

GIALLO

by
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For Dario

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Giallo - (djallo/jah-lo) n.

1. The Italian word for yellow.

2. Stylized Italian crime cinema of the 1960s and 1970s typified by beautiful victims, excessive bloodletting and deviant killers.

EXT. LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: MILAN, ITALY

A cool fog rolls across the city streets. The famed opera house glows in the haze like a cathedral.

Large red posters of Bizet's "Carmen" adorn the building's exterior...

A group of JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRLS follow a TOUR GUIDE past a CROWD of people and through the stone archways of the entrance.

INT. LOBBY - LA SCALA - CONTINUOUS

The Japanese Schoolgirls soak in the rich decor of the legendary theater as the Tour Guide drones on and on.

TOUR GUIDE

Salieri's *Eurpoa Reconosciuta* was the first opera performed here on August 3, 1778.

The Tour Guide never stops walking as she speaks. She leads the Schoolgirls through the lobby into the theater proper.

Two girls at the back of the line seem particularly bored. They are KEIKO, a stunningly beautiful 18 year-old and MIDORI her somewhat mousy best friend.

INT. THEATER - LA SCALA - CONTINUOUS

The theater is a sight to behold. Tuxedoed PATRONS fill luxurious boxes. The seats are of red velvet encrusted with gold. A huge chandelier dominates the center of the room.

The SYMPHONY tunes as the Tour Guide leads the girls to their seats.

TOUR GUIDE

It was here that Rossini made his name, where Verdi premiered most of his works and Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* made its premiere.

Keiko and Midori take the last seats by the aisle.

KEIKO

Come on, it's our last night in Milan. Let's get out of here and have some fun.

MIDORI

We'll get in trouble.

KEIKO

Fine, you stay. Enrich yourself. But as soon as the lights go down I'm out of here. Are you coming?

The lights dim. The music rises.

Midori looks to the stage and then back to the mischievous grin on Keiko's face.

The first slow strains of "*Bolero*" rise from the Symphony

EXT. LA SCALA - NIGHT

Midori and Keiko dash away from the Opera House LAUGHING gleefully as a heavy techno beat drops in over "*Bolero*."

The music carries over as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single bulb illuminates a small desk and little else. A MAN sits at the desk with his back to us. He opens a drawer and pulls out a small, zippered black leather case...

His Hands have an odd yellow skin tone.

He unzips the case, revealing a syringe and an ampoule of clear liquid...

The Man sticks the needle into the ampoule and draws liquid into the syringe...

He places the full syringe back into the case, zippers it shut and turns to the door without ever showing us his face.

The TECHNO BEAT intensifies as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Primary colors bathe the throng of CLUB-GOERS in a pop art glow. The music THROBS relentlessly...

Keiko and Midori smile wide to each other and dash to the bar.

Keiko and Midori drink shot after shot in a PULSING disco...

The Girls dance, sweaty and joyous...

Midori makes out with an Italian STUD as Keiko smiles...

Keiko and Midori knock down a couple more shots, this time surrounded by adoring young MEN - they all CHEER...

Keiko dances wildly as Midori grinds against the Stud.

INT. BATHROOM - DISCO - NIGHT

The muffled music still THUMPS from the other room. Midori pulls Keiko aside.

MIDORI

You were right, this was a great idea.

KEIKO

So what about the guy?

MIDORI

It's not like I'm ever going to see him again.

Midori blushes, unable to contain a wonderfully guilty smile.

Keiko rolls her eyes.

KEIKO

Fine, I'll just head back to the hotel.

MIDORI
You aren't mad at me?

Keiko shakes her head "no." They hug.

EXT. DISCO - MOMENTS LATER

Keiko steps out of the club and waives for a cab. She shuffles nervously from foot to foot as she looks both ways down the street.

A group of loud, drunken MEN stumble down the street toward her.

KEIKO
Come on.

She is clearly a bit frightened of the approaching Men and avoids eye contact as...

A cab pulls up.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Oh, thank you, thank you.

She opens the door before the vehicle can come to a complete stop.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Keiko plops down in the backseat and SIGHS with relief. She leans forward to the CAB DRIVER.

KEIKO
Hotel Sanpi Milano?

IN THE FRONT SEAT - the Driver drums his yellow fingers on a small, black zippered case.

It's the Man from the earlier scene - from here on we will call him YELLOW.

He says nothing.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Hotel Sanpi Milano...
(broken Italian)
Per favore?

Yellow nods and throws the cab into gear, pulling away from the curb.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The cab cruises down a busy Milanese boulevard.

We follow the cab as it turns down progressively quieter and narrower streets until it pulls into a dark dead-end alley...

The engine shuts off.

The car shakes.

A muffled SCREAM erupts from inside the cab...

The car shakes again...

Barely illuminated by a distant street light we see...

Keiko's terrified, SCREAMING face in the cab's rear window...

She POUNDS on the glass.

A hand wraps tight around her mouth and yanks her back into the darkness of the cab.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Keiko awakens on a tile floor. A Bright surgical lamp casts harsh shadows -- it takes a moment for her eyes to adjust...

KEIKO

Ugh...

Her hands and feet are bound with coarse hemp ropes...

She grimaces as she fights against her restraints to no avail...

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Herupu...help.

Her eyes come into focus to realize there's someone else in the room...

She's face to face with a wall-length mirror...

She turns to see...

Yellow standing by a large table, silhouetted by the lamp.

YELLOW

You're awake.

(to something on the table)

You see that? We have company.

A gurgling GROAN comes from the table.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Of course, how rude of me. Say hello to your new friend.

Keiko's eye's go wide with terror.

KEIKO

Iie iie.

Yellow adjusts a lever on the table and tilts it forward to reveal...

A YOUNG WOMAN bound to the table - ropes around her arms and legs -- tape holding her head perfectly still...

Her eyelids and lips have been sliced off...

Keiko SCREAMS and SCREAMS as Yellow pulls a camera and flashes photographs of her.

YELLOW

(chuckling)

Beautiful...beautiful...

FLASH - FLASH - FLASH

MATCH CUT TO:

TITLE MONTAGE

- a white FLASH
- a pair of hands stretch black gaff tape
- white FLASH
- the hands grab clothing and twist
- white FLASH
- a safety pin pierces a finger
- -white FLASH

- blood drips on fabric and spreads through capillary action
- white FLASH
- we're backstage at a Fashion Show

INT. BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW - DAY

Dozens of half-dressed MODELS climb in and out of outlandish garments as Ladytron's "*Destroy Everything You Touch*" thunders from the showroom...

CELINE, a stunning twenty year-old brunette struts off the runway and through the curtain to the backstage area...

DRESSERS swarm around her, stripping her to her underwear as a nervous DESIGNER flits about SHOUTING to the Models and Dressers.

DESIGNER

Come on, quickly...quickly. You look beautiful now go!

He pushes a Model through the curtain and tuns to Celine.

DESIGNER (CONT'D)

Darling, we're short one I need you back out there in like twenty seconds.

CELINE

Short? Who didn't show?

DESIGNER

I don't know, the thin one. You think I can keep track of all the names?

CELINE

You're a prince.

Dressers grab another garment and wrestle it over Celine's head as...

Celine's cell phone VIBRATES on the make-up table.

She grabs it.

CELINE (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

You're early!

CUT TO:

INT. MILAN AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

LINDA, a very attractive flight attendant in her mid-twenties, strides through the terminal pulling her rolling carry-on; cell phone pressed to her ear.

LINDA

What's my little sister up to?

CELINE (O.S.)

(less than enthusiastic)

Racing toward the runway.

LINDA

Sorry, can you talk?

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Celine winces as a Dresser zips the back of a very slinky green gown.

CELINE

Not really. You have the key, right?

LINDA (O.S.)

Yeah.

The Designer looks Celine up and down and nods - she strides toward the runway.

CELINE

(hurrying)

I'll be out of here in an hour or so, drop your stuff at my place and I'll call you in a bit. Dinner's at seven. Love ya.

She SNAPS the phone shut and tosses it to the Dresser as she struts through the curtain to the runway.

EXT. MILAN AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Linda steps through the sliding glass doors into the brilliant sunshine.

LINDA
(still on the phone)
Love you too.

Linda snaps her cell phone shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Linda steps out of a cab in a stunningly beautiful historic district of Milan. She steps toward a tall Gothic building and fishes in her purse for a key.

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A key SCRAPES in the door. Linda steps into the small but cute room.

LINDA
(to herself)
Nice pad, sis.

- She pops her shoes off
- Loses her Flight Attendant Jacket
- Splashes water on her face
- Lights a cigarette

As she steps from the living room to the bedroom and sees double doors...

She opens the doors wide to reveal...

A small balcony overlooking a wide and bustling Italian Piazza...

She takes a deep breath, drinking in the atmosphere.

LINDA (CONT'D)
A girl could get used to this.

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Linda opens her bag and pulls a handful of garments from it. They're all wrinkled.

Linda turns and opens the closet to hang her clothes.

Her eyes go wide.

The closet is filled with an amazing collection of designer dresses.

Linda looks to the clothes she brought.

LINDA

Oh these won't do at all.

She hangs her clothes and dives into Celine's couture collection.

CUT TO:

EXT. FASHION SHOW - SUNSET

Celine races through the door out onto the busy sidewalk. Signs hang from the exterior of the build reading "MILAN FASHION WEEK"

She digs through her bag and pulls out her cell phone...

She steps to the curb and waives for a cab. The Designer steps up behind her.

DESIGNER

Thanks for being a sport in there. I'm having a little after thing at my place if you care to...

CELINE

Actually, my sister's in town. I'm taking her to Santini.

DESIGNER

Lucky her.

CELINE

(waving for a cab)

Well, she's awesome and she's always taken care of me so...

A taxi pulls up.

CELINE (CONT'D)

...have fun tonight. I gotta run.

She dials a number on her phone as she steps into the cab.

CUT TO:

INT. BALCONY - CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The sun is setting. Linda sits in the golden glow, sipping a glass of white wine. She's wearing a stunning Versace gown.

Her phone RINGS.

LINDA
(joking)
I'm moving in.

CELINE (O.S.)
You like it, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Celine barely gets the door shut before the cab is racing away through the crowded and chaotic streets of Milan.

CELINE
(to the cab driver)
Via Ponteccio
(into the phone)
Sorry I'm running late. Getting hungry?

LINDA (O.S.)
And a little tipsy. How long now?

CELINE
Well I just hopped a cab, so
fifteen...twenty minutes, depending on
traffic.
(to the driver)
No, not a right, you're going the wrong
way!

Celine looks up to the CAB DRIVER...

In the rear view mirror, his eyes narrow on Celine...

The whites of his eyes are Yellow - it's him!

Yellow doesn't answer.

CELINE (CONT'D)
(whispering into phone)
Shit, this guy doesn't know his ass from
his elbow...

IN THE FRONT SEAT - Yellow reaches down to a switch below his radio. FLICK.

HEAVY STATIC CRACKLES on Celine's cell phone.

CELINE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Linda? Linda? Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Linda's cell phone connection dies.

LINDA
Celine?

She snaps the cell phone shut.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Celine leans forward to talk to the Cab Driver...

She notices his skin has a yellowish tint.

CELINE
Look, you're going the wrong way.
(beat)
Hello?

She reaches for the door and...

CLICK - the door locks disappear into the door frame.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Just let me out here, all right?

No response. Celine is getting nervous.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Stop the cab. Stop the cab, now.

Still no response.

CELINE (CONT'D)
I said STOP THE FUCKING CAB, NOW!

The taxi makes a hard left turn and speeds down a narrow street. Yellow makes one hard turn after another down quieter and quieter streets.

She tries to redial her phone - STATIC.

CELINE (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Celine yanks at the door handle - nothing...

She POUNDS the door with her fists and feet...

CELINE (CONT'D)

Let me out! Stop the cab! Stop! STOP!

The cab jerks to a halt in a dead-end alley...

Celine tries to compose herself.

CELINE (CONT'D)

You can unlock the doors now, you fucking freak.

Yellow is fiddling with something in the front seat.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Come on, let me out!

She grabs his shoulder aggressively.

CELINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

The Cab driver grabs her wrist and yanks her halfway over the front seat...

We don't see his face, but Celine sees him and is terrified.

