

T H E   K N I F E   S A L E S M A N

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FADE IN:

...as fluorescent bulbs flicker to life, illuminating:

DISEMBODIED FACES... extraordinarily lifelike masks, dangling clustered from a wall. We are:

INT. A DARK CELLAR -- DAY? NIGHT? **##PRESENT DAY##**

We'll get our bearings down here soon enough. For now, swaying bulbs throw shadows over an opened chest freezer as a SHADOWY FIGURE heaves a dead body inside it.

The Shadowy Figure SLAMS the lid to:

REELING BLACKNESS. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

The blackness is actually road sucking up under a speeding TESLA. Taillights glimmer through a pissing rain, braking hard at train tracks as the crossing barrier flashes down.

A train is coming...

INT. TESLA -- NIGHT

We find the man behind the wheel steeling his nerves on a rail of cocaine. The jacket: Gucci. Cornrows: hot pink. His facial hair: manicured into hieroglyphic-like shapes.

MIKEY FOXXX (41, acts 21) is a porno-directing, self-proclaimed white-trash millionaire with a punchable face, and someone agreed: Foxxx's right arm hangs in a sling.

Dusting coke from his nose, he flinches. Someone's here.

FOXXX

Mother fuck - you scared me.

The MAN at his window grips a steel briefcase: This is THE KNIFE SALESMAN. We don't see his face. Doors unlock and -

The Knife Salesman slides into the back. For a moment, nothing is said as we realize A NEW NOISE has entered our consciousness: the DISTANTKEENING of an approaching train.

Foxxx shifts anxiously in his seat. And then just starts talking, just brave chatter masking fear.

FOXXX (CONT'D)

I was thinking. It's a long drive up and I was thinking about money, ya know? The pictures - I had to do it - I feel bad.

NORTH

No you don't.

FOXXX

No. I don't. Actually sorta proud of my artistry. It helps being hungry-

*KEENING BUILDS* as Foxxx passes a flash drive to The Salesman.

FOXXX (CONT'D)

Literally hungry to get to the figurative end.

The Salesman POPS the locks on his briefcase. Antique knives inside: a boning and a pairing, a butcher's and a cleaver.

In a blur, The Salesman's forearm SMASHES into Foxxx's throat, yanks him into the headrest. Knife to his jugular as the car vibrates, then rattles - shaking now, uncontrollably -

...TRAAAIINN!!! METAL SQUEALS AGAINST METAL - a roaring behemoth thunders by - tossing them about the car, when -

Foxxx breaks free. Eyes wild, aiming a pistol, but - The Salesman flips the gun around in Foxxx's hands - SNAPS his wrist - field-strips the gun - tossing pieces aside as -

Foxxx scrambles -

OUTSIDE OF THE CAR

- and slips in the rain. His ass smashes pavement. Searing pain. He looks up, sees the advancing Salesman. Instantly, Foxxx's body seizes in terror. He inches away, horrified...

FOXXX (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you?

THE KNIFE SALESMAN (O.S.)

Who are you - that's the better question, Mikey. Seven years ago a girl was murdered--

FOXXX

--Fuck's that gotta do with me? I never killed nobody--

The Salesman kneels. His suit looks executive or legal, but his cornrows are a familiar pink. His facial hair is manicured into equally familiar, hieroglyphic-like shapes.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN (O.S.)  
 But you knew and didn't stop it.  
 And for that you owe a debt, Mister  
 Foxxx. A debt only payable in  
 blood. What I am is the collector.  
Who I am--

The Knife Salesman puts his face so close to Foxxx's that their noses touch. He and Foxxx have exactly the SAME FACE.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN / "FOXXX"  
 --is you.

The Salesman's blade: a glimmering blur. Foxxx's throat: an opened mess - sputtering blood in founts as he dies and -

Now The Salesman is in motion - taking Foxxx's watch, rings, chains - locking his body in the trunk, climbing -

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

...reaching into the briefcase. Lifting away this whole top tray of knives reveals a hidden compartment with a matte black, iPad-sized device inside: The Mechanical Mask Kiln.

With a wave of his hand, The Kiln responds - its lid rising on hissing pistons - steam billowing out by the cloudful as -

The Salesman reaches into his own mouth and tears, ripping it open impossibly wide. And then wider - wait. *What the fuck?*

He peels off his entire face. Realizing it's just a mask as we're suddenly confronted by the man beneath it:

The scar on his head loops back like a question-mark. His blank face is almost a mask itself - expressionlessly void of desire or hope. The light long extinguished from his eyes.

...the hair on his arm stands up - something in the rearview - he jerks away, shaking. He can't breathe.

We meet MARK HOLLOWAY (40) cowering.

...because he is absolutely terrified of the mirror.

SIENNA (V.O.)  
 Daddy?

A WALL OF SOUND AS A SEMI TRUCK REELS BY. We are:

INT./EXT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- DAY     **##HOLLOWAY'S MEMORY##**

Dreamlike... random images of SIENNA, an 8-year-old girl.  
Jump cuts of details: tucking her hair behind her ear...  
smelling flowers... an adorable little smile... We love her.

HOLLOWAY'S MEMORY sequences find YOUNG HOLLOWAY seven years ago, aged 33: hopeful, expressive and full of life. HE DOES NOT YET HAVE HIS QUESTION-MARK SHAPED SCAR.

IN THE DANCE STUDIO: (small, in-home - more on this later)  
Young Holloway looks down to find a tiny hand on his knee -  
looks right, finding Sienna wide-eyed with a playful grin.

SIENNA

You're it.

And she's already gone - disappearing behind a SLIDING WALL MIRROR, following this SECRET PASSAGE to -

A DARK CELLAR - where Young Holloway gives chase - crossing into blinding, white light as Sienna's DISTANT LAUGHTER echoes with sunlight through trees moving through -

A SUMMER GARDEN - where she heads straight for the road. Not watching where she's going - a look over her shoulder as -

Young Holloway laughs after her, running the grounds of their sprawling house on the river. A blissful moment. Then:

The moment rots.

...as the SEMI TRUCK barrels toward Sienna. Confusion as she registers the panic in Holloway's eyes. Our stomachs... a slow... grueling... turn. Stepping into the road, Sienna looks back and - the truck... It's there. No chance - BOOM!

A JOLT- EYES FLICK OPEN, WAKING IN DARKNESS. We are:

EXT. UNDER THE I-470 OVERPASS -- DAY     **##THE PAST##**

Eyes belong to a dirty, bearded young man's face: Young Holloway, just five years ago in THE PAST, aged 35. Blank face, dead eyes. He WILL HAVE HIS SCAR in these sequences.

TENT CITY. Roaming JUNKIES. Despair, poverty, addiction. Young Holloway on a cot in this encampment. His deadpan eyes are fixed in an empty stare at a point in space.

...until a rail-thin, strung-out blonde plops onto his cot. TINA (25) cradles a bag of dope, offering a fist of cash.

Young Holloway's look says, Keep it. Pleased, Tina stuffs the cash into her bra. Pours dope onto a spoon, stops.

She shivers - sweating, but freezing cold. She needs this fix, yet she considers Young Holloway. And we see it in her eyes: she feels sorry for him - almost begging to help:

TINA

Maybe just do it? Just a little bit, just this once. I bet it'd work better. Bet it'd help.

No response. His eyes are vacant. We read nothing. We're not sure he's heard her. We're not sure he's even thinking. Tina just nods - was worth a shot...

QUICK CUTS: Tina FLICKS A LIGHTER- SLAPS A VEIN- SHOOTS UP and MOANS A PLEASURE SIGH. She can't keep her eyes open. And she doesn't want to. She slumps and nods off.

Young Holloway's vacant stare continues...until his eyes roll back. He lets out a pleasure sigh and can't keep them open. Is he somehow high, too? He slumps and nods off to:

EXT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- DAY **##HOLLOWAY'S MEMORY##**

Dreamlike... details, just snatches of Sienna... tying her shoe... crying... laughing... riding on daddy's shoulders...

SIENNA (V.O.)

I'll never be pretty...

INT. DANCE STUDIO, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Sienna frowns in the mirror of an elegant makeup vanity. Young Holloway takes a knee, nipping a bad idea in the bud:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

What? Don't say that - why would you say that?

She's dressed for a dance recital, but her makeup... she's attempted to do it herself, and:

SIENNA

I don't have the right colors... I can't do it.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Who can't do it? You know what to do when you can't do something?

Sienna shakes her head, no. Young Holloway leans in over her shoulder, their eyes meet at the mirror.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
 You look in the mirror - *head up...  
 shoulders back... there ya go* - you  
 look that girl in the eye. And--  
 (he waves)  
 --wave goodbye to whoever's in  
 there.  
 (she waves)  
 ...and just like that, you're  
 someone else. The girl who can't is  
 gone. And now?

Sienna's curious eyes consider her reflection. She just might believe it.

SIENNA  
 Now I'm someone who can?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
 Not if you don't believe it.

Head up. Shoulders back. Eye to eye with her reflection.

SIENNA  
 Now I'm someone who can.

Young Holloway smiles, but - pause. She's just caught him looking at her makeup. Terrible poker face. They're right back where they started:

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
 Daddy, fix it - pleeease...

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
 I don't think daddy can fix that.

Her sarcasm is legendary. She mocks him -

SIENNA  
 Oh it's okay, daddy.  
 (she waves)  
 Just be someone else.

Young Holloway doesn't know what to do with the girl - shaking his head, smiling. No words. The bond here is deep.

...so he just starts tickling her...

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
 (in YODA's voice)  
 Fix that, daddy can not.

...and he's stopping - *there's something in his hands...*

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
(in YODA's voice)  
But try, he will.

...a gift box...he's opening it...her eyes widen...

...revealing a small, glimmering compact makeup palette and mirror. Young Holloway's face says it all:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
(his own voice)  
Beautiful are you.

Sienna throws her arms around him. As Young Holloway regards her through the mirror, his face becomes emotional and suddenly we're back at:

EXT. UNDER THE I-470 OVERPASS -- RESUMING **##THE PAST##**

- where Young Holloway stirs, waking, emotional. Drug-sweats and trembling, oddly, from dope he never actually touched.

...as SIRENS bleed in.

Young Holloway staggers to his feet. Orients himself. Eyes, roving... a sobering sight: Cops shaking down tents, junkies under arrest - it's a drug raid.

He bails. Hobbling across the street now. Shit, there's A COP on the corner - *turn back - act natural* - TWO MORE COPS coming this way - *shit - turn - cut - cross back over* -

Young Holloway heading back the way he came. Trying to look sober. Pulse just starting to race. Turning back fast as ANOTHER SIREN starts bleet- Bleet- BLEETING in behind him -

...just an AMBULANCE...

Young Holloway walking faster. Forcing himself to focus. And *fuck* - ANOTHER COP - just finished cuffing a JUNKIE - looking up at Young Holloway now - staring him down and -

He's trying not to panic - *don't run - stay small - get to the corner* - but The Cop... He's watching him go and -

...and he's getting up - following him - he's running now - charging Young Holloway and -

Young Holloway pivots - WHAM! Decks The Cop in the mouth, knocking out a tooth. But The Cop is quick to counter - his gun CRACKS Young Holloway in the head and -



EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

FLICKER. BUZZ. FLUORESCENT BULBS. We are:

INT. A DARK CELLAR -- RESUMING **##PRESENT DAY##**

Let's get those bearings I promised:

Flickering lights reveal a windowless room. Damp. Cold. Shelves of evidence boxes. Small sink. A chest freezer hums in the corner. Dry, WEATHERED HANDS click a padlock to it.

SAME HANDS dig through evidence - stopping at Sienna's compact mirror. Its luster now lost to time. Hands push the grime away, bringing the compact to the face of -

...DAVID NORTH (50). An old soul. Lines settled into a sweet face. Although uncommonly handsome, he looks exhausted - as if he's been in this room, working and awake for days.

North sets the compact aside - spreads a file on the shelves. As he reads, his eyes slowly float away from the page and hover, landing on the compact, words echoing in his mind...

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.)(PRELAP)  
We wanna understand an artist?  
We'd look at the artwork. We wanna  
understand a killer...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, PRECINCT -- DAY

Lights off. Shades drawn. Few tables and few chairs in rows. North awaits an answer from a handful of NEW RECRUITS.

FEMALE RECRUIT  
We look at the killings?

Still PRESENT DAY (as in the cellar), so North's still fifty. But he looks well-rested here, livelier.

He reveals a smile so warm it's contagious. A quick wink before his voice comes with a raspy, southern drawl:

NORTH  
Let's give 'em a look.

North clicks. A projector flares. The image: a black business card with "The Knife Salesman" etched on the front.

Recruits feel the weight of this image, shifting in their seats - stiffening in attention as a HUSH sweeps the room.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
 Five years ago, we found Ken Foley  
 zip-tied to a swing.

He clicks. The new image: a playground... a crime scene...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY **##THE PAST##**

Unforgiving wind. Rain falling in sheets. Floodlights angled at the swings. Police line ropes the scene from a gathering crowd. An unmarked car rolls in and...

CHASE MEYER steps out. At 28, YOUNG MEYER is too tall and too good-looking to not be ambitious. He struts through grinning, raising the police line above his head as -

...YOUNG NORTH (43, here in THE PAST) ducks under it. Young Meyer marches forth. Friendly and all smiles until he stops cold - choking back vomit at first sight of the body.

YOUNG MEYER  
 JESUS--

Bruised wrists are zip-tied to the swing's chains. Sneakers sway over mulch. This is KEN FOLEY. He was 16 and (depicted as mercifully as possible) his face has been skinned off.

Young Meyer positions his back to the body. He won't be looking again. North sucks a cigarette. Unfazed by the body, irked by the gawking crowd.

YOUNG NORTH  
 This ain't a circus. Get the card.

YOUNG MEYER  
 Yeah. Hey!

Beat Cop with coffee: OFFICER DUNCAN (32). A hefty Good Ole' Boy under a \$7 buzzcut. Meyer throws his weight around:

YOUNG MEYER (CONT'D)  
 Just gonna leave him up there?

DUNCAN  
 We were waitin' for you.

YOUNG MEYER  
 Still?

Duncan rolls his eyes - scoffs off.

Young North digs The Salesman's Business Card out of the dead boy's pocket. Pain in his eyes, he lays a hand on the boy's shoulder and lingers there, lost in his own head a moment.

YOUNG NORTH  
Me and Asèlie... we been talkin'  
about kids...  
(then)  
Sick or not, we need him.

Young Meyer tries saying nothing, but it just falls out.

YOUNG MEYER  
Bringing him back won't fix it.

No response. Young North pats the dead kid on his shoulder and stomps out his cigarette before drifting back to his car.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- SAME

North's car travels along West Virginia Route 2 just outside of Wheeling. Crosses dirt roads through cascading hills. Through immense and seemingly untouched natural beauty.

...until the road hurls through a bleak town in the furnace of Coal Country - a colorless world of sagging buildings and cracking streets... even the grass seems gray here...

INT. CELL BLOCK, JAIL -- SAME

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS as Young North trails a SCRAWNY JAIL GUARD down a dark row of cells. Shadowy Occupants pacing... muttering -

...with the final cell pulling into view, Scrawny Guard flips through a report. Doesn't believe what he's reading.

SCRAWNY GUARD  
Tox screen says he's clean.

Off Young North's look, Guard leaves for answers. Once he's sure they're alone - POW! Young North punches the cell door.

YOUNG NORTH  
Dammit, Mark--

Young Holloway drug-sweats and shivers inside the cell. Young North watches. Helpless.

NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
 --Mark Holloway, The Knife  
 Salesman. Well... the new one,  
 anyway.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, PRECINCT -- RESUMING **##PRESENT DAY##**

Returning to the older North and New Recruits as before:

North clicks. MUG SHOT: CHARLES LONG. A balding, boring, painfully average man if not for the fact that he's just had the fuck beat out of him. 50 years old. 50 pounds overweight. His hair, as always, parted down the middle.

NORTH  
 The Original Knife Salesman was a  
 paranoid schizophrenic by the name  
 of Charles Long. Charles Long was  
 murdered five years ago by his...  
 successor--

North clicks. The image: Young North and Young Holloway.  
 Fresh-faced, new academy graduates.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
 Mark Holloway was the best  
 detective in this unit. A brain  
 injury triggered a unique condition  
 known as Reflective Imprinting  
 Syndrome... and it made him even  
 better.

*WHOOSH! The SEMI TRUCK reels by. We are:*

EXT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- RESUMING **##HOLLOWAY'S MEMORY##**

Returning to Holloway's Memory as the truck SKIDS to a late stop. Sienna lies motionless in the grass. A long, dead pause. Then life: she breathes. Her eyes dart about.

She wasn't hit.

Sienna pushes herself up to hands and knees. Slowly, she turns her head to one side. Panic flashes across her face.

Young Holloway. Blood spilling from his head. If we didn't know better already, we'd say he was dead. Sienna screams.

*...riding this sound into:*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT **##THE PAST##**

Young Holloway. A comatose mess of tubes and wires. Sienna sobs bedside. She's in pieces.

NORTH (V.O.)  
*The accident scrambled his psyche.  
 Made it hard for him to understand  
 who he was anymore...*

Young Holloway's eyelids twitch. He's waking up. Bellowing a throaty, GUTTURAL MOAN... a SERIES OF SHOTS:

GYM: Physical Therapy. He's relearning to walk. Takes a quivering step along parallel bars. Sienna hides her eyes. He falls. Hard.

NORTH (V.O.)  
*His brain tries to right itself by  
 tuning in to the psyches of  
 whoever's around.*

DOWNTOWN: Faces. Anonymous people living anonymous lives. ...until we recognize one: Young Holloway. A WOMAN ON HER PHONE frowns as she passes behind him. Though he never sees her he, without apparent reason, begins frowning too.

