

BRIMSTONE

by

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BRIMSTONETEASER

FADE IN:

FLAMES

filling the screen.

Then a SUBWAY TRAIN ROARS out of the fire and barrels through the dark pit of a TUNNEL.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - SPEEDING

Its lone occupant a sleeping MAN, the rest of the train deserted.

The Man wakes with a start, EYES SNAPPING OPEN.

He feels his hands... his face... his clothes. Checks his WALLET... stares at his FACE in the dark reflection of the SUBWAY WINDOW as it speeds through the blackness, then suddenly emerges into HARSH LIGHT...

INT. SUBWAY STATION

The train pulls to a halt. The doors slide open with a hydraulic "FWOOSH" and the Man steps out. It's a big station, five tracks and four platforms. But except for him it's completely empty. Not another soul.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Man emerges from underground, begins walking the neon-lit streets of Downtown Manhattan, moving amongst the scattered New York nightlife -- the HOMELESS, the CLUB-HOPPING ZOMBIES, the CRACKHEADS and HOOKERS, the lost TOURISTS looking for Broadway.

From the way his eyes scope out the streets, we can tell the Man is also looking for something...

He spots a CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Man enters, makes his way through the pews, finds a CONFSSIONAL, steps inside...

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH

The silhouette of a PRIEST is barely visible through the dividing screen. The Man crosses himself and begins:

MAN

Forgive me father, for I have sinned. It's been a long time since my last confession. My name is Ezekiel Stone. I'm... I was... a cop. I was good at my job, I was married, I had a good life. Then my wife was... raped. We caught the man who did it. But my wife was too traumatized to testify so he got off. I tracked him down... and killed him.

After a long moment, the Priest speaks. Quiet, disturbed:

PRIEST (O.S.)

This is a terrible, terrible sin, my son. And it will require a terrible penance.

The Man -- EZEKIEL STONE -- smiles grimly to himself.

STONE (MAN)

Oh, I'm well aware of that, father. You see the story's not over.

(a beat)

Two months later I cornered a three-time loser, small-time thief, who turned out to be more desperate than I thought. He opened up on me. I took six bullets to the face and neck.

(another beat)

I died.

(one last beat)

And because I had killed a man in cold blood... I went to Hell.

Stone goes quiet. The only sound is the tense, labored breathing of the Priest -- until Stone goes on:

STONE

Now a fundamental fact of incarceration is that from time to time inmates held in even the most maximum security penitentiaries will make good an escape. It happened on Devil's Island. It happened at Alcatraz. Six weeks ago it happened in Hell. 113 Damned Souls managed to break out. The worst, most vile creatures who ever walked the Earth. And now they're back with a new lease on life, a second chance to spread horror, death, destruction, all over again.

The Priest finds his voice again, speaks with a very dry mouth.

PRIEST (O.S.)

But... the Prince of Lies, Master of Hell -- surely having his minions back on earth spreading chaos and destruction... all this would bring a smile to his face.

Stone shrugs.

STONE

I'm surprised at you, Father. You of all people should know even the Devil has to answer to a Higher Power. He's in charge down there and he screwed up big time. So he needs someone to fix things. To track down the Damned Souls and send them back to suffer the eternal torment they deserve.

(a beat)

To send them back to Hell.

Silence. Then the Priest summons up his nerve and speaks again -- a small voice:

PRIEST (O.S.)

And that someone... is you? Why are you telling me this... this ridiculous story?

Ezekiel Stone almost smiles.

STONE

Oh, come now, Father -- I think you know why.

SUDDENLY AN UNEARTHLY ROAR ECHOES from the other side of the confessional, then an EXPLOSION OF WOOD!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Stone bursts out of the confessional -- the side where the Priest was sitting is TORN APART and the Priest is FLEEING, ducking into the bowels of the church, a trail of SIZZLING YELLOW SLIME behind him...

The Priest is one of the 113.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Priest races out a BACK DOOR and disappears down an ALLEYWAY. Before the door can slam shut, Stone charges through, hot on his heels...

EXT. BACK ALLEYWAYS - NIGHT

The Priest runs hard. Stone is catching up but the Priest seems to know these streets like the back of his hand. He manages to maintain a slim lead as he weaves in and out between a MAZE OF HUNDRED YEAR OLD TENEMENT BUILDINGS -- until he suddenly SKIDS TO A HALT, surprised to find his way completely blocked by the CHAIN LINK FENCE of a brand new CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Stone is suddenly there, tearing out a .38 REVOLVER, aiming for the cornered Priest's frantic, bloodshot EYES...

STONE

Time to give the Devil his due.

The Priest lets out a horrifying SCREAM, like a trapped animal...

A CAR SUDDENLY SCREECHES TO A HALT BETWEEN STONE AND THE PRIEST, BLOCKING HIS SHOT! A PAIR OF PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES leap out of the car, aiming their own pistols at Stone and YELLING at him:

DETECTIVE #1

Drop it -- NOW!

Stone hesitates in front of the two cops for a second -- just long enough for DETECTIVE #2 to shove his own gun into Stone's face and rip the .38 revolver out of Stone's hand.

DETECTIVE #2

ARE YOU DEAF?

Detective #1 SLAMS Stone against the car and roughly FRISKS him as Detective #2 slaps the CUFFS on.

DETECTIVE #2

What's your problem, you have a bad experience in Catholic School?

Detective #1 turns to the terrified Priest:

DETECTIVE #1

Father, you okay...?

But the Priest is gone -- leaving only a SIZZLING HOLE in the fence where the chain-links have been MELTED THROUGH...

CUT TO MAIN TITLE

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Detective #1 -- CHARLIE HIRSH, 45 years old, sharper than he looks -- reaches out a hand to examine the fence, then curses under his breath, BURNING HIS FINGERS on the still-hot metal --

HIRSH (DETECTIVE #1)
Sunnuvabitch.

(turning back to his
partner)

This place is an accident waiting to happen. I'm gonna' find that Priest before he hurts himself.

(calling into the darkness)
Father...?

Detective #2 -- WILLIAM KANE, 26, still a bit idealistic, raised on the streets he now tries to keep clean -- nods at his older partner and keeps the cuffed Stone covered. Hirsh squeezes through the opening in the fence, ducks into the Construction Site...

Stone glances over his shoulder at the young policeman.

STONE
You're working the kids, aren't you?

Kane tenses.

KANE (DETECTIVE #2)
What?

STONE
That's what you're doing in the neighborhood. The missing Altar Boys. How many so far?

Kane's Detective antenna instantly goes up.

KANE
Why don't you tell me, asshole?

Stone glares at Kane, annoyed.

STONE
It's not me. It's the Priest you morons let escape.

KANE

Oh, the Priest? The Priest you were running around trying to kill? You know that's the kinda' thing you go to hell for.

Stone shrugs.

STONE

Already been there.

Kane looks at Stone in disbelief, chuckles --

KANE

You're crazy. Know what I think?

STONE

I could care less.

KANE

I think maybe you snatched those two Altar Boys and the Father spied you tryin' to grab number three, so you tried to take him out. No witnesses.

Stone ignores the young detective's accusations, looks relieved.

STONE

Two. Thanks for your help, officer.

STONE SUDDENLY THROWS HIMSELF BACKWARDS, SMASHING INTO KANE AND KNOCKING THEM BOTH TO THE GROUND! Before Kane can react, Stone JERKS HIS HEAD BACKWARDS, BUTTING KANE SMACK IN THE FACE!

Before the stunned Detective can regain his senses, Stone rifles his pockets, grabs the KEYS to the cuffs, SNATCHES BACK HIS .38 and RACES OFF INTO THE NIGHT...

Kane GROANS in pain and raises a shaky hand to his bleeding nose. He raises his gun and tries to focus his blurry eyes on the fleeing suspect -- but Stone has disappeared into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Stone stops running and stares across the street at the SAINT JAMES HOTEL -- a once-grand establishment that has turned into a rundown, dilapidated shithouse. He deftly UNLOCKS the handcuffs from around his wrists, pockets them. THUNDER ROARS and a FORK OF LIGHTNING RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY. Stone heads across to the Hotel as it starts to RAIN...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An obese DESK CLERK sits munching chocolate-covered donut holes and watching a BASEBALL GAME on a portable TV. Stone walks in from the rain and steps up to the Clerk.

STONE

I'd like a room.

CLERK

Sixty-two fifty a night. Cash up front.

Stone pulls out his wallet and pays. Notices the game on the TV and can't help but smile.

STONE

Yankees and the Reds, huh? I haven't seen a World Series game since '83.

The obese Desk Clerk gives Stone a look.

DESK CLERK

What Series? It's interleague play.

Stone is horrified.

STONE

"Interleague"? Waitaminute. You mean American League and National League teams play each other during the Regular Season?

The Desk Clerk nods, as if to a remedial child.

STONE

That's insane.

DESK CLERK

They been doin' it for two years. Where you been?

STONE

I was... out of the country for awhile.

DESK CLERK

Whereabouts?

Stone hesitates.

STONE

Down under.

DESK CLERK
(handing Stone a ROOM KEY)
Elevator's broken but you're only on
the sixth floor.