CELINE (CONT'D)

No! No!

Celine yanks her hand free and SCREAMS as she falls into the back seat, cowering...there's no where to hide...

She falls to the floor, slapping and kicking at the Cab Driver's clawing hand.

CELINE (CONT'D)

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! NOOOOO!

He grabs Celine by the hair and YANKS her up over the seat, wedging her neck between the front seats...

Celine's feet kick wildly, trying to squirm free...

CELINE (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Yellow holds Celine's head by the hair with one hand - **a syringe in the other...**

Celine sees the syringe and FLIPS OUT!

CELINE (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! HELP ME!
HELP ME!

Yellow lifts the syringe, moving it toward her jugular...

STICK.

He pumps the contents of the syringe into Celine's throat...

Celine kicks for a moment, but her eyes grow heavy as she passes out...

He lifts her head from between the seats and pushes her back. Celine crumples to the backseat floor like a rag doll...

He starts the engine.

EXT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The cab backs out of the alley and speeds away into the Milanese night.

EXT. MILAN CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Darkness descends over the city. Streetlights pop on. The streets are buzz with life.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Linda looks over the darkened Piazza and puffs on a cigarette as she presses her cell phone to her ear.

It RINGS and RINGS.

LINDA
Come on, Celine, pick up.

The phone continues to RING.

She SNAPS her phone shut and Linda checks her watch.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Late as always. Guess I shouldn't expect
any less.

She looks up and down the street. Cabs zip past.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Linda leans on the balcony, chin resting on her hand. She
nods off, then suddenly JERKS awake...

She checks her watch again. It's 11:35.

LINDA
Jesus, where are you?

INT. KITCHEN - CELINE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

FOOMP. A blue, gas flame ignites under a stove-top
espresso maker...

Linda paces the kitchen with a phone in one hand and a
little black address book in the other.

LINDA
(into the phone)
Yeah, I'm sorry to bother you like this,
you don't know me...I'm Celine's sister.
Have you seen her tonight?...No that's
all right, thank you.

She hangs up, consults the book and dials another number.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Yes, hello. Sorry to bother you...

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Celine's eyes flutter open...

A dingy light streams in through a window in the door...

Celine shakes her head, trying to clear the narcotic fog.
She realizes...

She's lying on a tile floor, hog-tied with coarse hemp ropes.

CELINE

Oh my god...HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!
PLEASE!

She looks around the frantically...There's a mirrored wall and a table in the center of the room...

Something MOVES in the shadows...

CELINE (CONT'D)

Hello? Is Someone there?

A SLURPING sound comes from the other side of the table...

Something else MOVES just behind her...

CELINE (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Tears begin to well up in Celine's eyes.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Please, help me...HELP ME!

She cranes her neck to peer around the corner of the table...

HISSESSSS

A cat leaps over Celine's head.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Oh GOD!

In a pool of light she sees...

A half-dozen cats lapping up something from the floor...

IT'S BLOOD.

Celine looks up...

Blood drips from a delicate hand that hangs limply over the edge of the table...

Celine's face quivers.

CELINE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, this isn't happening.

A MOAN comes from atop the table, freezing Celine...

Her eyes go wide. She stares up to the hand leaning over the table...

Beat.

The hand TWITCHES violently...

Keiko cries out from the table, frantic and terrified

KEIKO

Herupu!...Herupu!

Celine's SCREAMS ECHO as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NOON

A DELIVERY BOY zips through the nightmarish Italian traffic on a Vespa...

The traffic lights may as well not exist...

The Vespa cuts in between cars, making a hard right turn from the far left lane...

The scooter pulls up to a large old building...

The sign out front reads "Polizia."

The delivery boy unstraps a large cardboard box filled with small white bags and dashes into the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station house is large, loud and teeming with activity. The Delivery Boy strides through people to the front desk...

Linda BARKS at the desk Sergeant. She looks a mess, she hasn't slept all night.

LINDA

I'm telling you, she's missing. She was supposed to meet me last night.

DESK SERGEANT

And I'm telling you to go home, wait for her. It's only been a few hours, She could have met a man and...

LINDA

You don't understand.

DESK SERGEANT

I think I understand better than you.

LINDA

Listen, she wouldn't just disappear. She's a model, she has shoots and runway shows booked all week long.

DESK SERGEANT

So your sister's a pretty girl? A Model? Hmm...

The Delivery Boy pushes past Linda and sets the cardboard box on the counter.

DELIVERY BOY

Lunch delivery.

The Desk Sergeant grabs several bags and hands them to another OFFICER behind him.

LINDA

Yeah, so?

DELIVERY BOY

E il Lupo Solitario.

DESK SERGEANT

(to delivery boy)

You know where to go.

The delivery boy nods and strides down the hall.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(to Linda)

Follow him.

LINDA

What?

DESK SERGEANT

Follow the boy.

Confused, Linda turns to see the delivery boy disappearing down the corridor.

DESK SARGENT

You'd better hurry.

Linda dashes after the boy, who steps down a staircase at the end of the corridor...

We follow Linda as she dashes down the staircase, the Delivery Boy always seems to be just out of sight.

LINDA

Wait! Slow down!

They descend two flights of stairs, with each step the light dims slightly, the walls become more dingy and worn...

The stairs end at a sub-basement. The Delivery Boy walks quickly to the end of the dimly lit hall.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What is this place?

DELIVERY BOY

It's where he works...sleeps...

LINDA

Who?

DELIVERY BOY

The inspector...

He reaches the door and takes a breath before KNOCKING. The name on the door reads "Inspector Lavia."

DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)

(shuffling nervously)

I hate this place.

The Delivery Boy lowers his head, staring at his feet.

ENZO (O.S.)

Come in!

DELIVERY BOY

(over his shoulder)

Don't look at the walls.

The Delivery Boy opens the door to...

INT. ENZO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is too brightly lit.

Three walls are covered with gruesome crime scene photographs. The far wall is a Map dotted with colored pins...

DELIVERY BOY

Delivery.

The Delivery Boy drops the bag on the cluttered desk and quickly spins, racing out of the room.

Linda scans the walls and catches her breath...

Standing with his back to her, staring at the map is INSPECTOR ENZO LAVIA (39) his hair, nails, suit, tie, everything about him is neat, ordered and organized.

Linda stands petrified, unable to tear herself away from the brutality of the crime scene photos...

Enzo turns and grabs his panini sandwich from the bag and takes a bite...

He looks up to Linda, who stares transfixed at the photographs.

ENZO

Why?

LINDA

Why what?

ENZO

Why are you still here? Are you new?

LINDA

New? No.

(nodding to the photos)

Who are all these people? What happened to them?

ENZO

That's police business and of no concern to a delivery girl.

LINDA

No, I'm not...I just followed the... Can you help me, please?

ENZO

Who are you?

LINDA

My name is Linda Clark and my sister is missing.

Annoyed, Enzo steps around his desk and begins escorting Linda out the office door.

ENZO

Then you need to talk to the desk sergeant, he will...

LINDA

(frustrated)

He's the one who sent me down here.

She pulls from his grip and stares him down.

LINDA (CONT'D)

This isn't a joke and I'm not a nutcase. Something happened to my sister and I need your help.

Enzo's expression softens, but it is obvious that he isn't comfortable making eye contact.

ENZO

All right...It's okay. Come on, have a seat.

Enzo walks back around his desk, plops down in his seat and takes a bite of his sandwich.

Linda stands frozen, unable to relax.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Please, sit...

(beat)

You're not from around here, but that accent...I can't quite place it.

LINDA

I'm an American.

(off his look)

I moved around a lot as a child. Please, my sister.

He grabs a pen and pad.

ENZO
Tell me about...

LINDA
Celine.

ENZO
Tell me about Celine.

INT. ENZO'S OFFICE - LATER

Linda sits across from Enzo, recounting her last conversation with Celine. She slides a photograph of her sister across the desk to the Inspector.

LINDA
...and she was supposed to meet me at her apartment. That's the last I've heard from her.

ENZO
(examining the photo)
She's very beautiful.

LINDA
(nodding to the photos on the wall)
Is that why I'm down here, talking to you?

As they speak, we move in on the crime scene photographs that line the walls...

ENZO
There's no reason to believe your sister is involved with this...

LINDA
What is this? Who are all these girls?

ENZO
I'm afraid I cannot comment on an ongoing investigation.

Pictures of beautiful young women are paired up with grisly crime scene photographs in a "before and after" effect...

The women have been mutilated, their faces slashed and disfigured. Linda stares at the photos, transfixed.

LINDA
Who did this?

ENZO
So this last phone call, what time was that?

Linda snaps her attention back to her sister.

LINDA
About seven thirty last night.

ENZO
Was she into drugs? Anything illegal?

LINDA
No...she used to have a problem, but that was a long time ago. She's been clean for over a year.

ENZO
Boyfriend? Lover?

Linda can't control herself, she looks back to the wall of victims, focusing on one photo in particular...

The victim's eyelids have been sliced off.

LINDA
No.

She eyes another photograph - a beautiful young Japanese girl.

A note beneath the photo reads: "*Keiko Watanabe. Missing four days. Next victim?*"

ENZO
Does she have a history of this sort of thing? Running off without telling anyone?

Linda's face goes white.

ENZO (CONT'D)
Miss Clark?

LINDA
(snapping from her reverie)
Um...I've told you, she was on her way to see me. She was even pissed off that the cab driver took a wrong turn.

A look of realization washes over Enzo's face.

ENZO
(to himself)
A wrong turn...

He hops out of his seat and moves to the map behind his desk, examining the location of several pins.

LINDA
What? What is it?

Enzo is lost in thought.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Inspector Lavia?

Enzo snaps from his reverie and turns to Linda. He's suddenly all business.

ENZO
Thank you, Miss Clark.

He absently scoops a file up off his desk and tucks it under his arm.

LINDA
That's it?

ENZO
Is there anything else you haven't told me?

LINDA
No, but...

ENZO
Then thank you, that will be all.

He escorts her to the door.

LINDA
But Celine?

ENZO
Miss Clark, go home, get some sleep, let me do my job.

LINDA
You expect me to just wait?

ENZO
Yes...preferably by the phone.

He guides Linda into the hallway and closes the door on her.

IN THE HALLWAY - Linda stands, staring unbelievably at the door that was just closed in her face.

A deep sorrow wells up in her eyes. She forces the emotion back down, turns swiftly and kicks the wall in frustration.

IN THE OFFICE - Enzo focuses on the photograph of Celine.

He glances up at the wall of victims.

ENZO (CONT'D)

You're too beautiful. He hates beautiful things...

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

The door CREAKS open and a shaft of light falls across Celine's face...

Cats race out through the open door...

Celine looks up, terrified to see...

The silhouette of a Yellow in the doorway...

He steps into the room carrying a large roll of plastic sheeting and a bottle of bleach...

Celine squirms against her restraints to no avail.

CELINE

What is this? What are you doing? Let me go!

Yellow strides past her and over to the table...

From her vantage point, Celine can't quite see what's going on...

CELINE (CONT'D)

Please, let me go.

Yellow sets the bleach and plastic sheeting on the floor and positions a large surgical lamp over the person strapped to the table.

The lamp FLICKERS to life, casting an intensely focused light on the table, but leaving the rest of the room in shadow...

CELINE (CONT'D)

Please...I didn't do anything to you...I won't tell anyone...I swear. Just let me go...

Yellow ignores Celine, he's far more interested in the job at hand.

He leans over the person on the table, his mouth and chin illuminated by the lamp.

YELLOW

Getting a little dry?

He pulls some eye-drops from his pocket and drops them into a face we still can't see.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

That's better? Can you still see? Look at you...so ugly. You disgust me, you know that?

His VICTIM MOANS.

CELINE

What are you doing?

YELLOW

(to the victim)

Shall we show her?

CELINE

Show me what? What?

The Victim MOANS again, this time it's low...quiet...the sound of mortal terror...

A sinister smile creeps over his thin, yellow lips.

YELLOW

Our new guest is growing impatient. Let's show her what you've become.

He tilts the table forward violently.

It's Keiko...

Her eyelids and lips have been sliced off...

Her face is a mass of slashes and abrasions...

Celine SCREAMS!