NORTH (V.O.)  
*He can be anyone. A kid on the  
 bus...*

CITY BUS: Young Holloway with earbuds. MUSIC BLARING. Head banging. A few seats over, a TEENAGE PUNK does the same.

NORTH (V.O.)  
*A junkie under the freeway...*

UNDER THE I-470 OVERPASS: Tina shoots up. A pleasure sigh. Young Holloway's eyes roll back. He pleasure sighs too, as:

NORTH (V.O.)  
*If somethin' reminded him of his  
 daughter, he could be her...*

GYM: Young Holloway attempts a trembling step. His knee buckles. Sienna starts to gasp - quickly cutting it short with a hand to her mouth. She squeezes her eyes tightly.

SIENNA  
 I'm not afraid... I'm not afraid...  
 I'm not afraid...

Her eyes flick open. She peers into her compact and waves "goodbye", to her reflection.

Tilting her head to meet his gaze. Her resolve is contagious. Holloway suddenly takes his first step forward, then another. He walks.

He has imprinted on her. And he is solid steel.

NORTH (V.O.)  
*And now he's The Knife Salesman.*

INT. HALLWAY, ABANDONED YMCA -- NIGHT *##THE PAST##*

2 FRIGHTENED TEEN PUNKS. FEW COPS. A crime scene buzzes just through the door behind them. Young North and Young Holloway march in.

YOUNG NORTH  
Who saw it first?  
TEEN #1  
Me. Or - We both did - I called... TEEN #2

INT. CLASSROOM, ABANDONED SCHOOL -- SAME

Young North and Young Holloway enter. An instant, shared reaction: They freeze in place. Mouths open, marveling at this rare and extraordinary snapshot of hell:

A NAKED, DEAD MAN hangs chained by the neck from the ceiling. One arm raised to the side. The other raised straight ahead, as if offering the hand. His face has been skinned off.

...a curious glimmer from the offered hand - beckons Young Holloway closer. He curiously pries open the hand. The Knife Salesman's business card floats to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- DAY

This case has taken larger quarters. A lobby converted into office space. Many card tables. Many folding chairs. MANY COPS working few leads. All quiet, but urgent.

Idly tracing his scar with a finger, Young Holloway studies photos of The Knife Salesman's victims. Young North, TV remote in hand, looks at him like he's grown a tail.

YOUNG NORTH  
Who are you right now?

Young Holloway scans - his eyes landing on ROSS: a lanky cop idly tracing his mustache with a finger. Young North shrugs. Points the remote, volume goes up.

CUT TO TV:

EXT. PRECINCT -- EARLIER

Press conference. News cameras. Scribbling reporters.

ENZIO MORETTI shakes Young North's hand with a crushing grip. Moretti is 65 and always the tallest in the room. His physically imposing, muscular build came by necessity. The \$70,000 Patek Philippe on his wrist came by ingenuity.

CAMERAS FLASH: Young North and Moretti pose, holding up an over-sized check made out for half a million dollars.

MORETTI (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
*Detective, what can you tell me  
 about this piece of paper that I am  
 holding in my hand?*

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB -- NIGHT

Blackjack. Dog fights. Under the table and off the books. Business is booming. Young North sits in a booth opposite the thunderous voice and mighty presence of Moretti.

MORETTI'S ASSOCIATES (several ARMED MEN) linger nearby. Even seated, Moretti has to look down to address him properly:

MORETTI  
 Detective, this piece of paper that  
 I am holding in my hand tells me  
 many things about many of the men  
 in your department. A thousand a  
 week. Four thousand a month. 48-  
 thousand a year. Give or take.  
 That's what this piece of paper  
 tells me about you.

Moretti gestures, summoning RENO - a 23-year-old sledgehammer with biceps - who drops a paper bag on the table in front of Young North.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
 I took care of your department  
 earlier. Let me take care of you  
 now. Fertility clinics aren't  
 cheap.

Young North's eyes flick down to the bag - overflowing with cash. He looks back up, playing it cool except that Moretti can probably hear his heart pounding. Young North swallows.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)(PRELAP)  
*When I fantasized in my head about  
how this would go, you were happier  
to see me.*

CREH- *CHUNK!* A cell door slides open. We are:

INT. CELL BLOCK, JAIL -- RESUMING **##THE PAST##**

Returning to Young North and the bearded Young Holloway as before. Young Holloway's drug-tremors are easing up. He sits alert on the bench, relieved.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Wouldn't that depend on how happy  
you were to see me?

Young North smiles, conceding the point. He produces a photo array from his jacket. Young Holloway flips through and -

YOUNG NORTH  
That's his latest. 16 years old.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
No.

...quickly gives it back. Young North tightens.

YOUNG NORTH  
Ya know - bringin' The Salesman to  
justice might be what finally  
brings you peace.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
I don't want peace.

YOUNG NORTH  
Mark. You're imprinting on junkies  
to see your dead daughter in their  
dope-dreams... what the fuck is  
wrong with you - you're better than-

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
--Please calm down. I'm getting  
angry--

YOUNG NORTH  
--Well no shit, you too?



Young North huffs. Young Holloway's a lost cause. The reality of this stinging in Young North's voice:

YOUNG NORTH (CONT'D)  
You're better than this. You used  
to be, anyway.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
(*his scar*)  
Not really a "me" anymore is there?

Young North nods, sadness building in his eyes. And, just like that, he's giving up and heading for the door.

YOUNG NORTH  
If you won't come with me, at least  
go home man.

Young Holloway stares as Young North goes. Numb. Lost -

NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
But he can't control it. He can't  
pick and choose which pieces of a  
personality take hold and make it  
to the surface. Some are too  
powerful.

...until sadness comes over Young Holloway, building in his eyes, just like in Young North's.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, PRECINCT -- RESUMING **##PRESENT DAY##**

Returning to Young North as before: directing the Recruits to the MUG SHOT of Charles Long.

KNOCK- KNOCK- KNOCK- door opens. Recruits shoot to their feet, rising at attention for:

Chase Meyer. First time seeing him in PRESENT DAY. 34 now. A former rookie all grown up. CAPTAIN now. Buttoned down. Everything tucked away. And he's coming in smiling.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Don't mind me.

NORTH  
You joinin' us, Captain?

CAPTAIN MEYER  
I need you in my office.

NORTH  
Thought we weren't mindin' you.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
I changed my mind.

NORTH  
2 minutes?

Meyer nods as he goes.

*A RINGING SCHOOLBELL. A HONKING HORN.* We are:

INT. SCHOOL BUS -- DAY **##THE PAST##**

Sienna checks her bubblegum flavored lip gloss in her compact mirror. Her phone buzzes. She snaps the compact shut, reads a text from DADDY:

"Working late. I'm having an officer bring you to the station."

Sienna shrugs, replies: "Ok".

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- SAME

From his desk, Young Holloway shoots to his feet, shuffling through scattered papers on the desk, opening and closing drawers -- searching for something as --

YOUNG NORTH  
He's killing cops.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
One cop. And a kid. And a junkie.

YOUNG NORTH  
There has to be a pattern.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
No there doesn't.

YOUNG NORTH  
There's always a pattern.

Young Holloway gropes through his pockets. His physical search mirroring Young North's search for answers.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
The pattern is that there isn't a pattern.

YOUNG NORTH  
There's something we're missing.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
There's something I'm missing.  
Call my phone.

North pulls out his phone, dials. They wait for it to ring.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- SAME

Sienna rides quietly in the back of a police cruiser. Young Holloway's phone vibrates on the passenger seat. "NORTH" on the screen. The driver's gloved hand silences the phone.

We don't see his face.

The cruiser hurls into a dark tunnel. Sienna looks up. None of this is looking familiar. Worry rises on her face.

SIENNA  
Where are we going?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
*Sienna!?*

INT. VARIOUS, HOLLWOAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Young Holloway throws open the door to SIENNA'S BEDROOM. Empty. And he's in motion - down the hallway - throwing the door open to the DANCE STUDIO. Young North inside.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
She's not here.

YOUNG NORTH  
Patrol thinks they got something.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY -- DAY

Young North ducks a barricade. A flash of his badge to BEAT COPS already processing the scene ahead. Young Holloway following North in lockstep.

Young North crosses into the next room. Starts around the corner, but turns back - finding -

...Young Holloway - his attention somewhere else, with *something else...* down on the floor. He's reaching for it...

YOUNG NORTH  
What is that?

North squints, realization... dawning as Young Holloway picks up Sienna's compact. Young North takes a step back.

Young Holloway eyeing the compact, begging himself to feel *something*. He seems paralyzed. *Inside, he's screaming.*

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Why can't I feel her?

*...this can't be happening* - but Young North has to be sure. He hunkers forward. A look around the corner and his hand shoots to his gut. He keels over. Retching dry.

*Young Holloway feels this*. He keels over - hits the floor. Crippling emotion - eyes flicking left and right - landing.

*...on a shattered mirror propped against the far wall* **AND THE UNHOLY REFLECTION INSIDE IT:**

*Poor Sienna...* Her tiny body zip-tied to a chair. Colorful pajamas ravaged, bloody. Her innocent little face... gone.

Young Holloway's eyes dart away from the mirror. He is now a man in ruin. ALL SOUND CUTS OUT. He thrashes violently. SCREAMING, desperately and in complete silence.

EXT. CEMETARY -- SAME

Young Holloway alone. Sienna's fresh grave. Her compact in his hands. It darkens - *BECOMING DIRTIER... GROWING OLDER... the plastic WARPING as--*

WE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY -- DAY

Where Young Holloway brings the aged compact to his face. Numb. No expression. The light long gone from his eyes...

KNOCK- KNOCK- KNOCK-

CAPTAIN MEYER (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
*It's open.*

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. We are:

INT. CAPTAIN MEYER'S OFFICE -- DAY **##PRESENT DAY##**

Work on the desk. Meyer will not look up from his tablet. North is the number two here, but he's not lingering.

NORTH  
You interrupted me.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
I did.

NORTH  
We were in the middle of  
orientation. We were talkin' about  
The Salesman.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Good. You did a good job.  
(then)  
You seen Gangbangs of New York?

NORTH  
Chase. Why am I standin' here?

Meyer looks up - somehow surprised to find that North is, in fact, standing there. He sets the tablet aside.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
We're gettin another one of those  
donations we get - keep us going a  
couple years, give or take.

Meyer's hiding the ball. North's getting irritated.

NORTH  
How's that concern me?

CAPTAIN MEYER  
It's not our usual benefactor.

NORTH  
How's that concern me?

CAPTAIN MEYER  
The guy who made Gangbangs of New  
York made a donation and hopes it  
bought him a conversation - how  
could I embarrass you? You're  
David North.

North doesn't have time for this shit. He's already halfway  
out the door -

NORTH  
I have work.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
We're coming up on a year.

...a fish on a lure. North doesn't even remember coming back into the room.

NORTH

Two weeks.

CAPTAIN MEYER

What are you thinking?

NORTH

Doesn't mean he's done. Maybe he's dead?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Maybe. He can't quit.

NORTH

Coulda hit a dead end.

Meyer thinks it over carefully. He frowns, then:

CAPTAIN MEYER

I had to.

NORTH

Had to...?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Interrupt. They can't think you're still my boss.

NORTH

*(shrugging it off)*

A guy like Holloway doesn't just suddenly take a break.

CAPTAIN MEYER

No, I guess not.

*(then)*

You know why I got this job, right?  
Why your rookie partner was promoted over you?

NORTH

I'm division's dirty little secret.

CAPTAIN MEYER

This case is. Yes.

North lets that linger a moment. Then:

NORTH

I still don't know why I'm standin' here.

Meyer scoffs, flips the tablet to North. Photo on it: A party. Girls. Enzio Moretti, his arm around Mikey Foxxx.

CAPTAIN MEYER

Turns out Foxxx's record label is just another one of Moretti's fronts.

North scrolls the tablet. Tax returns, balance sheets. His eyes widening - *connecting the dots as:*

CAPTAIN MEYER (CONT'D)

Word is Foxxx wants out. Been sneaking around. Wining and dining DAs, judges, cops. Feeling out who to trust. And lucky you: it's your turn to order a la carte.

North barely heard that - still reeling through the tablet. This is huge news for him. And he's hiding that from Meyer.

NORTH

He's the money guy? Is this a new development or...?

Meyer shrugs, bounces a stress ball off the wall.

CAPTAIN MEYER

No... no, records go back five, six years?

"Five years" almost takes North's breath away. Can't hide that one. Meyer catches the ball and stops flat. An aching silence. Then:

NORTH

Anything else?

Meyer takes the tablet from North's hands. A curious tension.

CAPTAIN MEYER

You tell me.

NORTH

Just... no, it's nothing.

Meyer shrugs the whole thing off, starts bouncing the stress ball off the wall again.

CAPTAIN MEYER

Let me know how it goes.

North's going and he can't close the door fast enough.

INT. CELL BLOCK, JAIL -- RESUMING **##THE PAST##**

Returning to the bearded Young Holloway idling at his opened cell door. Young North's words echoing in his mind:

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)  
*If you won't come with me, at least  
go home man.*

He steps through the door.

INT. HALLWAY, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

DIRTY HANDS peeling back a curtain. Wiping two years of dust from a white-washed window. Daylight... finally, spilling through this upstairs hallway.

Picture frames, flipped to face the walls. Windows, painted white. He's spared no precaution: every reflective surface has been hidden from Young Holloway's gaze for years, even -

...SIENNA'S VANITY. Cobwebs tangled in the legs. Young Holloway raises his chin as if to look in the mirror and -

...no one stares back. It's hidden, wrapped in newspapers.

INT. BATHROOM, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

A razor through his matted beard. Hair falling on unkept feet. Young Holloway cuts blind. Gazing numbly at the covered mirror above the sink - a force of habit.

...rinsing the razor as a corner of newspaper loosens, peeling free from the mirror. He resumes shaving and -

INSERT CUT: SIENNA'S FACELESS BODY.

The color flushes from his face. Can't breathe. Legs buckle. He slams into the tub. No reaction to the pain.

...pulling himself up. Lifting the newspaper back over the mirror with one hand. Averting his eyes. Shaving with the other. Shaking, feeling the only thing he can on his own.

...fear.



EXT. PLAYGROUND -- SAME

Young Holloway, clean-shaven, eyes down - shuffling through the crowd unnoticed. SMALL DETAIL: Charles Long is hidden among the onlookers. Some of us may see him. Most won't.

Young Holloway ducks the police line. Moving forward when a hand flattens on his chest. He stops - doesn't look up.

DUNCAN

Detective.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

No, not for a while.

Duncan scratches his head. Pats his round belly - eyes scanning for an ally. None come.

DUNCAN

Yeah - guess it's just Mark now.

*(then)*

I don't think you can be here. No hard feelings or nothing, just - active crime scene, ya know -

YOUNG NORTH (O.S.)

He's with me.

Duncan backs off. Hands up in faux surrender.

DUNCAN

Anything for the princess.

YOUNG NORTH

You know I have dreams at night where I shoot you?

DUNCAN

Yeah, well I have dreams where I duck.

Young North chuckles - ushering Young Holloway through quickly. A hand on his back. Beat Cops stare. Shared, knowing glances as Young Holloway approaches the body.

YOUNG NORTH

Too many people?

Young Holloway eyes the gawking cops. Looks away. Shrugs.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Maybe.

Young Meyer struts over. A toothy grin and an offered hand:

YOUNG MEYER  
I've heard a lot about you. Chase  
Meyer, sir!

Their hands come together and Young Holloway's listless spirit awakens. Eyes, widen. Smile, broadens. Perfectly reflecting Young Meyer's youthful enthusiasm. He beams:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Ya hear that, North? I'm a sir.

YOUNG NORTH  
Yeah? For how long?

Realizing he still holds Young Meyer's hand, Young Holloway yanks away quickly -

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Not long. Apparently I think I'm  
this kid already.

Young North just laughs. He shoos the gawking Cops.

YOUNG NORTH  
Alright, alright. Give him some  
room.

Young Holloway kneels to Ken Foley's body in the mulch. He takes his hand. He closes his eyes.

...Young Meyer is drawn forward.

YOUNG MEYER  
What's he doing?

YOUNG NORTH  
Becoming The Knife Salesman.

As those last words linger, we SMASH TO:

A FIRST-PERSON POV: Ken Foley's dead eyes. Quaking violently in and out of focus. Gazing into yours. It's unsettling. You look away, to:

COPS - jittering - you physically can't find a focal point. This is Reflective Imprinting Syndrome. And it's nauseating.

A JITTERING COP whispers to ANOTHER - the voice SCREECHING loudly against our ears like razors on a violin.

YOUNG NORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stay tuned to the kid, Mark - we're  
just static -

Young Holloway's eyes tighten. Is it intense focus? The SCREECHING BUILDS. No, it's agony. His eyes flick open and -

Young Meyer. An inch from Young Holloway's face. A whisper:

YOUNG MEYER

Are you him?

Young Holloway doesn't respond. LAUGHTER echoes. His eyes follow this sound to the onlookers: Giggling. Staring. Whispering, about him.

...Young North's gaze tracks Young Holloway's to the onlookers and - no one is actually laughing, but -

...from Young Holloway's FIRST-PERSON POV: They point at us. Laughing. Young Meyer, laughs obnoxiously and -

...he really isn't. He just stares quizzically. Young Holloway snarls. Young Meyer recoils. Danger.

YOUNG MEYER (CONT'D)

You ok?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (DEAD SERIOUS)

Stop... looking... at me...