Stone nods, takes the key.

STONE
Long as I'm going up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stone unlocks the door, enters, feels for the light switch and throws it: this place looks like it hasn't been cleaned since Stone died and went to Hell.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stone goes to the mildewed sink and turns on the faucet. He rolls up his sleeves, throws water on his face and stares at his reflection in the cracked mirror. Notices something on his forearm: a strange Runic Tattoo. Stone pushes his sleeve up higher. More tattoos. He checks his other arm: tattoos everywhere. He quickly strips down to his bare chest -- we see Stone's entire torso is covered with dozens of these Runic Tattoos -- 113 to be exact. Thunder, another flash of lightning, then a VOICE, velvety smooth:

VOICE (O.S.)
The names of the fugitives. A list --
penned in my Native Tongue, of course.

Stone whirls -- but there's no one in the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stone steps out of the bathroom, naked from the waist up, snatches up his .38 and spots something on the FIRE ESCAPE outside the window...

STONE'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

A GRINNING MAN in an expensive overcoat stands in the rain, STEAM rising from his body.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stone shoves the pistol into his pants, opens the window and climbs out.

EXT. HOTEL FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The rain keeps pouring as Stone faces off with the Grinning Man.

A CLAP of THUNDER rips through the sky.

GRINNING MAN

It's unprecedented, you know. Over the millenia, there've been a few who slipped through the cracks. Isolated incidents. But never anything like this.

STONE

Kind of a Great Escape, huh?

The Grinning man glares at Stone.

GRINNING MAN

They planned this for Centuries and now they think they've Beat the Devil. They're wrong, Ezekiel -- nobody beats me.

(a beat)

I see you've already failed in your first attempt. Maybe I picked the wrong guy.

STONE

Maybe you did. He was stronger than me. Faster. He burned a hole through a chain-link fence.

GRINNING MAN

Well, after all, he was my guest for nearly a century. You've only been with me for 15 years. The longer you're in Hell, the more it becomes a part of you -- literally.

STONE

Some of the Damned Souls that escaped... they've been in Hell for thousands of years.

GRINNING MAN

(nodding)

And will have the Powers to prove it.

Stone shoots the Grinning Man a look.

STONE

But I'm barely more than a normal guy. Nice odds you've given me.

GRINNING MAN

You all play by the same rules. You're already dead, so you can't be killed. The only way to put an end to your existance on this earth is to shatter the Windows to your Souls -- destroy the eyes.

STONE

And we get sucked back to Hell. Great.

GRINNING MAN

It's not Hell you should be scared of,
Stone. It's losing your Second Chance.

(darkly)

You won't get another.

THUNDER roars through the sky again. The Grinning Man suddenly lightens up, chuckles --

GRINNING MAN

Why do you want to go to Heaven anyway,
Stone? It's such a boring place.

STONE

That's not what I heard. I heard it
was a nice party -- until you got
drunk and started some trouble and
they kicked your ass out of there.

The Grinning Man locks eyes with Stone.

GRINNING MAN

Get that chip off your shoulder, Zeke.
Gilbert Jax was a rapist, not a murderer.
He didn't kill your wife. You had no
right to kill him -- horribly I might
add. God's universe doesn't work like
the American legal system. You do
something, you pay for it.

Stone glares back at the Grinning Man.

STONE

That's all I did. I made the bastard
pay.

The Grinning Man claps Stone on the shoulders and his grin widens.

GRINNING MAN

Now, that's what I like to hear! The
indomitable spirit and righteous indignation
of the Human Species. I've heard it a
billion times defending a billion atrocities
and it's still music to my ears.

Stone roughly brushes the hand off his shoulder and suppresses
a shiver. The Grinning Man's words have hit too close to home.

Stone steps right into the Grinning Man's face, the rain
washing over both of their grim visages.

STONE

Just remember... you need me as much as I need you. If you can't police your own realm... no one will ever fear you again.

The smile drops from the Grinning Man's face. He glares hatefully at Stone -- then suddenly STABS OUT A HAND AND SHOVES HIM BACKWARDS OFF THE FIRE ESCAPE!

EXT. SAINT JAMES HOTEL - NIGHT

Stone plummets six stories to the sidewalk below, landing with an ugly "CRUNCH" -- then pulls himself to his feet, completely unhurt. He stares up at the Fire Escape...

STONE'S POV

The Grinning Man is gone -- but his EERIE LAUGHTER echoes through the rain-drenched night.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The obese Desk Clerk polishes off the last of his donut holes, the ballgame still playing on the TV. Stone -- drenched and naked from the waist up, his flesh covered with the Hellish Tattoos -- walks back into the lobby and nods to the stunned Desk Clerk.

STONE

Who's winning?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

An old government issue building.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT

Kane sits holding an ICE-PACK up to his swollen and BANDAGED nose. He is working with a Police SKETCH ARTIST, trying to get a good likeness of the man who escaped from his custody...

KANE

Sharper on the jaw.

SKETCH ARTIST

Like this?

KANE

Yeah, yeah... almost.

TIBBETS, an old-timer, 30 year veteran of the force, ambles over to Kane with a cup of coffee in each hand and offers him one.

TIBBETS

Don't let it get you down, Will.
Everybody makes mistakes. You'll get
him next time.

KANE

(taking the cup
of coffee)

Thanks. Hirsh thinks I'm a total
screw-up. He's probably right.

TIBBETS

Hirsh hates everybody, including his wife
and kids. Why don't you go home, get
laid, forget about the job for one night.

KANE

Angela moved out two weeks ago.

TIBBETS

I thought you two were gonna get
married?

KANE

We are, eventually. This is just the
natural cycle of our relationship --
we break up every couple of months.

The Sketch Artist turns his pad around and submits his latest
version for Kane's approval -- it is a near perfect likeness
of Ezekiel Stone.

SKETCH ARTIST

How's that?

KANE

(nodding)

Yeah, that's it, that's him.

Tibbets stares at the sketch through the steam from his hot
coffee. A strange look crosses his face. Kane notices.

KANE

Recognize him?

Tibbets furrows his brow, forces a long sip of scalding java
down his throat.

TIBBETS

That's very strange. I'd swear your
suspect was Zeke Stone.

KANE

Who?

TIBBETS

Homicide Detective. Worked out of
Manhattan South... before your time.
I was his Sergeant after he got the
Gold Shield. Good cop.

(a beat)

Can't be him, though.

KANE

Why not?

Tibbets shrugs --

TIBBETS

He's dead. Got blown away by some
scumbag punk, oh, must've been fifteen
years ago.

CLOSE ON KANE

as he stares at the picture of Stone. "Blown away fifteen
years ago"? What the hell's going on here...?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON EZEKIAL STONE

Screaming in agony, FLAMES EVERYWHERE.
The scorched air filled with a mixture of UNEARTHLY HOWLS of
sadistic delight and heart-rending CRIES of human suffering.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN stands in the flames, tears rolling down her
face, YELLING to Stone for HELP.

Stone yells back to her, "Rebecca!!!", but he can't reach her
through the fire and the flesh starts MELTING OFF HIS FACE...

SMASH CUT TO:

STONE

as his eyes SNAP OPEN from his waking nightmare.

EXT. TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK - DAY

A modest suburb just north of the City.
Stone is standing across the road from a simple but charming
wood-frame HOUSE. He watches a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE step out of
the front door, climb into their station-wagon and pull away.

Stone slowly, almost painfully, walks across the street, makes his way up the immaculately kept front lawn. The morning sun is drying out the puddles from last night's storm. Stone reaches out a trembling hand and touches the front door. Pulls a LOCK-PICK out of his pocket and jimmies the lock...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Stone carefully shuts the door behind him. Turns and surveys the interior: tastefully decorated. Family photos hanging on the walls.

CLOSE ON STONE

as a wave of emotion hits him with almost violent force.

Even though the furniture is different and the family pictures on the wall are of strangers -- this was his house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Stone steps into the empty room, runs a hand over a new countertop that wasn't there 15 years ago, then sees an old stove.

FLASH-CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He struggles valiantly to fit a huge Thanksgiving turkey into the stove, his wife, REBECCA -- the Beautiful Woman from Stone's hellish nightmare -- busy whipping up potatoes, gravy and vegetable trimmings. She sees his predicament and goes to help him...

BACK TO:

STONE

entering the LIVING ROOM, touching an outstretched hand to the wall.

FLASH-CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He and Rebecca putting WALLPAPER on the walls, both of them splattered with glue...

BACK TO:

STONE

walking up the stairs and entering the BEDROOM, his eyes focused far away.

FLASH-CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He and Rebecca making mad, passionate love, their bodies entwined amongst the sheets...

BACK TO:

STONE

stepping from the hallway into the BATHROOM, starting to lose it as he goes.

FLASH-CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He paces nervously while Rebecca sits atop the toilet-seat checking a HOME PREGNANCY TEST. She looks up at him: negative. they're both disappointed and avoid each other's eyes...

BACK TO:

STONE

hesitating at the top of the stairs, his knees starting to buckle.