YELLOW (CONT'D)

(to Keiko)

Look at yourself. See how ugly you are?

With no eyelids, she cannot help but look at her hideous reflection in the mirrored wall...

Keiko's tongue rolls about in her mouth as she struggles to speak...

KEIKO

Herupu...herupu...

Yellow turns his attention back to the Keiko.

YELLOW

I'm afraid our time is over...

KEIKO

Iie! Iie!

YELLOW

...our friend down there needs the table.

Yellow pulls a box-cutter from his pocket and CLICKS the blade out from its protective metal handle.

CELINE

Oh my god NO!

KEIKO

Iie! Iie!

Yellow slashes wildly with the box-cutter...

Blood spills across the floor, splattering Celine in the face...

The Keiko SCREAMS and flails against the restraints...

Celine SCREAMS...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Enzo, a file folder under his arm, strides quickly across the busy street to a beat-to-shit Fiat...

He hops in the car and starts down the road...

Seconds later, a taxi cab pulls away from the curb, following the Fiat.

INT. ENZO'S FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Enzo speeds down the road, zipping in and out of the erratic Italian traffic...

He holds a cell phone to his ear.

ENZO

Well how many cab licences are there?

(beat)

You're kidding me.

He glances up to his rear view mirror. He notices the Taxi cab on his tail.

ENZO (CONT'D)

...twenty-two hundred? This is going to take a while.

He takes a right turn, pulling up to a small bookstore. He watches as the cab drives on past him.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Yeah...I'll see you shortly...

(rolling his eyes)

Yes, I'll have a little something for you. Ciao.

He snaps the phone shut.

INT. OLD SPECIALTY BOOKSTORE - LATER

Enzo strolls into the cramped and dusty store. Ancient shelves bow under the weight of books and stacks of other texts are piled high on the floors.

He turns and peers out the window and sees...

The cab, doubling back and slowly cruising past the bookstore.

ENZO

Following me, huh? Good.

An instrumental version of "Stormy Weather" plays from an old transistor radio behind the counter.

The song sends Enzo's mind reeling.

FLASH - COCKTAIL PARTY - SOPHIA, a stunning and curvy woman in a white Halston dress leans against a piano SINGING "Stormy Weather" - the drunken CROWD sways to the music.

FLASH - Sophia falls to the floor THUD - She wraps her hands around her neck as blood gushes between her fingers...her throat has been slashed

FLASH - A MAN IN BLACK lords over Sophia with a bloody butcher's knife. He looks up - his black hat casting a shadow over his eyes...all we see is a crooked smile.

SHOPKEEPER (O.C.)

Can I help you?

Enzo snaps from his reverie and turns to see an elderly SHOPKEEPER.

ENZO

Sorry?

SHOPKEEPER

Are you looking for anything in particular?

ENZO

Actually, yes.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - MOMENTS LATER

Enzo strides out the door with an over-filled shopping bag. He steps up to his Fiat and waits a moment, pretending to fumble with his keys.

ENZO

Come on, catch up.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees a cab pulling away from the curb.

He smiles and hops in his car.

INT. ENZO'S FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Enzo sets the bag full of books in the passenger seat...

He pulls his gun from a shoulder holster and sets it on his lap before starting the engine.

Enzo floors it and whips around a corner into an alley...

The cab follow around the corner and speeds up to Enzo's Fiat.

Enzo downshifts and turns up a steep hill...the chase is on.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Cab chases the Fiat through progressively narrow streets...

The Fiat disappears into an alley. He hits the brakes and leaps from the car as the Cab turns into the alley.

Enzo races toward the cab on foot, gun drawn...

The cab SCREECHES to a halt.

Enzo yanks the CABBIE from the taxi and tosses him to the street...

He lords over the Cabbie, gun pointed at his head.

ENZO

Why? Why are you following me, huh? Are you the one? The one who likes the pretty girls?

CABBIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

Enzo cocks the gun.

ENZO

Why are you following me?

Linda races from the back seat of the cab.

LINDA

NO! DON'T!

Enzo snaps his head in her direction, confusion washing over his face.

ENZO

You? What are you doing here?

He carefully lowers the hammer on his gun and strides over to Linda.

LINDA

I told him to follow you.

ENZO

You realize you're interfering with an official police investigation?

LINDA

Tell me what you know.

ENZO

I am in the middle of...

LINDA

I know you know something...tell me!

ENZO

...an investigation, and you are keeping me from my job.

LINDA

I saw something in your eyes. Why won't you tell me what's going on here?

ENZO

Go home!

LINDA

NO! She's my sister! She's all I have and I will not go sit quietly and wait by the phone!

A tear leaks from the corner of Linda's eye. She wipes it away angrily.

Enzo takes a step back.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Please? Tell me. I need to know.

ENZO

Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER

Enzo's car pulls up directly in front of a large, plain building. He hops out of the car, carrying his shopping bag full of books...

Linda follows him as he strides quickly into the building.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Linda's heels CLACK on the tile floors as she follows Enzo down a winding corridor...

LINDA

What are we doing here? How is all of this helping my sister?

ENZO

I'm gathering information.

LINDA

By shopping?

ENZO

This is Italy, sometimes you need to grease the wheels of bureaucracy. You said you moved around a lot, where are you from?

LINDA

My mother was a professor of Medieval Studies. Celine and I grew up in castle ruins and cathedrals from the tip of Spain to the Black Forest.

ENZO

Where's your home now?

LINDA

Schenectady, New York. Why?

ENZO

Say you're from Texas.

He leads her to a door that reads "Motor Vehicle Registration Office (MVRO)" in Italian.

He opens the door into an enormous office filled with tiny partitioned cubicles.

INT. MVRO - CONTINUOUS

The place is a mess - imagine the DMV on the worst day and throw a foreign language into the mix.

Enzo makes a bee-line past the throng of angry, impatient LOCALS, leading Linda deep into the maze of cubicles...

LINDA

The DMV?

ENZO

Where was she when you last spoke?

LINDA

Coming off a runway show.

ENZO

And how was she getting there?

LINDA

She was in a cab.

ENZO

Exactly.

They stop and step into a cubicle adorned with bright yellow movie posters for "DJANGO" and "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" and "TRINITY RIDES AGAIN."

Sitting, staring at his computer screen is SAL, a short, squat and pale bureaucrat obsessed with everything "western"...

He doesn't even notice Enzo until the Inspector drops the brown paper sack in Sal's lap.

SAL

What's this?

He rifles through the sack, pulling out a half dozen western paperbacks.

SAL (CONT'D)

Louis Lamour? Zane Grey? Come on, I've read all of these.

ENZO

Good to see you too, Sal.

SAL

Oh, sorry.

(looking up)

Who's this?

ENZO

This is my friend Linda...She's from Texas.

Linda smiles at him.

Sal leaps to his feet, smiling and shaking Linda's hand a little too vigorously.

SAL
Texas? Really?

LINDA
Born and raised.

SAL
Please, you have to tell me. The Alamo,
what's it like?

LINDA
Oh it's...
(wheels turning)
Everything you'd imagine and more.

Sal GIGGLES wildly.

SAL
I knew it. I can't believe I'm talking to
a real, live Texan.

ENZO
Yes, that's all very nice. Now do you
have what I asked for?

SAL
Oh...yeah.

He turns to his desk and produces a stack of paper - it's
at least 30 pages long.

ENZO
This is the list?

SAL
Yeah.

ENZO
There must be...

SAL
One thousand, nine hundred twenty-two
names.

ENZO
No... I wanted them cross-referenced...

SAL

Cross-referenced against criminal records. That's the list. Out of twenty-two hundred fifty-six taxi licences in the greater metropolitan area more than...

ENZO

Jesus, more than eighty percent of the cab drivers have a criminal record in this town?

SAL

Yeah...makes you want to walk, huh?

ENZO

You have no idea.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Enzo leads Linda out of the building. They stride down the stairs. Enzo stops, looking out over a sea of cabs.

LINDA

All right, I've played along. Now it's your turn.

ENZO

(matter of fact)

I believe your sister may have been abducted by a pattern killer.

LINDA

No.

Linda chokes down the tears. They won't do her any good.

LINDA (CONT'D)

She isn't dead.

ENZO

I never said she was, not yet at least.

It's obvious that his interpersonal skills need some work.

Unable to process the information, Linda plops onto the granite steps.

LINDA

What are we going to do?

Enzo looks around nervously - pedestrians are staring and it's making him uncomfortable.

ENZO
Come, walk with me.

LINDA
(confusion turning into rage)
What are we going to do?

People on the street stop and stare at the outburst. Enzo blushes, he can't stand the attention. He spies a public park across the street.

ENZO
Please, just come with me and I'll explain everything.

Linda looks up to him.

ENZO (CONT'D)
I promise.

He extends a hand to her.

LINDA
Everything?

He nods. She takes his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Enzo offers Linda a zeppoli (an Italian doughnut) from a street vendor. She waives it off.

ENZO
As far as I can tell, there have been four, maybe five victims already. But his pattern is just emerging. At first they were just a string of unsolved and seemingly unrelated murders. That's why I got them. That's what I do.

LINDA
What do you do?

ENZO
I get the cases no one else wants.

LINDA

Why?

ENZO

(ignoring her question)

The first victim was...

Linda places her hand on his shoulder.

LINDA

You said you'd tell me everything. Now why do you get these cases?

He fidgets nervously.

ENZO

Because...I...I understand these people...I...

Linda's gaze penetrates Enzo's nervous exterior.

ENZO (CONT'D)

You seem like a good person, you don't need to know this. This business...it changes you.

LINDA

There's nothing worse than not knowing.

Beat.

Enzo nods.

ENZO

The victims have all been beautiful young women...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A beautiful young RUSSIAN WOMAN wearing a backpack strides down the sidewalk. She's alone and half the street lights are out...

ENZO (V.O.)

Foreigners, all of them. The first one was a Russian art student

A Taxi pulls up behind her. It's lights are off. The cab follows her slowly; keeping a safe distance, pacing her.

Hearing something, Russian Woman turns.

The headlights FLASH on silhouetting the woman...

She shields her eyes against the high-beams.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

The Russian Woman lies tied to the table. Yellow leans over what was once her beautiful young face...

ENZO (V.O.)

...He beat her to death with his fists.

But now her face is halfway caved-in. Blood flows from her broken nose and jaw...

RUSSIAN WOMAN

(gurgling through blood)

Nyet! Nyet!

ENZO (V.O.)

...but not all at once...

Yellow smiles and rears back, fist cocked...

RUSSIAN WOMAN

Nyet!

CRACK!

He delivers a crushing blow to the increasingly pulpy mass that is her face.

ENZO

...he kept her around...made it linger...
he savored it...

Yellow rubs his sore, bloody knuckles and walks away...

The Russian Woman on the table WHIMPERS and WHEEZES through bubbles of blood and bone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING

Linda sits, stunned on a park bench while Enzo paces about her.

ENZO

Are you sure you want to hear more?

LINDA

Yes. I need to know.

Enzo studies Linda's face.

ENZO

Your sister disappeared at seven thirty?
You haven't slept in the past twenty-four
hours, have you?

LINDA

Would you? We have to find her.

ENZO

Which is something I can do much better
without you tagging along.

LINDA

Well get used to it. Either bring me
along or throw my ass in jail, because
I'm going to follow you no matter what.
Every step of the way. And you know how
dangerous I could be on these roads,
trying to follow a cop. You'd be
responsible for all the damages. Hell,
I'd probably have to hop a cab and then
I'd find her real quick...

The reality of her last phrase kicks in a second too
late.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I won't slow you down.

ENZO

It's too dangerous.

LINDA

This is my sister...my family.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - YELLOW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yellow rinses his hands under the tap. Bloody water
swirls in the drain...

He reaches down beneath the sink and grabs...

She stares at the photos, flipping back and forth...

Her mind reels.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Well?

LINDA

He wants to destroy beautiful things.

ENZO

And why would he want to do that?

Beat.

LINDA

Because...because he sees them as a threat.

ENZO

No, but close. Stop, think. Why would a young man do this?

LINDA

Jesus, I don't know...because he's a fucking monster?