...Young Holloway snaps - snatching one side of Young Meyer's head - jackhammering his fist into the other- over- and over- and over again - slamming him into the mulch - clawing - trying to rip his face off, but Young North's boot - BAM! Into Young Holloway's chest and -

...head over heels through mulch, Young Holloway - scrambling to his feet - fuming, ROARING - charging Young Meyer as -

BZZT! Young Holloway meets the dirt like a meteor.

FIRST-PERSON POV: The nauseating jitters. Echoes, voices - turning your head to the sound - louder now, YELLING: Young North clicking a stun gun, pounding his chest.

YOUNG NORTH

Right here! Come on! Look at me!

A shape pulling into focus: the cigarette pack in Young North's pocket. The jitters SLOWING. The quaking STABILIZING as Young North sharpens into focus.

Rage and malice vacate Young Holloway's face as if waking from a nightmare. Young North's offered hand - Young Holloway stares up at it. Panting. Spent.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
I've never felt anyone like that.

YOUNG NORTH  
It's not your fault.

Young North helps him to his feet. Young Meyer spits a glob of blood. He's pissed.

YOUNG MEYER  
Oh yeah? Whose fault was it?

Young North's look says Fuck off.

...and that's precisely what Young Meyer does. Young North's lighter flares a cigarette. A quick drag, and a slow exhale.

Young North eyes the body - stares through it... Is Meyer right? Should Holloway be here? Is he actually dangerous?

...and just like that his eyes are on Young Holloway.

YOUNG NORTH Beware that, when fighting monsters, you yourself do not become a monster.

He hands over the cigarette. Young Holloway mirrors: a quick drag, and a long exhale. Smoke dances between them.

YOUNG NORTH  
When we make mistakes, people die.

You have to stay in control.

Young Holloway nods. That hovers.

A KNIFE CUTS A BLOODY STEAK. A FORK STABS THE BITE. We are:

INT. FOXXX'S OFFICE -- DAY **##PRESENT DAY##**

Foxxx leans back in his chair, moaning in satisfaction as he chews. His intern buttons up her blouse on the couch. BRANDI is recently 18. Cute, but wears too much eye makeup.

FOXXX  
There's something about a cold  
steak after sex that completes me.

BRANDI  
It's not the sex?

FOXXX  
It completes me.

BRANDI

Then it must be the steak.

FOXXX

They teach you process of  
elimination at that school?

BRANDI

It's an advanced level course,  
Mister Foxxx.

Brandi leans over Foxxx's desk for a kiss. He stops halfway,  
unfastening her top button.

FOXXX

Go answer a phone.

Brandi giggles and struts out of his office.

INT. LOBBY, FOXXX'S OFFICE -- SAME

The older North enters. This lobby looks like a teenager  
stole an Amex. Purple carpet. Blockbuster porno posters:  
"Gangbangs of New York", "American Bi - (Cumming Soon)".

...his eyes finally land on Brandi who quickly hides the sex  
in her smiles and fastens her top button. He smiles warmly.

NORTH

I'm lookin' for Mikey Foxxx.

BRANDI

*(her calendar)*

Says here he's expecting you.

Foxxx's voice booms.

FOXXX (O.S.)

IS THAT DAVID NORTH?!

BRANDI

*(intercom)*

Inside voice, Mr. Foxxx.

Foxxx saunters out.

FOXXX

Forgot you were coming. Let's do  
dinner. On me.

BRANDI

But you just ate.

Foxxx boops her on the nose.

FOXXX

And while that might've been fun  
for you, I'm still hungry.

Foxxx throws his arm around North's shoulder, leading him to:

DARKNESS...

*FOXXX (V.O.) (PRELAP)*

*God, it must be liberating -*

*NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP)*

*What must be?*

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

...discovering the darkness is actually a glass of scotch on a table at a fancy steak house called Moretti's. North drops a napkin on his plate. They've just finished dinner.

Foxxx is buzzed. A quick glance across the table to North, then to patrons' faces in the crowded restaurant. He smiles.

FOXXX

Being anyone you want to be.

NORTH

Aren't we all just the masks we  
wear? Especially in your line of  
work.

FOXXX

My line of work? Look, I'm one  
person there. When I visit my mom  
back home, it's... I'm different.  
They're both still me.

NORTH

What about when you're alone? Who  
are you then?

Foxxx upends his glass. The scotch burns going down.

FOXXX

Guess I'm whatever I'm doing, no?  
If I'm working, I'm that guy.  
Christmas shopping? I'm dad.

These two have really hit it off. North leans in smiling.

NORTH  
Exactly. You are your next desire.  
Holloway has no desires - not any  
of his own at least.

FOXXX  
No - no - no - I don't buy that.

North sinks back into his seat, shrugs.

NORTH  
It's the only thing for sale.

FOXXX  
No... people only get their hands  
dirty when they want something bad  
enough.

NORTH  
Have you? Wanted something bad  
enough to get your hands dirty?

Buzzkill. Foxxx lets that linger. A sinking mood, until:

FOXXX (BIG SMILE)  
I'm drunk.

North laughs.

NORTH  
I noticed.

FOXXX  
Yeah, well - good excuse to get a  
room...

A glowing Russian blonde, NATALYA (22), approaches the table.  
She leans in over Foxxx's shoulder, covering his eyes.  
Smiling and appraising North at the same time.

NATALYA  
Guess who.

Foxxx coos, instantly placing her Russian accent.

FOXXX  
Ah, I was just talking about you.

NATALYA  
Were you?  
(eyeing North)  
He's handsome.

FOXXX

What's your friend up to? The fun one.

...still can't take her eyes off North - *the things she'd do.*

NATALYA

Rugged even. Maria would love you.

North raises his hand, minor setback: his wedding band.

NORTH

Married.

FOXXX

And happy? Good for you.

NORTH

What? You're not?

FOXXX

Married or happy?

Natalya brushes her nose against Foxxx's ear.

NATALYA

He's both.

FOXXX

Nat, give us a minute.

NATALYA

Usual room?

FOXXX

Why don't you surprise me?

...and there she goes, slinking off the way she came.

NATALYA

If you're ever unhappy...

NORTH

Rugged. Got it.

Natalya just laughs.

NATALYA

She'd really like you.

North watches her go. He can't help it.



NORTH

The Salesman might like bein' you  
for a day.

FOXXX

I'm glad we got to talk. It's a  
fascinating story - the cop who  
became the killer he was hunting.

NORTH

Yeah, well - trouble's figurin' out  
what he wants.

Foxxx stands, gathering his jacket. North follows.

FOXXX

Sex. Power. Control. What does  
anybody want, really? What do you  
want? Shit, what do I want?

NORTH

You want out.

Foxxx crashes face-first into that sobering thought.

NORTH (CONT'D)

That's why we're having this  
conversation, isn't it? Moretti  
owns every cop in the city, but  
you're looking for one he doesn't?

It's true. That much is all over Foxxx's face.

FOXXX

Does he own you?

NORTH

Yes.

Foxxx can appreciate the honesty.

FOXXX

Well, I hope you'll let me know if  
you ever decide to - uh -  
"refinance"

Foxxx slaps the table - and he's off, chasing after Natalya.  
North looks down - the table: Foxxx left something, but -

...it can't be. North picks it up. It's The Knife  
Salesman's card. Panic in his throat. He turns it over:  
"Official Replica" is etched on the back. He chuckles.

A DOORBELL RINGS. We are:

EXT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT ##THE PAST##

Young ASÉLIE NORTH (37) answers the door. She hasn't met the man outside, but she's smiling anyway, eyes turning with promise and possibility - trying to put a name to the face.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

Hi?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Hi. Is your husband home?

YOUNG ASÉLIE

He is...

FIRST-PERSON POV: Young Asélie jitters - sharpening into focus as Young Holloway assumes her personality...

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Sorry - you must think I'm ruder than hell. My name's -

Her mouth opens. Everything clicks in her head.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

You're Holloway.

...and she's already looked him over, head to toe.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

He talks about me?

YOUNG ASÉLIE

You looked different in my head.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

You think about me?

YOUNG ASÉLIE

And you found my sarcasm.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

It was heavily veiled and hard to access.

Young North comes into the hallway putting on his coat.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Met your wife, she could do better.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

I like him--

(to Holloway)

--I like you.

YOUNG NORTH  
Thought you didn't like houses.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
(to Aselie)  
Too much personality - it's in the  
wallpaper.

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
That must be confusing for you.

Young North kisses her on the cheek and steps outside.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
Should I wait up?

FIRST-PERSON POV: Jitters - Young North sharpens into focus.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
We're gonna be a while.

YOUNG NORTH  
We're gonna be a while.

Young Asélie peers after them. Young North looks back -  
knowing it's just the tow of them, she looks at him  
differently and forces a cold smile. She shuts the door.

INT. HALLWAY, WVU RESEARCH BUILDING -- SAME

Young North walks. Young Holloway follows. Navigating  
through the darkness by flashlight.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
She's good for you.

YOUNG NORTH  
She's alright.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
I can feel it. You're a better  
person around her.

Young North strides with purpose here - almost too fast.  
Young Holloway struggles to keep up.

YOUNG NORTH  
We all wear different masks around  
different people. It doesn't take  
your condition, it's Darwinian.

Our friends are our friends because we like the masks they  
make us wear. That means that Asélie is - that love is...

Young North stops. He didn't know where this idea was going, but might like where it ends up. Before he can say it, Young Holloway's already arrived at the same conclusion:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Your favorite mask?

Young North likes the sound of that...nodding...noticing that Young Holloway gawks upward at massive, electronic doors.

YOUNG NORTH  
You ready?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
For what?

North winks and-

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- SAME

...electronic doors close behind us. Dark. Silence. Lights boom on, adding color. And the sight is profound:

Pedestals light up, cradling masks from Mayan battlefields and Chernobyl. From Shakespeare and Spielberg.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
What is this place?

YOUNG NORTH  
Some mornings I look in the mirror and I'm surprised. Because a part of me was expectin' to see you in there starin' back. You don't have a disease, Mark. You have a gift.

Young Holloway roams. Passing reflective surfaces: already dulled or covered for him. Thrilled by centrifuges, beakers, and face-molds. Trying to make sense of it all.

Young North trails nearby, full of boyish excitement for a coming adventure - his emotions feeding Young Holloway's:

YOUNG NORTH (CONT'D)  
You imprint and embody a stranger's soul, sight unseen. Everything about you becomes them... except your face. This place is where we'll change that.

Young Holloway's eyes rise...stunned.

...by A WALL OF MASKS. Extraordinarily lifelike, human faces arranged as if being birthed by a matte black, iPad-sized device on the table beneath it: The Mechanical Mask Kiln.

YOUNG NORTH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 In here you'll find the thread that  
 all victims share. In here, you'll  
 lure The Knife Salesman to you. In  
 here--

Young Holloway touches a mask. He and Young North equally awestruck, as if discovering this together:

YOUNG NORTH (CONT'D) YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
 You'll become his favorite I'll be his favorite mask...  
 mask...

Young Holloway continues beaming through the lab. Young North watches, his own excitement fading like smoke from a smothered candle. A twinge of guilt. He shakes it off.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NORTH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Young Holloway on the floor, transfixed by cartoons on TV. Earbuds. Kool-ade. Ken Foley evidence spread on the carpet.

Kool-ade RIPPLES. Footsteps THUD. It's Young Asélie with laundry under her arm and a welcoming smile on her face.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (MOS)  
 Whatcha working on?

Young Holloway - MUSIC BLARING - watches her lips move. He quickly removes the earbuds. Stares. She stares back - just trying to figure out how this moment is working:

YOUNG ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
 Did I mess you up?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
 I was listening to music. Music  
 Ken Foley liked.

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
 So you're staring because you're  
 him and he thinks I'm pretty -  
 that's sweet.

FIRST-PERSON POV: Young Asélie sharpens into focus, Young Holloway instantly matches her cadence -

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

I was staring because he would stare and because I think you're pretty. And I told you that because you would've told yourself that if you were me--

YOUNG ASÉLIE

You think I'm pretty?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

I said that out loud?

Young Asélie blurts out a laugh. She can't help it.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

Just talking to someone? That's really all it takes?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

That's all it takes. I'm basically a radio.

Young Asélie looks into his eyes. She tilts her head and studies him closely.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

You're me right now...  
(even closer)  
But not just me...

...and she's stepping closer still. It's too intimate.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (CONT'D)

You keep pieces of them with you, don't you? It's not so black and white like they say...

Young Holloway shies away from her penetrating gaze. She doesn't know why she does it, but makes the offer anyway.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (CONT'D)

I really hope you get justice for her. If I can ever help, in any way, I will. I mean that.

*INSERT CUT: Sienna at the vanity. She waves.*

Young Holloway shakes his head - trying to rid himself of the image like a dog shaking off water.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

I-- I need more practice. Here - let me try on you.

And he's taking her laundry away so quickly that she can't help but let him - setting it to the side and -

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
Oh-- Ok, what do I do?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Anything-- nothing. Whatever...

He turns the music on. Their eyes lock, but - everything's changed. She's different suddenly. He can't look away and -

...she's surprised she doesn't want him to. He doesn't remember taking her hand, or what he says next. We hear his voice as we've only heard it with Sienna, before the accident, uninflected - completely as himself:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Beautiful are you.

Her eyes go wide, captivated by whoever he's just become.

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
Who are you?

Young Holloway just stares. Caught in her headlights.

WYATT (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
*We don't know where the word even comes from...*

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- DAY

Infrared hair dryer glows, suspended from the ceiling. Young Holloway reclines in an orthodontic chair, head encased in plaster, leg nervously bouncing in sync with WYATT's (25).

Wyatt is fresh-faced with an unruly, yet adorable mop of hair. Anxious energy. The Red Bull (sugar free) doesn't help. He stares at the infrared dryer. Waiting.

WYATT  
Could be Arabic. "Masakha." It means "he transformed."

DING! Dryer goes dark. Wyatt's leg stops. He removes the plaster mold from Young Holloway's face and glides-

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Or Medieval Latin, "masca." Means a ghost. Or a nightmare.

...sliding through in a rolling chair - clipping the mold into a 3D scanner. Light traces its contours. On the monitor: a filling progress bar.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
The 16th century English--

Wyatt watches Young Holloway pick a piece of plaster from his face, inspect it, and whisper with a gleam in his eye:

HOLLOWAY  
Masakha...

Wyatt beams at Young Holloway's enthusiasm. Young North checks his watch.

FIRST-PERSON POV: Young North sharpens into focus--

And just like that Young Holloway is over the whole process.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Jeeesssussss... didn't realize  
this'd take so long.

This gives Wyatt pause.

WYATT  
Well, shit. Thought you were  
digging this.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
I was because you were, but now  
North isn't, so I'm not.

The excitement drains from Wyatt's face. He turns his back to them, burying himself in his work.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
My condition, it's -

WYATT  
If you don't care, then I don't  
care. It's not like I have  
anything better to do with my  
reality-bending doctoral thesis  
from the future.

Young Holloway and Young North look at each other. Wyatt extends the monitor from the wall - his feelings are hurt.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
This is what you'll look like.



On the monitor: Young Holloway's face occupies the top half. The bottom: the 32 FACES of The Salesman's 32 victims. We recognize two near the end, Sienna Holloway and Ken Foley.

Young Holloway pays special attention to a NEW FACE: a junkie in his thirties: RUBEN SHIELDS. Wyatt taps a stylus - each face glows, outlined.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Algorithm plots data common between  
the three of you and blah, blah,  
blah, you don't care...

Wyatt drags the stylus across the monitor, merging the three faces into a single composite face. Young North and Young Holloway lean in. Their fascination concurrently blooming...

YOUNG NORTH	YOUNG HOLLOWAY
The perfect victim...	Masakha...

Young North's head snaps to Young Holloway, exhilaration all over his face. *This just might work.*

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSING PROJECTS -- SAME

BANG- BANG- BANG- BANG- fist pummels door. Young Holloway groans - annoyed only because Young Meyer is.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY	YOUNG MEYER
We know you're in there.	We know you're in there--

Young Meyer's face sours. He can't stand being mimicked.

YOUNG MEYER (CONT'D)  
Fuck, man - could you not?  
(knocking again)  
Tina. It's detective Meyer. Open  
up.

Door pops open with our old friend Tina (the junkie) on the other side. Young Holloway lingers just out of her view.

TINA  
You catch him?

YOUNG MEYER  
We're working on it. Turns out we  
need Ruben's help.

TINA  
Ruben's dead, he can't (help--)  
(Holloway steps into view)  
You shaved.

She softens at the sight of him. He rubs his chin.

INT. TINA'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Government housing. Paint: chipped. Carpet: stained. An 8-year-old boy (BUB), on a secondhand couch, doodles on a pad.

TINA

You really do have a nice face.  
You shouldn't cover it up. Where's  
the other one? West?

YOUNG MEYER

North. Took a personal - Ruben do  
that?

The only decor: the whimsical shapes and intense colors of a psychedelic painting. Young Holloway stands wide-eyed and riveted in front of it.

FIRST-PERSON POV: The painting jitters, its vivid swirls coming to life--

TINA

Yeah. It's a piece of shit.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

No. It's art. It's- it's- it's a  
fire in your mind. That's his  
passion shot through a fucking  
cannon - it's- it's- it's--

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

--his soul splatter.

TINA

--his soul splatter.

YOUNG MEYER

Well that's neat.

Tina's eyes lock to Young Holloway's. Cautious, but curious.

TINA

It's like what you did with the  
drugs, isn't it?

(then)

Bub, go head and play in your room.

Bub scampers off. Young Holloway is bewitched by the painting - reciting the words - tuning to a rhythm -

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

A fire in your mind.

