

TO GOD'S EAR  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Swank, Marriott motif.

Expensive clothes strewn across the plush wall-to-wall.

ERIN LYNCH (20s) rides JACOB KEDEM (30s) as they make wild love in the king-size bed.

LATER

Erin zips up the skirt of her Dior business suit in front of the full-length mirror.

Jacob lies in bed under the sheets, watching.

JACOB  
You can't be serious.

Erin puts on her wedding ring.

She walks to the bed, sits, takes Jacob's hand.

ERIN  
I thought you would understand.

JACOB  
Do you remember our first time? That night in Waterfront Park?

ERIN  
I'll never forget it.

JACOB  
Erin, this is just a phase. You'll grow out of it.

ERIN  
It's not a phase, Jacob. I don't want to burn in hell for all eternity.

JACOB  
You're being childish.

She leans over, kisses him.

ERIN  
I'm not being childish, I'm  
being Catholic. Good-bye,  
Jacob.

JACOB  
Erin, wait.

She gets up, strides to the door.

JACOB  
Erin!

She exits, closes the door softly.

Jacob jumps out of bed and runs across the room naked. He  
throws the door open.

JACOB  
ERIN!

EXT. JERSEY CITY, HARBORSIDE MARRIOTT - NIGHT

Rain. Steam rises from the pavement up into the hot night.

Erin marches out of the main entrance. A Doorman holds an  
umbrella over her head as she climbs into a taxi.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front of the old stone church.

Erin gets out of the cab.

ERIN  
Wait for me.

She runs through the rain up the stone steps and into the  
church.

The taxi waits.

MOMENTS LATER

ERIN (V.O.)  
Bless me, Father, for I have  
sinned.

INT. BASEMENT

A pile of metal railroad spikes on a workbench.

A reel-to-reel tape recorder slowly turns.

ERIN (V.O.)  
The affair is over, Father. I  
ended it. I have confessed  
everything to my husband.

Lights blink on a black, electronic scanner.

ERIN (V.O.)  
Tell me what I must do,  
Father, to gain God's  
forgiveness.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S

Erin comes out of the church, runs down the steps through  
the rain.

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO

Erin approaches the cab. She gets in, shuts the door

INT. TAXI, BACKSEAT

Erin leans forward toward the DRIVER.

ERIN  
Waterfront Park.

The cab pulls away.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

Through the drizzle, the New York City skyline glistens on  
the other side of the Hudson.

Erin trudges through the darkness.

She stops and kneels down on the wet grass, bows her head,  
folds her hands in prayer.

HER WEDDING RING

Twinkles in the dim streetlight.

ERIN  
Oh my God I am heartily sorry  
for having offended Thee ...

A SHADOW

Creeps over her body.

ERIN  
 ... and I detest all my sins  
 because I dread the loss of  
 heaven and the pains of hell.

The Shadowy Figure raises an arm.

ERIN  
 But most of all because they  
 offend Thee, my God ...

A MOUNTAINEERING ICE AXE

Swoops down.  
 The curved business end crunches into Erin's temple.

She gasps, convulses, collapses to the turf.  
 Blood pools on the grass around her head.

GLOVED HANDS

Reach down and yank the ice axe out of her skull.

The hands roll Erin's corpse onto its back, spreadeagle her  
 arms, pound a metal spike through each palm and into the  
 turf with the blunt end of the ice axe.

The hands remove Erin's shoes, position one foot on top of  
 the other and hammer a spike through the feet.

The gloved hands unsnap Erin's pocketbook.

INT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Dim candlelight reflects off old marble icons.

A few lonely PARISHIONERS kneel in prayer.

INT. CONFSSIONAL

Venerable. Carved, dark mahogany. No line.

DOREEN FAGAN (30s) approaches the confessional. Rinsed-out  
 blonde. Vulnerable. Alcoholic shakes.

Doreen picks a holy card out of a container on the side of  
 the confessional.

CU: HOLY CARD

A bearded Saint in prayer, a halo over his head -

ST. JUDE THADDEUS  
PATRON OF THE DESPERATE, THE HOPELESS, THE LOST

INSIDE THE CONFESSIONAL

FATHER SEAMUS FOLEY (30), dozes, snores softly.

A thick, pocket-sized prayer book slips from his folded hands down into his lap.

A tap-tap on the screen into the parishioner's side of the confessional jolts him awake.

He blinks his eyes, stuffs the prayer book into the inside breast pocket of his priest's cassock, adjusts the stole around his neck and slides the plate open.

Seamus makes the sign of the cross in the air.

SEAMUS  
In nomine Patris et Filii et  
Spiritus Sancti.

CONFESSIONAL - PARISHIONER'S SIDE

Doreen leans close to the screen. Her lips quiver.

DOREEN  
Bless me, Father, for I have  
sinned. It has been two weeks  
since my last confession.