ENZO

You're right about that. But this one is a specific kind of monster. He's careful and thorough. He chooses victims that won't be missed, at least not by anyone local. Less heat, less pressure. That's why the press hasn't gotten involved. He drops their bodies at seemingly random locations; an abandoned roller-rink, a brothel, a scenic overlook. But pattern killers want attention, they thrive on it. The locations can't be random, they have to mean something.

LINDA

But that doesn't tell me why he does it.

ENZO

Look at the last two victims.

She flips through the file folder and stops on a close-up shot of a young BLONDE WOMAN...

Her eyelids have been sliced off.

LINDA
It's terrible.

ENZO
He wanted her to see something. Or us to see something.

LINDA
He wants them to see...

A wave of realization washes over her.

LINDA (CONT'D)
...to see how ugly they've become. He wants to make them uglier than he is.

Enzo hits the brakes and jerks the car to the curb.

ENZO
(stunned)
He makes them watch.

He looks to Linda.

ENZO (CONT'D)
He makes them watch.

Enzo hops out of the car.

EXT. NARROW STREET - CONTINUOUS

Enzo lights a cigarette and paces along the sidewalk, lost in thought...

Linda steps out of the car.

LINDA
What? What is it?

He holds up a finger indicating "wait a minute."

He suddenly stops pacing and turns to Linda.

ENZO
He's a predator for sure, but I thought he was a hunter. Until you came along and mentioned the taxi. Now I see he isn't a hunter, he's a trapper. His victims aren't selected, they simply fall into his lap.

LINDA

Like Celine.

(beat)

So where does he take them?

ENZO

Where does he keep them?

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yellow pushes Keiko's body off the table...

THUD.

She lands on the floor and rolls face-to-face with Celine...

CELINE

God damn you, you fucking psycho! Let me out of here.

The floor underneath Keiko is covered in plastic sheeting...

Yellow strides over to the body and begins rolling it in the plastic.

CELINE (CONT'D)

You won't get away with this! People are looking for me! You ugly piece of shit!

Yellow secures the plastic sheeting with packing tape...

He looks to Celine as she continues her tirade.

CELINE (CONT'D)

That's right. You're disgusting. You know that?

RRRRRRRRIP!

He tears a length of tape and moves over to Celine.

CELINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? No, get away from me!

She squirms on the floor, fighting against her restraints as...

Yellow wraps the tape securely around her mouth...

YELLOW

You talk too much.

He rears back, fist cocked and...

CRUNCH!

CUT TO:

INT. ENZO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Enzo pours over the voluminous list they got from Sal.

He highlights a name...there are a half dozen highlighted names on the page...

Linda paces, her pallid complexion shows her lack of sleep...

Half empty Chinese take-out boxes are strewn about.

LINDA

How can you stand this?

ENZO

This is police work. Trust me, I've dealt with this type before. The devil is in the details. That's how we'll catch him.

LINDA

And save my sister?

ENZO

Yes...and save your sister.

Enzo turns his attention back to the list.

Linda plops down on the sofa, defeated. Her eyes instantly grow heavy.

LINDA

Why are you down here...in the basement?

ENZO

I'm not very good with people.

LINDA

That's why you don't have a partner?

ENZO
 (chuckling)
 It's better for everyone if I work alone.
 My methods aren't exactly... by the book.

Her eyes flutter closed.

LINDA
 (yawning)
 It doesn't bother you? Being all alone
 down here?

ENZO
 I've been alone for a long time now. Long
 enough that company feels...odd. I've
 almost forgotten what it's like to spend
 this much time with someone.
 (we see a chink in his armor)
 It's nice.

He looks up to Linda, she's dead asleep...

A bittersweet smile crosses his face as he rises and
 steps over to the sofa...

Enzo pulls a blanket off the back of the sofa and drapes
 it over Linda's sleeping form.

ENZO (CONT'D)
 It's very nice.

He smiles at her for a moment and steps silently back
 over to his desk.

He slides the bottom drawer open and pulls out an object
 wrapped in an oiled rag...

He rolls the rag open on his desk to reveal...

A butcher's knife.

ENZO (CONT'D)
 Been alone for a very long time.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS HOME - NIGHT

SOPHIA LAVIA leans against a piano SINGING "*Stormy
 Weather*" as the drunken CROWD sways to the music. All are
 dressed in the height of fashion circa 1978.

SOPHIA

*Cant go on, every thing I had is gone
Stormy weather/Since my man and I ain't
together/Keeps rainin' all the time.*

The song ends and the Guests applaud loudly as a young BOY works his way through the Crowd with a tray of canapes.

Sophia pulls herself away from her admirers and steps over to the Boy.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

All right Enzo, it's getting late. You need to get to bed.

BOY/YOUNG ENZO

But mom.

SOPHIA

No buts, say good night to everyone and go on up.

Young Enzo sulks as he turns to face the Crowd.

YOUNG ENZO

(half-hearted)

Good night.

A smattering of "Aw" and "He's so cute" rise from the Party-goers as Enzo shuffles up the stairs.

INT. ENZO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Enzo lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The muffled VOICES of exiting Guests rises from outside his window.

The boy hops out of bed and peers down to the street, watching Guests climb into cars and drive off.

Something across the street catches Enzo's eye - A MAN IN BLACK (long coat, hat & gloves) stands in the shadows...

The Man in Black looks up to Enzo's window. The boy recoils instinctively...

Gathering his nerve, Enzo peers back out the window - The Man is gone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sophia rinses a glass in the sink and looks about the kitchen. The Guests are all gone and dirty dishes are piled up.

SOPHIA

The rest can wait 'till morning.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

She rolls here eyes and steps to the front door, shaking her head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Every time.

She reaches for the door.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

All right, what did you forget?

The door swings wide to reveal...

The Man In Black.

Sophia's eyes go wide as the Man raises a gleaming butcher's knife high overhead.

SLICE.

The blade catches Sophia's left arm as she backs away SCREAMING...

She turns to run, but the Man reaches out and grabs Sophia by her long, brown hair...

He YANKS the hair and Sophia's feet come out from under her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

NO! NO! NO! NO!

The Man In Black gives the blade a deft twirl in his fingers before drawing it across the creamy flesh of Sophia's throat...

Blood soaks her white Halston dress as she falls to the floor THUD..

Sophia wraps her hands around her neck as blood gushes between her fingers...

The Man In Black lords over Sophia with a bloody butcher's knife.

With her dying breath, Sophia glances up to the stairway.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Enzo...

She reaches out.

The Man in Black looks up - his black hat casting a shadow over his eyes...all we see is a crooked smile.

He locks eyes with Young Enzo, who cowers, terrified behind the bannister...

The Man in Black twirls the blade again and spins around - he's gone...

Unable to move, Young Enzo grips the bannister tight as tears run down his cheeks.

YOUNG ENZO

Mom?

The PHONE RINGS...

And RINGS

CUT TO:

INT. ENZO'S OFFICE - DAWN

The phone RINGS.

Enzo snaps from his nightmare and grabs the phone.

ENZO

Lavia...I'll be right there.

Enzo shakes Linda from her sleep.

ENZO (CONT'D)

They've found a body.

The weight of his words cuts through her waking haze.

LINDA

Celine.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFETTORIO SAN LAZARO - DAWN

The bell tower of an ancient refectory disappears into the dense fog in an impoverished Milanese neighborhood.

Blue and white police lights strobe through the fog, casting an eerie glow across the busy crime scene...

Enzo's Fiat pulls to a halt beside a pair of Italian squad cars...

Linda hops out of the car and races onto the scene, disappearing through the fog.

LINDA

Celine!

ENZO

Wait.

Linda pushes past several OFFICERS...

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS snap photos of...

A woman's body, propped up against a fountain, wrapped in plastic sheeting.

LINDA

Oh, god, no!

Linda charges to the body and begins pulling at the sheeting, trying to reveal the victim's face...

Officers shout as they descend on Linda.

OFFICER #1

Hey!

OFFICER #2

That's evidence.

The cops try to pull Linda away, but she continues to claw at the plastic sheeting.

LINDA

Celine!

She tears through the plastic with her fingernails as Enzo steps up, flashing his badge.

ENZO

Let go of her.

Linda rips the plastic sheeting to reveal...

Keiko, her face horribly disfigured...

Linda recoils in a combination of terror and relief...

LINDA

It isn't her.

She collapses to her hands and knees beside the body and looks up to Enzo.

LINDA (CONT'D)

It isn't her.

Enzo places a hand on Linda's shoulder.

ENZO

Why don't you wait for me in the car
while I do my job here?

Linda takes a deep breath and looks to the victim.

LINDA

Yeah...okay, good idea.

Linda's eyes linger over Keiko's face...

Her eyelids and lips are gone, her cheeks are flayed open, revealing muscle tissue and exposed teeth...

LINDA (CONT'D)

Poor girl.

Beat.

A RASP cuts through the morning air.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

ENZO

What?

Enzo and Linda lean in close over the body...

The Victim's teeth chatter together!

LINDA

Oh my...

Keiko's back arches wildly...

Linda and Enzo leap backward...

ENZO

She's alive!

Keiko BABBLES in unintelligible Japanese...

Her limbs bounce and twitch in a death rattle.

KEIKO

Herupu! Herupu!

ENZO

Get an ambulance!

Enzo pats his pockets, searching for something...

He grabs Officer #1, who holds a notepad.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Write it down, every word!

KEIKO

...waga karada kore...

OFFICER #1

How do I write that?

ENZO

Shit!

Enzo dashes past the patrol cars and to his little Fiat...

He reaches in the window and pounds the glove box with his fist. The box pops open and he grabs a micro-cassette recorder...

He dashes back to the body and thrusts the recorder under Keiko's chin as her convulsions wane...

Her voice trails off.

KEIKO

...konrinzai bo-n, konrinzai
saikoro...koushoku...

Keiko's eyes roll back in her head.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

koushoku...anokata koushoku

She falls silent, still, dead.

Beat.

Enzo hangs his head.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI(O.S.)

Enzo?

Enzo doesn't have to look up to recognize the stately older gentleman standing directly behind him...

CHIEF INSPECTOR Mori wears his years hard. His perfectly cioffed hair and starched suit betray his hangdog face.

ENZO

I know.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

We won't be able to keep this out of the press much longer.

ENZO

I can get him.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

Maybe not this time, huh?

Enzo whips around to face him.

ENZO

I can get him!

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

Then get it done. Now.

Enzo nods.

Mori glances to Linda, who remains shell shocked by the recent events.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
(CONT'D)

Who's the girl?

ENZO

American. Her sister disappeared.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

You think our guy has her?

ENZO

Most likely.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

You know how they think. Make this stop.

Mori walks off into the fog.

Linda finally regains the power of speech.

LINDA

Who was that?

ENZO

He is the one who set me on this path.

LINDA

What?

ENZO

Nothing, forget it.

Enzo steps over to a couple of Crime Scene Investigators.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Get what you need and get her out of here. People are going to start waking up any time now.

(to Officer #1)

Who discovered the body?

OFFICER #1

The Mother Superior.

ENZO

Get her statement. I want it on my desk in an hour.

OFFICER #1

Yes, sir.

ENZO

And ask her if she saw a taxi cab in the area.

The officer nods.

LINDA

Now what?

ENZO

(looking to the recorder)

Now we find a translator.

EXT. FISH MARKET - EARLY MORNING

Enzo pushes through the bustling marketplace, followed closely by Linda...

VENDORS push hand trucks loaded down with ice and fish...

LINDA

That place, it was an orphanage, right?

ENZO

Yes, its a school for boys run by the Sisters of Mercy.

LINDA

Why leave the body there?

ENZO

That school is a place where the unadopted go. The one's who were never chosen. He's giving us his biography.

LINDA

Yeah, a biography of blood.

ENZO

No, of rejection. He's leading us to the places in his past where he could have been embraced, could have been accepted...but wasn't. He's rewriting his past, but placing himself in the dominant role.

(finding what he's looking for)

Ah, here we are.

Enzo steps up to a busy fish stand. Crates of fresh seafood move into the space at a lightning pace...

Presiding over it all is TOSHI, a middle-aged Japanese fish monger...

Toshi locks eyes with Enzo and freezes.

TOSHI

I'm clean.

ENZO

Of course you are.

TOSHI
 (glancing at Linda)
 You got a partner now? She's cute.

ENZO
 Yes she is. I need you to help me with something.