FLASH-CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He huddles beside Rebecca, cradling her bruised body, both of them sitting on the stairs, tears streaming from her eyes. Stone struggles to comfort her in the aftermath of the rape, whispering in her ear: "It'll be all right, honey... it'll be all right..."

BACK TO:

STONE

frozen at the top of the stairs.

Now he's the one who's crying.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Stone bursts out of the house, trying to fight back the tears, crumples up on the front lawn, trying to regain control.

Stone suddenly hears something strange -- the wet slap of rubber against wood -- followed by a CHILD'S VOICE coming from next-door...

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

A hush falls over the crowd. This is it, full count, runners on the corners, bottom of the seventh, score tied two-to-two. Here's the wind-up... the pitch...

Stone turns and watches as NATE -- a scrawny 10-year-old BOY -- hurls a rubber ball against the side of his house again...

NATE

STRIKE THREE!!! The crowd goes wild and the side is retired! Nate Briar comes through in the clutch again!

The rubber ball bounces through Nate's legs and rolls into Stone's yard. Stone picks up the ball. Nate cautiously approaches him... smiles.

Stone smiles back and throws him the ball.

NATE

Thanks.

STONE

What's your ERA?

NATE

2.71.

STONE

Not bad. How about your won/loss column?

NATE

17 and 4 -- but the season's not over yet. I still got a chance to be a twenty game winner.

(indicating the house)

You a friend of Mister and Mrs. Hansley?

STONE

No. I'm looking for somebody who used to live here. Haven't seen them in a long time.

(quietly)

I'm not even sure if they're alive or dead.

(a beat)

How long have you lived in your house?

Nate shrugs.

NATE

Always lived here.

STONE

You remember a woman who lived here before? She had brown hair, brown eyes, about this tall, very beautiful. Amazing smile -- she smiled all the time. She used to have a little vegetable garden on the side of the house. Used to come out at six o'clock every morning to water it. Tomatoes, peppers, greenbeans.

From the way Stone is talking about his wife we know he's still got it bad for her.

NATE

No flowers?

Stone glances over at the place where the garden used to be...

STONE

She was allergic to flowers.

Nate shrugs and starts bouncing his ball off the sidewalk.

NATE

I sort of remember a lady who lived there. I don't think I ever saw her smile. She always seemed pretty sad.

Nate suddenly spots a SCHOOL BUS approaching from down the block. He shoves his ball into a knapsack filled with books, swings it onto his shoulder and turns back to Stone:

NATE

That's my bus, Mister. Gotta' go to school. Good luck findin' that lady.

STONE

Thanks.

Stone watches as the bus pulls up to the curb and Nate climbs on. The doors swing shut and the bus cruises off down the tree-lined street...

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

School buses are dropping off dozens of students who join the throng of people heading in beneath a LARGE BANNER announcing a SPECIAL EXHIBIT OF TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY PAINTINGS OF NEW YORK CITY...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

A class of CATHOLIC SCHOOL KIDS are attending the exhibit. Someone walks among them, smiling more at the little boys and girls than at the exquisite artwork gracing the walls...

It is the Priest.

He finally turns his gaze up at one of the paintings -- then notices a pretty TEACHER from the Catholic School whose eyes are focused on the same work of art. The painting shows a group of CHILDREN playing in Central Park in the late 1890s. The Priest smiles at the Teacher:

PRIEST

"Happy hearts and happy faces, Happy play in grassy places -- That was how, in ancient ages, Children grew to kings and sages."

TEACHER

Did you write that, Father?

PRIEST

No. Not me I'm afraid. Robert Louis Stevenson. He wrote it in 1885 -- a few years before this was painted. It was a better time then. More innocent. This city was clean, unspoiled. And when it snowed, it didn't turn to gray, ugly slush. It was white for days on end. Like Heaven.

The Teacher smiles at him.

TEACHER

You sound like you were there.

The Priest smiles back.

PRIEST

Oh, but I was.

(a beat)

In my dreams, of course.

One of the students, a small for his age 11-year old boy named CHRISTOPHER LOGAN, walks up and tugs on the Teacher's plaid dress.

CHRISTOPHER

Excuse me, Miss Gilliam, I gotta' use the bathroom.

Before the Teacher can reply, two of her other students begin violently SLAP-FIGHTING dangerously close to a masterwork of 20th Century sculpture.

TEACHER

One second, Chris. Austin, Billy, CUT THAT OUT!

The Priest steps up to the boy, smiles at the Teacher.

PRIEST

I'll be happy to take him if it'll help you out.

TEACHER

Oh, thank you, Father, would you?

The Priest puts a friendly hand on Christopher's little shoulder, his smile continuing to GROW...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Kane and Hirsh move down the corridor, Hirsch reading over a file that his young partner has stuffed into his hands...

HIRSH

So you think our guy is Lieutenant Ezekiel Stone, NYPD, killed in the line of duty in June of '83?

(sarcastic)

Okkkayyyy...

KANE

Listen, I know it sounds crazy but I've got a theory. Seven months before he was killed, Stone's wife was raped. They caught the guy -- a Gilbert Jax -- but they couldn't put together a case and he got off.

HIRSH

And...?

KANE

And, two months before Stone was killed Jax turns up dead.

HIRSH

How?

KANE

Drug overdose. Ruled an accident, guy was a habitual offender, a real scumbag, end of story.

HIRSH

Except...?

KANE

Except, IAD didn't think it was the end of the story. They started investigating Stone. But before they could put their case together, he shows up dead -- with his face shot off. I.D. had to be made using forensics and departmental records.

HIRSH

So what are you saying?

KANE

I'm saying Stone murdered Gilbert Jax, made it look like an OD. Internal Affairs was closing in on him, after the rape his marriage was on the rocks, his entire life is going to hell. He had no reason to hang around and risk going to jail, so he found a way out.

HIRSH

You think he faked his own death?

KANE

It makes sense.

HIRSH

That's fine detective work, Will, except for a few things that don't make sense: what is he doing back now, why was he in an alley chasing a Priest and why is a Hero Cop killing Altar Boys -- even if he was still alive, which he isn't!

Hirsh slaps the file back into Kane's hands and walks away, leaving the young Detective all alone with his theory.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Christopher has finished up and the Priest is helping him clean his hands at the sink.

PRIEST

Did you enjoy seeing the pictures in there, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER

Not really. The museum's boring. I wish we'd take a field trip to someplace cool.

PRIEST

Hmmm. You know, Saint Christopher is said to have carried the Christ child across a river.

CHRISTOPHER

I can't swim.

The Priest can't help a chuckle.

PRIEST

Neither can I. Do you go to Church?

CHRISTOPHER

I kinda' have to now. I started servin' as an Altar Boy this year.

The Priest smiles.

PRIEST

You know... I have a friend who works at the Central Park Zoo.

CHRISTOPHER

Really?

PRIEST

If we leave now we could probably make it for Feeding Time. I'm sure I could convince my friend to let you feed some of the animals yourself.

CHRISTOPHER

You think so?

PRIEST

Perhaps not the Lion... but certainly the Lamb.

Excitement fills Christopher's eyes for a moment -- then he catches himself.

CHRISTOPHER

Well... I don't know. How could we make it back before the end of the field trip? And if Miss Gilliam realizes I'm gone I'm gonna' be in a lot of trouble.

The Priest leans in close to Christopher's small face.

PRIEST

Not as much trouble as you're going to be in if you don't come with me.

Christopher's eyes go wide in terror.
He stops breathing for a split-second --

-- THEN SUDDENLY BOLTS FOR THE BATHROOM DOOR...

But the Priest is quicker, instantly grabbing Christopher, clamping a hand over the young boy's mouth and effortlessly picking him up and carrying him towards the window...

The Bathroom door suddenly OPENS, a middle-aged TOURIST stepping inside to take a leak. He sees the Priest and the struggling boy --

TOURIST

Hey! What are you doing to that kid?

Before the Tourist can say another word, the Priest has launched himself across the bathroom with Christopher in tow and CLAMPED HIS FREE HAND OVER THE TOURIST'S FACE --

YELLOW SWEAT steams down the Priest's brow as he concentrates and SMOKE starts rising from his palm...

Christopher watches in horror as The Tourist lets out a MUFFLED SCREAM...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

The pretty Teacher is starting to look worried. It's been a long time since that nice Priest took her student to the bathroom...

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY

The Teacher approaches the Men's Room door and knocks on it...

TEACHER

Hello...? Father...? Chris...?

No answer. She checks her watch, looks around to see if anyone else is looking, then swallows her embarrassment and peeks inside...

INT. MUSEUM MEN'S ROOM - DAY

She cautiously steps inside...

TEACHER

Hello...?

The bathroom is empty. Just a cold breeze blowing through an OPEN WINDOW.

The Teacher notices a a pair of FEET sitting in one of the STALLS.

TEACHER

Uh, excuse me. Father...?

She tentatively approaches the stall door -- it's ajar. She nervously pushes it open...

Then let's out a HORRIFYING SCREAM.

Sitting in the stall is the Tourist.

His FACE is BURNED STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE SKULL in the shape of a HUMAN HAND.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DUSK

The last rays of the sun illuminate the same House of God where Stone first encountered the Priest.