RUBEN (V.O.)

It's the fire in your mind.

INSERT CUT: A faceless gargoyle perched atop a cathedral...

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.)

Passion shot through a fucking  
canon.

RUBEN (V.O.)  
It's my passion shot through a  
fucking cannon.

...complex structures and whimsical shapes carved into the  
gargoyle's flesh like the painting's psychedelic swirls. And  
the gargoyle bleeds...because it's no gargoyle at all.

...it's Ruben's body, just as The Knife Salesman left it.

BACK TO SCENE:

FIRST-PERSON POV: the painting sharpens into focus. We turn -  
Tina's in front of us and--

Ruben hits her right in the fucking chest with just a look.  
Her eyes fill with water.

RUBEN  
It's my being in color. My heart  
made still... My soul splatter.

She throws her arms around Ruben - pulls him close, closing  
her eyes to savor him - feeling him through Young Holloway.  
She opens her eyes and smiles - elated - her eyes thanking  
Young Holloway for an impossible gift.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSING PROJECTS - SAME

Young Meyer and Young Holloway walk and talk.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Salesman meant to kill the kid.  
It's the only thing that could've  
hurt her more.

Young Meyer stops. Young Holloway doesn't.

YOUNG MEYER  
--Wait-- Hurt her? Tina?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Yes.

Young Meyer has to catch up.

YOUNG MEYER  
--Hold up-- Ruben wasn't the  
target?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
--No. Salesman killed him as  
punishment.

YOUNG MEYER

--Slow down-- why would he do that?  
Why would he have to punish her?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

--I'm working on that.

YOUNG MEYER

--Dammit, stop walking!  
(Holloway stops)  
Jesus, man. Who are you?

Young Holloway turns around slowly.

YOUNG MEYER (CONT'D)

I wanna talk, you wanna walk.  
You're not me. Who are you?

Young Holloway looks around. It's just the two of them.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

North, maybe?

YOUNG MEYER

How could you be him if he's not  
here?

Young Holloway shrugs.

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- NIGHT

Wyatt...carefully with The Mechanical Mask Kiln...placing it  
on the worktable...a wave of his hand...the kiln responds -  
its lid rising on pistons. An electronic hum, building...

Young North leans in to Young Meyer.

YOUNG NORTH

DARPA wants to buy the prototype  
from the kid.

Wyatt taps The Kiln, summoning a digital ripple: sound waves  
materialize across its surface and blink red, recording...

WYATT

Yeaaahhh that's not really my  
thing, boys. Gonna use my powers  
for good.

The Kiln glows, speaks:

THE KILN (V.O.)  
 ...analyzing vocal pattern...  
 creating unique voiceprint...

Wyatt drags his finger back and forth along The Kiln's responsive surface - speeding and slowing PLAYBACK:

THE KILN (V.O.)  
 (replaying Wyatt's voice)  
 Yeeaaahhh that's not really my  
 thing, boys.

A slot opens on The Kiln: a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR inside. Wyatt waits, watching the injector's vial fill with blue liquid.

WYATT  
 200 years ago, they would've burned  
 me as a fucking witch.

A beat.

YOUNG NORTH  
 What?

Wyatt removes the injector. Slides over to Young Holloway.

WYATT  
 Little pinch.

Wyatt stabs Young Holloway's throat with the injector. Holloway recoils - the pinch wasn't little.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (WYATT'S VOICE)  
 Owwww!  
 (then, his voice changing)  
 Whoa... hey...  
 (clears his throat, then  
 in Wyatt's EXACT VOICE)  
 Yeeaaahhh, not really my thing boys.

Young Meyer and Young North both shoot to their feet.

YOUNG NORTH  
 How--

YOUNG MEYER  
 What the fuck--

Wyatt slides over to Young North and Young Meyer with a sly smirk. We hear HISSING. Wyatt's eyebrows go up and he-

WYATT  
 You guys into magic?

...vanishes behind a cloud of steam suddenly billowing from The Kiln. A path tunnels through the steam behind Wyatt as he slides back to Young Holloway.

YOUNG MEYER

Neat trick.

Wyatt's hands leave The Kiln with a dripping mask - lay it over Young Holloway's face - TAP - TAP - on The Kiln and the mask stiffens, sealing into Young Holloway's face.

WYATT

That wasn't the trick, that was steam. This is the trick:

Wyatt reaches for newspapers covering the back wall. Young North's feet start moving on their own -

YOUNG NORTH

No- no- no- DONT!

Too late. Newspapers on the floor. Mirror exposed.

Young North, frozen in his tracks - gawking at his own reflection behind Young Holloway. Slowly, Young North tilts his head in confusion: his reflection's eyes are closed.

YOUNG MEYER

Oh, shit.

WYATT

Open your eyes... Don't be afraid... It's okay... Your thing with the mirrors has to do with your reflection. But when the reflection isn't yours...

Wyatt raises Young Holloway's chin. Young Holloway's eyes meet the mirror:

WYATT (CONT'D)

The mirror disappears.

Young Holloway looks into the mirror, but Young North stares back. Young Holloway wears a Young North Mask. In it, he is indistinguishable from the real Young North.

Young North stares at the Young North reflection. He's uncomfortable.

YOUNG NORTH

Alright, yeah, no. Get it off him.

Young Holloway stares into the mirror - something's wrong.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY/"YOUNG NORTH"  
*(in Wyatt's voice)*  
 Guys. I don't feel good.

FIRST-PERSON POV: Our jittering reflection (Young North) tries sharpening into focus. It's not working. Jittering-sharpening- and jittering worse until-

...PAIN, crackling through Young Holloway's head like lightning - his ears, RINGING - he's trying to imprint on himself. He stands - stumbles - collapses... VOMITS.

FIRST-PERSON POV: Eyes scanning - fuck, not the mirror - looking away - scanning again - finding the real Young North - locking into focus and -

YOUNG MEYER  
 Did you just imprint on yourself?

WYATT  
 Feedback loop.

YOUNG NORTH  
 How's he get it off?

WYATT  
 Thought that might happen.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY/"YOUNG NORTH"  
 How do I get this off!?

Young Meyer reaches out to touch the Young North mask. Young Holloway slaps his hand away.

INT. KITCHEN, FOLEY HOUSE -- DAY

Photos of Ken Foley on the fridge. Handsome and athletic. All-American boy next door with a radiant, reassuring smile.

MR. FOLEY comforts MRS. FOLEY, a haggard, grey-haired woman whose red-face says she's either been crying or will soon start. She nurses a mug of stale coffee, lost in herself.

Young North and Young Meyer linger. A long silence until -

MR. FOLEY  
 You've been up there already.

YOUNG NORTH  
 We didn't know what we were looking for then.

MR. FOLEY  
This new guy, he knows?

YOUNG NORTH  
We hope so, yeah.

INT. KEN FOLEY'S BEDROOM -- SAME

Young Holloway stands in the doorway. D1 scholarship offers pinned to the walls and trophies on the shelves. The bed's left unmade and a letterman hangs on the back of a chair.

Young Holloway pops in earbuds - crosses over to the desk.

He lifts a charging iPhone: passcode, dead end. His eyes scan the room for answers... landing on a very nice stereo. He removes his earbuds.

INT. KITCHEN, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Mrs. Foley paces. A mourning mother in distress. That room is all she has left of her son.

MRS. FOLEY  
The room's just how he left it.

MR. FOLEY  
Jan, honey sit down.

MRS. FOLEY  
He's messing up the room - this is  
going to help you catch The- The-  
(she can barely say it)  
The Knife Salesman...?

YOUNG MEYER  
Mrs. Foley, I promise that Ken's  
room will be fine.

MR. FOLEY  
What exactly is he doing up there?

YOUNG NORTH  
Mr. Foley, Detective Holloway is  
becoming your son.

Mrs. Foley stops cold - *becoming?*

YOUNG MEYER  
He has this disease--

Young North hates that word.



YOUNG NORTH

--a condition. He has a condition that lets him understand how the mind works more intimately than we can imagine. And he's looking for a pattern - a thread - some trait that Ken shares with the other victims.

This leaves the Foleys with more questions than answers. Suddenly, MUSIC BLARES from upstairs. Everyone looks up.

INT. BEDROOM, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Young Holloway dances through the kid's room like a mad man, flinging open dresser drawers, the closet - touching the basketball jersey inside - hearing a SCOREBOARD BUZZER and -

INSERT CUT: KEN shoots. Basketball SWISHES. Crowd ROARS.

Young Holloway falls back onto Ken's bed, invigorated, wearing Ken's basketball jersey.

INT. KITCHEN, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Mrs. Foley is beside herself. She doesn't understand and it's making her angry.

MRS. FOLEY

What do you mean "becoming" my son?

YOUNG NORTH

Learnin' his personality. Think of it as intuition. He picks up on things none of us ever could.

Mr. Foley's eyes are still fixed to the ceiling. He hates the music. But the memory it conjures breaks his lips into a smile. For just a moment, his son might still live up there.

MR. FOLEY

That boy wouldn't quit playing that damn song.

Young North smiles.

YOUNG NORTH

Yeah. Things like that.

INT. BEDROOM, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Young Holloway on the bed, staring straight up. A PHOTO COLLAGE covers the entire ceiling. He sits up a little.

...taking in the faces above: Ken's friends, classmates, teammates. He gazes deeper into one.

...photo of Ken and his friends at a house party. Just then, ECHOES bleed in - new MUSIC. Now, chants of Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Young Holloway is *listening* to the photo.

INT. KITCHEN, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

She's had enough. Mrs. Foley moves to the stairs.

MRS. FOLEY  
I want to see him.

YOUNG MEYER  
You definitely do not.

YOUNG NORTH  
Mrs. Foley, your son's not up there, but it's sure as hell gonna feel like he is. It's really not a good idea.

...and she's going up anyway.

INT. BEDROOM, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Young Holloway, panting. Eyes darting from image to image:

KEN, THE HOMECOMING KING:

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*Ken Foley, why are you looking at me like that?*

KEN (V.O.)  
*Because I think you're pretty.*

KEN ON THE COURT:

KEN (V.O.)  
*I want you so bad --  
-- I don't think about anything else...*

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*-- how bad do you want me?*

KEN AT THE LAKE:

KEN (V.O.)  
*I want you to be my first.*

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*Can't wait to be your first.*

FIRST PERSON POV: The IMAGE of KEN IN CLASS sharpening into focus as -

KEN (V.O.)  
*What if we get caught?*

WOMAN (V.O.)  
*I don't care. I love you.*

INT. HALLWAY, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

Mrs. Foley coming up quickly - rounding the top of the stairwell - opening the bedroom door to:

INT. BEDROOM, FOLEY HOUSE -- SAME

- where Ken Foley quickly leaps up from the bed.

Mrs. Foley's hand springs to her mouth as Young Holloway's dive into his pockets. *It's like she's just seen a ghost.*

MRS. FOLEY  
God... You stand there just like him.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Sorry. I'm, uh... sorry...

Mrs. Foley's face softens. She smiles.

MRS. FOLEY  
Look guilty just like him, too.  
(takes in the room)  
Get what you needed?

Young Holloway sheepishly pulls his hands out of his pockets.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
I need to see his girlfriend.

MRS. FOLEY  
Ken didn't have a girlfriend.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Kelly Gallagher?

MRS. FOLEY  
Mrs. Gallagher was his English teacher. Does she know something?

Young Holloway's already said too much. He shrugs.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Yeah. She was his girlfriend.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

MRS. GALLAGHER (33) sits cross-legged at her desk.

MRS. GALLAGHER  
Ken was a great kid, ya know? Star  
athlete. Polite. Straight A's--  
(re: Holloway)  
Sorry... Is he okay?

Young Meyer turns to find Young Holloway staring. Just then, something dawns on Young Holloway. He pulls out his phone. Young Meyer resumes with Mrs. Gallagher.

YOUNG MEYER  
When did you and Ken's relationship  
become physical?

Young Holloway leans around Young Meyer, stares harder.

MRS. GALLAGHER  
After homecoming, we had a--  
SERIOUSLY, man. What are you  
looking at?

FIRST-PERSON POV: Mrs. Gallagher sharpens into focus--

Young Holloway leans back. He runs his tongue along his bottom lip and bites down as he sensually crosses his legs. Reeking of Mrs. Gallagher's energy.

She reacts to being mimicked. Uncrosses her legs. Stiffens.

MRS. GALLAGHER (CONT'D)  
Come on, really. How old are you?  
(to North)  
Is he kidding?

Young Holloway leans forward. If he had cleavage, this would be him accidentally showing it off.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Does hubby know your little secret?

Mrs. Gallagher flaunts her ringless hand.

MRS. GALLAGHER  
I'm not - I mean, maybe on paper.  
We've been separated.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
For how long, exactly?

MRS. GALLAGHER  
How could that matter, exactly?

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
Because it tells us when you went  
red and got a titty lift, exactly.

MRS. GALLAGHER  
Excuse me?

Young Holloway passes his phone for Young North to see a photo of Tina (a blonde) side-by-side with an older photo of Mrs. Gallagher with her natural blonde hair.

They look eerily similar.

YOUNG NORTH  
Looks like someone has a type...

EXT. ALLEY, COUNTRY BAR -- NIGHT

Mrs. Gallagher leans into Young North's car window. She's dressed like a hooker. He slides her a wad of cash, then a fob on a lanyard.

YOUNG NORTH  
The second somethin' doesn't feel  
right, you press that button. You  
understand?

MRS. GALLAGHER  
What you're doin' to me ain't  
right.

Young Meyer dangles handcuffs.

YOUNG NORTH  
You have other, more  
traditional options--

YOUNG MEYER  
--Sure do. Here: cuff  
yourself and hop in. I'll  
ride ya to prison.

She snatches the fob, *seething*, and stomps off.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
*He likes long blonde hair and big  
fake tits. Stiletto heels and  
cherry-red lipstick...*

INT. COUNTRY BAR -- NIGHT

COUNTRY MUSIC. \$1 shots. Full house. Every head turns as stiletto heels clack by under a pencil skirt with a plunging neckline. It's Mrs. Gallagher taking a seat at the bar.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
 Salesman's what's known as an  
 incel...

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- SAME

Wyatt joins the others, sat around the worktable, the lab's monitors and whiteboards turned into a temporary (and high-tech) Knife Salesman war room. Data. Victims. Evidence.

WYATT  
 Means involuntarily celibate. Not  
 to be confused with voluntarily.

Wyatt waves his hand over The Kiln, it *wakes up*...

YOUNG NORTH  
 The Knife Salesman's just a man.  
 And that makes him simple as the  
 rest of us. Wyatt - you ask a girl  
 out, she turns you down - what do  
 ya do?

Wyatt thinks carefully. The Kiln billows steam behind him.

WYATT  
 Definitely not something crazy like  
 invent a machine that makes me look  
 like someone else so I could ask  
 her out again - I wouldn't do that.

Clearly not the answer Young North needed. He presses the point anyway. The room grows hazy with thick steam now.

YOUNG NORTH  
 See? We cope in our own ways. Boy  
 here gets rejected by a pretty  
 young lady and funnels that energy  
 into his work...

Houselights flicker - Young North's eyes flick to The Kiln. It *shakes*. The monitors: images *dimming and pulsating* as The Kiln QUAKES. The feeling is unmistakable: It's gonna blow.

Wyatt looks nervous. Just trying to talk himself out of the negative ideas passing through his head.

WYATT  
 She's fine. Just never processed  
 so many faces at once before...

YOUNG MEYER  
She?

Wyatt shrugs. Young North moves along the monitors, reveling in The Salesman imagery as the lab *shudders* from The Kiln's awesome power.

YOUNG NORTH

But The Salesman? No. The Knife Salesman took his victims from their loved ones - took the kid from the teacher because, in his mind, that's the price they had to pay for slightin' him. For makin' him feel--

Through the haze, Young North suddenly finds Young Holloway by his side.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

--Vulnerable.

The Kiln's lid rises on hissing pistons. VICTIM'S FACES strobe through it, some fast and furious, some snail-paced. A featureless face surfaces now, a blank template *emerging* from within The Kiln. *Seizing monitors - flashing power and -*

...*SHUTDOWN*. EVERYTHING PLUMMETS INTO SILENT BLACKNESS.

...until click... click... click... click... as Young North flares a lighter in the darkness - fanning steam from his face... revealing The Kiln beginning to work... as light dances - building in intensity, strobing through, *refracting* against the blank template... finding Young Holloway as he strides up to the wall of masks above The Kiln... as light daggers carve details - pulling facial features from thin air, *from steam*... shaping the blank face into something undeniably human...

YOUNG NORTH

There's nothing behind a mask. Not until you put it on.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Then that's all there is. The man who's hiding disappears.

YOUNG NORTH

Maybe that's a good thing. Maybe the mirror needs to be broken. Maybe you're the one to break it.

The last of The Kiln's dancing lights fizzles out. House lights slowly return...and there - inside The Kiln through dissipating steam - is our Salesman bait: the composite mask.

WYATT (O.S.)  
Boys, meet Brent Gallagher...

INT. COUNTRY BAR -- NIGHT

Mrs. Gallagher at the bar. She's just let a BIKER down hard.

BIKER  
(as he goes)  
Fuckin' cunt!

Unfazed, she sips her drink as a breathy, demonic whisper finds her ear like smoke on the wind...

BREATHY WHISPER (O.S.)  
Sexy little thing, aren't ya?

She sputters her drink.

Mrs. Gallagher turns and *no one is there*. The bar is buzzing - bull riding - karaoke - and he must've disappeared into the packed house of people. She returns her drink to the bar.