Linda glances at Toshi's exposed and heavily tattooed forearms. Feeling her gaze, Toshi rolls his sleeves down.

TOSHI
 Yeah, sure.

Enzo pulls out a tape recorder.

ENZO
 Can you tell me what she's saying?

He clicks "play." Keiko's VOICE comes over the speaker. Toshi strains to listen.

Enzo clicks the tape recorder "off"

TOSHI
 I'm not sure.

ENZO
 Is it Japanese?

TOSHI
 Yeah, it's just...it's really hard to understand her.

Toshi grabs the recorder, rewinds it a bit, holds it close to his ear and clicks "play." Keiko's voice is heard again.

Toshi's brow furrows as he concentrates on the voice.

TOSHI (CONT'D)
 (translating)
 "This body is not me; I am not caught in this body, I am life without boundaries, I have never been born and I have never died...
 (looking to Enzo)
 It's a Sutra, a Buddhist prayer of the dying. Where did you get this?"

He holds the tape player back to his ear.

KEIKO (O.C.)
Koushoku...anokata koushoku...

TOSHI
Wait. There's something else.
(translating)
Yellow? He's yellow...he's yellow.

LINDA
He's what?

TOSHI
She just keeps repeating "he's yellow."

ENZO
Like another Asian?

Toshi rolls his eyes.

TOSHI
We don't refer to ourselves that way. The
word she's using is "koushoku" the word
for the *color* yellow.

The tape continues to play...

Keiko's voice turns to the guttural GROANS of her dying
breath.

TOSHI (CONT'D)
When did she die?

Enzo grabs the recorder and clicks "Stop."

ENZO
Thank you.

Enzo turns to walk away. Linda follows closely.

TOSHI
(calling out)
How did he do it, huh?

Enzo and Linda keep walking.

LINDA
Yellow? Does that mean anything to you?

Enzo shakes his head, "no."

ENZO
Maybe he's blonde? Maybe she's talking
about the taxi?
(MORE)

ENZO (CONT'D)

(frustrated)
I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Celine's eyes flutter open. She lays on the cold, steel table...

Coarse hemp ropes cut into the flesh of her wrists, ankles, neck and waist...

Yellow leans over her - his eyes practically glowing with glee...

CELINE
(terrified)
Please, you don't have to do this.

YELLOW
You are sooooo beautiful.

He holds up a small, digital camera - FLASH.

CELINE
Please...don't...

Yellow reaches into a sinister-looking black bag...

Celine's breathing grows quick and shallow.

YELLOW
(disdainful)
Soooo fuckin' beautiful.

He pulls a fine instrument from the bag...

He holds her jaw still with one hand.

YELLOW (CONT'D)
Don't move you wouldn't want me to poke your eye out.

CELINE
Don't... Please... I'll do anything...

YELLOW
Shhh.

He moves the delicate instrument closer to her eye...

It's an eye-liner pencil.

He very gently and precisely applies the eye-liner to Celine's lower lids.

CELINE
What are you doing?

He continues with the eye-liner.

YELLOW
There... Beautiful.

He pulls the camera and...FLASH

CELINE
What are you doing?

He turns and pulls a mirror over so she can see her face...

She's overly made-up like a trashy whore.

YELLOW
You're sooo beautiful, you know that?

CELINE
Stop...please...stop...

YELLOW
You should relish these words...savor them...

His demeanor shifts from tender to cruel.

YELLOW (CONT'D)
...it's the last time anyone will ever call you beautiful.

CELINE
No...no...no...

YELLOW
Yes...yes...yes...

He reaches into the black bag and produces...

The box cutter.

CELINE
NOOOOO!

Tears of panic stream from her eyes.

YELLOW

Let's see... What first? Hmm...

CELINE

I'll do anything you want, just please don't do this.

YELLOW

Most women have a single asset that stands out. A swan-like neck, a perfectly placed mole, creamy, alabaster skin...but you...where to begin? What's your greatest attribute?

His eyes linger over her face, studying her.

CELINE

Please...

YELLOW

Your fingers are soooo delicate.

He gently strokes her fingers.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Long and thin and graceful.

He sets the box-cutter down and pulls a pair of pruning sheers from the black bag.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

They'll have to go.

He opens the sheers and gently positions them around Celine's ring finger.

CELINE

No...no...no...no...

We push in on Celine's face as...

CLICK!

CELINE (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Yellow grabs the camera, smiling wide...

FLASH!

FLASH!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

FLASH!

The CORONER snaps a photograph of the ligature marks on Keiko's wrists...

Her dead body lies naked on a slab...

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo leads Linda to the door marked "Morgue" in Italian.

ENZO

Will you wait here?

Linda peers through the window in the door. She obviously has no desire to enter.

LINDA

That's a good idea.

Enzo steps through the door, leaving Linda in the hall.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo steps up to the autopsy table. The full extent of the killer's brutality lies in harsh, unflattering light.

ENZO

What can you tell me?

CORONER

Same as the others. Scar tissue indicates healing time in between lacerations. The cuts were made by the same short blade. Same cheap drug-store brand make-up. Same ligature marks. And the whole body's bathed in bleach, so no usefull DNA traces. It's our guy all right. If your theory about him evolving is true, then he's reached a plateau. Exact same as the last one.

EXT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Linda paces, muttering to herself.

LINDA
He's yellow...he's yellow...

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo nods to the Coroner.

ENZO
The scar tissue. How many days old is it?

CORONER
The first cuts were to the lips. If
you'll look here...

Linda pokes her nose through a crack in the door.

LINDA
The flesh...He's yellow, he's yellow!

ENZO
(to Linda)
We'll be done here in a moment.

LINDA
No, his skin. He's yellow.

CORONER
Who's this?

ENZO
Don't worry about her.

LINDA
What's that thing that babies get, when
they turn yellow? Ask him about it.

CORONER
You mean Jaundice?

LINDA
Yeah! That's it.

ENZO
(realizing)
Yellow skin.
(to Coroner)
What would cause someone's flesh to turn
yellow?

CORONER

It could be any number of liver diseases. Hepatitis, cirrhosis. You think the killer has some sort of liver disorder?

The coroner glances to Linda, who remains out in the hallway.

ENZO

Possibly. Would a disease like that require maintenance? Treatment?

CORONER

Yeah, absolutely.

ENZO

Where?

CORONER (O.S.)

Polinico Hospital has an excellent transplant unit. If he's in really bad shape, he'll be on the list.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPLANT WARD - POLINICO HOSPITAL - DAY

Enzo waits at a vacant nurse's station. Linda scans the waiting room...

Several yellow-skinned PATIENTS of various ages flip through magazines or stare out the window, bored.

LINDA

They look so sick. Could our guy be this ill and still do what he does?

ENZO

You'd be surprised by what can be endured.

A NURSE steps up to the station.

NURSE

I'm sorry, the transplant waiting list is a matter of doctor-patient confidentiality. You'll need a court order.

LINDA

This is a matter of life and death.

NURSE

Everything here is, dear.

LINDA

You don't understand...

Enzo cuts her off.

ENZO

How about some general information? What kind of treatment do you offer to patients with liver damage?

NURSE

Well, if the patient has a chronic disease, like Hepatitis, he'd be in here three times a week for Interferon injections, possibly Ribavirin as well.

ENZO

Is it possible to see a list of those receiving this prescribed treatment?

NURSE

I'm sorry, its a matter of doctor...

ENZO

Doctor-patient confidentiality, yes I understand.

Linda's had enough. She reaches across the desk and starts grabbing paperwork.

LINDA

Jesus Christ lady, you don't get it do you? There's a killer out there...

NURSE

Do you want me to call security?

LINDA

...who has my sister...

Enzo grabs Linda and pulls her away from the station.

ENZO

There's no need for that, we'll be back with the court order.

Linda writhes in Enzo's grip, still trying to grab papers from the nurse's station.

LINDA
...there's no time for that.
(to the nurse)
He's gonna kill her, you hear me? And
it's all your fault.

Enzo wraps his arms around Linda and spins her around to the door...

The Patients waiting for treatment all stare in stunned silence including...

YELLOW, who stands frozen in the doorway, having overheard the entire conversation.

LINDA (CONT'D)
He's gonna kill my sister!

Beat.

The Killer's eyes go wide, he turns and bolts down the hallway...

ENZO
My god.

Enzo tosses Linda aside and dashes off in pursuit.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Yellow races down the hallway...

Enzo follows.

ENZO
Police! Freeze!

Yellow disappears into the stairwell...

Enzo races after him.

INT. STAIRWELL - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Enzo busts through the door into the stairwell, drawing his gun...

Yellow speeds down the stairs, just barely out-of-sight...

Enzo sweats and breathes heavy. He leans down the center of the stairwell and trains his gun on the moving target...

ENZO

Stop or I will shoot!

Yellow never looks back, he races down the stairs out of sight.

Enzo gives chase.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enzo busts through the door from the stairwell, gun drawn...

SHOUTS and CLANGING instruments come from just around the corner...

Enzo takes off, panting, in the direction of the noise...

He rounds a corner and SLAMS into an ORDERLY. They both crash to the floor...

Enzo's gun skitters across the cold hospital tiles...

He can see Yellow racing down the hall, toward the sliding double doors of the emergency room entrance...

ORDERLY

GUN!

Enzo scrambles to his feet, reaching for the gun...

The Orderly pins him down. A SECURITY GUARD dashes onto the scene.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

SECURITY!

ENZO

No, get off!

He pushes the Orderly aside and grabs his gun as...

CA-CLICK.

The Security Guard trains his gun on Enzo's head.

SECURITY GUARD

Don't move.

Linda races around the corner.

ENZO
(nodding to the exit)

GO!

Yellow disappears through the doors. She speeds after him...

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Linda races through the sliding glass doors as an Ambulance pulls up, lights flashing, SIREN WAILING...

She dashes around the vehicle, scanning the city street for Yellow...

Tires SCREECH as a taxi speeds out of the parking lot...

Linda squints, trying to read the number off the back of the cab...

LINDA
(to herself)
Eight, six...one?

The cab speeds away too fast for her to get the number.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Shit!

Enzo strides out to meet her.

LINDA (CONT'D)
He's gone, I tried to get the number off the cab, but...

ENZO
Don't worry.

INT. TRANSPLANT WARD - POLINICO HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Enzo storms up to the Nurse's station and slaps a file on the desk. His eyes burn with intensity...

The Nurse takes a nervous step backward.

Linda strides up behind Enzo, watching silently.

ENZO
You saw him?

NURSE

I told you, I can't...

ENZO

But you know who he is? You recognized him?

NURSE

He's a patient and like I said I can't...

Enzo opens the file and pulls out a handful of crime scene photographs. He holds one up for the Nurse to see...

It's a young woman's slashed and mangled face.

ENZO

He did this to a young woman...

He holds up another photo.

ENZO (CONT'D)

...and this...

Another photo.

ENZO (CONT'D)

...and this...

The Nurse backs up against the wall, lip trembling.

Linda leans across the desk.

LINDA

(pleading)

He has my sister.

The Nurse nods as her eyes well up with tears.

She goes through a couple of files on the desk and grabs one, sliding it to the Inspector...

Enzo picks it up, takes a breath and opens the file - the name reads "Flavio Volpe". He smiles and looks up to Linda.

ENZO

We got him.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celine lies tied to the metal table... Her face contorts in pain, but she doesn't cry out.

Her face has a long, jagged cut along the cheek...

A cat hops up on the table and licks at the wound on her face...

Two other cats lick the bloody stumps that used to be the middle fingers on her right hand - she winces.

CELINE

Come on,... come on.

She flicks her hand, splattering blood on the hemp ropes around her wrist.

The cats nibble on the jagged flesh of her finger-stumps...

She GROANS...

Celine flicks more blood on the ropes.

She twists her wrists, there's a little slack and the blood is helping...

Another cat jumps on the table and nibbles at her finger stumps...

The blood is flowing...

Celine flicks more blood on the rope around her right wrist and wriggles against the restraint...

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A massive iron door CREAKS open...

Yellow steps through, panting, sweating, exhausted...

An industrial-sized bottle of bleach can hangs limply in his left hand.

YELLOW

They saw me...they saw me...