She clutches the St. Jude holy card in her hand.

INTERCUT: FATHER SEAMUS AND DOREEN

Seamus rubs his eyes, shakes himself awake.

SEAMUS  
God is with us. Go on.

DOREEN  
I have committed a sin,  
Father.

SEAMUS  
As have we all, my child.  
Confess your sins now before  
God and cleanse --

DOREEN  
You've sinned?

SEAMUS  
(smiles)  
I am only human.

DOREEN  
That makes me feel better.  
Thank you.

SEAMUS  
Confess your sins now before  
God and cleanse your soul.

CHURCH

An elderly PARISHIONER lights a candle in front of a statue  
of the Blessed Virgin.

DOREEN (O.S.)  
(crying)  
I have committed adultery,  
Father.

CONFESSIONAL

Seamus sits up, wide awake, ready for the long haul.

SEAMUS  
With how many lovers?

DOREEN  
(indignant)  
One. Of course.

SEAMUS  
For how long?

DOREEN  
One week, Father.

SEAMUS  
Does your husband know?

INT. BASEMENT

The reel-to-reel tape recorder slowly spins.

DOREEN (V.O.)  
Yes. I have confessed to him  
and begged forgiveness. Now I  
seek to make my peace with  
God.

Electronic lights flicker on the scanner.

SEAMUS (V.O.)  
Does your lover's wife know?

DOREEN (V.O.)  
You mean her husband. I don't  
know, Father. I don't think  
so.

INT. CONFSSIONAL

Seamus rubs his temples.

SEAMUS  
Husband?

DOREEN  
Yes.

SEAMUS  
Technically speaking, you have  
not committed adultery.

DOREEN  
I haven't?

SEAMUS  
No. Intercourse is physically  
impossible.

DOREEN  
(shivers)  
But I feel so evil.

SEAMUS  
The Church does not condone  
homosexuality. You must end  
this relationship.

DOREEN  
I will Father. I swear it.

SEAMUS  
Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis  
in nomine Patri et Filii et  
Spiritus Sancti. Say five Hail  
Mary's and go in peace.

DOREEN  
I've been so bad. I feel I  
should do more, Father.

SEAMUS

It often helps ease  
psychological trauma to pray  
at the scene of the incident.

DOREEN

Harborside Pier. That's where  
it all started. I'm going to  
go there and pray tonight.

SEAMUS

Tomorrow, my child. It's late.  
Go home to your husband. And  
may God bless you.

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO

Doreen walks out of St. Jude's, down the wet stone steps.

EXT. P.J. RUCKER'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A black four-door sedan stands alone in the banana-lit gin-  
mill parking lot.

INT. P.J. RUCKER'S, BAR

CULLEN FOLEY (30s) the lone customer. A rugged, stocky guy  
in a sports jacket. He reads a newspaper.

P.J. RUCKER (50s) adjusts his bartender's apron.

P.J.

Yes sir, your father was a  
prince of a man, Cullen.  
Another Bushmills?

CULLEN

Is my glass empty?

P.J. fills Cullen's glass. No ice.

P.J.

I tell ya, Cullen, this  
economy's killing me.

CULLEN

Lower your prices.

P.J.

You're a funny guy.

Cullen's beeper goes off. He pulls it off his belt, checks the message.

CULLEN

Shit.

P.J. reaches under the bar, pulls out a bottle of Listerine. A .22 caliber pistol clatters to the floor.

CULLEN

You register that popgun yet?

P.J.

That's gonna help me shoot straight?

Cullen downs the Bushmills, grabs the Listerine.

CULLEN

Thanks, P.J.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Cullen gargles, spits into the sink.

INT. BAR

Cullen hands the Listerine to P.J., heads for the door.

P.J.

Take it slow, Cullen. I'd hate it if you got a D.W.I.

CULLEN

When this joint goes under you can do stand-up, P.J.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Cullen walks through the brightly-lit lot to the black sedan.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - NIGHT

Cullen chews gum, walks into the park, shields his eyes from the flashing police car lights. He lifts the crime scene tape, lumbers underneath.

Cullen clips his JCPD badge to his suitcoat lapel, strides through the milling UNIFORMED PATROLMEN and FORENSIC TECHNICIANS.

PARTOLMAN #1  
Hi, Detective.

PARTOLMAN #2  
Evening, Cullen.

Cullen nods.

AILLEEN (O.S.)  
About time.

Cullen turns, smiles at his partner, AILLEEN MACGOLGAN (30S), straight, jet-black hair. Flashing emerald eyes.

CULLEN  
I was busy.

He and Ailleen walk toward the center of the investigation.

AILLEEN  
We haven't been partners for very long, but I'm guessing "busy" means another sit-down with Mr. Bombay and Mr. Walker.

CULLEN  
You know how irritating a good detective can be?