...discovering scrawled handwriting on a napkin:

**"I'LL NEVER HAVE YOU. BUT I'LL ALWAYS HAVE HIS FACE."**

The hairs on her arms stand up. Fear takes her face like ivy.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR -- LATER

Spooked, Mrs. Gallagher takes a shaken step into the dark street. HEELS CLACKING and click- click- stopping to click her lighter and fire up a cigarette.

BUT THE FOOTSTEPS KEEP COMING. SHE IS NOT ALONE.

Slowly, she turns her head to look back over her shoulder.

The nearest streetlight is out. A SHADOWY FIGURE beneath it stands completely still. She quickly reaches into her purse and starts digging around inside -

MRS. GALLAGHER  
Shit, shit -- where the fuck is it -

THE FIGURE CHARGES. She drops the fob - desperately groping for it in the darkness - no time. She flees -



BAM! CRASHING face-first into "BRENT GALLAGHER" (*Young Holloway in the composite mask*). "Brent" is 35 with horn-rimmed glasses and a wide, dopey smile.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: *Mrs. Gallagher shakes and sobs into "Brent's" chest. We are:*

INT. NORTH'S CAR -- SAME

Young North naps in the driver's seat, a book over his face. Young Meyer on first watch, peering through binoculars.

YOUNG MEYER  
She just ran into Holloway. She looks scared.

YOUNG NORTH (O.S.)  
Good. Means someone scared her.

Young North shifts in his seats, getting comfortable.

EXT. ALLEY, BAR -- SAME

Brent puts his arm around Mrs. Gallagher's waist, walking her to his car. THE FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS.

EXT. MINI MALL -- DAY

A small, outdoor shopping center. Morning shift. Employees yawn through storefronts. "Brent" swings his arms, carrying a brown-bag lunch, bobbing into:

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY -- SAME

"Brent" chucks a wave and that dopey smile to the flock of TRAVEL AGENTS chattering around the water cooler.

TRAVEL AGENT #1  
I was just saying your back for week number two.  
(to the others)  
Must mean he likes us.

"Brent" leans in, puts a hand to his mouth:

"BRENT"  
Best job I ever had.

TRAVEL RECEPTIONIST #2  
 Oh, bless your heart. Don't tell  
 me - Peanut butter and jelly?

"BRENT"  
*(his paper bag)*  
 Same old, same old.

She just smiles as "Brent" makes his way to his desk - the  
 image goes grainy at first - then to black and white as...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME

...we pull out of a monitor as if it were a window. Young  
 North studies surveillance monitors covering every corner of  
 the mini mall. Young Meyer climbs in through the back.

YOUNG NORTH  
 Brent made lunch again.

Young Meyer pulls a smashed P.B. & J. sandwich from a paper  
 bag, drops it back in. He's disgusted.

YOUNG MEYER  
*"Same old, same old."*

EXT. COURTYARD, MINI MALL -- LATER

"Brent" is seated on a bench cleaning up after lunch. He  
 tosses his trash in a bin as many people pass him by...

FIRST-PERSON POV: A *HIPSTER COUPLE*, both of them competing to  
 sharpen into focus -

Distracted, "Brent" trips, catching himself on the bench.  
 His heart races. He's overwhelmed.

...as a voice streams from a small, electronic patch of shiny  
 flesh behind "Brent's" left ear. This is an Ear Dot.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)  
*Easy, Brent.*

FIRST-PERSON POV: You look up from the bench -

...as a carousel revolves - a summer street fair in the  
 parking lot - riders *flickering* - spinning round and round.  
*It's dizzying...*

"Brent" puts in his earbuds.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)  
Good, Brent. Just breathe.

MUSIC goes on. He closes his eyes and inhales. He exhales. He opens his eyes to:

...an art installation near the carousel: a large, mirrored pinwheel. "Brent" inadvertently glimpses his reflection and quickly looks away. A man behind the pinwheel stares back - vanishing and reappearing as the wheel spins in a hypnotic strobe pattern...

It's The Knife Salesman: Charles Long. And he's watching "Brent"...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME

Young Meyer stares at an empty breezeway on the monitors.

YOUNG MEYER  
He's been in there a while.

Young North shushes Young Meyer - pressing his ear closer to the speakers - squinting...*listening*...

INT. BATHROOM -- SAME

"Brent" turns off the water. He turns to find Charles Long, offering a paper towel with a charming smile and wild eyes. "Brent" removes his earbuds with dripping hands.

LONG  
I asked if you were auditioning for  
a part - the headphones. Actors  
like getting in the zone, ya know?  
Running lines and whatnot.

"Brent" accepts the towel, drying his hands. Long's hands tremble excitedly - he quickly stuffs them into his pockets.

"BRENT"  
Are you an actor?

LONG  
Me? No. No - I wish I did  
something that interesting. I'm in  
sales.  
(his hand-)  
Charles Long.

"BRENT"  
I'm Brent. Brent Gallagher.

Their hands come together and we SMASH TO:

Ken Foley bound and gagged in the back of a van. Jostling about as Long drives. Long turns to Ken. His rage: DEMONIC.

LONG  
STOP LOOKING AT ME!

We saw just traces of this rage in Holloway at the playground. Long is next level. He wails dreadfully - jerks the wheel - CRACKING Ken's head off the wall of the van and -

BACK TO SCENE:

FIRST-PERSON POV: Charles Long jitters...

WE CAN HEAR HIS VICTIMS DYING.

WE SEE FLASHES OF THEIR AGONY SCREAMING FROM HIS FACE.

LONG (CONT'D)  
I know that name, Gallagher...  
Gallagher... Kelly! Kelly  
Gallagher. The teacher!

"Brent" twitches. He's putting on a good show, but inside - *the devil is winning.*

"BRENT"  
Ah Kelly! Yeah, yeah -- That's my  
wife! How do ya know Kelly?!

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME

...as "Brent's" voice trails off. Neither Young North nor Young Meyer can move. They're absolutely stunned.

YOUNG MEYER	YOUNG NORTH
Holy shit.	It's him.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY -- MOMENTS LATER

"Brent" and Long seated at "Brent's" desk. Long's hands still fuss restlessly in his pockets -- studying "Brent" -- his throat swallowing as he clacks the keys -- hearing "Brent's" pulse as he clicks the mouse. Watching his face...

"Brent" swivels the monitor round so Long can read: "Aruba". Long's eyes light up.

LONG

Ha! I've always wanted to go there! It's like you know me better than I know myself.

"Brent" just laughs.

"BRENT"

You're too kind, Mr. Long. What can I say? It's a gift.

"Brent" stares at long. The moment frosts over, then:

"BRENT"

She was 8 years old.

LONG

Sorry, I'm? What?

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)

Holloway, stop.

"BRENT"

Sienna Holloway.

LONG

I don't- should I know who that is?

"Brent" seethes.

"BRENT"

She was 8 years old. My daughter was 8 years old when you killed her and took her face.

"Brent" studies Long. His dopey demeanor is gone: the man before us now is a salivating lion circling prey. Long swallows hard... a slow... creeping... panic...

"BRENT"

And I want it back.

YOUNG NORTH (V.O.)

Stop, Holloway. We're coming--

FIRST-PERSON POV: Long *QUAKES*. Rattling violently - PAIN AND DEATH SCREAMING, TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH -

"Brent" suddenly and intensely mimics Long's rage from the van:

"BRENT"

SHUT UP!

*You yank out your Ear Dot and drop it on the desk. Long quickly makes his feet - scanning for the exit.*

LONG  
What is this?

"BRENT" (O.S.)  
You're pathetic, Charles Long.

LONG  
Who are you?

*- Long slides into focus.*

"BRENT" (O.S.)  
I'm you.

*You don't remember flinging yourself over the desk -- ramming Long -- pumping your feet -- and driving him back through the shattering storefront window to:*

EXT. MINI MALL PARKING LOT -- SAME

*...where you're mounting Long - hammering fists into his jaw. And he's flailing, reaching, just getting hands on your face anyway he can, scratching - tearing off the mask in chunks.*

*...and now "Brent" is gone. Young Holloway's face SCREAMS THROUGH "Brent's" remains - pummeling Long with no remorse - delirious and blood drunk - reality and fiction blurring as Young Holloway savagely beats the ever-loving fuck out of Charles Long with every ounce of The Knife Salesman's fury.*

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
--give it to me!

*...as Young Holloway attacks Long's face, but not with blows - Young Holloway is CLAWING, MANGLING - RIPPING IT OFF.*

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Give me...what you...owe me...!

*Long breaks free, scrambling to his feet and -*

*BOOM! A gun barks. Blood splatters over Young Holloway's face and clothes. Long collapses. Everyone scatters.*

*ON THE ROOF - Young Meyer ejects a cartridge from a rifle. Aiming - CROSSHAIRS: finding Long again - a clean shot -*

*...as Young Holloway's rage finally becomes DEMONIC:*

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
STOP LOOKING AT ME!

And no one moves. Young North locks eyes with Young Meyer - standing between Long and Meyer's rifle. Young Meyer tosses the rifle. Livid. He wanted that shot.

Clap...clap...clap...as Long *applauds* Young Holloway. *Adoring him* through gnashing teeth as he bleeds out.

CUT TO BLACKNESS. ELEVATOR DINGS.

...doors slide open to...QUIET...DARKNESS...Young North pauses...takes a cautious step forward...

*BURSTING CONFETTI, FLASHING CAMERAS.* We are:

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- NIGHT

The entire POLICE DEPARTMENT reels with celebration.

POLICE DEPARTMENT  
Surprise!

YOUNG NORTH  
(beaming)  
Oh, wow - you guys are quick!

Young Meyer clumsily holds three champagne flutes -- Young North taking one -- Meyer still holding two: one for himself, the other for--

OFC. ROSS  
Where's the man in the mirror?

Young North looks -- Young Meyer's stomach drops.

YOUNG MEYER  
He's not with you?

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- SAME

Young Holloway stares at Charles Long's photo on the monitors. An unhinged look in his eye. He trembles. Cold sweat drips from his nose.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- SAME

A DRONE SHOT: Traffic downtown. A city bus glides over asphalt... moving in on a single window and staring out is...

...Young Holloway. People all around, families, businessmen, anonymous people living anonymous lives. As Young Holloway --

...closes his eyes, raises his gaze to the window - breathing fog onto it...opening his eyes...studying his blotted-out reflection...*his now unrecognizable, blurred face...*

WHAM! He punches the window - heads turn at the sound of *SPIDERING* glass. His voice barely breaks a whisper:

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
...stop looking at me.

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- SAME

Party: full swing. YOUNG COP: keg stand. Officer Duncan: phone pinched between his shoulder and ear --

DUNCAN  
They want you on CNN tonight!

Young North shakes his head, "No". Then quickly in passing:

YOUNG MEYER  
Party's over.

Young Meyer quietly motions to follow. Young North takes one last look around the party, *here we go...* and he's upending his glass -- following Young Meyer out the door.

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- SAME

Wyatt leading Young North and Meyer through the ransacked lab. All glass shattered. All masks ripped from the wall.

The table: empty. The Mechanical Kiln: gone.

INT. HOSPITAL -- SAME

Young North and Young Meyer coming quickly down the corridor. Scrawny Guard clambering from a chair to his feet--

YOUNG NORTH  
Tell me Charles Long is still in that room.

The Guard is confused beyond reason.

SCRAWNY GUARD  
What? You were just here...



Young North pushes past the guard into --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- SAME

...empty. Wind rustles the curtains of the opened window.

YOUNG NORTH

*FUCK!*

YOUNG MEYER

He said it was you. He said you  
were just here.

Young North's already out the door, turning back --

YOUNG NORTH

You coming?

YOUNG MEYER

Might as well wait for the call.  
It's already done.

LONG (V.O.) (PRELAP)

I'm already dead, aren't I?

INT. CARGO VAN -- NIGHT

Young Holloway mounts a bound Charles Long. A pairing knife  
pressed under Long's jawbone.

LONG

This is my hell. And you're my  
devil... my mirror...

Young Holloway presses the knife in a little. Long gnashes  
his teeth, writhing in pain, panting as blood and panic leak  
out around the blade -

LONG (CONT'D)

The girl! The girl! The 8 year  
old girl.

Young Holloway stops. Long smiles, appraises him curiously.

LONG (CONT'D)

I don't know what you are. But I  
think that you'll know I'm not  
lying. The first name you said,  
the girl -- the 8 year old girl...

Long pulls himself closer to Young Holloway's face.

LONG (CONT'D)  
I have no idea who you're talking  
about.

Young Holloway's eyes widen. He drops the knife to the floor. Long's lips curl into a smile. He reaches for the knife and -

*WIND RUSTLES AN OLD CIGARETTE THROUGH MULCH.* We are:

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Young North and Young Meyer leading a POLICE SEARCH that ends at the swings. Young Meyer stops a few feet away from the body - still sickened by the sight of the victims...

Wrists zip-tied to swing chains. Sneakers sway over mulch. Charles Long's body is the mirror image of Ken Foley's. And half his face has been ripped off.

Young Meyer reaches into Long's mouth -

YOUNG MEYER  
Son of a bitch.

- show Young North the business card that was between Long's teeth. Young North is still processing the situation.

YOUNG NORTH  
I was trying to fix it.

Young Meyer stops him, doesn't wanna hear it. Then he just drifts away, leaving Young North to clean up his own mess.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY **##PRESENT DAY##**

Beautiful countryside. BIRDS, WIND, lawnmower backfire as a driver smacks into a golf ball and kicks up a nasty divot.

MORETTI (O.S.)  
Bullshit!

Mikey Foxxx and Enzo Moretti squint into the sun, watching the ball soar. Moretti's ASSOCIATES (several armed men, including Reno) linger nearby.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
There's a finesse to the game. A  
concentration which those  
lawnmowers prohibit.

FOXXX

I thought it was a decent shot.

MORETTI

Can't pander your way out of this one, Foxxx.

Moretti's tone is tightening.

FOXXX

I don't know what we're talking about, Enzo--

MORETTI

--who the fuck said you could use my father's name?

FOXXX

Sorry. Mr. Moretti.

MORETTI

Mulligan. I'm serious. Give me your club.

Foxxx reluctantly hands over the club. Moretti double takes.

MORETTI (CONT'D)

This really is a nice club.

Moretti tees up - smacks the ball. At the end of his swing, he brings the club down - CRACKS it over Foxxx's shoulder. Foxxx YELPS, collapsing into the grass.

Moretti squats down to Foxxx - calmly, with a broad smile:

MORETTI (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, pain is a necessary part of the message.

*(taps Foxxx's forehead)*

Makes it stick. What's very important right now is for you to tell me Mikey whether or not you think I'm cute. Do you, son? Do you think I'm cute?

Foxxx writhes, firing a desperate glance to the armed men. Help is not coming. He's on his own here. He spits.

FOXXX

Fuck you--

MORETTI

See, that's what's confusing to me. Because if you don't think I'm cute-

In a blur, Moretti bashes the club into Foxxx's throat.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
- WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO FUCK ME?!!!

Moretti's intensity is explosive. Foxxx kicks and flails. Moretti's holding the club with both hands - pushing so hard he's shaking. Foxxx is turning blue.

Moretti glances over just in time to see his ball landed on the green. His eyebrows go up - he smiles, impressed.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
Look at that.

He drops the club, releasing Foxxx who gags and coughs - rolling onto his hands and knees - sucking breath:

FOXXX  
I'm not trying to fuck you - I  
swear - I would never try to fuck  
you -

Moretti's hands go into his pockets. He shrugs.

MORETTI  
Steak dinner with the cop?

Foxxx looks guilty, Moretti knows. He helps him up.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
Come on, son - get up on your feet -  
you look like a bitch. Stand up  
before one of those meat heads over  
there gets confused and tries to  
fuck you.

Moretti affectionately adjusts Foxxx's disheveled clothes.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
The cops aren't our friends  
anymore, Mikey. Turns out they  
were for rent. Not for sale. They  
raided my warehouse on Water  
Street.

Moretti gestures and Reno hands Foxxx an iPhone. Foxxx watches SECURITY FOOTAGE on the screen:

*INSERT CUT: Surveillance camera footage: the front door of a warehouse. A Cop cuts the door chain.*

MORETTI (V.O.)  
They came in the night.

*Interior cameras catch a dozen Cops coming in through the door. And then carrying boxes out of the warehouse.*

MORETTI (V.O.)

No warrant. No probable cause.  
Because it wasn't a search.

*Exterior cameras catch Cops loading the boxes into police cruisers and driving off. One cop brazenly looks up at the camera: Meyer. And he wants to be seen. He waves.*

BACK TO SCENE:

MORETTI

It was a robbery. Couple million  
cash gone. The cops aren't your  
friends, Mikey. I am.

Foxxx nods. Moretti pats him on the back, satisfied that he's understood.

INT. SOUND STAGE -- NIGHT

MOVIE CREW shuffles around the set. We hear loud, over-the-top sounds of MANY PEOPLE FUCKING. We don't see them, just Foxxx's pitiful face as he watches. Arm in a sling. Corner of his eye - he spots North approaching -

INT. FOXXX'S TRAILER -- SAME

Foxxx pours a drink, his single good hand trembles. North scans the trailer - it's a wreck. Sofa cushions slashed. Wall panels removed. A singed, empty safe: laser-cut open.

NORTH

The hell happened in here?

Foxxx sees if the whiskey can calm his nerves. It can't.

FOXXX

Fuck's it look like? Your friends  
cleared me out.

NORTH

Moretti isn't my friend.

FOXXX

I'm not talking about Moretti.  
Your friends - your brothers in  
arms defending the thin blue line  
or whatever the fuck the propaganda  
says now - they are the firm  
response for this lovely new  
interior design.