He leans against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He pounds the wall with his fist and slams the heavy iron door.

CLANG!

INT. DARKENED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The CLANG of the slamming door echoes through the room...

Celine's heart races.

CELINE

Come on!

She twists and writhes heaving against the bloody rope. Millimeter by painful millimeter her wrist begins to slip free.

CELINE (CONT'D)

He's coming...

(shaking all over)

He's coming...

Footsteps THUD down the hallway.

WHAM!

The door flies open...

Yellow steps into the room, his eyes glowing with rage.

YELLOW

(furious)

No one came looking for the others.

Yellow opens the bottle of bleach and begins dousing the room...

The cats flee.

Celine heaves against the loosened rope. Skin around her hand tears, adding more blood to the mix.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Why are you special? Why do you have to fuck everything up?

CELINE

I don't know what you're talking about.

YELLOW

I'm talking about your sister!

CELINE

Linda!

(emboldened)

She'll find you, you know. She can be a real stubborn bitch like that. She won't stop.

YELLOW

Shut up.

CELINE

She'll find you and...

YELLOW

Shut up!

CELINE

...She'll find you and she'll fucking kill you!

YELLOW

SHUT UP YOU BITCH!

CELINE

Your only hope is to let me go.

A calm washes over him.

He strides over to Celine, a malicious grin on his face...

YELLOW

No, no, no, no you're a liar. All you know is how to lie to men.

CELINE

Let me go and you'll never see me again. My sister and I will fly away. We'll disappear. Just let me go.

She continues to slide her hand through the bloody rope.

YELLOW

No one will ever find your body.

He pours bleach over her wounds.

Celine SCREAMS in pain...

She heaves again and...

Her hand slips free!

She bolts up and grabs the surgical lamp...

She yanks hard...

The Lamp breaks free of its moorings and comes crashing down on Yellow's head.

SMASH!

Yellow crumples to the floor. He lands face-down in a puddle of bleach...

CELINE

Mother fucker!

Celine grabs a shard of broken glass from the lamp and works on her other restraints...

Yellow COUGHS and GAGS through a mouthful of bleach...

CELINE (CONT'D)

You like that?

SNAP! Her other wrist is free...she goes to work on her ankles...

Yellow climbs to his knees, blood rushes down his forehead from a nasty gash along the hairline...

SNAP! SNAP! SHE'S FREE!

Celine swings her legs over the table as Yellow climbs to his feet...

CRACK!

She kicks Yellow square in the jaw...

Yellow falls backward as Celine leaps over him and dashes out the door.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Celine races into the labyrinthine hallway. Darkened passages lead every which way...

Industrial plumbing and electrical conduits line the ceiling and walls...

She looks left...right...

CELINE
Which way? Which way?

She dashes down a hallway into darkness...

Somewhere behind her, Yellow HOWLS in frustration...

Celine reaches the end of the hall. There's a double-door...

She pulls the doors, they open into another darkened passage.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Shit!
(shouting)
HELP! HELP ME PLEASE!

She's running now, down hallway after hallway, making lefts and rights with no discernible reason...

She rounds a corner and...

Yellow is there, fist cocked...

CRACK!

Celine falls backward, broken teeth dribbling out of her shattered mouth...

Yellow grabs her by the throat and SLAMS her head against the wall...

YELLOW
You don't know when you're beat do
you?...
(smirking)
Americans.

Celine rakes her nails across his face...

YELLOW (CONT'D)
Aaaah!

Blood erupts from the jagged slashes...

Celine slips from his grip and takes off running down another darkened hallway...

She turns left and sees...

A light.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Enzo's Fiat pulls up in front of an old tenement building...

He steps out of the car, followed quickly by Linda.

ENZO

Stay here. You can't come.

LINDA

I have to.

ENZO

No. You cannot see this.

LINDA

You aren't going to arrest him are you?

ENZO

I can't expect you to understand Italian justice.

LINDA

So that's why you work alone?

ENZO

What do you want me to say?

LINDA

That you're going to find my sister and kill that sick bastard. Promise me you'll kill him.

Enzo nods.

He looks up to her.

Linda reaches over the hood of the car and grips Enzo's hand tight.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Go, get her.

Enzo nods and strides up the stoop. He draws his gun and steps into the front door.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Enzo steps through the lobby. An OLD LADY grabs her mail and looks up to the armed Inspector.

ENZO

Flavio Volpe?

She points in a downward motion to the stairwell...

Enzo dashes down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He strides cautiously, gun-drawn, down the hall...

There are two apartments and an old iron door marked "Boiler Room" in Italian...

He tries the first door...it swings wide...

Empty, musty...

Enzo winces from the stench and pulls back...

He moves to the second door. He tries the knob - locked. He takes a breath and...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Celine races toward the growing light... It's a door, and it's open a crack...

She pulls it open and...

CLING

It's chained.

CELINE

Shit!

Footsteps ECHO through the corridor growing closer...closer...

Celine turns in the direction of the sound as Yellow comes racing around the corner...

He claws at Celine's feet as she slips from his grip.

CELINE

Help!

YELLOW

There's no where to go. No one cares.

Yellow tries to squeeze through the gap in the door, but it's no use, he's too big.

CELINE

Please, help!

She stumbles forward, her fatigued, dehydrated body betraying her...

She turns back to the doors...

Yellow is gone.

She squints as she steps into the harsh sunlight...

It takes a moment for her eyes to adjust.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody!

She realizes where she is...

It's the wide-open expanse of a crumbling, empty and long-abandoned football (soccer) stadium...

CELINE (CONT'D)

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Her cries ECHO across the dilapidated benches and overgrown field...

She spies a sign that reads "Exit" in Italian...

She SLAMS against the doors - they're boarded up.

CELINE (CONT'D)

NO! NO!

She collapses in a bloody, sweaty heap.

CUT TO:

INT. YELLOW'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Enzo surveys the one room apartment. It's practically empty - a single bed, a lamp, a desk with a lap-top computer...

The shotgun kitchen is equally neat and empty...

Enzo steps slowly into the bathroom...

The sink-top is littered with prescription pill bottles. Enzo picks one up and reads it:

"Flavio Volpe...Ribavirin... take twice daily with food..."

ENZO

Won't be going far without these, will you?

He strides back into the room. He opens the lap-top and clicks the cursor.

ENZO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Dear god.

His expression tells us that what he's looking at isn't pretty...

On the screen a photo slide show plays...

It's his victims - one-by-one, shot-by-shot...

PHOTO 1 - A beautiful young BLONDE with over-done make-up

PHOTO 2 - The same Blonde with a gash along her cheek

PHOTO 3 - The same Blonde with her eye-lids and lips removed

PHOTO 4 - The Same Blonde with her face caved in

PHOTO 5 - Keiko with over-done make-up

Enzo stares at the screen with rapt attention as the slide-show plays...

He grits his teeth tight as rage washes over him.

ENZO (CONT'D)

I am going to make you suffer...

Enzo continues to scroll through the photos as...

Celine's face pops up on screen in over-done make-up.

- And a shot of her missing fingers...

Behind him, a floorboard CREAKS.

Enzo whips around, cocking and aiming his pistol in a single fluid motion...

The Gun comes to rest an inch from Linda's forehead...

LINDA
(looking to the screen)

No!

ENZO
I told you to stay in the car.

LINDA
Celine!

Another shot of Celine, her face slashed, her eyes wide with terror, appears on the computer.

Enzo grabs Linda and hurries her out of the room.

ENZO
No, don't look at it.

She explodes into tears as Enzo drags her into the hallway.

LINDA
No! God no!

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Enzo holds Linda tight as she collapses against the wall, CRYING.

LINDA
No...no...no...

Enzo flips his phone open and dials.

ENZO
(into phone)
Chief Inspector Mori.
(to Linda)
(MORE)

ENZO (CONT'D)

It's okay, everything's going to be okay...

(into phone)

His name is Flavio Volpe, 614 Via Lazzaretto.

He snaps the phone shut and wraps his arms around Linda.

LINDA

Where is she? Where's my sister?

ENZO

Shh, it's okay.

CUT TO:

INT. MEZZANINE - ABANDONED FOOTBALL STADIUM - AFTERNOON

Celine sits by the exit, exhausted. She POUNDS the boarded-up exit with her bloody fist.

CELINE

(feeble)

Please...please help me...please...

Celine turns to see Yellow standing behind her, holding a lead pipe in his hand.

YELLOW

You're going to die right here, right now and no one can change that. No one's coming. No one's going to save you.

He steps forward. Celine tries to crawl away.

CELINE

Linda... She'll come for me, she'll come and she'll...

Yellow pins her down, sitting atop her. He wraps his hands around her throat and begins to squeeze.

Celine kicks and flails.

CELINE (CONT'D)

(choking)

Please...my sister, she...

Celine's eye's flutter, she's losing consciousness.

CELINE (CONT'D)

(choking)

...she can help you.

He leans over her, his nose pressed to Celine's ear.

YELLOW

How?

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Several OFFICERS hold back a swarm of REPORTERS that surround the apartment entrance...

Chief Inspector Mori strides past reporters and the Officers, ignoring the barrage of questions being hurled his direction.

INT. YELLOW'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Several Crime Scene Investigators move about the small space, gathering what little evidence there is into sealed plastic bags...

Enzo lights Linda's cigarette.

ENZO

We're going to find him. He has nowhere to hide now.

A YOUNG OFFICER dashes into the room.

YOUNG OFFICER

Here's what you asked for.

He hands Enzo a file. Enzo opens it and begins reading as...

Chief Inspector Mori strides into he room.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI

Who tipped off the press?

ENZO

I called them.

Chief Inspector Mori shoots him a surprised look.

ENZO (CONT'D)

We're running out of time and this is too big for me to handle...my way.

The Chief Inspector looks to Linda who glances down to her shoes.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
So what do we know?

ENZO
Everything.

FLASH TO - EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

VIOLETTA, a strung-out prostitute adjusts her tight skirt as she steps out of a car.

ENZO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His mother, Violetta Volpe, was a prostitute and drug addict.

She takes some cash from the MAN in the car and hurries away.

FLASH TO - INT. FLEABAG FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

Violette depresses the plunger of a syringe into her arm...

Her eyes flutter back in her head as she reclines on a stained mattress...

She rubs her belly...

SHE'S EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT.

FLASH TO - EXT. REFETTORIO SAN LAZARO - NIGHT

Violetta steps up to a large wooden door, clutching something wrapped in newspaper...

A NUN opens the door.

ENZO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She gave her infant son to the Orphanage at the Refettorio San Lazaro and effectively disappeared.

Violetta holds the newspaper-bundled object at arm's length...

It's a baby, freshly delivered, still slimy with afterbirth...

The Nun's eyes go wide as she snatches the squirming baby from the prostitute.

FLASH TO - EXT. COURTYARD - REFETTORIO SAN LAZARO - DAY

A crowd of CHILDREN encircle a the SEVEN YEAR-OLD
YELLOW...

They takes turns kicking him, CHANTING.

CHILDREN
Giallo! Giallo! Giallo!

The NUN strides through the children and grabs the Boy by
the ear.

ENZO (V.O.)
It seems the sins of the mother were
visited upon the son in the form of
Hepatitis C. By age five the disease had
turned his skin yellow.

The Nun leads the young Boy away from the taunting
Children. He turns and glares at them.

His skin and the whites of his eyes are yellow.

BACK TO YELLOW'S APARTMENT

Enzo leads the Chief Inspector over to the laptop.

ENZO (CONT'D)
We have his name, address, medical
records and this...

The Laptop and shows the victims' photographs...

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
Everything except where he keeps them.

Chief Inspector Mori glances at them and than glances
away, but Enzo's eyes are fixed on the screen.

ENZO
(noticing something)
Wait.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
What?

He freezes the image on Celine's mangled hand...

ENZO
There in the background, on the wall.

Enzo points to the blurred image of a small, red symbol on the wall behind Celine.

ENZO (CONT'D)
(to a CSI)
Come here. What's that? Can you enhance this?

The CSI nods.

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR
Yeah, give me a little time.

ENZO
Work fast.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
He can't stay hidden, he needs medical treatment. Take the girl home, get some rest.

ENZO
But...

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
I'll be sure to call you if we have a breakthrough.