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - DUSK

The Church Rector, FATHER CLETUS HORN, sits at his desk, checking his monthly budget. There's a knock at the door. Horn doesn't look up...

FATHER HORN

Come in.

The door opens and Stone enters.

STONE

Father Horn?

FATHER HORN

Yes.

STONE

(flashing his BADGE)

Detective Stone, NYPD. I'd like to ask you some questions about the Priest who was working the confessional last night.

FATHER HORN

Would you hand me your badge, please...

Stone, confused, passes his badge to Father Horn -- then suddenly notices that the paperwork on the Priest's desk is all in BRAILLE. The blind Rector runs his fingers over Stone's badge, then holds it out for him to take back.

FATHER HORN

That would have been Father Solinas. He hasn't been in today.

STONE

Eduardo Solinas?

FATHER HORN

You know him?

STONE

Only... by reputation.

FATHER HORN

Yes, he's become quite popular in the short time he's been with us. He arrived about a month ago, looking for a position, highly recommended. I was overjoyed to get him. We're always short-handed here. Aren't enough priests to go around these days. He's from Rome, had letters from the Vatican, bit of a New York history buff.

(smiling)

The old-timers here love him, he can say the entire service in fluent Latin.

STONE

Where is he staying?

Father Horn's sightless eyes narrow in concern.

FATHER HORN

May I ask what this is about, Detective?

STONE

I'm sure you're aware of the disappearances over the last several weeks...

FATHER HORN

The two altar boys, yes. I helped start a Neighborhood Watch in response.

(a beat)

You're not telling me you think there's some connection between Father Solinas and those missing children?

STONE

It's... possible.

FATHER HORN

(angrily)

I don't believe it.

Stone stares at the Priest's unseeing eyes.

STONE

Please, Father... those boys' lives are at stake.

Father Horn considers Stone's words.

INT. RECTORY APARTMENT - DUSK

Long shadows creep across the tiny room. The door opens and Father Horn leads Stone inside. Stone looks around, his old Detective's eye for detail kicking in: The walls are covered with TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY MAPS OF NEW YORK CITY and VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHS ripped from library books.

FATHER HORN

The children... do you think they're still alive?

STONE

Yes. But but not for long.

Stone notices a NAIL and a CROSS-SHAPED OUTLINE of missing dust where a CRUCIFIX obviously used to hang.

FATHER HORN

These accusations are ridiculous. I can't believe Father Solinas had anything to do with this. He had all the proper credentials when he came to us. He's a good man.

Stone inspects an old LEATHER EASY-CHAIR -- large pieces of the worn leather have been CUT AWAY leaving nothing but hunks of stuffing and metal springs.

STONE

Credentials can be faked -- as can goodness. Eduardo Solinas had a whole different life that you know nothing about, Father. You spend your time with God. Solinas keeps different company.

Father Horn feels his way to the WINDOW and seems to stare at the streets below through his sightless eyes.

FATHER HORN

God doesn't limit his contact to the good people, Detective. You think because I'm blind I don't see what goes on outside these walls? Six years ago I was walking home from the grocery store late at night when a man dragged his wife out onto the street and started beating her head against the sidewalk -- what you police call a "Domestic Dispute". I tried to stop him. I didn't know he had a gun. Luckily he was drunk at the time so his aim was a little off.

(MORE)

FATHER HORN (CONT.)

The bullet shattered the bridge of my nose and grazed one eye. Muzzle flash took care of the other.

Father Horn's words strike a chord with Stone.

STONE

(remembering)

Brightest light you've ever seen. You think you're going to Heaven... but then you wake up someplace else.

Father Horn's sightless eyes look strangely at Stone.

FATHER HORN

How do you know that?

STONE

I had... a friend who got shot in the face.

FATHER HORN

Did he survive?

Stone shrugs.

STONE

Nope. So what happened to the woman you were trying to save?

FATHER HORN

(a bitter smile)

She testified on her husband's behalf at his sentencing hearing. He got 6 months. He's probably beating her right now -- if she's still alive that is.

Stone opens the door to a SMALL CLOSET and finds a few changes of clothes hanging from a rack. He goes through the clothes, rifling each pocket... comes up with a few STRANGE OLD COINS of some sort.

Outside the window, the last rays of the sun dip below the edge of the city, leaving it covered in darkness.

FATHER HORN

At first I thought it might be a blessing -- not to have to look human evil in the face anymore. But I was wrong. In the end... it just made it harder for me to believe. To keep faith in the justice of God's universe. And every day it gets worse.

(MORE)

FATHER HORN (CONT.)

(disturbed)

Now you walk in my Church... and you tell me a man I welcomed here -- a man of God -- may be responsible for this horrible thing? Sometimes I can't help but ask myself... does God even care about justice?

Stone slips the strange coins into his own pocket, turns and studies the Blind Priest's face.

STONE

The man who did this to you... did you ever want to make him suffer? The way he made you suffer?

FATHER HORN

I struggled with that. But what good would it have done? It wouldn't bring my sight back... and it would make me more like him.

Stone considers this for a long moment. Finally touches a hand to the Priest's shoulder and speaks with quiet intensity -- the intensity that comes from knowing.

STONE

There is justice, Father. If not in this life... in the next.

Something in Stone's voice and touch shakes Father Horn to the very depths of his soul.

When this man tells you about the afterlife... you believe him.

Stone turns and starts for the open door...

FATHER HORN

The Children...

Stone stops, turns back to the blind priest.

FATHER HORN (CONT.)

You really think they're still alive?

STONE

He doesn't see them as children. He sees the Four Living Creatures.

Father Horn instantly recognizes the strange reference.

FATHER HORN
The Book of Revelations?

STONE
(nodding)
He needs two more before he sends them
all back to Heaven.
(a beat)
Before he kills them.

Stone turns again, heads for the door -- suddenly freezes.

A pistol muzzle is pointed at his face...

It's Detective Kane.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. RECTORY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Kane steps in, backing Stone up at gunpoint. Father Horn senses the new presence in the room and listens in confusion.

STONE
(eyeing Kane's bandage)
Sorry about the nose.

KANE
Hands on your head.

Stone grudgingly complies.

KANE (CONT.)
I should go to church more often. I came to talk to that priest you tried to kill, see if he could tell me what you were up to. But now I can get my answers straight from the horse's mouth.
(to the Priest)
I'm Detective William Kane, Homicide.
You okay, Father?

FATHER HORN
I'm fine.
(to Stone)
Detective Stone, what's happening here? Do you know this officer?

KANE
He's not a detective, Father -- not anymore. He's a suspect in the disappearance of those two Altar Boys.

The blind Priest considers this.

FATHER HORN
That's impossible.

KANE
Father, please, go to your office, call the police and ask for Lieutenant Daniel Hirsh at the 12th Precinct.

FATHER HORN
You're wrong. Whatever this man is, he's no criminal.

Kane can't believe his ears.

KANE

Father, please, get with the program!
Get out of here and call my partner --
now!

(to Stone)

Up against the wall and spread 'em.

The blind priest hesitates a moment, unsure of what to do next...

STONE

It's okay, Father. Do what he says.

Father Horn starts for the door -- then suddenly stops and
stares hard at Stone, almost as if he could see his face.

SUDDENLY FATHER HORN STABS OUT BOTH HANDS, FEELS FOR KANE'S
GUN-HAND AND GRABS IT --

FATHER HORN

Go!

The surprised Kane wrestles free of the blind Priest just as
Stone CRASHES OUT through the rectory window!

Kane races to the shattered window and peers out...

KANE'S POV

No sign of Stone on the streets below.

KANE

spins and looks up...

KANE'S POV

Stone is pulling himself up a drainpipe on the side of the
rectory, heading for the roof.

KANE

turns and tears back through the apartment, charging past
Father Horn...

INT. RECTORY STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kane bursts inside, starts racing up the stairs, taking them
two at a time, sprinting for the roof...

EXT. RECTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

Stone pulls himself upwards, hand-over-hand, almost to the roof, THE RUSTY DRAINPIPE STARTING TO GIVE...

EXT. RECTORY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kane bursts out of the stairwell door -- spies Stone vaulting up onto the roof just as the drainpipe BREAKS FREE and clatters to the street below.

KANE

STOP!

Stone reaches a DIVIDE between the rectory roof and the main church building but doesn't miss a step, just LEAPS --

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- Stone LANDS on the other side of the divide and scrambles away across the church roof.

EXT. RECTORY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kane bears down -- he's not letting this bastard get away from him again. He hits that divide and also LEAPS --

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- and BARELY MAKES IT, hitting the church roof off-balance, rolling across the tar, just managing to get back on his feet in time to see Stone pounding towards an ADJOINING BUILDING and another CHASM, this one twice as long as the other.

Stone reaches the gap between the two buildings and doesn't blink, just powers forward and JUMPS --

EXT. ADJOINING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- Stone lands again, safely, pauses for a split second to catch his breath. Sees Kane CHASING AFTER HIM, reaching the gap --

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kane guns it with everything he's got, building momentum, hitting the last tar inch of the church roof and JUMPING --

EXT. ADJOINING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- only he doesn't quite make it, his feet hitting the lip of the adjoining roof and SLIPPING! He falls backwards into dead air, then desperately STABS OUT HIS HANDS and grabs onto the edge of the roof as he drops, HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE BY HIS FINGERTIPS!

