST END -- NIGHT

Cale and Kentish face each other. Kentish tries to quickly aim his gun. Cale catches his arm, swipes the gun from his hand...

...as he fires into Cale, he jumps back slightly. Kentish falls against the wall.

Cale takes out the Hoodie Mask from behind his back and covers his head with it.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Someone in a Hoodie Mask rips out the fuel pump hoses from the vehicles.

Hoodie Mask runs back towards the cover of a building in shadows.

Takes off his mask and looks back at the vehicles...Cale.

Cale runs off...

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia's face burns with anger at being duped...

CALE

I couldn't let any of you leave,
until I was finished. You
understand don't you?

She just stares at him...would love to rip his fucking
throat out.

CALE (cont'd)

Toss your back up away.

OLIVIA

What back up--?

CALE

NOW!

She goes to her RIGHT ANKLE HOLSTER and tosses her back up
piece aside.

OLIVIA

WHY????

CALE

The barbarians were at the gates.
The feds were building a case and
it was just a matter of time before
someone put it all together. I had
no choice. Since Claude met
Clorella he'd been going off track.
She convinced him to take my money
and run. My fucking money. My
stupid brother plus a shit load of
cash equals disaster. I had no
choice. So I hired the best
professional killers around...cops.

She continues to cry her eyes out...

CALE (cont'd)

When I realized I had my squad
mates and the two FBI agents
targeting The Dauphin's killers all
in one area, it was too good to be
true. I could get rid of all of my
problems in one fucking take. How
brilliant was that?

OLIVIA

You son of a bitch. You put me in
the firing zone.

CALE
(laughs wildly)
Yeah...Griffin was one determined
son of a bitch. I'm glad he's dead!

Kentish stirs on the ground. Looks up. Goes to his ANKLE HOLSTER.

Olivia watches him. Cale picks up on it. Cale turns and fires into Kentish twice. Stares at him. Then...

BLAM!

Cale looks down at his chest. Blood seeps through the shirt. He turns and sees Olivia with a gun.

As she gets up from the ground we see the RIGHT ANKLE HOLSTER that was recently emptied...

...but now also is the LEFT ANKLE HOLSTER.

Blood escapes from Cale's mouth...

CALE (cont'd)
You beautiful bitch...

He fires into her. She fires at him.

She collapses on the floor.

Cale drops to his knees and examines the hole in his stomach. He screams and cries out in anguish. Tears cover his face...

He falls to the ground. Closes his eyes...

The determined cadence of footsteps hitting the concrete floor echo strongly...

...A PAIR OF BLACK HIGHLY POLISHED SHOES steps out of a shadowy mist. They walk towards Cale.

With every step, the entire construct of the shoes, trousers and legs seems to fluctuate from solid form to a BLACK misty form and back to solid...

The pair of shoes glides through the low burning fire and finally comes to a halt beside Cale's writhing body.

IT'S VICTOR BISHOP IN CEREMONIAL POLICE UNIFORM, or at least the soul of him...

...the black shadowy mist finally holds sufficiently to construct a seemingly solid image of Victor's face.

He looks down at his dying son.

CALE (cont'd)
You! You...can't be...real. I
killed you.

FLASH TO WHITE:

FLASHBACK...

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - DAY

A GUNSHOT rings out...

A HAND IS DRAPED OVER THE EDGE OF A BATHTUB.

Reddish water overflows from it. It crashes to the ground and corrupts the integrity of WHITE FLOOR TILES.

Cale stands there as we hear the water hitting the floor.

He slowly walks forward. He reaches for the shower curtain that partially hides his father's face...

He yanks it open...

His father bleeds from a gun shot wound in his temple.

Cale opens his hand and we see a SMOKING GUN in it. He takes it and places it in his father's dead hand.

Moves his father's hand close to his head...then walks away.

BACK TO SCENE

Cale is now officially freaked out...

VICTOR
You think that's pain you're
feeling? You think that's blood?
Real blood?

CALE
(with labored breaths)
I'm...sorry. Oh...God!

VICTOR
You like everyone here died on New
Year's Eve...over two years ago,
and you've been repeating what
happened every day since. You're
stuck in purgatory. Cursed from
beyond the grave.

FLASHBACK...

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cloretta blows the powder at Cale. But actually everyone in the room is affected...

CLORETTA

I shall raise up the dead and they shall eat the living. I shall make the dead outnumber the living.

BACK TO SCENE

As Cale turns to look around. Tries to slither away. He notices Griffin's body slowly evaporates into a black mist.

Then Kentish's body...and finally Olivia's.

CALE

NOOOOOOOOO!