Enzo starts for the door.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
(CONT'D)
And Inspector...

Enzo turns to face his boss.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
(CONT'D)
...good work.

Enzo nods and turns to Linda.

LINDA
What...

ENZO
Come, let's go.

Enzo takes Linda by the elbow and tries to lead her out the door.

LINDA
That's it? That's all we're going to do?

Enzo guides Linda into the hallway. He walks quickly, purposefully.

ENZO

There's nothing we can do now but wait.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Enzo and Linda walk together in silence, neither knowing what to say.

ENZO

Coffee?

LINDA

No.

ENZO

Something stronger?

Linda stops and turns to him.

LINDA

She's still alive, I know it. I can feel it.

ENZO

You shouldn't get your hopes up.

LINDA

You promised me...

ENZO

(calming)

Linda...

He tries to place his arms on her shoulders, but Linda pushes him away.

ENZO (CONT'D)

...she's been missing for nearly three days now...

LINDA

No...

ENZO

I know what it's like, to lose someone close to you.

LINDA

Stop it.

ENZO

It happened to me.

(beat)

I saw my mother die. My own mother...
murdered in front of me.

The power of the words hits Linda full-force.

ENZO (CONT'D)

I saw her die...and I saw *him*.

Enzo winces as an image FLASHES through his brain...

FLASH - The Man In Black deftly twirls the butcher's
knife in his fingers...

FLASH - He drags the blade across the creamy flesh of
Sophia's throat...

LINDA

Oh my god.

ENZO

The police were useless.

LINDA

How old were you?

Enzo takes a long beat.

ENZO

Nine.

LINDA

What did you do?

ENZO

I killed him.

LINDA

(fascinated)

How?

ENZO

Poorly.

INT. FAUSTINO'S BUTCHER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Bells TINKLE as 14 Year-old Enzo busts through the front
door of the butcher shop.

The BUTCHER'S WIFE works behind the counter, wrapping and handing cuts of meat to the CUSTOMERS. Young Enzo hops in line...

ENZO (V.O.)

Years later a chance encounter would lead me to him. I was working as a busboy in a restaurant and my boss sent me to pick up some veal chops for the evening.

As he glances about the establishment, he hears a playful WHISTLING coming from the back room...

Enzo cranes his head to see the BUTCHER working in the back room, carving up a side of beef...

ENZO (CONT'D)

I was unprepared for what I found.

The Butcher WHISTLES to himself as he deftly trims away fat and sinew...

He twirls the blade expertly in-between slices...

Enzo's eyes go wide...

The Butcher's wife calls out to Enzo.

BUTCHER'S WIFE

Yes, dear. What can I get you?

Young Enzo stands petrified, still staring at the Butcher who turns and smiles to his wife...

Young Enzo stares, terrified at the Butcher's crooked smile. Young Enzo goes white with fear as the Butcher steps into the room...

BUTCHER

Yeah, what do you want, kid?

Enzo trembles and wets himself.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Linda stares at him with rapt attention.

ENZO

From then on he consumed my thoughts. I knew I had to do something. So I followed him, learned his routine...and when I was sure...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FAUSTINO'S BUTCHER SHOP - EVENING

The Butcher's Wife turns the sign on the door from "open" to "closed" and steps out into the street...

Her husband, The Butcher, kisses her as she exits.

BUTCHER

I'll be home as soon as I clean up.

She smiles and walks down the street, past Fourteen year-old Enzo, who nervously averts his eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT. FAUSTINO'S BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Butcher wipes down the counter...

Young Enzo steps through the front door, carefully dampening the sound of the bells with one hand...

The Butcher senses something and whips around, surprised.

BUTCHER

We're closed.

YOUNG ENZO

I have something for you.

Young Enzo holds something bundled in butcher's paper - his brow is moist with sweat.

BUTCHER

(annoyed)

What? What is it?

YOUNG ENZO

Um...a delivery...

Young Enzo holds the bundle out at arm's length...

The Butcher snatches the package from Young Enzo's hands and unwraps it.

BUTCHER

Who's it from?

Young Enzo is too nervous to speak...

He reaches around to the small of his back and wraps his fingers around...

A lead pipe.

The Butcher pulls some white fabric from the bundle...

It's the blood-stained white Halston dress - the one Enzo's mother was wearing when she was murdered.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The Butcher looks up to Young Enzo as...

The boy swings the lead pipe...

CRACK!

The blow strikes the man square between the shoulders.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

AAAH! You fucking freak!

Young Enzo raises the pipe again, but the Butcher is too fast. He knocks the boy to the ground...

The Butcher spins and reaches over the counter for a large knife atop a cutting board...

The man wraps his fingers around the handle of the knife as...

CRACK!

The Pipe comes down on the Butcher's hand, pulverizing bones.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Young Enzo rains down blows with the pipe.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The Butcher is thick and strong and will not go down easily. The Butcher brings his elbow back hard...

CRUNCH!

Blood flows from Young Enzo's broken nose as he topples backward...

The Butcher grabs his knife with his good hand and turns to face Young Enzo.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are, but you're dead.

The Butcher flashes his malignant, crooked smile.

Enraged, Young Enzo scampers to his feet as the Butcher lunges at him...

The Boy side-steps blade and swings the pipe with all of his might...

CRACK!

Right in the mouth...

Teeth shatter and blood erupts from the Butcher's perforated lips...

The Butcher stumbles backward...

Young Enzo hits him in the gut...and again...

The Butcher stumbles backward.

YOUNG ENZO

She was my mother.

Young Enzo swings the lead pipe...

CRUNCH!

The Butcher's jaw shatters...

He falls backward SMASHING through the store-front window...

Young Enzo leaps atop the Butcher, whose body lies halfway though the broken window...

A large shard of glass protrudes through the Butcher's belly.

YOUNG ENZO (CONT'D)

Why? Why did you murder my mother?

BUTCHER

(gurgling through blood)

Fuck you.

Young Enzo grabs the large knife off the floor and raises it to the Butcher's eyeball.

YOUNG ENZO

Why?

BUTCHER

(gurgling through blood)

What does it matter? She's dead and I killed her.

YOUNG ENZO

WHY?

The Butcher smiles and CHUCKLES, even though it hurts to do so.

BUTCHER

(gurgling through blood)

You'll never know...never...

Young Enzo's eyes go wild.

YOUNG ENZO

TELL ME!

BUTCHER

...never...

He slashes the knife across the Butcher's throat...

Blood SPRAYS in Young Enzo's face...

OFFICER MORI (O.S.)

Drop the knife!

Young Enzo looks up to see...

OFFICER Mori (who will become Chief Inspector Mori) standing on the sidewalk, his gun trained on the Boy.

Young Enzo drops the knife and collapses to the floor in tears...

ENZO (V.O.)

I told him what happened, the whole story, and he helped me.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CELINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Linda looks to Enzo. For a brief moment her thoughts have strayed from her sister.

LINDA

How?

ENZO

He cleaned me up, got me out of there. He looked after me...when the time came, he helped me get into the police academy. He understood me in a way no one else has. I owe all that I am to him.

LINDA

How many times have you done it?

Enzo looks to the building.

ENZO

We're here.

LINDA

How many have you killed?

ENZO

Not as many as I could have.

Linda steps back, involuntarily, suddenly frightened by Enzo's tone.

ENZO (CONT'D)

I do what has to be done and if that means sometimes I have to kill a murdering son-of-a-bitch, then that's what I do.

(beat)

But I'm not like them.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CELINE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Enzo leads Linda to the apartment door.

ENZO

It's late. You need your rest.

LINDA

Stay with me?

ENZO

Our man's on the run. You'll be safe.

LINDA

Please, I can't be alone. Not tonight.

She takes his hand, tenderly. Enzo looks to her pleading eyes.

Beat.

ENZO

I can't.

Enzo turns and walks away. Linda watches as he disappears down the stairwell...

She turns into the apartment and closes the door.

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linda leans her head against the door, defeated, exhausted and alone...

She closes her eyes and heaves a heavy SIGH...

Images FLASH through her mind.

- Celine's slashed face

- Celine's mangled hand

She shivers and tries to shake the filth from her mind.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CELINE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Hot water streams from the shower. Linda disrobes as the room fills with steam...

The bathroom door is open just a crack...

PUSH IN ON THE CRACK IN THE DOOR to see...

A Yellow eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Enzo strolls, smoking a cigarette, lost in thought.

His phone rings.

ENZO
 (into the phone)
 Lavia...what's that?

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR
 (over the phone)
 I said it's a wolf's head. The image you
 wanted me to enhance. It's a wolf's head
 on a ceramic tile wall.

ENZO
 Can you track it down? If it was a
 special order, some sort of custom job...

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR
 (over the phone)
 We're already sourcing it, but we won't
 be able to confirm until morning.

ENZO
 Of course.

He snaps the phone shut and rubs his brow.

ENZO (CONT'D)
 Wolf's head...wolf's head...

Loud CHEERING erupts from a bar down the street...

Enzo turns to see a dozen drunken AC Milan football fans
 pour out of the bar into the street SINGING a rowdy
 soccer song.

ENZO (CONT'D)
 (eyes lighting up)
 The Wolves...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linda turns the water off and reaches out through the
 shower curtain for a towel...

She steps into the steamy room, wiping her body dry...

She wraps the towel around her wet hair and grabs a robe
 from a hook on the back of the door...

Her eyes go wide...

A digital camera rests on the edge of the sink - an image glowing on the display screen...

Linda reaches out, slowly, nervously and grabs the camera. The image on the display screen sends a wave of terror through her body...

It's Celine, bound and bloody.

YELLOW (O.S.)

She's alive.

Linda looks up to see...

Yellow standing in the bathroom doorway.

Linda reaches for a nail file.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Kill me and you'll never find her.

LINDA

You're a liar.

YELLOW

Look at the time-stamp. That photo was taken an hour ago.

(beat)

She's your blood...you'd know if she were dead.

Linda holds the nail file threateningly...

LINDA

Where is she?

YELLOW

Do as I say and I'll lead you to her.
Make one false move and she will die all alone in the dark.

The terror on Linda's face turns to stoicism.

LINDA

I'm listening.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Enzo races down the street, phone pressed to his ear.

ENZO

(into phone)

No, the Wolves! They used to be a minor league football team...He's using the old stadium! Get someone there immediately... it's about thirty kilometers south of the city.

He snaps the phone shut and dashes around the corner...

Celine's apartment building comes into view.

CUT TO:

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linda dresses hurriedly as Yellow fiddles with something in the vanity mirror.

YELLOW

Usually, when they're begging for their life, it's pathetic. Offering sex or trying to play on my better judgement, but your sister... she actually came up with a plan. And if it works, the both of you might just make it out of this alive.

Linda buttons her coat and turns to Yellow...

She's in her Flight Attendant uniform.

LINDA

I can't guarantee I can get you past security. They're looking for you everywhere. You'll be spotted. Your skin...

Yellow turns away from the mirror to reveal...

His face is covered in thick, poorly applied skin-colored foundation...

He smiles wide, the effect is skin-crawling.

YELLOW

There. Incognito.

He pulls on a pair of black gloves and dons a wide-brimmed black hat and sunglasses.

Note - He's wearing the classic Giallo slasher costume.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

There is a flight to Zurich leaving in forty minutes. Get me on it. I'll call you with her location when I land.

He checks his look in the mirror one last time.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

You believe me?

LINDA

Do I have a choice?

YELLOW

Very good. Keep in mind that your poor Celine has lost a lot of blood. She'll be dead by dawn if you fail.

Yellow grabs Linda by the arm and drags her to the front door...

He reaches for the doorknob as...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Someone POUNDS on the door.

ENZO (O.S.)

Linda! It's Enzo...

Yellow clamps his hand over Linda's mouth.

YELLOW

(whispering)

Make him go away. No tricks, no clues. Understand?

She nods...

Yellow releases her. Linda peers through the peephole at Enzo.

LINDA

It's late, Inspector and it's been a very long day. I'm asleep.

ENZO (O.S.)

I know where she is!

Linda's eyes go wide...

Yellow leans into her ear.

YELLOW
 (whispering)
 He knows nothing. Get rid of him.

LINDA
 (whispering)
 I can't.

ENZO (O.S.)
 Did you hear me? I said I know where she
 is! Open up.