North sincerely doesn't understand.

NORTH

Are you saying the police did this?

FOXXX

Why are you here?

NORTH

Was hopin' we could talk  
refinancing.

FOXXX

What the fuck are- are you new  
here? You can't rob us, then ask  
us to bribe you. You already have  
the fucking money that I would do  
that with.

NORTH

Us?

Foxxx goes to take a drink but stops. He looks North over.  
Then upends his drinks. Downed in a single gulp.

FOXXX

You really don't know, do you?

North shakes his head, shrugs - he really doesn't.

FOXXX (CONT'D)

Your friends robbed Moretti last  
night. No warrant. No charges.  
Millions in cash, just gone.

NORTH

Why would they risk that?

A quiet beat. Foxxx thinks carefully. Then a light KNOCK  
and Brandi's voice:

BRANDI (O.S.)

They're ready for you on set, Mr.  
Foxxx.

FOXXX

Immunity. And witness protection.  
That's what I'm buying.

NORTH

How are you paying? Thought your  
money was gone.

FOXXX

I have something more valuable to  
you than cash.

NORTH

I doubt that.

FOXXX

Moretti isn't powerful because he's  
rich. He's powerful because he has  
information. Every cop he's  
bribed. Every judge he's bought.  
Every DA. Every politician fucking  
underage girls in his pool room.  
Photos. Dates. Conversations.  
Videos. All capable of destroying  
the most powerful people in the  
city. All catalogued on a flash  
drive.

NORTH

And you can get this flash drive?

FOXXX

I already have it. You guarantee  
my safety and it's yours.

North nods.

NORTH

Okay.

Foxxx downs the remaining whiskey. Under the counter, we see  
a dime-sized electronic sticker...

An EAR DOT. It blinks.

EXT. SOUND STAGE -- SAME

North peeks around the corner of the trailer to find Foxxx  
speaking to TWO PORN STARS. North picks up a tablet from a  
table, casually scrolls through.

NATALYA (O.S.)

That's not a script.

North turns and Natalya is there. Terry cloth robe. Hair in disarray.

NORTH  
I'm not here for the show.

NATALYA  
You're a bad liar.

NORTH  
Hand to God.

Her jaw drops.

NATALYA  
And a dangerous liar?

NORTH  
(scrolling the tablet)  
There can't be this many jobs on a  
porno set. Who are these people?

NATALYA  
Who cares?

NORTH  
I care.

NATALYA  
No - no, not really you don't.  
Come on.

Natalya takes the tablet from North's hands and returns it to the table. She leads North by the hand, pulling him out to:

EXT. BACK LOT -- SAME

Natalya leads North away from the soundstage - dodging a PA - ducking a boom pole -

NATALYA  
Sometimes the omelet chef stays  
over - opens back up when we're  
done. I don't know why we don't  
just go home. I had calamari every  
day on Gangbangs.

She throws a smirk over her shoulder before quickly yanking North into the darkness between two trailers.



NATALYA (CONT'D)  
But my favorite?  
(fingertips on his chest)  
Is ice cream...

NORTH  
Ice cream?

Natalya looks up with puppy dog eyes.

NATALYA  
I am American girl.

North's hands find her hips and pull her close - then quickly jerk away as if he's just touched fire.

NORTH  
I think you might be bad for me.

NATALYA  
Only because I know what you are.  
And I know what you want.  
(she slides his hand to  
her crotch)  
And I know it stings.  
(she squeezes his hand)  
Mmmnh - like bumble bee...

Natalya moves North's fingers under her robe. Her eyes sigh closed when he hits just the right spot. She bucks back against him, parting her lips and letting out another moan.

NATALYA (CONT'D)  
And I am soft inside like flower...

BRANDI (V.O.)  
(via loudspeaker)  
Natalya, you're needed on set.

She instantly slips out from between North and the trailer. A playful giggle as she disappears around the corner.

NATALYA (O.S.)  
Remember, if you're ever unhappy.

North waits until he's sure she's gone. And then he finally breathes.

INT. BEDROOM, NORTH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

North lies in bed with Asélie. This is our first time seeing an older Asélie. The past five years have been kind to her. TV light strobes softly against their faces.

ASÉLIE  
When does it end?

NORTH  
Soon.

ASÉLIE  
You don't have any hobbies.

North barely even heard her. He's zoned-out on the pack of cigarettes on the night stand. Thoughts racing.

NORTH  
Hm?

ASÉLIE  
Hobbies. Things to do when you're not, you know. You don't have any.

She smiles when Bugs Bunny pops out behind Elmer Fudd on TV, then she turns it off and snuggles closer to North. It's a sweet, tender moment between husband and wife.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
Mmm... I forgot my eye appointment.

NORTH  
Bugs Bunny. Carrots. Good for your eyes. Eye appointment.

ASÉLIE  
Is that how that just worked?

NORTH  
I want a baby.

...and there went the moment.

ASÉLIE  
What? Why- why would you say that?

He sits up. We get the sense he's somehow truly hurt her.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
Why - you know what, never mind.

NORTH  
I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

...and she's already through the door. He doesn't chase her. He looks to the nightstand, considering the cigarettes inside the open drawer.

EXT. CASTING OFFICE -- DAY

North crossing the street - *shit*, Foxxx coming out of the building - *turn - change pace - make it look natural* -

North around the corner. There is a beat before North HEARS an engine start - Foxxx's Tesla passes by.

INT. CASTING OFFICE -- SAME

North busting through the door - Six CASTING DIRECTORS around a conference table - CASTING ASSISTANT tailing him -

CASTING ASSISTANT  
I told him (he couldn't-)

NORTH  
She also told me Mikey Foxxx was meeting with Mr. Murray. Who's the lucky guy?

The fear on MURRAY'S face gives it away. North marches over to him and sits down.

MURRAY  
What is this?

North flashes his badge. Casting Directors scramble to leave the room.

NORTH  
Sit down.

They do.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- SAME

Asélie turns into an aisle. She scans the cereal boxes and puts one in her cart. Turning to leave, she accidentally bumps someone with her cart.

ASÉLIE  
Oh, my goodness -- I'm sorry!

Asélie looks up. Mikey Foxxx smiles back.

INT. CASTING OFFICE -- SAME

NORTH  
What was Mikey Foxxx doing here?

MURRAY

Do you have a warrant?

NORTH

No. But I can assure you that what I lack in terms of a warrant, I more than make up for with my gun and my temper.

North places his gun on the table. Clicks the safety off with a charming smile.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- SAME

FOXXX

No, no - that was me. Wasn't looking where I was going. Hey, wait a sec -- don't I know you?

ASÉLIE

I was thinking the same thing.

INT. CASTING OFFICE -- SAME

MURRAY

Sir. Either you produce a warrant or I'm --

Murray pauses.

NORTH

Or you're what?  
(then, realizing)  
You can't go to the police, can you?

Murray swallows hard.

FOXXX (V.O.) (PRELAP)

I'm Mikey. Mikey Foxxx.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- SAME

Asélie knows the name. She tries to hide her fear.

ASÉLIE

Foxxx. The... the filmmaker?

Foxxx laughs.

FOXXX

Don't tell me you've seen my work.

ASÉLIE

Me? No! God, no. You- You're helping my husband -- Dave North.

FOXXX

Mrs. North!

INT. CASTING OFFICE -- SAME

Murray and the Casting Directors listen closely --

NORTH

If you help me, I will see to it that men like Foxxx and Moretti never walk through those doors again.

MURRAY

Lovely as that sounds, I don't know what we could possibly do to help you.

NORTH

This is a casting agency, right?

MURRAY

Yes...?

North smiles.

NORTH

Perfect. I need actors.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- SAME

Asélie forces a smile and tries to leave again -

ASÉLIE

I'll have to tell him I ran into you.

She stops - discovering Foxxx's foot deliberately blocking her cart.

She looks up at him. He looks down at her.

FOXXX

Yes. I think you should.

Asélie abandons her cart - running out of the store.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB -- NIGHT

Reno gives North a quick pat down before leading him to a round table in the center of the room.

NORTH  
You were expecting me?

Moretti is surrounded by BIKERS and SKINHEADS watching TWO CRABS fight on the center table.

MORETTI  
It's a game of endurance.

NORTH  
Do you know why I'm here?

MORETTI  
A question of mettle. A test of  
patience.

The BLUE CRAB snatches the RED CRAB and crushes it slowly --

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
And then it's over.

NORTH  
You're betting on the wrong crab.

MORETTI  
Foxxx is an idiot, yes. You?  
You're loud.

NORTH  
You heard about the casting office?

MORETTI  
Three years ago, your wife had a  
miscarriage.

North is taken aback.

MORETTI (CONT'D)  
You will find there is very little  
that I don't know.

NORTH  
Foxxx is going to talk. He wants  
out.

MORETTI  
Foxxx doesn't have the stomach.

North leans forward, whispers.

NORTH  
Foxxx isn't Foxxx.

Silence. Pressure drop. Moretti is all in.

MORETTI  
You mean he's...

North nods.

NORTH  
And I can stop him.

Fascinated, Moretti settles back into his seat.

MORETTI  
Stay a fight.

EXT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Asélie comes off the porch - meeting North at his car as he pulls into the driveway.

ASÉLIE  
He was following me --

NORTH  
What? Who?

ASÉLIE  
Foxxx. At the grocery store. Why would he follow me?

NORTH  
That doesn't make sense. I dunno. To get to me?

ASÉLIE  
Would that stop you?

NORTH  
Yes.

ASÉLIE  
David. What's going on? Why is Mikey Foxxx following me?

A realization dawns on North. He heads back toward his car.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)

David. Just stop for a second. We  
can't live like this. I can't. I  
can't live like this.

North climbs back into his car.

NORTH

What are you saying?

ASÉLIE

I'm saying what I'm saying. I'm  
saying I can't live like this. I'm  
saying neither one of us are -

NORTH

Neither one of us are what?

ASÉLIE

Happy.

NORTH

You're unhappy?

ASÉLIE

You're not?

North thinks for a moment. And then drives off. As he  
drives, red and blue light filters in - sirens begin to whir  
as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT **##THE PAST##**

A TREMBLING SILHOUETTE - cowering in the dark - appearing and  
vanishing with flashes of passing POLICE LIGHTS.

It's Young Holloway. Covered in Charles Long's blood. He's  
on the run.

EXT. UNDER THE I-470 OVERPASS -- SAME

Police descend on the tent city. OFC. Duncan rips JUNKIE #1  
from a tent. OFC. Ross with a photo of Young Holloway and a  
flashlight leveled on the Junkie's face. No match.

They throw him into the ground.



EXT. BACK YARD, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Young Holloway reaches for the doorknob as -

EXT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Young North leaps out of his car - Young Meyer following.  
More cruisers pulling up and - BOOM!

INT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

The front door buckles into the foyer. Young North and Young Meyer step inside - TWENTY RIOT COPS flooding in as -

INT. BASEMENT, NORTH'S HOUSE -- SAME

LIGHT, QUICK FOOTSTEPS as Young Asélie comes down the stairs. She moves to the bottles of wine on a shelf. Her fingers slide over the labels. She stops when she finds just the right one. A tiny smile as she slides it out.

Young Asélie turns to leave. Stops. She hears something in the darkness. She is visibly uncomfortable.

Young Holloway staggers from the shadows and collapses into the cement floor.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
HELP. ME.

Young Asélie drops the bottle. It SHATTERS on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. FOXXX'S TRAILER -- NIGHT **##PRESENT DAY##**

North slams Foxxx into wall. Holds him there by his throat.

NORTH  
Threatening my wife at the grocery  
store!?

FOXXX  
What?

A beat. North releases his grip. Foxxx slides down the wall, smacks into the floor. He pulls himself up, pissed.

FOXXX (CONT'D)  
I'm producing 4 movies. Today. I  
don't even have time to shit  
sitting down. When the fuck do you  
think I had time to bullshit with  
your wife at the grocery store?  
That doesn't even make fucking  
sense.

North paces. His mind racing.

EXT. SOUND STAGE -- SAME

North watches Foxxx directing TWO PERFORMERS. Natalya wraps  
her arms around North from behind.

NATALYA  
You're quiet.

NORTH  
Lot on my mind.

NATALYA  
You've been having a bad day. I'm  
a good listener.

North's fingers crawl up the inside of Natalya's thigh and  
her eyes sigh closed --

INT. NATALYA' TRAILER -- SAME

North and Natalya tumble in - ripping at each other's  
clothes. North spits on her neck - licks it off -

This is not sweet. This is not love. He heaves her over the  
counter and fucks her like he hates her -

A CAMERA FLASHES. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Natalya sits cozied up against the headboard wrapped in a  
bedsheet. She picks a chocolate-covered strawberry from the  
box on her lap and takes a bite.

NATALYA  
These are... My God...

FOXXX (O.S.)  
Next time we'll skip the sex.

NATALYA  
Your friend's better anyway.

FOXXX (O.S.)  
He's not my friend.

Foxxx comes out from the bathroom wearing a towel, staring at a photo in his hands: North's head between Natalya's legs.

NATALYA  
I didn't think he had it in him.

FOXXX  
What did you do?

NATALYA  
Nothing. He's a stupid little man  
just like you.

FOXXX  
Glad you had fun.

Natalya hands Foxxx a manila envelope. Foxxx stuffs the photo inside.

NATALYA  
Aww, you're pretending to be  
jealous. That's sweet.

FOXXX  
What is it with you and married  
men?

Natalya just shrugs and eats another strawberry.

EXT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- SAME

Asélie watches through the window as Foxxx's Tesla pulls up. He drops the manila envelope into her mailbox and drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELLAR -- NIGHT **##THE PAST##**

Young Holloway and Young Asélie lay entangled, naked and wrapped in a blanket on the floor. Young Asélie is crying.

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
We looked into a clinic, but we  
couldn't afford it. And then one  
day... we just could.

INT. OFFICE, FERTILITY CLINIC -- DAY

Young North and Young Asélie sit with a DOCTOR. The DR. speaks MOT. Young North smiles and squeezes Young ASÉLIE'S hand lovingly. She is tense and just going along with it.

EXT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- SAME

Young Asélie pulls groceries out of the trunk of North's CAR. Her purse strap gets stuck inside. Trying to unhook it, something catches her eye - she lifts up the tire cover -

INSIDE: \$250,000 cash and an envelope.

INT. CELLAR -- SAME

Young Asélie watches as Young Holloway flips through the contents of the envelope.

INSERT SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS: Sienna on Holloway's shoulders in their garden. Together at the mall. Sienna at school. Holloway at work.

YOUNG ASÉLIE

What is this? Why would David have these pictures?

Holloway stares at the photos - his mind racing -

YOUNG HOLLOWAY

Moretti...

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB -- NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- Young Meyer sits across from Moretti. Reno drops a bag of cash at his feet. Young Meyer walks out with the money.

- Young North sits across from Moretti. Reno drops the bag. Young North walks out with the money.

- Young Holloway with Moretti. Reno drops the bag. Young Holloway walks out.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.)

*I'm the only one he couldn't buy.*

...the money is still at the table. Moretti watches Young Holloway leave. ICE.

*LONG (V.O.) (PRELAP)*  
*The girl! The girl! The 8 year*  
*old girl!*

INT. CARGO VAN -- NIGHT

Charles Long bound in the back of the cargo van. Whispering into Holloway's ear:

*LONG*  
*She wasn't one of mine.*

Holloway drops the knife.

*YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.) (PRELAP)*  
*You want me to kill him?*

INT. CELLAR -- NIGHT

Young Asélie holds up one of North's suits to Young Holloway. Looks like a good fit. Young Holloway starts putting it on.

*YOUNG ASÉLIE (V.O.)*  
*Yes, Mark. I want you to kill him.*  
*And then I want you to be him.*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT **##PRESENT DAY##**

North steps into the dark foyer. Hearing sniffing and a whimper, he stiffens a little. Then starting up the stairs, he stops when he sees her.

Asélie is doubled over on the landing. The opened manila envelope is on the floor beside her. He shrugs.

*NORTH*  
*You too?*

She looks up red-faced. She has been crying.

*ASÉLIE*  
*Where were you?*

*NORTH*  
*Working.*

*ASÉLIE*  
*Fantasizing?*

North doesn't want to fight, so he just blows right by her.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you.

NORTH  
You're chewing me out.

ASÉLIE  
Fuck you, Mark!

NORTH  
Are you drunk?

ASÉLIE  
How was she?

North stops, who? Asélie pulls a photo from the envelope.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
I don't know what's worse. That  
you're an asshole. Or that you  
think I'm an idiot.

NORTH  
Asélie... That wasn't me.

ASÉLIE  
Yeah? Then who was it?

She shoves a photo in North's face -

THE PHOTO: Natalya on the counter, legs wrapped around  
North's naked body.

She throws another photo at him -

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
Was she good?

THE PHOTO: North's head between Natalya's legs.

She throws another -

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
Tell me how much more she loves you  
-- how long she waits up alone.  
Tell me... tell me that she's  
happy...

She stops when she runs out of pictures to throw.

ASÉLIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you were in control. But  
you're not.

SMASH CUT TO:

NORTH'S FIRST-PERSON POV: Asélie flickers. She starts to  
pull into focus -

Snap out of the POV as North pulls Asélie into his arms -

NORTH  
Asélie, stop. I can fix this.

Asélie jerks away. She pushes North into the hallway with  
everything she has. He hits the wall. Hard -

ASÉLIE  
Don't you fucking touch me!

NORTH  
Asélie, come on -- stop this. You  
know me!

ASÉLIE  
I knew you, Mark.

North lowers his voice and speaks very carefully.