Kane struggles to pull himself up, but he just can't do it.

He stares down at the street far below, shuts his eyes...

His grip is starting to slip away...

He suddenly hears something.

STONE (O.S.)

I should just let you drop and get you
out of my hair once and for all.

Kane looks up.

Stone is standing above him on the edge of the roof.

Stone stares down at the helpless young cop, can't help a slight
grin -- this guy's tenacity is starting to impress him.

Kane gasps in horror as Stone suddenly REACHES OUT AND YANKS
THE YOUNG COP'S HANDS RIGHT OFF THE LEDGE!

Stone holds Kane by the wrists, dangling him over the city below...

Then HEAVES and pulls the young cop to safety, dropping him
hard onto the rooftop.

Kane is stunned, desperately trying to catch his breath. Stone
snatches away the young cop's gun, then pulls out Kane's own
HANDCUFFS -- the ones Stone escaped from when they first met in
the alley behind the Church -- and CUFFS KANE to a TV antenna.

KANE

(between gasps of air)

You just saved my life.

STONE

No kidding.

KANE

Why?

STONE

Maybe I'm not the bad guy you think I am.

KANE

I know who you are. You're Detective
Lieutenant Ezekial Stone. You broke the
Saint Marks Strangler case in '81. The
Levy Brothers double homicide in '83. One
of the most decorated cops in Manhattan
South. Then one day your wife got raped
and you cracked, killed the suspect --

STONE

He wasn't a suspect. He. Was. Guilty.

Kane reaches out with his free hand and GRABS Stone by the shoulder, pulls him close.

KANE

(a tight whisper)

So are you.

Stone YANKS FREE of Kane's grip, glares at him. Seems to be searching for an argument against Kane's accusation... but can't find one.

Stone goes quiet.

Kane sees his opening:

KANE

Tell me what you know about this case.

STONE

You wouldn't believe me if I did.

KANE

What makes you so sure?

STONE

You seem like an intelligent man.

KANE

I'm not as intelligent as I look. Try me.

Stone fixes Kane with an intense stare -- this guy won't give up.

STONE

Okay.

(a beat)

The man responsible for all this is a Priest named Eduardo Solinas. He was a Roman clergyman who started seeing the Four Living Creatures from the Book of Revelations here on earth.

KANE

"Four Living Creatures"?

STONE

Chapter 4, verse 6. Four holy beasts who play a key role in the events that set the Second Coming of Christ in motion. The catch is, they can't play

(MORE)

STONE (CONT.)

that role unless they're in Heaven. Solinas figured the only way to send them back to Heaven was to kill their human forms. One more catch -- Solinas kept seeing the Creatures in the faces of children. Altar Boys to be exact. He killed his first four kids in Milan, thought his mission was over.

KANE

First four?

STONE

He spotted the Four Living Creatures again, this time in Siena. He killed 16 kids in Italy before he was forced to flee and ended up in the United States... in 1896. He killed two more sets in this very city, 8 kids, before he was stopped. And now... he's back for more. The only thing working for the kids is that he sends them to Heaven together. He won't kill one until he has all four. That means there's still time.

Kane looks at Stone with disbelief.

KANE

1896? You're crazy.

Stone shrugs, tosses Kane back his gun, turns and starts walking away. Kane can't believe what Stone just did.

KANE

Waitaminute!

Stone turns, grins at Kane.

STONE

By the way, I wasn't one of the most decorated cops in Manhattan South. I was the most decorated.

Kane tries to pull free from the cuffs, but it's no use. He angrily AIMS HIS GUN AT STONE'S BACK --

KANE

Stop! I want the truth, Goddammit!

Stone shrugs, keeps walking --

STONE
I told you the truth.

KANE
(starting to lose it)
You take another step and I swear I'll
blow your legs right out from under you!

Stone ignores him, keeps walking away.

Kane aims for Stone's knees and SHOTS.

Nothing. Stone keeps walking.

Kane SHOTS AGAIN.

Nothing.

Kane SHOTS AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN, emptying his clip.

Stone keeps walking, reaches the opposite edge of the roof and STEPS OFF!

Kane can't believe his eyes. He SCREAMS in frustration, struggles with all his might, manages to RIP the TV antenna free of the asphalt.

He drags himself and the hunk of metal to the edge of the roof, looks over.

KANE'S POV

There's Stone all right.
Not lying in a broken, crumpled heap, but JOGGING off down the street below...

Unharmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - NIGHT

COP CARS are swarming around the place.

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Kane is charging down the corridor, COPS everywhere. His face is a mask of tangled thoughts, his brain desperately trying to wrap itself around everything he's heard tonight...

INT. MUSEUM MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kane ducks underneath the yellow tape. Hirsh is already there checking out the scene, COPS in blue Crime Scene Unit windbreakers gathering evidence --

KANE

(to Hirsh)

Sorry. I got here as quick as I could.

HIRSH

We got a third one missing. Christopher Logan, age 11. We also got this...

Hirsh ushers Kane over to the stall and the dead Tourist.

HIRSH

Guy's from Cincinnati, in town with his wife to see the sights, catch a few Broadway shows. Seems to have met up with The Human Torch.

KANE

What about the boy?

HIRSH

His Teacher said he was last seen with a Priest.

Kane's breath catches in his throat. Maybe there was something to that crazy story Stone told him.

KANE

Anything else?

Hirsh nods, leads Kane over to the windowsill. Points to a MOIST RESIDUE OF YELLOWISH SLIME.

HIRSH

We found this stuff... here, on the floor, on the body.

Kane approaches the window. He pulls out a POCKETKNIFE, scrapes some of the yellowish slime off the sill and holds the blade up to the light.

CLOSE ON THE BLADE

The yellowish slime is still SIZZLING.

Kane takes out an EVIDENCE BAG, slides the slime off his knife and into the bag.

KANE
(quietly)
Three out of Four.

HIRSH
What?

KANE
You know anything about the Bible?

HIRSH
What part?

KANE
Revelations. Chapter 4.

HIRSH
Sorry, wrong Bible. I belong to the Old
Testament. You go your way, I go Yaweh.

Kane is quiet for a moment. Then --

KANE
I think maybe those kids are still alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON CEMETERY - DAWN

The sun rises over the thousands of headstones which make up
Brooklyn's largest cemetery.

Stone is led through the maze of graves by an old GROUNDS KEEPER...

GROUNDS KEEPER
Almost there...

The Grounds Keeper comes to a stop, points down to a modest
HEADSTONE set in the ground. The INSCRIPTION on the granite
marker simply reads: "**Gilbert Jax 1958 - 1983**". There's
a batch of FRESH-CUT FLOWERS sitting on top of the marker.

GROUNDS KEEPER
You a friend or relative?

STONE
Neither.

GROUNDS KEEPER
So why are you here?

Stone stares down at the grave.

FLASH CUT TO:

STONE'S MEMORY

He's struggling, holding down JAX, the 25-year old MAN who raped his wife. POUNDING DANCE MUSIC from the Club downstairs drowns out Jax's FRANTIC CURSES as Stone STABS a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into the rapist's NECK and the man lets out a SCREAM of pain...

BACK TO:

STONE

shutting his eyes, forcing the images out of his brain.

STONE

Let's just say... he had a big influence on my life.

(a beat)

Who brings the flowers?

GROUNDS KEEPER

His mom. Every week for 15 years. That's the worst, ya' know -- when the parents outlive the children.

Stone keeps staring at the headstone of the man he killed in cold blood.

STONE

Yeah. Maybe it is.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

The yellowish slime now sizzles atop a slide under a MICROSCOPE.

HIRSH (O.S.)

So what's the word, ratboy?

RATNER -- a disheveled police scientist -- stares intently into his microscope.

RATNER

Sodium-Chloride... Urea... and... creepy.

(suddenly unnerved)

It's an $H_2SO_4-NaCl-CO(NH_2)_2$ compound.

Kane and Hirsh give Ratner a look.

KANE

All right, we're impressed, you're a genius. Now what does that mean?

RATNER

Whoever climbed out that window has
one hell of a glandular problem.

(looking up from
his microscope)

Two-thirds of his sweat is made up of
sulfur.

Hirsh stares at Ratner like he's nuts.

HIRSH

What?

Ratner shrugs, looks to Kane for sympathy.

RATNER

Hey, don't kill the messenger.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

A gritty tenement neighborhood.

INT. ANTIQUE COIN SHOP - DAY

Stone watches as the shop's 65 year-old owner, IRWIN
DOLLINGER, inspects the coins Stone found in the Priest's
pants pocket. Dollinger holds a MAGNIFYING LENS up to his
eye and takes a closer look...

DOLLINGER

Hmmm. Thought so.

Dollinger sets the coin and the lens down and retrieves a
REFERENCE BOOK from a dusty shelf. He leafs through it,
finds what he's looking for.

DOLLINGER

Forget about paying for the kid's
college with these, my friend. You
might get a few bucks from a museum.

STONE

What are they?