Cale tries to grip at anything... but his body grows progressively weak.

FLASHBACK...

EXT. TRAILER PARK ROAD -- DAY

Cale walks by THREE KIDS playing with marbles in the dirt. He smiles at them. They run away. Cale walks off and disappears into thin air.

VICTOR (V.O.)

You ignored all the signs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ALLEY -- DAY

The stray cat hisses at him. Spooked by his supernatural presence.

...Cale's shadow hovers above him by the wall.

Griffin looks at him from the top of the alley.

Cale turns and looks at the wall. There's no shadow there on the wall anymore.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Cale and Olivia hide...

OLIVIA

Have you ever heard of a 'revenant'? Nana used to speak of them often. A 'revenant' is French for a spirit who's returned to the land of the living to torment others or be tormented.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

...which would you prefer? To be told of your mistakes every day or to have to repeat them every single day?

CALE

...hell this is New Orleans, spirit capital of America. There's supposed to be tons of ghosts around here...

OLIVIA

...maybe these shadow people have accepted their demise and moved on.

CUT TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/SOUTHWEST END - DAY

Jarvis looks him in the face. After Mike's body is no longer where Cale and Olivia left it...

JARVIS

So where's this body?

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

The stereo in Kentish's SUV turns on and flips between music and static.

Cale looks at it bewildered...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX/COURTYARD -- DAY

Cale, Olivia, Jarvis start to freak out when they realize the vehicles are gone...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM -- DAY

WHAM!

The noise rattles Cale...

...he walks into the room and finds the picture frame of his father on the floor.

He looks around curiously. Sees nothing out of the ordinary.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I even tried to do what I could...

CUT TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX BUILDING/WEST ROOM -- DAY

Cale yanks at the wallpaper. It peels away stubbornly. Jarvis helps him. There's a lit fire under their asses to uncover what's underneath it all.

Cale and Jarvis step back in line with Olivia. They look worried.

We see the letters are actually words, which in turn is actually a message....

"YOU'RE DEAD...EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU"

VICTOR (V.O.)
...but even a forgiving father is
only allowed to do so much.

BACK TO SCENE

Cale goes into shock.

CALE
NO. I'M...NOT DEAD. YOU HEAR ME.
I'M NOT FUC...KING DEAD.

(CONTINUED)

Cale's breaths get more and more strenuous...

Until he too starts to evaporate into a dark mist.

VICTOR

You have to accept it or you'll be
stuck in this cycle. I'm afraid
hell really is repetition.

He walks away from the remnants of Cale's spiritual body. It finally turns to mist and evaporates into nothingness.

Victor walks past the fire as it now rages towards the building where he slips inside the rich blackness...

...as the darkness drifts over him.

FADE TO BLACK:

SILENCE.

THEN, A RACING HEARTBEAT...

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM -- DAY

Cale awakens in a panic.

A CD PLAYER'S alarm goes ape-shit with a noisy rock track.

KNOCKS OVER A GLASS OF WATER AS HE REACHES FOR IT.

He looks at the overturned glass curiously. It seems familiar, someway...somehow.

He shakes it off and slumps back down into his soaking wet bed.

EXT. STREET ALLEY -- DAY

From nowhere he's pushed onto a wall by a BLACK HOODED FIGURE.

There's also a REVOLVER now attached to Cale's head.

BLACK HOOD
Give me somethin' asshole!

CALE
(empties out his wallet)
Take it easy, man. Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK HOOD

Twenty bucks? That all? I should
blow a hole in your fuckin' skull
right now for wastin' my time.

Black Hood turns him around and uncovers...and turns out to
be none other than GRIFFIN.

CALE

Goddammit!

GRIFFIN

(laughs wildly)

You shoulda seen your face when you
saw it was me.

CALE

Asshole!

GRIFFIN

Hey, at least you didn't say you
were a cop. If I'd been a real
crack head piece of shit, you'd be
well fucked for sharin' that juicy
tidbit.

Cale looks around with concern...

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

What's up with you?

CALE

You know, I could've sworn you
pulled this stunt on me before.

GRIFFIN

(shakes his head)

I think you hit your head harder
than I thought. C'mon, last day of
the year, let's go claim it.

Cale looks up...

CALE

Miserable day to claim.

AS THEY WALK OFF, ONLY CALE CASTS A SHADOW ON THE GROUND.

FADE TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (V.O.)
Shadow people, shades, darkenings,
whatever you wanna call them,
they're different and seem able to
exist in this dimension and the
next. Just remember this...the
damned don't always suffer in pain
and torment. Sometimes they suffer
in silence.

SILENCE.

THEN, A RACING HEARTBEAT...

THE END