Ailleen grabs his shoulders, kisses him on the lips.

CULLEN  
(stunned)  
What was that all about?

AILLEEN  
Detective work. Listerine and spearmint gum? You've got to be kidding. Dead giveaway, partner.

CULLEN  
You're funny. What've we got?

Bright flashes from the crime scene photographer's Nikon illuminate

ERIN LYNCH'S BODY

Crucified. Mouth stretched in a silent scream. Eyes unseeing.

CULLEN  
Mother of God. What the hell --

AILLEEN  
Jane Doe. Thirtyish. Cash  
untouched. Somebody took the  
trouble to remove all I.D.

CULLEN  
This looks like ...

AILLEEN  
Yeah. Christ on the cross. I  
don't think she's gonna rise  
from the dead anytime soon,  
though.

CULLEN

Kneels next to the corpse.  
He touches Erin's diamond wedding ring on the impaled hand.

CULLEN  
The motive sure wasn't  
robbery.

AILLEEN  
Doesn't look like rape,  
either.

CULLEN  
Who found her?

AILLEEN  
Nine-one-one call. Anonymous.

CULLEN  
Witnesses?

AILLEEN  
Nada, so far. Waterfront Park  
isn't exactly a tourist  
attraction after dark, you  
know?

CULLEN  
Cause of death?

TARRALYN (O.S.)  
Simple, but deadly.

Forensic Technician TARRALYN TIERNEY (30) approaches. Severe but pretty. Hair pulled back in a bun. A hellcat if the hair ever comes down.

CULLEN  
Evening, Tarralyn.

TARRALYN  
Had better, Cullen.

CULLEN  
Me, too. You coming tomorrow?  
It's the fifth anniversary.

TARRALYN  
Wouldn't miss it.  
(motions to the corpse)  
Blow to the temple with a  
sharp instrument. If I were a  
gambler, I'd put my money on  
an awl of some sort.

CULLEN  
Time of death?

TARRALYN  
No rigor. Still warm. Two  
hours. Three tops.

Cullen scans the shapely corpse.

CULLEN  
There's mud on her knees.

AILLEEN  
Yeah. She either went down  
knees first or the perp made  
her kneel before he clobbered  
her.

CULLEN  
Any evidence of sexual  
assault?

TARRALYN  
Now I'm Karnac? We'll know  
tomorrow after the work up.  
Okay if we wrap it?

Cullen checks with Aileen. She nods.

CULLEN  
Go ahead.

Tarralyn moves away, waves to her guys.

TARRALYN

Okay guys. Let's do it.

Latex-gloved Forensic Technicians extract the metal spikes from the hands and feet and deposit them into evidence containers. They wrestle Erin's corpse into a bodybag.

CULLEN

Expensive business clothes, well-groomed. She looks like one of those ivy-league Wall Street broads.

AILLEEN

Women.

CULLEN

Whatever. Question is, why was somebody like her doing an after-dark prowl around Waterfront Park in downtown Jersey City? Like you said, not exactly a tourist attraction.

AILLEEN

God knows. Maybe the bad guy forced her into the park. Do you think she's pretty?

CULLEN

Not my type. I like 'em breathing. Why?

AILLEEN

I mean, when she was alive?

CULLEN

Hard to tell.

He and Aileen walk away from the crime scene.

Aileen gets out a pack of Virginia Slims, sticks one into her mouth, ignites a Zippo.

CULLEN

You said you quit.

AILLEEN  
 (lighting up)  
 I give myself a break whenever  
 I see a crucified young female  
 with her head bashed in, okay?

CULLEN  
 You coming tomorrow? It's the  
 fifth anniversary.

AILLEEN  
 (drags deep)  
 I'll be there. I look forward  
 to seeing your mother again.  
 She's quite a lady.

They walk to their cars.

CULLEN  
 Yes, she is.

AILLEEN  
 Were you serious about  
 possible sexual assault?

CULLEN  
 That doesn't necessarily mean  
 I think she was pretty.

AILLEEN  
 Her clothes are all on.

CULLEN  
 Kinks get weird. You know  
 that.

EXT. P.J. RUCKER'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Seamus kneels on the asphalt in the sunlight, his head  
 bowed in prayer.

MOMENTS LATER

Seamus gets up, walks to a black Cadillac DeVille and  
 climbs into the car.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Sweating ADULTS work two barbecue grills in the hot sun.  
 Chicken, burgers, dogs.

In the driveway, KIDS play basketball. One Kid takes a shot at the hoop attached to the garage. It bounces off the rim.

The black DeVille rolls down the driveway, stops short of interrupting the basketball game. The driver's side door opens.

Seamus gets out of the car. He adjusts his priest's collar.

THE BASKETBALL

Gets away from a Kid and bounces to Seamus.

KID

Let's see what you got,  
Father.

SEAMUS

I was shooting baskets here  
before you were born, son.