DOLLINGER

Subway tokens. Circa nineteen-
hundred, give or take a few years.
Bit of a collector's item but not
really valuable.

(shrugging)

Sorry.

Stone picks up the coins and examines them in a new light.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Kane sits glued to a computer screen, scrolling through lists of convicted felons.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

searching through all the "SOLINAS"s -- only one "EDUARDO" -- and when Kane punches up his file, complete with MUG-SHOT, he looks nothing like the Priest.

KANE

(under his breath)

Dammit.

TIBBETS (O.S.)

No luck?

Kane shakes his head as the old-time detective who recognized Stone's face from the police sketch saunters up to him.

KANE

Don't you ever leave the precinct?

TIBBETS

(flashing a
sly grin)

Hell no. I'm only six months away from retirement. Those streets out there are scary to an old man like me.

KANE

If I told you I pumped eight bullets into a guy's legs and he kept on walking... what would you say?

TIBBETS

Kevlar leg-armor. Saw it last month in Soldier Of Fortune Magazine -- \$69.99 a shin.

KANE

You know anything about the departmental computer files?

TIBBETS

A little. Like to keep up with the times.

KANE

I got a name but he's not in the system.
(thinking)
How many years back did they go when
they computerized the case records?

TIBBETS

(shrugging)

It's an ongoing process. Last I heard
they had gotten back to... I don't
know, I think it was '45.

KANE

What about before that?

TIBBETS

Before that you gotta' get your hands
dirty.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - TOKEN BOOTH

The WIND and ROAR of the trains fill the station.
Stone steps up to the steel and glass booth, slips a DOLLAR
to the TOKEN CLERK.

STONE

Two tokens, please -- and a map.

The Clerk glares at Stone like he's nuts, speaks through a
MICROPHONE, his voice ELECTRONICALLY ENHANCED:

TOKEN CLERK

Two tokens is three dollars.

STONE

You're kidding?

TOKEN CLERK

Do I look like a kidder?

Stone grudgingly pulls out two more bucks and slips them to
the Clerk.

STONE

The subway looks exactly the same as
it did 15 years ago. How come I have
to pay three times as much to ride it?

The Clerk angrily slides Stone two tokens and a new SUBWAY MAP.

TOKEN CLERK

Price of bread went up, bread didn't
change. Price of butter went up,
butter didn't change. Whattaya' want
from my freakin' life?

Stone attempts a smile at the gruff Clerk.

STONE

(re: the tokens & map)
Just these.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDS DIVISION - STORAGE BASEMENT

Kane sits in a dimly-lit cavernous labyrinth of metal FILE CABINETS and INDUSTRIAL SHELVING, all filled with endless file folders containing endless records of endless cases. He is surrounded by stacks of the dust-covered folders which he is pouring over like a man possessed.

Kane takes the cover off another box of folders, sending a CLOUD OF DUST into his nostrils. He struggles not to sneeze -- but it's no use. He lets go with a whopper, then winces, pain shooting through his bandaged nose. He digs through the box, quickly scanning the files one-by-one...

Until he suddenly freezes.

CLOSE ON KANE

His eyes lighting up, first with triumph, then with disbelief...

CLOSE ON THE CASE FILE

Containing old, yellowed police records. The year is listed as 1905... the crimes are 8 counts of MURDER... each victim between the ages of 8 and 15... the perpetrator a defrocked Catholic Priest named EDUARDO SOLINAS. Kane carefully turns the yellowed page and reads the final disposition of the case:

KANE

(to himself)

Guilty on all eight counts... sentenced to
death by hanging... sentence carried
out... November 21st, 1906.

Something in the folder catches Kane's eye and his face goes pale. He pulls a faded, TINTYPE PHOTOGRAPH from where it was hidden between the pages of the file...

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

Cracked and flaking from nearly a hundred years of age. A prisoner standing in front of a gallows, awaiting his fate. It is unmistakably the Priest.

OUR VIEW SUDDENLY CUTS TO...

AN UNKNOWN POV

stalking through the maze of file cabinets, closing in from behind on the unsuspecting Kane... a hand REACHING OUT towards the young detective...

KANE

nearly jumps out of his skin as the hand GRABS HIS SHOULDER!

...but it's only Hirsh.

HIRSH

Calm down, Will. You're gonna' give us both a heart attack. Tibbets said I might find you down here.

Kane struggles to keep from hyperventilating.

KANE

Sorry, Lieutenant.

Hirsh pulls out a cheap paperback copy of the Bible.

HIRSH

I got your Revelations right here.
Listen to this:
(reading)

"I was in the spirit and there before me was a throne in Heaven. And in the center, around the throne, were four Living Creatures..."

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANSIT MUSEUM - DAY

A late nineteenth Century mansion squeezed between glass and steel office buildings in the Borough Hall area of Brooklyn.

INT. TRANSIT MUSEUM - DAY

Dust lingers in shafts of sunlight streaming through the hundred-year-old windows. Stone sits surrounded by relics from and models of the New York City Subway System.

An attractive female CURATOR approaches Stone and hands him an antique folded-up MAP --

CURATOR

Here you go -- earliest one we have.

STONE

Thanks.

Stone carefully unfolds the map and begins to inspect it...

CURATOR

You know people complain about government gridlock like it's something new. They finished the first subway line in 1904 -- 40 years after the government officially decided to build it. Had nothing to do with a shortage of ideas or engineers, it was all corrupt politicians fighting over kickbacks.

STONE

I just came from a place filled with corrupt politicians.

CURATOR

Those guys get away with murder.

Stone shakes his head and smiles.

STONE

No they don't.

He pulls out his brand-new subway map, unfolds it and starts comparing it to the brittle old map.

CURATOR

What is it you're looking for?

STONE

This.

CLOSE ON THE NEW AND OLD SUBWAY MAPS

as Stone holds them up, one atop the other, to the sunlight. It creates a TRANSPARENCY EFFECT and we can see the differences between the original subway routes and the current ones.

STONE

(tracing the line
with his finger)

The Eastern fork of the original Lexington Avenue line. No longer in use.

The Curator watches as Stone marks TWO CROSSES on the new subway map with a red pen.

CURATOR

(re: the crosses)

What are those?

Stone runs his finger over the red marks -- the spots where the first two Altar Boys were abducted.

STONE

Churches. Both within a few blocks of the line.

CURATOR

You looking for someplace to pray?

STONE

Someone who prays. Do you know what year they shut down this part of the line?

CURATOR

I think it was during World War One -- at the same time they were expanding to the outer boroughs.

STONE

What happened to the old tunnels?

CURATOR

They're still there. They were never filled in, just sealed up with brick and mortar. I put in a proposal with City Hall to have one of them excavated and turned into a living museum. That was two years ago and they're still taking it "under advisement".

STONE

Some things never change.

CURATOR

(nodding)

Most things.

STONE

(holding up the antique subway map)

Could I borrow this?

CURATOR

That's museum property. It's rather valuable... but I could make you a copy.

Stone smiles at her.

STONE

That would be great.

(suddenly thinking)

Oh, and, I'd like to donate these to the museum...

Stone hands the Curator the antique subway tokens. She gives him a smile.

CURATOR

You know, Detective, the museum closes at six. If you're not doing anything, I could tell you more about the history of New York's underground... over a drink.

Stone is taken offguard.

STONE

I'm... very flattered but... I'm married.

CURATOR

(disappointed)

Too bad. I'll get you that copy.

The Curator turns and walks off, leaving Stone alone.

STONE

(to himself)

...not to mention dead.

CUT TO:

THE PRIEST

sitting in DARKNESS, his face lit only by the DANCING FIRELIGHT of SEVEN CANDLES.

PRIEST

"From the throne came flashes of lightning, rumblings and peals of thunder..."

The Priest's voice is accompanied by OTHER SOUNDS: The RUMBLE of a subway car passing nearby... a muffled WHIMPERING... the SCRAPING of steel against wood...

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the Priest is sitting atop a pile of rusted old SUBWAY TRACK RAILS, surrounded by a sea of BROKEN GLASS. He is using a small carving knife to WHITTLE the end of the wooden Crucifix he took from the wall of his Rectory apartment into a RAZOR SHARP POINT. On a small folding CARD TABLE in front of him sit FOUR CEREMONIAL MASKS he has made from glue, feathers, fake fur and the LEATHER PIECES cut from the old easy chair back in his apartment.

PRIEST (CONT.)

"Before the throne, seven candles were blazing. These are the Seven Spirits of God. Also before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal."

Behind the Priest, chained up and gagged, are three terrified CHILDREN -- little Christopher Logan and the missing Altar Boys.

PRIEST (CONT.)

"In the center, around the throne were Four Living Creatures, and they were covered with eyes, in front and in back..."

They are stripped to the waist, their bodies covered with EYES which have been scrawled on their flesh by magic markers and crayons.

Another subway car RUMBLES past in the distance.

The Priest rises, picks up the masks and begins to slip them over the heads of the terrified boys...

PRIEST

"The First Living Creature was like a lion... the Second was like a Calf... the Third had a face like a Man. And the Fourth..."