NORTH  
Don't. Don't do that.

Asélie shrugs. She's done with him.

ASÉLIE  
I don't know who you are anymore.

She slams the bedroom door in his face. Then Asélie breaks  
down. Crying hard. Years of pain and anger finally welling  
up and spilling over.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (V.O.)  
*Don't you still love him?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTH'S CAR -- DAY **##THE PAST##**

Young North pulls into the driveway. He reclines his seat -  
just resting his eyes after a long day. Asélie opens the  
passenger door and climbs inside.

YOUNG ASÉLIE  
Scooch your seat back.

Before he can, she clambers playfully over the center console - squeezing onto his lap. They just laugh.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (V.O.)  
*I love who he used to be...*

INT. NORTH'S CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT

Young North drives down a quiet country road.

YOUNG ASÉLIE (V.O.)  
*I can't love someone capable of  
doing what he did.*

BOOM! A tire pops.

YOUNG NORTH  
Dammit!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- SAME

Hazards flash as Young North checks the tire. It has been deliberately shredded. He looks behind his car. The flashing hazards reveal a strip of police traffic spikes.

Suddenly, the crickets stop chirping and the wind dampens to a hush. Knowing something is up, Young North unholsters his service pistol as a whisper rides in on the wind:

THE KNIFE SALESMAN (O.S.)  
*(a whisper)*  
Why bring a gun to a knife fight?

Young North turns and - SLASH - SLASH - BOOM!

Young North's GUN BARKS - tumbling into the grass as he collapses onto the pavement. He tries to stand, but yelps -- discovering both of his Achilles tendons have been severed.

Young North rolls to his knees -- dragging himself to the front of the car -- crawling for his gun in the grass. As he goes, photographs begin to flutter down around him...

INSERT PHOTO: Sienna on Holloway's SHOULDERS --

INSERT PHOTO: Sienna and Holloway at the river --



More photographs flutter down around him as he crawls. He reaches for the pistol when a butcher's knife pierces straight through his wrist, pinning it into the dirt.

North screams.

YOUNG NORTH  
Holloway -- don't do this.

The Knife Salesman (we know it's Holloway, but we don't see his face) sits down in the grass beside Young North.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN  
You took the money.

YOUNG NORTH  
I did. I did. You would've done the same.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN  
But I didn't.

YOUNG NORTH  
You would've. For your kid you would've.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN  
But I didn't. My kid is dead because I didn't.

YOUNG NORTH  
No. That's not why. It wasn't Moretti. I thought it was at first.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN  
Then who?

YOUNG NORTH  
I don't know.

The Knife Salesman twists the knife in Young North's arm. Young North screams.

MEYER (V.O.) (PHONE)  
*This is Meyer.*

ASÉLIE (V.O.) (PRELAP)  
*Chase? There's something you should know...*

INT. NORTH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT **##PRESENT DAY##**

Asélie opens the bedroom door and she's face to face with North. Phone to her ear.

MEYER (PHONE)  
You okay?

ASÉLIE  
I'm fine. Listen carefully.

She looks North directly in the eyes as she speaks into the phone. Tears well in North's eyes. He's shaking his head. Begging -

NORTH  
Asélie, please...

ASÉLIE  
Two years ago, Mark Holloway killed my husband. And he's been living his life, pretending to be him, ever since.

MEYER (PHONE)  
What?

And just like that, she's the enemy. North begins slowly backing away from Asélie.

ASÉLIE  
Chase, my husband is dead. If you see David North, you are seeing The Knife Salesman.

MEYER (PHONE)  
Where is he right now?

ASÉLIE  
He's right here. And he can hear everything I'm saying. So he's getting ready to run.

She's right. North turns - moving down the stairs and out the door -

CUT TO:

REELING BLACKNESS. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

INT. TESLA -- NIGHT

Dusting coke from his nose, Foxxx flinches. Someone's here.

FOXXX

Mother fuck - you scared me.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN slides into the back seat. For a moment, nothing is said as we realize A NEW NOISE has entered our consciousness: the DISTANT KEENING of an approaching train.

Foxxx shifts anxiously in his seat. And then just starts talking, just brave chatter masking fear.

FOXXX (CONT'D)

I was thinking. It's a long drive up and I was thinking about money, ya know? The pictures - Had to do it - I feel bad.

NORTH

No you don't.

FOXXX

No. I don't. Actually sorta proud of my artistry. It helps being hungry--

KEENING BUILDS as Foxxx passes the flash drive to North.

FOXXX (CONT'D)

Literally hungry to get to the figurative end.

North POPS the locks on his briefcase. Antique knives inside: a boning and a pairing, a butcher's and a cleaver.

Heavy steam billows from the briefcase. We now know that this is The Kiln printing a new mask.

In a blur, North's forearm SMASHES into Foxxx's throat, yanks him into the headrest. Knife to his jugular as the car vibrates, then rattles - shaking now, uncontrollably -

...TRAAAIINN!!! METAL SQUEALS AGAINST METAL - a roaring behemoth thunders by - tossing them about the car, when -

Foxxx breaks free. Eyes wild, aiming a pistol, but - North flips the gun around in Foxxx's hands - SNAPS his wrist - field-strips the gun - tossing pieces aside as -

Foxxx scrambles -

OUTSIDE OF THE CAR

- and slips in the rain. His ass smashes pavement. Searing pain. He looks up. Instantly, Foxxx's body seizes in terror. He inches away, horrified...

FOXXX (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you?

North has put on the Mikey Foxxx mask.

NORTH / "FOXXX"  
Who are you - that's the better question, Mikey, seven years ago a girl was murdered--

FOXXX  
--Fuck's that gotta do with me? I never killed nobody--

NORTH / "FOXXX"  
But you knew and didn't stop it. And for that you owe a debt, Mister Foxxx. A debt only payable in blood. What I am is the collector. Who I am--

North/"Foxxx" puts his face so close to Foxxx's that their noses touch.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN / "FOXXX"  
--is you.

North's blade: a glimmering blur. Foxxx's throat: an opened mess - sputtering blood in founts as he dies and -

TIMECUT

Holloway speeds off in Foxxx's Tesla.

INT. DANCE STUDIO, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Holloway enters Sienna's abandoned studio. He slides one of the covered mirrors, revealing stairs to the cellar.

INT. CELLAR -- SAME

Above the sink are DISEMBODIED FACES - lifelike masks hanging on the wall. Each face a DIFFERENT MASK OF DAVID NORTH in varying states of decay.

Holloway slides the flash drive into a tablet. He scrolls. Selects a file. A video begins to play -

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY -- NIGHT **##CELL PHONE VIDEO##**

Sienna zip-tied to the chair. She is unconscious, but still has a face. The cell phone camera flips around and -

Young Meyer stares into the lens, filming it all.

YOUNG MEYER  
I've done everything you asked me  
to, Moretti! You own me now, okay?  
You fucking own me! Just tell me  
where my kids are.

Young Meyer's phone rings.

YOUNG MEYER (CONT'D)  
Hello?

MEYER'S SON (ON PHONE)  
Dad?

YOUNG MEYER  
Nick! Where are you?

MORETTI (ON PHONE)  
They're fine, Chase. You finish up  
and send me the video.

Moretti hangs up.

Young Meyer paces. Lost and afraid. He screams. Then his fear becomes wicked. He approaches Sienna. The action occurs just out of the cell phone's view. The hideous sound of CUTTING on flesh. And the sight of Sienna's BLOOD POOLING onto the floor. The IMAGE FREEZES.

BACK IN THE DANCE STUDIO

Holloway drops the tablet. He collapses to the floor, broken and -

BOOM! Glass shatters. Holloway slides along the floor. A stunned beat. He's disoriented. Eyes on the swivel and -

BOOM! He's slammed into another mirror. Glass rains, littering the floor. Holloway's bag falls, sending the contents tumbling out and -

ASSAILANT (O.S.)  
This old piece of shit?

Holloway watches as his assailant picks up the kiln and tosses it away like trash.

Holloway looks the man in the eye...

- IT'S ANOTHER MARK HOLLOWAY.

ASAILANT/"HOLLOWAY"  
Kid made me an upgrade. Check this  
out.

The attacking "Holloway" laughs maniacally. And then his face changes - instantly shuffling through a dozen faces, some we recognize, some we don't - and stopping at:

SIENNA'S FACE. The hairs on Holloway's neck stand up.

SIENNA  
Daddy?

Holloway averts his gaze, accidentally glimpsing his own reflection in the shattered bits of mirror all over the floor. Pain shoots through his head. He collapses.

FIRST PERSON POV: Holloway's reflection jitters in bits of shattered mirror all over the floor. You look around, trying to focus on something, *anything* - turning your head toward the sound of *laughter* behind you and -

Sienna is just breaths away from your face...

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
You couldn't save me, daddy.

Holloway is paralyzed by the mirrors - he can't look away.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
I'm dead. Because you're a coward.

Sienna jitters - now pulling into sharp focus.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
YOU LET HIM TAKE MY FACE!!!

Sienna and Holloway scream in sync as her face is ripped off as if by an invisible hand - just raw flesh, bone, and her unblinking eyes remaining as -

Sienna's foot slams down, crushing her compact mirror to pieces when -

Sienna's face flickers, then dissolves completely, finally revealing Meyer's beneath it.

Meyer kicks over a kerosene can. He watches Holloway writhe.

Holloway stares at his own reflection - seeing only Sienna staring back - feeling exactly what she felt the moment she was murdered and powerless to fight it.

MEYER

That's his body locked in the freezer down there, isn't it? You're clever, Mark. You fooled me. I think his wife is what sold it. No reason for anybody else to suspect you if she didn't.

Holloway trembles on the floor. Kerosene pooling all around him. Meyer strikes a match.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Shame though. I thought you'd be harder to kill.

And tosses it into the kerosene as he disappears into the cellar.

IN THE CELLAR

Meyer unlocks the padlock on the freezer and raises the lid. Inside: Young North's frozen body. He motions. Officers Duncan, Ross, and some beat cops lift the freezer and carry it out.

IN THE STUDIO

Holloway trembles. Staring at his reflection - watching Sienna stare back at him, paralyzed by fear as the inferno consumes the room.

FADE TO BLACK.

PASTOR (V.O.)

-- a true friend. And a loving husband.

(Latin)

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOSEPH -- DAY

SIX U.S. MARINES haul a flag-draped casket through the aisle among ashen-faced guests. At the altar, a smiling portrait of Young North is propped on an easel framed with flowers.

Asélie is seated beside Meyer in the first pew, surrounded by friends and family. Meyer reaches for her hand but -

She stands to fix one of the many bouquets encircling the open casket now at the altar. It takes her a moment before she feels the stare -

That feeling... it makes her turn around. She looks past the guests, all the way down the aisle to the entryway. Her face registers confusion at first. And then slow realization as her eyes meet his -

CLOSE ON HIS EYES. These are Holloway's eyes. But the skin encircling them is different -- this is not Holloway's face.

But Asélie knows. Her eyes tremble with tears and a sigh relief as she nods and finally looks down...

The real David North lies peacefully inside the casket. Her voice barely breaks a whisper -

ASÉLIE

It's not him.

Meyer leans forward, it was quiet, but he heard. He's sure he did, but what did she see? He looks back, just in time to see Mikey Foxxx leaving through the closing door.

Meyer quickly gets up and heads down the aisle after him. Attracting attention, he slows - acts natural -

Just as Meyer reaches the door, Duncan stops him -

DUNCAN

Foxxx says he has the ledger.  
What's that mean?

Meyer thinks. Nods.

CAPTAIN MEYER

Okay -- okay. Take Foxxx.

DUNCAN

Take him?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Arrest him.

DUNCAN

I'm dead if I do that.

CAPTAIN MEYER

You're dead if you don't.



EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOSEPH -- SAME

Marines load North's casket into a hearse. Asélie stares straight ahead, oddly expressionless as the hearse door slams... but she's not watching the casket...

Her eyes follow the UNIFORMED OFFICERS hastily exiting the service. Marked and unmarked squad cars speeding off. No sirens. This is discreet and unofficial.

ASÉLIE  
What's happening?

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Duty calls.  
(his hand)  
Come on.

INT. MEYER'S CAR, MOVING -- SAME

Meyer and Asélie drive with the funeral procession. Then Meyer makes a deliberate turn off down an alley.

For a second, Asélie doesn't react. But the second passes.

ASÉLIE  
You don't think it's faster to stay  
with them?

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB -- SAME

"Foxxx" struts in like he owns the place. TWO SHADOWS FLAT OVER HIM -- two of Moretti's GUARDS blocking the door.

GUARD 1  
We're at capacity.

MORETTI (O.S.)  
He's with me.

"Foxxx" glances over the goons to see Moretti waving him through from his usual table.

"Foxxx" takes the seat across from Moretti, scans the room.

Moretti's stern eyes fill with curiosity. His mouth opens a tiny bit involuntarily. There is a beat. Then, without warning, Moretti reaches for "Foxxx's" face.

"Foxxx" recoils.

MORETTI (CONT'D)

May I?

"Foxxx" leans forward a bit.

Moretti reaches out and strokes "Foxxx's" face. He drags his fingers through his hair, briefly allowing himself the pleasure of reshaping his curiosity into wonder -

MORETTI (CONT'D)

I'll be damned. It's true. A mask...

Moretti gazes at "Foxxx", awestruck by the mask's authenticity. Silence. "Foxxx" gazes a beat before looking down.

"FOXXX"

We all wear masks, Mr. Moretti.

"Foxxx's" eyes move back up.

MORETTI

No. See, cowards- cowards- wear masks. You were an idealist then and a coward now. Always just a boy hiding behind his little mask.

"FOXXX"

We all wear little masks Mr. Moretti, even you. And we all pretend like there's somebody behind them. Even you. So you lie to be happy. You lie, and pretend but you're miserable. We're all cowards, Mr. Moretti. Yes... even you. I just admit it.

"Foxxx" slides the USB flash drive across the table. Moretti looks up. Respect in his eyes. And then he hears handcuffs clicking. He's cuffed to the table.

MORETTI

What are you doing?

Saying nothing, "Foxxx" sprays Moretti in the face with an unmarked bottle. He slides a card into Moretti's breast pocket.

MORETTI (CONT'D)

THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?

"Foxxx" unscrews the cap and pours the liquid in a trail as he steps into the bathroom. A beat, and then Moretti just notices the quiet. No bartender at the bar. No guards...

TWENTY OFFICERS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR.

They fan out - flanking - leveling pistols and assault rifles at Moretti. Meyer saunters straight up to Moretti. A smug grin on his face.

MORETTI

What is this, Chase?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Enzio Moretti. You are under arrest for money laundering -

MORETTI

Is this a fucking joke?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Fraud. Embezzlement--

MORETTI

Get me out these cuffs -- check the fucking bathroom!

CAPTAIN MEYER

(drops a warrant on the table)

And Murder. And whatever the fuck else this piece of paper says. I didn't read it. You have the right to remain silent.

MORETTI

He's in the fucking bathroom! He's wearing a mask.

Meyer reacts to the word MASK. He goes quiet.

CAPTAIN MEYER

Check it.

Duncan nods --

POW! Duncan boots the bathroom door open. Smoke billows out. Duncan backs up. IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE: A TRAIL OF FLAME snakes its way from the bathroom to Moretti's booth.

Fire encircles the booth - the cops can't help him. The flame travels in a thin strip of orange ribbon up Moretti's leg and --

MORETTI'S FACE CATCHES ON FIRE. He SHRIEKS as he burns alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE -- SAME

Moretti's body on the gurney. A charred mess where his face should be. Duncan removes The Salesman's card from Moretti's pocket. Bags it.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT -- SAME

Duncan and Meyer walk and talk. Moving quickly.

DUNCAN  
You better know what the fuck  
you're doing.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Or what, Duncan? I better know  
what I'm doing or what?

Meyer looks around. It's quiet back here... just the two of them and -- BAM!

Meyer slaps the ever-loving dog shit out of Duncan, sending him crumbling to the floor like a bitch -- yanks him back up --  
- kicks him in the chest, sending him into an adjacent room --

Meyer pins him against the wall -- Duncan struggles --

CAPTAIN MEYER (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you talking to  
like that?  
(off his silence)  
Motherfucker, I'm asking you: WHO  
THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING TO LIKE  
THAT?!

DUNCAN  
I'm- I didn't mean-

CAPTAIN MEYER  
I don't fire warning shots. Yours  
wouldn't be the first fucking face  
I ripped off.  
(then)  
Who the fuck are you talking to  
like that?

Duncan stays silent.

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- SAME

A MAN IN A TRENCH COAT steps up to the counter. A gum chewing DISPATCHER in her early twenties (looks like she's in her teens) can't be bothered to look up from her phone.

DISPATCH OFFICER  
Can I help you?

MAN IN TRENCH COAT (O.S.)  
I hope. I'm looking for Captain Chase Meyer. I have some, uh... information on The Knife-

DISPATCH OFFICER  
(rote)  
Captain Meyer is by appointment only. Please come back or call between the hours of 8AM and 12PM Monday through Friday and the-

MAN IN TRENCH COAT (O.S.)  
Miss... Ma'am-

She stops talking, stops chewing. Closes her eyes. Inhales deep. She's about to cuss him out. But when she looks up and sees who's standing there, her mouth just falls open.

DISPATCH OFFICER  
Oh, shit.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT -- SAME

Meyer lets Duncan down from the wall. Duncan shakes it off. Breathes. And he's coming back to work when he notices something strange behind Meyer --

DUNCAN  
Sir?

Meyer turns -- scanning the room -- finally finding it on the security monitor...

Meyer can't believe what he sees either.