YELLOW
 (whispering)
 Do you want her to die?

Linda places her forehead to the door.

LINDA
 I'm really not feeling well. Go on. Call
 me when you find her.

INT. HALLWAY - CELINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A puzzled expression crosses Enzo's face.

ENZO
 Are you all right? What's going on?

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linda shakes her head, not knowing what to say.

LINDA
 No..I'm fine... please, I need some time
 alone.

ENZO (O.S.)
 Just open the door so I can see that
 you're all right.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE - Enzo tries to peer into the room.

Yellow pulls a gun from the small of his back and places
 the barrel to the peephole.

YELLOW
 (whispering)
 Get rid of him now!

ENZO (O.S.)

Linda?

LINDA

Just go away! I don't want to see you!
Can't you just leave me alone!

EXT. HALLWAY - CELINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Enzo steps back from the peephole.

ENZO

Fine. I'm leaving.

LINDA (O.S.)

Thank you.

ENZO

Yeah.

Enzo turns and strides down the hall.

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Linda heaves a tense SIGH as Yellow peers into the peephole...

IN THE PEEPHOLE - Enzo steps down the hall to the stairwell. He pauses and looks back to the door before stepping down the stairs, out of sight.

LINDA

(defeated)

Can we go now?

Yellow gives her a shove.

YELLOW

Move.

INT. STAIRWELL - CELINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Enzo leans against the wall and draws his gun...

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath...

Suddenly he explodes into action, dashing up the stairs and plowing down the hallway toward Celine's apartment door...

INT. CELINE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

WHAM!

Enzo kicks the door open and charges into the room, gun at the ready.

ENZO

Linda?

No one's there.

Curtains billow around an open window...

ENZO (CONT'D)

Shit.

He races to the window and peers out - there's a fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo climbs out the window and races up the stairs to the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - MILAN - NIGHT

Yellow leads Linda across the rooftops, PANTING. Without his meds, the disease has begun to sap his strength...

He sweats profusely. His make-up runs...

He suddenly slows.

YELLOW

(out of breath)

Wait.

LINDA

Where are we going?

YELLOW

Just over there.

He points to a ladder by the arched glass rooftop of the **Galleria Vittorio Emanuele** - *A stunning and world-famous, three-story mall that is home to the most fashionable shops in Italy.*

YELLOW (CONT'D)

I have a car parked and waiting over there.

LINDA

Then come on.

YELLOW

(still panting)

I need a second...

She looks back to see Enzo climbing to the rooftop.

LINDA

No time! Come on!

Linda pulls Yellow to his feet and forces him to keep moving...

Enzo dashes after them...

LINDA (CONT'D)

Move!

She supports most of Yellow's weight as they inch closer and closer to the ladder by the arched glass roof...

Enzo closes on them fast.

ENZO

Stop!

Linda whips around as Enzo cocks and trains the gun on Yellow...

Yellow collapses to the gravel rooftop...

Linda lunges at the gun as Enzo pulls the trigger...

BAM!

The bullet ricochets off the roof, just missing Yellow.

ENZO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Linda steps between Enzo and Yellow, who continues to crawl across the rooftop.

LINDA

You can't kill him! We'll never find her if you kill him.

ENZO

We know where she is!

Enzo shoves past Linda and lords over Yellow.

ENZO (CONT'D)

(to Yellow)

The old stadium! That's where you took them, isn't it? That's where we'll find Celine.

Yellow stops crawling and turns to Enzo, CHUCKLING.

ENZO (CONT'D)

What?

YELLOW

You'll never know, you'll never find her unless you let the two of us go right here, right now.

Linda grabs Enzo's shoulder.

LINDA

There's no time to argue. Just let us go. Please.

Enzo shrugs out of her grip.

ENZO

(cold)

I can't.

Enzo grabs Yellow and lifts him to his feet...

Yellow pulls his gun...

Enzo bats it away effortlessly.

YELLOW

(chuckling)

You'll never know...

SLAM!

Enzo smashes his fist into Yellow's chin...

Make-up smears and blood drips from his lip as Yellow CRASHES to the rooftop.

LINDA

No! Don't!

Linda tries to hold Enzo back. He shoves her out of the way.

ENZO

Stop it! She's Dead! Look at him! He doesn't bargain, he doesn't let anyone go, he's a killer! It's what he does...it's all he knows.

Yellow scampers backward, but can't avoid Enzo's boot as...

CRUNCH!

Enzo kicks Yellow in the gut, spinning him across the rooftop onto the arched glass roof of the Galleria.

LINDA

Enzo, no!

Enzo draws his gun and presses it to Yellow's forehead.

ENZO

Is she alive?

YELLOW

(looking to the blood on Enzo's knuckles)

You don't want to get any of that on you. I'm diseased, you know.

Enzo holds the gun by Yellow's left ear and...

BLAM!

The Bullet smashes through the glass barely an inch from Yellow's ear...

Yellow Covers his ear, HOWLING from the pain that the noise caused.

YELLOW (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

BLAM!

This time the bullet goes into the glass just off Yellow's right ear...

CLINK. CLINK. CLINK.

Spidery cracks appear in the glass of the arched rooftop.

Enzo places the gun to Yellow's forehead again...

CA-CLICK!

Enzo whips around to see Linda training Yellow's gun on him.

LINDA

You have to stop this. You're killing her.

ENZO

Put the gun down.

LINDA

If you kill *him*, you kill *her*. And I can't let that happen.

CLINK. CLINK. CLINK.

The cracks spread, the glass is about to fail.

YELLOW

You should listen to the girl.

ENZO

(to Yellow)

Shut up.

LINDA

Please...he has to live.

CLINK.

CRACK!

The glass SHATTERS and gives way as Yellow slips through the hole in the ceiling...

LINDA (CONT'D)

NO!

Yellow reaches out and grabs a jagged, glass-encrusted iron support strut...

Glass slices through his fingertips...

Linda drops the gun and leaps to the hole in the ceiling, reaching out for Yellow.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Take my hand!

ENZO

Let him go.

LINDA

No.

Enzo grabs Linda and throws her backward across the rooftop...

She hits her head on a chimney and falls to her knees, stunned.

ENZO

No escape. I will not allow it.

Yellow dangles four stories over the beautifully tiled floor of the Galleria...

Blood drips from his hands, which are impaled on jagged shards of glass.

YELLOW

You've lost.

Enzo reaches out and grabs Yellow's hand, squeezing it tightly...

Yellow HOWLS in pain as the glass digs deeper and deeper into the flesh of his fingers.

ENZO

You will never again harm a soul.

Enzo squeezes. The glass severs his fingers.

ENZO (CONT'D)

You've lost.

Yellow CHUCKLES through the pain as his fingers drop off one-by-one.

ENZO (CONT'D)

What? What's so god damned funny?

Linda steps up behind Enzo, tears in her eyes.

YELLOW

The girl...she's still alive.

Yellow's last fingers sever from the knuckle...

LINDA
(crying)
No!!!!

He plummets to the tile floor of the Galleria...

SPLAT!

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

WHAM!

The door flies open...

Stray cats scatter as...

Flashlight beams cut through the darkness as several
POLICE OFFICERS flood into the room...

Their lights wipe across...

- the steel table

- the shattered mirror

- the red wolf's head tiles along the wall

An Officer holds his nose against the stench of bleach.

OFFICER
This one's clear.

We pan across the room and through the wall...

INT. HALLWAY - STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is a swarm of police activity.

Chief Inspector Mori cuts a swath through the Officers...

He steps into the doorway of the darkened room. He
surveys the scene and looks to an Officer.

CHIEF INSPECTOR MORI
The girl?

The Officer shakes his head "no".

The Chief Inspector flips open his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELLE - CONTINUOUS

Yellow's broken body lies in a heap, surrounded by shattered glass...

A CORONER drapes a sheet over the body. OFFICERS buzz about, collecting evidence...

The blue strobe from police cars flashes across Linda's face as she leans against a storefront, smoking a cigarette...

She looks up to the hole in the glass ceiling a hundred feet above her...

Enzo paces, BARKING into the phone.

ENZO

She has to be there...keep looking.

He snaps the phone shut and looks to Linda...

LINDA

Where is she?

ENZO

They're still searching the stadium...

LINDA

She's not there is she?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Planes fly in and out of the nearby airport as we push in on the multi-level parking facility...

We pan down, through floor after floor of parked cars...

As we descend into the lower levels, a faint WHIMPER grows louder...and louder...

We hit the bottom floor and glide past row upon row of cars...

The WHIMPER continues to grows louder...

We turn a corner to see...

THE CAB!

We push in on the cab and through the trunk to see...

CELINE - WHIMPERING against the blood-streaked duct tape wrapped around her mouth...

Her arms and legs are bound...

Her breathing is labored...

Blood pools around her as her cries go unheard...

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELLE - CONTINUOUS

Enzo paces in the strobe-effect of the flashing police lights as Linda stares at him coldly, her eyes boring holes right through him.

LINDA

He was going to tell me where she is.

Linda grabs Enzo by the lapels.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Where is she? Isn't that your special skill? To know the mind of a killer?
(crying)

Where is she?

Linda collapses into Enzo's chest. He tries to wrap his arms around her consolingly, but she pulls back.

Enzo is suddenly lost in thought.

ENZO

Not the stadium... The Stadium is the wrong direction from here to make it to the airport and back... Jesus.

Realization hits. His eyes go wide. He dashes to one of the uniformed officers.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Was his cab parked anywhere in the area?
What's the number.

The uniformed Officer flips though his notebook.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Taxi number eight sixty-six. No sir, no report of...

Enzo dashes to Linda and grabs her wrist.

ENZO

Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. TRUNK OF THE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Celine WHIMPERS and chokes against the blood-speared duct-tape.

Her eyes flutter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Enzo's fiat speeds onto a service road indicating "AIRPORT."

INT. ENZO'S FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Enzo grips the wheel with one hand while shouting into the phone. Linda's face shows her panicked desperation.

ENZO

His cab. She's in his cab! No one would think twice about a taxi at the airport! She's there somewhere. Have Airport security sweep the parking structures! Cab number eight, six, six.

He snaps the phone shut and grips the wheel tight. Enzo and Linda share a look there is no need for words.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Airport security and police cars swarm the structure. Enzo's fiat SCREECHES to a halt. He dashes out, followed by Linda. He shouts orders to the other Officers.

ENZO

Search every floor! Top to bottom!

An Airport security guard step up to him.

AIRPORT SECURITY

There are four parking structures here
and another six privately run parking
facilities in the area.

ENZO

Search them all. Cab eight sixty-six.

The security guard dashes off. Enzo turns to Linda.

ENZO (CONT'D)

She's here. We'll find her.

She leans into him. He wraps his arms around her, this
time she offers no resistance.

Enzo checks his watch.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Come on...find her.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUNK OF THE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Celine convulses. Blood comes out of her nose.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER

The sun is starting to rise. Linda and Enzo are still
leaning against his car, still clinging to each other.

His radio CRACKLES.

RADIO

We got it! Martino Parking, basement
level just south of the airport.

Linda GASPS with terrified anticipation as they leap into
the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LEVEL - PARKING STRUCTURE

Enzo's Fiat pulls up to the cab which is surrounded by police. The trunk is open, the window smashed.

Enzo and Linda dash from the car to the scene.

LINDA
Celine! Celine!

Officers try to hold her back, but Enzo nods to them and they release her.

Linda stops just short of the open trunk and clamps both hands over her mouth to stifle her urge to scream.

Tears stream down her cheeks as she reaches into the trunk and cradles the dead Celine in her arms...

She sits on the bumper and rocks Celine in her arms, maternally.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm so sorry.

Crying, Linda peels the bloody duct tape from Celine's mouth. Enzo steps up to Linda and places a hand on her shoulder.

ENZO
Linda...

She recoils at his touch and looks to him with hatred in her eyes.

LINDA
You did this! You did this!

Linda continues rocking Celine in her arms in a sorrowful embrace.

Enzo's face falls. The realization hits hard...

He *is* responsible...

Enzo's mind reels...

He hangs his head...

He pulls his badge from his suit pocket and drops it...

The badge splashes in a pool of blood at Linda's feet.

FADE TO BLACK.