The Priest stares down at the last mask, a crude reproduction of the beak and wings of an EAGLE.

PRIEST

The Fourth will be revealed unto me... tonight.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A lean WILD DOG overturns a trash can and tears at its contents, searching for food. Suddenly its hackles rise, its muscles tense and it lets out a low, threatening GROWL...

Stone emerges from an alleyway behind the Dog. The Dog sees Stone, lets out a terrified YELP and goes scurrying off down the street.

Stone kneels down beside an iron SUBWAY ACCESS GRATE and heaves. He pulls up the grating, lowers himself onto an iron LADDER, shuts the grate behind him and starts CLIMBING DOWN...

INT. UNDERGROUND

Stone makes his way down the ladder, the dim streetlight above him growing fainter and fainter as he descends deeper into the bowels of the city...

Stone reaches the bottom, pulls out a FLASHLIGHT and flicks it on. He pulls out his copy of the antique subway map, along with his modern subway map, aims himself in the right direction and starts walking, the flashlight's bright beam piercing the inky blackness...

Stone advances deeper into the shadows, crossing several sets of subway tracks, moving his flashlight over the walls...

Stone suddenly stops. His flashlight beam has found the East fork of the Lexington Avenue Line that was SEALED-UP before World War I -- only it's not sealed-up any more. An ENTRANCEWAY has been broken through the 80 year-old brick and mortar.

Stone slips the maps back in his pockets and pulls out his gun. He grips the flashlight tight in his other hand and climbs through...

INT. 1904 SUBWAY TUNNEL

Stone creeps through the shadows of the Turn-of-the-Century tunnel. He climbs up onto a PLATFORM and shifts the beam of his flashlight, illuminating a wider section of the tunnel...

It's another world down here. A rotted, dilapidated time-capsule of turn-of-the-Century New York, decorative tiles slowly disintegrating, mildewed VAUDEVILLE POSTERS being eaten away by time.

Stone's eye is caught by one poster showing a tuxedoed MAGICIAN doing battle with a red-skinned, horned LUCIFER. The copy reads:

"STARTING NOVEMBER 11th AT THE GRAND STREET THEATER:
CARTER BEATS THE DEVIL!"

STONE

Good luck, Carter.

In the distance the faint RUMBLINGS of an active subway train passes somewhere on the other side of these age-old walls...

Stone keeps moving forward, suddenly steps on something, hears a "CLINKING" NOISE... swings his flashlight down...

OLD SUBWAY TOKENS litter the mud-encrusted floor beneath his feet -- the same kind of tokens he found in the pants pocket of the Priest.

Another train passes on the active side of the wall, on a much closer track than the last one, causing the old platform to VIBRATE -- THE VIBRATIONS LOOSEN A CHUNK OF CEILING, WHICH SUDDENLY COLLAPSES ONTO STONE -- along with a pile of HUMAN BONES!

Stone regains his composure and examines the bones... they are the final remains of FOUR CHILD-SIZE SKELETONS. CHAINED together in the last moments of life, they have remained so in death -- a third set of child victims the turn-of-the-century authorities didn't know about.

Stone reverently touches the aged and brittle bone. There is a jagged HOLE stabbed through each of the brittle rib cages -- right above where the little hearts must have been before they turned to dust.

He listens as still another subway train RUMBLES by in the distance... then his ears prick up at a different SOUND.

The sound of WHIMPERING echoing through the tunnel...

Stone starts moving fast towards the sound, picking up his pace as he goes... At the far end of the platform he reaches an IRON DOOR which has been BOLTED AND LOCKED. The whimpering is coming from the other side. Stone aims his pistol at the lock and squeezes the trigger -- the GUNSHOT ECHOES through the underground chamber at painful volume, the bolt splintering into chunks of rusty metal.

INT. STORAGE HOUSE

The door opens and Stone cautiously steps inside...

It is the Priest's HIDDEN CHAMBER, a sprawling dank cavern, once home to repair and replacement material for the entire Lexington Line -- now filled with cobwebs and dripping water eroding what little remains of the original tiled wood floor and cement walls. In some places the water damage has been so severe that you can see where this chamber was dug out of the earth itself.

The seven ritualistic candles barely illuminate three CHIMERAS -- half-man, half-beast, hundreds of EYES staring through the blackness...

The CAPTIVE CHILDREN hidden under Solinas's twisted ceremonial masks, the crayon eyes still on their flesh.

Stone quickly reaches the kids, removes the masks and their gags. The children instantly break into frantic terrified pleas --

ALTAR BOY #1

Get us out of here! Please, before he comes back!

ALTAR BOY #2

He's gonna' kill us all! HE'S GONNA' KILL US!

Stone quickly tries to calm the boys --

STONE

Listen to me. He's not going to hurt you, I promise. I'm a policeman. Is everybody okay?

The Boys tentatively nod, traumatized but still alive and kicking.

STONE (CONT.)

Everybody stay calm and don't move. I'm gonna' set you guys free.

Stone carefully aims for the spot where the boys hands are CHAINED UP to the wall -- then FIRES, setting the boys free, his shots ROARING through the confined space like a thunderstorm.

Stone looks the Boys over: weeks of captivity have reduced the two Altar Boys to a near-feral state -- but Christopher, the boy who was kidnapped from the Museum, hasn't been here long enough to totally lose it yet. Stone leans close to the small child and speaks.

STONE

The man who did this, do you know where he is?

Christopher looks at Stone with a grim certainty that no 11-year old should have.

CHRISTOPHER

He went to get another kid.

Stone sees the Eagle Mask sitting on the old card table.

STONE

We've gotta' get out of here, fast.
Everybody hold hands and don't let go
no matter what.

The boys nervously grip each others hands, then Christopher reaches out and grips Stone's hand. Stone gives them a reassuring nod, points his flashlight into the darkness and quickly leads the boys out of the Storage House...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Hirsh drives, Kane in the passenger seat --

HIRSH

There's another explanation, Will.
People do not come back from the dead.

KANE

What about the physical evidence --
and the photo?

HIRSH

Nothing proves this guy is anything
other than a demented psycho. As to
the 100 year old photograph, so what?
I see people all the time who look
alike. My cousin looks like Abraham
Lincoln. Did my cousin free the
slaves? I don't think so.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND

Stone and the line of boys make it to the base of the iron ladder reaching to the street above. He kneels down and stares into their eyes --

STONE

Okay, guys, you did great. Anybody
afraid of heights?

The kids all shake their heads.

STONE

Good. You're gonna' come up at 21st and 3rd Avenue. There's a pay-phone on the corner. Call the police and ask for Detective Kane. You'll be safe if you all stay together.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm scared. You have to come with us.

STONE

I'm sorry. I have to stay here and find the man who did this and make sure he never does it again. You understand?

Christopher slowly nods. Stone helps him onto the ladder. The small boy hesitates... then takes a deep breath and starts climbing towards the top. Stone starts helping the other boys onto the ladder, one by one...

SUDDENLY STONE THINKS HE HEARS SOMETHING FROM THE SHADOWS -- spins around, stabbing his flashlight at the darkness...

Nothing.

He takes a deep breath and helps the last Boy onto the ladder...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A small hand grips the grating and pushes it open...

Christopher squeezes through and turns to help pull the other two boys out of the hole. He glances down the street, to the corner, spots a PAY-PHONE...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Hirsh's WALKIE-TALKIE suddenly SQUAWKS to life:

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
Unit Seven, respond.

HIRSH (INTO WALKIE-TALKIE)
This is Unit Seven responding.

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
We just received a 911 -- a young Male, 11 years old, corner of 21st and 3rd. Uniforms are responding, but he asked for Detective Kane by name.

Hirsh and Kane exchange a look.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE HOUSE

Stone squats in the Priest's hideaway, illuminated by the flickering candlelight. Calmly reloading bullets into the chambers of his pistol, waiting for the Priest to return...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Hirsh and Kane's car pulls up -- they are the first ones on the scene. The street is deserted except for Christopher and the two Altar Boys, huddling together next to the pay-phone -- their naked torsos and arms still covered with the painted eyes.

HIRSH

My God.

KANE

It's them.

Kane and Hirsh quickly strip off their coats and wrap them around the boys.

KANE

Is everybody okay?

Hirsh glances down the street and spots the open subway grating, turns to Kane --

HIRSH

I'm goin' down.

KANE

I'm goin' with you.

HIRSH

No. Call EMS and call for more backup. Stay with the kids until somebody else gets here.

Hirsh draws his weapon and races for the grating...

INT. UNDERGROUND

Hirsh cautiously descends the iron ladder and reaches the bottom. He pulls out a CIGARETTE LIGHTER and flicks it on, illuminating the few feet in front of his face. He moves deeper into the darkness, gun in one hand, tiny flame in the other...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Kane takes out the tintype photo of Solinas and shows it to the boys --

KANE

Is this him?

The kids all nod.

CHRISTOPHER

There was another man -- the policeman.

KANE

Policeman?

CHRISTOPHER

The one who saved us. The one who said to call you.

The look on Kane's face says it all: Stone -- it has to be.