BLEET -- BLEET -- BLEET -- A SECURITY ALARM SCREAMS --

INT. LOBBY, PRECINCT -- SAME

Meyer steps off the elevator and goes breathless at the sight of Mark Holloway in a trench coat, kneeling in the lobby with his hands on his head and twenty officers with guns aimed at his chest.

HOLLOWAY

Hey buddy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT -- SAME

A single light swings overhead.

Now -- EIGHT OFFICERS coming in -- bringing Holloway in chains -- forcing him into the chair --

Now -- the Officers, the very afraid Officers -- their hands trembling -- shackling Holloway's legs -- his hands -- checking the locks... checking them again...

Holloway BARKS -- A Young Officer flinches -- falling on his ass -- finding his feet -- getting the fuck out of there -- and he's not laughing but Holloway is.

Officers exit. Meyer walks in. Sits.

CAPTAIN MEYER

They think you're the boogeyman,  
Mark.

HOLLOWAY

Where's the other one?

CAPTAIN MEYER

Who?

HOLLOWAY

Good cop. Bad cop.

CAPTAIN MEYER

I'm both.

HOLLOWAY

There's a good argument against  
that.

CAPTAIN MEYER

You're smart. But I'm smart, too.  
I knew you'd come for her. I  
didn't think you'd just walk right  
in here though. That was dumb.

HOLLOWAY  
The things we do for love.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Shut the fuck up, Mark. What are  
we doing here?

HOLLOWAY  
We're just talking.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Five minutes ago you walked into a  
building you're never walking out  
of -- what are we doing here?

Holloway raises his voice, abandoning all discretion.  
Officers in the OBSERVATION ROOM hear him loud and clear.

HOLLOWAY  
We're talking about Foxxx's flash  
drive.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
I destroyed that.

HOLLOWAY  
Both of them?

Meyer makes his feet -- moves to the back of the room --  
reaches down, unplugs an audio recorder from the wall.

Meyer reaches up, tearing the cord from the back of the  
ceiling-mounted camera. Holloway smiles.

Meyer flips the light switch. Officers behind the two-way  
mirror in the OBSERVATION ROOM watch as the room goes dark.

Meyer kneels down. Inches from Holloway's face. Speaking  
low enough that the officers outside can't hear a word...

CAPTAIN MEYER  
How many copies are there?

HOLLOWAY  
Just one more.

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Which is?

HOLLOWAY  
Which is yours after I walk out of  
here with Asélie.

Meyer just laughs.

CAPTAIN MEYER

My man! You're never walking out  
of here --

Meyer pauses -- intelligent eyes racing as he paces the room. He turns to the two-way mirror and instantly stops cold when he sees it...

HOLLOWAY'S REFLECTION STARES MEYER'S IN HIS EYES.

Unfazed by the mirror, Holloway stares for just a beat, but that was all it took. Meyer turns away from the glass. He boots Holloway in the chest, sending his chair topping back -- snapping the cuffs off the metal table--

CAPTAIN MEYER (CONT'D)

WHO ARE YOU?!

Meyer punches -- Holloway shields his face --

CAPTAIN MEYER (CONT'D)

WHO ARE YOU!?

Holloway blocks what punches he can, trying to make it to his feet -- Meyer -- holding him by the collar with one hand -- hammering Holloway's face with the other --

HOLLOWAY

Stop! Stop it! HELP! SOMEONE  
HELP!

Meyer notices the shiny flesh behind Holloway's ear. He scrapes... TINK -- TINK -- TINK -- as the Ear Dot tumbles across the floor --

Meyer -- clawing at Holloway's face -- tearing it off, revealing --

OLDER WYATT

(yelling into the ear dot)  
I fucked up, Mark. He knows! HE  
KNOWS!

An OLDER WYATT (30) battered and bloody with the Holloway mask hanging in shreds around his neck. Meyer boots his chest again. Wyatt coughs blood and starts laughing --

INT. CAR -- SAME

Holloway speeds down the dirt road. His phone receiving the audio from Wyatt's Ear Dot --



OLDER WYATT (RADIO)  
(spitting blood)  
Long time no see, detective.

CAPTAIN MEYER (RADIO)  
You pulled him out of the fire.  
(louder, now)  
I'm coming for you, Holloway!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Meyer storms out into the hallway --

CAPTAIN MEYER  
Charge him with something!

Officers enter the interrogation room. Wyatt pulls himself to his feet.

OLDER WYATT  
Yeah, charge me with something.  
First degree bamboozle? Felony  
hoodwinking, maybe? Fuck outta  
here. The only camera's running  
were mine on a live feed.  
(motioning to his glasses,  
then his dick)  
You're fucked. Thirty five dudes.  
Two dicks. Lawyer's name is Tony  
Steinway. And we're both rock hard-  
about to fuck everyone in this  
building.  
(pointing)  
You. You're fucked. You're  
fucked. You're fucked, too. Hey  
you in the hallway.

A NERVOUS INTERN pops his head into the room.

NERVOUS INTERN  
Are you gonna say I'm fucked?

OLDER WYATT  
Maybe. Do you work here?

NERVOUS INTERN  
Kinda...

OLDER WYATT  
Well. Then you're kinda fucked.

Officers just stand there. Not sure what to do with the kid.

INT. HALL, HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

Asélie has her leg outstretched trying to pull a safety pin closer with her foot.

A SHADOW MOVES THROUGH THE HALLS BEHIND HER

She almost has it when, shit -- she kicks over the edge to the ground floor.

ASÉLIE

Damn it!

A hand covers her mouth from behind. She kicks and screams and --

HOLLOWAY

It's me! It's me...

She stops fighting. She looks into his eyes.

ASÉLIE

Mark?

INT. CELLAR -- SAME

Holloway leads Asélie through the winding corridors and jerks to a stop... something holds him back...

Asélie has stopped running.

HOLLOWAY

Come on- we don't (have time-)

ASÉLIE

Was he in pain?

HOLLOWAY

Who?

Asélie has stopped at the now empty chest freezer in the cellar. She stares at it almost longingly.

ASÉLIE

David.

NORTH (V.O.) (PRELAP)

Where's this going, Mark. You  
gonna kill me?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT **##THE PAST##**

Young North uses his free hand to fetch a cigarette from his jacket. He pops it into his mouth and lights it.

Young Holloway stares down at a photo of he and Sienna.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
You have to pay. You have to pay  
me.

YOUNG NORTH  
Pay you? What are you saying?  
That's not you. That's The Knife  
Salesman talking.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY  
No. It's a cop on the street.

INSERT CUT: The drug raid. Beat Cop charges Young Holloway.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Trying to do the right thing...

INSERT CUT: A SECOND BEAT COP attempts to stop the first  
just as he BASHES Holloway in the head with his gun --

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
It's a little girl at home...

INSERT CUT: Sienna adjusts her hair in the mirror. She  
doesn't like it --

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
With her father in the mirror...

INSERT CUT: Young Holloway hands her the compact. She  
smiles.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
And it's a friend that I trusted.

INSERT CUT: Young Holloway buying Sienna ice cream from a  
street vendor. North snaps a photo from the shadows.

YOUNG HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Who took everything from me.

Young North pulls out his reserve pistol -- aims --

North's gun barks and Young Holloway falls. Young North  
coughs -- chokes on his cigarette.

Young Holloway rolls off of Young North... revealing the butcher's knife sticking out of Young North's chest.

INT. A DARK CELLAR -- NIGHT **##PRESENT DAY##**

We return to Asélie as she was -- staring silently at the empty chest freezer. Tears and relief in her eyes at once.

Tears pool in Holloway's eyes too. He falls to his knees.

Asélie says nothing. She's just taking his hand and -- and he hesitates -- and he's looking at her and --

-- and she's taking his hand -- and pulling him towards her -- and he's letting her --

ASÉLIE

Mark.

HOLLOWAY

I miss her, Asélie...

They hold each other tightly.

KEENING BECOMES RUMBLING... somebody's coming --

SLOW, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS move down the stairs.

Holloway motions toward a hidden space behind some shelves --  
*go -- hide! --*

Asélie scurries across the hall -- stays low -- stays quiet --  
stays small -- ducking behind the shelves --

She slides into the crawl space as --

Meyer stomps down into the corridor with a SILENCED ASSAULT RIFLE under his arm.

Holloway wedges himself behind the open door and the wall --  
doesn't move -- doesn't breathe...

Meyer raises the rifle. Aims, and --

PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT!

BULLETS SWARM THE BASEMENT LIKE LOCUSTS

CAPTAIN MEYER

Come out, guys. I just want to  
talk.

Meyer moves forward -- stops at the sound of a puddle --

He's standing in water. He looks ahead and sees footprints that aren't his own. One pair of footprints leads to Asélie. The other to Holloway.

Meyer follows the footprints. He forks toward the shelves where Asélie hides.

Holloway notices the prints. He silently signals Asélie to stay quiet -- Meyer turns toward Holloway's prints --

Holloway motions for her to crawl -- now -- go!

Asélie moves quickly through the crawlspace -- stopping when she sees Meyer coming back toward her -- covering her mouth -- not a sound --

She spots Holloway through a crack in the door -- what's he doing?

Holloway -- unscrewing a lightbulb --

Meyer -- listening closely -- what was that?

Holloway tossing the bulb -- it shatters in the hall and --

EVERYTHING STARTS HAPPENING AT ONCE.

PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! PHFT! -- gunfire raking the floors, walls, and ceiling -- pipes bursting -- flooding the basement with water as --

Asélie moving to the light at the end of the crawl space --

Meyer -- seeing the shattered bulb-- the footsteps leading straight ahead-- and he's going in to --

Holloway -- grabbing Meyer by the rifle -- pumping his feet -- slamming him back into a wall --

Meyer -- kneeling Holloway in the gut -- aiming -- squeezing the trigger and --

BOOM! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The rifle clicks empty and --

BAM! Meyer CLOCKS Holloway in the jaw with the butt of his rifle. Holloway stumbles back -- bloody and dazed and --

Meyer tosses the gun away -- flourishes a TACTICAL KNIFE.

CAPTAIN MEYER (CONT'D)  
Wanna buy a knife, motherfucker?

Meyer stabs the blade into A BREAKER BOX on the wall --

THE ROOM GOES DARK...

CLICK. CLICK. SPARKS. A cigarette lighter flares -- the flame illuminating Holloway's face and then --

SIENNA (O.S.)

Daddy?

Holloway turns to the direction of the voice -- swinging the flame to illuminate the basement. No one is there.

SIENNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're not my daddy.

Holloway steps through the darkness -- following the voice --

SIENNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't want to go with you --  
YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY!

BOOM! Holloway smashes through the wall and crashes into the floor. Meyer steps through the hole in the wall. His faces flickering, reeling. Stopping at Sienna's.

SIENNA (ON THE TABLET) (CONT'D)

YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY!

BAM! Meyer cracks him in the head with the butt of his rifle. Holloway falls into the water.

BAM! Meyer hits Holloway with his gun again -- BAM! Again. BAM! And again --

Holloway struggles as he's held under the water -- he's scared to death, eyes wide, looking right at us.

Meyer holds him there. He's not budging. Holloway stops fighting. He closes his eyes. And he gives up.

BOOM! Meyer stumbles back -- Asélie is holding a brick. Holloway stands -- finally coming up for air. He breathes.

Meyer is shellshocked -- fumbling to reload his rifle as --

Holloway -- scrambling for the knife in the wall. Meyer is reloaded -- cocking the rifle -- aiming and --

THE GUN BARKS

There is a beat. Holloway stares there, frozen. Was he hit? Water leaks out of a pipe where the bullet landed.

Meyer stands there, the tactical knife sticking out of his shoulder and --

Holloway charges -- ramming Meyer through the wall and --

Meyer claws at Holloway with one hand -- trying to get off a shot with the other and --

Holloway twists the knife. Meyer screams -- Holloway yanks the rifle and --

AUTOMATIC ROUNDS TEAR ACROSS THE WALLS AND --

Meyer -- no chance -- he's off balance and --

Holloway's open palm drives up into Meyer's jaw. Meyer wants to fall backward, but Holloway has his arm in his free hand -- jerking it like a rope -- tearing Meyer's shoulder from the socket and --

The rifles clatters free across the floor and --

Holloway -- his heel -- shattering Meyer's ankle and -- his knee -- ramming into Meyer's face and --

Meyer crashes broken into the floor. Bloody and dismantled. He's lost this one and knows it.

SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE. Meyer smiles.

MEYER

Every cop in three counties. On  
their way here, to this room, for  
the chance to be the man who  
finally caught The Knife Salesman.

Holloway nods. He sits down across from Meyer as the sirens draw nearer.

Holloway grabs the steel briefcase, opens it on the floor, and calmly waves his hand -- it powers on.

HOLLOWAY

Those men upstairs...

The Kiln -- lid rising -- steam bellowing -- sphere spinning --  
- stopping and --

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Running around, knocking on  
walls... pulling on books...

Holloway removes the mask from the gurgling steam.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Trying to find their way down here  
to save you and kill me...

Holloway pulls the mask down over Meyer's face. It seals into his skin. Meyer glances at his reflection in the shattered mirror on the floor and...

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
They're too late.

MEYER IS WEARING A HOLLOWAY MASK.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
I already killed The Knife  
Salesman.

MEYER  
No!

Holloway raises the rifle and fires. Meyer, wearing the Holloway mask, chokes. Holloway watches as he gasps for air. And struggles. And fights. And finally goes limp.

Holloway collapses. Weeping. A storm of emotion allowed to finally break.

Asélie enters and pulls him close.

ASÉLIE  
You got him... You got him...  
Come on now... They're coming...  
We're not done yet...

HOLLOWAY  
No. No more masks.

ASÉLIE  
Come on now... it's okay... it's  
alright...

Just as she'd helped him take it off, Asélie tenderly pulls a mask over Holloway's face -- it SEALS into place --

IT'S A MEYER MASK.

As Asélie slowly rocks him, officers rush the room... fanning out... checking the dead, fake "Holloway" (real Meyer) for vitals.

EXT. HOLLOWAY'S HOUSE -- SAME

The dead "Holloway" lies on a gurney. A body bag is zipped up, sealing him inside. Sirens whir. Asélie and "Meyer" exit. Worse for the wear, but alive. "Meyer" guides Asélie to his car.



DUNCAN  
You ok, Asélie?

ASÉLIE  
I'm fine, Duncan. Thank you.

DUNCAN  
About earlier...

"Meyer" just stares.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

"MEYER"  
For what?

DUNCAN  
In the interrogation room...

"Meyer" has no idea what Duncan is talking about.

"MEYER"  
Oh yeah... Just, uh... don't let  
it happen again.

With that lie, he warmly pats Duncan on the back. He and Asélie climb into the car and drive off.

Duncan watches their taillights fade into the distance. Staring with a mounting curiosity. Does he know?

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Holloway cranks the water on. He washes the mud from his hands and splashes his face. He looks up at his reflection in the mirror.

And doesn't look away.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Asélie, just waking up - she's so beautiful - so serene. Rolling onto her side, she slides her hand up to his pillow, and stiffens a little realizing he's gone. She sits up.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Holloway pulls on a suit jacket. Adjusts his tie. Asélie comes in as he's pulling on his shoes. He kisses her.

OLDER WYATT (V.O.)  
Rival kingpins. 2 hours south of  
Mexico City.

INT. WVU AESTHETICS LAB -- DAY

Holloway at the workbench with the older Wyatt. RECON PHOTOS on the monitors. Wyatt clicks through -- GRUESOME IMAGES of DEAD CHILDREN on the BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

OLDER WYATT  
One thought he'd use kids as mules.  
The other -- your target -- doesn't  
care if they're kids. He's killing  
them to send a message.  
(then)  
These aren't small town crooked  
cops. This is a different level.  
You can't do this.

HOLLOWAY  
Then I'll be someone who can.

ON THE MONITORS: GUANCARLO HERMENEZ. Forties. Mexican.  
Holloway's same height and build. Holloway studies him  
intently as --

HERMENEZ (V.O.)  
We were founded in 1932. My  
father's father. My grandfather.  
Came from Guatemala with nothing  
but a wife and a dream.

EXT. MEXICAN RESORT -- DAY

Hermenez holds court on a gorgeous veranda overlooking the  
pool. Several ARMED MEN and GORGEOUS WOMEN around him. A  
SUITED MAN sits across from him. We don't see his face.

HERMENEZ  
Well, not a dream. More like a  
vision. My purpose is the  
fulfillment of that vision. It's  
more than business. It's a  
promise. It's the promise that  
anyone can be happy. The promise  
that a kid from the ghettos of  
Sandra de Colon can have all this --  
as long as he's willing to get his  
hands dirty.

Hermenez stops. He looks down and touches an unseen object on the table as admiration fills his eyes.

HERMENEZ (CONT'D)

This is why when this man called,  
asking me, begging to sell the very  
best knives to my resort, I turned  
him down. How many times?

Hermenez is touching THE STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN (O.S.)

I lost count.

Hermenez laughs.

HERMENEZ

He lost count. I told him "a knife  
is a knife". But what he said to  
me was so true. And spoke so  
perfectly to my grandfather's  
vision that I had to meet him. And  
I had to buy his knives. What he  
said - do you remember? Tell them  
what you said.

Finally, Hermenez turns to the unseen man.

IT'S A NEW FACE. ONE WE HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE. YET THERE IS  
SOMETHING COMPLETELY FAMILIAR ABOUT IT.

We know exactly who it is. We know, beyond the shadow of a  
doubt, that Holloway is behind this mask.

THE KNIFE SALESMAN

I said "I don't sell knives. I  
sell a promise."

The Knife Salesman smiles.

FADE OUT:

END.