INT. UNDERGROUND

Hirsh reaches the broken entranceway to the East Fork. An unseen subway train RUMBLES by in the distance and the flame of Hirsh's lighter suddenly FLICKERS OUT, plunging the tunnel into absolute blackness.

HIRSH

Dammit.

Hirsh flicks the lighter several times, TINY SPARKS flashing through the shadows until the full flame returns to life --

Revealing THE PRIEST standing directly in front of Hirsh, a struggling, bound & gagged 4th LITTLE BOY in one hand, the WOODEN CRUCIFIX with the RAZOR-SHARP POINT in the other!

KA-CHUNK!

The Priest brings the Crucifix down into Hirsh's chest before the veteran cop can react.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Horn -- the blind priest -- is at the pulpit, leading his small congregation in the evening mass...

FATHER HORN

Now turn to the brother or sister
beside you and impart to them the most
perfect of our Lord's many blessings,
the blessing of peace.

The Congregants each shake hands and exchange spiritual
greetings: "Peace be with you..." "...And also with you."

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE HOUSE

Stone's ears prick up -- this time he's sure he heard
something from the darkness...

He raises his .38, aims for the open doorway, tightens his
finger on the trigger...

One more subway train rolls by somewhere in the distance...

SUDDENLY SOMEONE STEPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY --

Stone freezes in confusion.

It's the Struggling Boy, the last of the "Four Creatures", still
bound and gagged, his eyes wide with terror.

Stone starts to lower his gun...

THE PRIEST SUDDENLY EMERGES FROM AN ACCESS TUNNEL HIDDEN IN
THE SHADOWS BEHIND STONE AND SMASHES HIM ACROSS THE HEAD WITH
A PIECE OF TRACK RAIL!

Stone drops his gun and crumples to the floor. He struggles
to fight back but the Priest SMASHES him again with the rail,
SCREAMING at Stone in rage --

PRIEST

You ruined it!

The Priest SMASHES Stone again with the iron rail --

PRIEST

I was about to send them back to
Heaven! Without them, the Revelations
cannot take place, Christ cannot
return and mankind cannot be
redeemed! Do you hear me? MANKIND
CANNOT BE REDEEMED!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Horn raises the cup of wine and plate of wafers.

FATHER HORN

..."This wine, it is my blood, drink
of it, and this bread, it is my flesh,
eat of it."

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE HOUSE

The Priest pins the battered Stone to the ground, yellow
beads of SIZZLING SULFURIC SWEAT running down his brow --

PRIEST

I know who you are -- you're a soldier of
Satan, an agent of the Antichrist! The
Ones who conspired to cast me down into
the Pit, who tried to keep me from my
Holy Task! But I am a soldier of God and
I have escaped from your fiery realm!
You can't stop me! I'll find them again
and I'll send them back to Heaven -- I'LL
SEND THEM ALL BACK TO HEAVEN!

SUDDENLY -- KERBLAMM!!! -- a SHOT rings out, knocking the
track rail from the Priest's hands.

It's Kane, at the doorway, the Little Boy hiding behind him.

KANE

DON'T MOVE!

The Priest just LAUGHS maniacally and grabs up the razor-sharp
crucifix...

KERBLAMM!!! KERBLAMM!!! KERBLAMM!!! KERBLAMM!!! KERBLAMM!!!

Kane EMPTIES HIS CLIP directly into the Priest's chest.

Nothing.

The Priest's laugh MUTATES into an UNEARTHLY DEMONIC ROAR as
he raises the crucifix, about to plunge it into Stone's EYES!

Kane CHARGES at the Priest, SMASHING INTO HIM, knocking him
away from Stone --

The Priest stumbles back, tries to throw Kane aside, but the
young detective has LOCKED HIS ARMS AROUND The Priest's neck
and won't let go --

From the floor of the chamber, a stunned Stone YELLS to Kane:

STONE

HIS EYES!

Kane tries to GOUGE AT THE PRIEST'S EYES, but the Priest lets out another UNEARTHLY ROAR and CHARGES BACKWARDS, SMASHING them both into a wall!

Kane SCREAMS in agony, feels something SNAP, hopefully not his spine --

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Congregants flock to Father Horn, who places a wafer in each one's mouth and gives them a sip of wine --

FATHER HORN

The body of Christ, the blood of
Christ... the body of Christ, the blood
of Christ... the body of Christ --

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE HOUSE

The Priest rears up and SMASHES BACKWARDS once again, CRUNCHING KANE INTO THE WALL!

Kane's grip is starting to loosen now, the pain getting to him --

The Priest rears back to crush Kane one more time, HURTLES BACKWARDS INTO THE WALL -- but this time the wall gives way, both the Priest and Kane SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH IT --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

-- and onto an active subway track, right in front of a SPEEDING TRAIN!

Kane releases his grip on the Priest and SCRAMBLES OFF THE TRACK --

THE SUBWAY TRAIN SLAMS INTO THE PRIEST'S BODY, DRAGGING IT UNDER THE WHEELS...

Kane sits pressed against the track wall, the roaring train WHIPPING PAST just inches from his face...

In a matter of seconds the train passes over, leaving the Priest's body a motionless, mangled heap.

Kane just sits there, gasps a huge sigh of relief...

...when suddenly the Priest RISES TO HIS FEET, unharmed.

His mangled body completely back to normal.

A TERRIFYING GRIN on his face.

PRIEST

"Behold I am coming soon! My reward
is with me and I will give to everyone
according to what he has done!"

SUDDENLY --

STONE (O.S.)

SOLINAS!

The Priest spins to see Stone standing in the gaping hole
smashed in the subway wall, his gun aimed straight for the
Priest's head.

Stone fires twice.

Bullseye.

The Priest's eyeballs EXPLODE -- not with blood, but with the
HOWLING, ETHEREAL BURST OF MULTI-COLORED SPIRITUAL ENERGY
that is his SOUL erupting from his body, SWIRLING THROUGH THE
AIR AND BEING SUCKED BACK DOWN TO HELL...

He SCREAMS one last, bloodcurdling scream, then collapses,
his BODY starting to MELT AWAY and SEEP back into the
Earth...

Until he disappears from our reality altogether, leaving
nothing... but his empty CLOTHES.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Horn smiles as he completes his service --

FATHER HORN

...God's kingdom come, God's will be
done -- on earth, even as it is in
heaven. Amen.

The entire congregation responds with a heart-felt "Amen."

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Stone staggers over to Kane and helps the stunned young cop to his feet -- just in time for Kane to stare slack-jawed as one of the RUNIC TATTOOS -- the Priest's name in the language of Hell -- begins to GLOW with an OTHERWORLDLY FLAME... then BURNS AWAY FROM THE FLESH OF STONE'S FOREARM, leaving a patch of BARE SKIN where the tattoo used to be.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

POLICE CARS and EMS trucks sit gathered around an emotional reunion between PARENTS and their sons...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Stone and Kane stand watching from atop the corner building.

Kane is holding the Priest's empty collar and robes in his hands. His young face bears a Thousand Yard Stare -- although his body is here, his mind, at least for the moment, has been lost.

STONE

You okay?

Kane determinedly shakes his head, manages a grim smile.

KANE

I don't think so.

(a beat)

Everything you told me... all this...
it's insane.

STONE

Not as insane as interleague play.

Kane gives him a look.

KANE

What?

STONE

(shrugging)

Nothing.

(a beat)

Sorry about your partner.

KANE

(softly)

Yeah. At least the kids made it.

A moment of silence between the two men.
A thought suddenly strikes Kane.

KANE

It might not matter but... when I was
going over your file...

(a beat)

Your wife's still collecting your death
benefits. She lives somewhere in
Arizona. I can't remember the town.

A flicker of emotion crosses Stone's face.
He takes a deep breath, struggles to keep himself in check.

STONE

What you said before... on the roof of
the Church... you were right. I am
guilty. Maybe... if I was in the same
place, the same moment... if I had it
to do all over again... I don't know.

Stone's voice trails off in self-doubt.
Kane silently nods in understanding.

KANE

So what happens now? You keep tracking
them down?

STONE

That's my job. Beats burning in hell.

KANE

And that's it? I'm just supposed to
forget about all this, pretend it
never happened?

Stone shrugs.

STONE

That... or write up your report and
have everyone in the Department
dismiss you as a raving lunatic. If
you're lucky you'll end up on "Phil
Donahue".

Kane mulls this over for a difficult moment.

KANE

There's no more "Donahue". It's
"Jerry Springer".

Stone chuckles.

STONE

At least tell me Carson's still
hosting the "Tonight Show".

Now it's Kane's turn to chuckle. He rises to his feet...

KANE

Well. I better get going. Gotta'
come up with something to put in that
report.

(a beat)

I guess it's not so bad. Knowing all
this...

(glancing up at the stars)

... how everything works.

Kane turns and heads for the rooftop door...
Stone watches him, suddenly calls out --

STONE

Kane.

The young detective stops, turns back to Stone.

Stone stares long and hard at Kane.
Then smiles.

STONE

Thanks for your help, officer.

Kane nods, disappears through the roof exit, shutting the
door behind him.

Stone stands all alone on the rooftop, staring down at a city
drenched in darkness...

Then...

FLAMES

fill the screen.

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END