He fires a twenty-foot jumper. Swish.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Portly GRANIA FOLEY (50s), adjusts her apron and supervises two elderly WOMEN as they prepare baked beans, potato salad, other barbecue side-dishes.

WOMAN #1

This is such a nice tradition,  
Grania.

GRANIA

Everybody seems to have a good  
time.

WOMAN #2

I'm sure James enjoys it,  
wherever he is.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Heaven, I hope.

The screen door opens. Seamus walks in.

The Women fawn over him.

WOMAN #1

Good afternoon, Father Seamus.

WOMAN #2  
 How wonderful you could make  
 it, Father.

Seamus makes the sign of the cross over the stove.

SEAMUS  
 There. All blessed. I hate to  
 wait when it's time to eat.

The Women giggle.

Seamus makes his way to Grania, gives her a hug.

SEAMUS  
 Hi, mom.

GRANIA  
 How are you, Seamus?

SEAMUS  
 Cullen here?

GRANIA  
 In the study, but I think he's  
 busy.

SEAMUS  
 Just gonna say hello.

Seamus heads out of the kitchen.

Worry spreads across Grania's face.

LIVING ROOM

A few WOMEN and many macho MALES sip cocktails and chat.  
 Some wear police dress uniforms.

On the walls around the room - photos of policemen in  
 uniform. Some recent ones in color. Some faded black and  
 whites that go far back in time.

One color PHOTO displays Grania with a middle-aged  
 policeman wearing his medal-laden dress uniform with one  
 arm around Cullen, the other around Seamus, both in police  
 uniforms.

Next to it, a photo of Seamus standing on a mountaintop  
 with his arm around a beautiful WOMAN. Seamus and the woman  
 loaded down with mountain climbing gear.

SEAMUS

Enters the living room. Conversation stops.  
The macho Males look away.

Seamus approaches a middle-aged WOMAN.

SEAMUS  
District Attorney Danola. So  
good of you to come.

BELLA DANOLA (50s) straightens her business suit.

BELLA  
Seamus.

None of the Males acknowledge Seamus' presence.

IN THE STUDY

Cullen, Ailleen, and Tarralyn peer through magnifying  
glasses on the black and white shots of the Erin Lynch  
crime scene spread out on the desk.

Highball tumblers serve as paperweights.

TARRALYN  
We found semen. No sign of  
rape or struggle.

AILLEEN  
Except for the hole in her  
skull?

TARRALYN  
I meant the intercourse looks  
consensual.

Cullen lifts a tumbler and takes a drink.

CULLEN  
DNA?

TARRALYN  
From the semen? Already in the  
works. Give us something to  
match it against.

CULLEN  
We will, Tarralyn, we will,  
just as soon as we figure out  
who the hell she was.

AILLEEN  
We're working on missing  
persons reports, fingerprints,  
dental records. So far,  
nothing.

The study door opens. Seamus steps in.

SEAMUS  
Afternoon, Cullen. Hello,  
Tarralyn.

TARRALYN  
Seamus.

SEAMUS  
(to Aileen)  
I don't believe we've met.

Cullen drains his highball.

CULLEN  
What the hell do you want,  
Seamus?

Aileen frowns, attempts to defuse the tension.

AILLEEN  
I'm Ailleen, Cullen's new  
partner. And you are?

Seamus sees the photos on the desk. Shocked recognition on  
his face.

CULLEN  
Meet Father Seamus Foley,  
Ailleen. Once upon a time, he  
was my brother.

TARRALYN  
Cullen ...

CULLEN  
Stay out of it, Tarralyn.

SEAMUS  
I came in here to ask you to  
let it go for one day, for  
mom's sake. But I guess I  
wasted my time.

CULLEN  
Some of us have perseverance.

SEAMUS

I'm gonna go help mom with the food. It was nice meeting you, Aileen.

He exits the study, shuts the door.

AILLEEN

Well, that was certainly pleasant. Brotherly love?

Cullen refills his tumbler from a bottle of Johnnie Walker.

CULLEN

You stay out of it, too, Aileen. Okay?

EXT. BACKYARD

Barbecue guests finish eating at rows of folding tables.

Grania stands, raises her hands to get everybody's attention.

GRANIA

Did everybody get enough to eat?

Guests applaud, ad-lib "You bet", "I'm stuffed".

Cullen raises a full glass of Scotch, teeters slightly in his seat.

CULLEN

Great job, mom.

GRANIA

My son, Seamus, will lead us in a benediction for my husband James, to commemorate this fifth anniversary of his passing.

Seamus stands, waits for everybody to quiet down.

SEAMUS

Bullets from the guns of criminals took my father's life, but not his spirit. Forces of evil stole his corporal body from us, but they can never steal his immortal soul --

CULLEN (O.S.)  
Bless me, Father, for you're a  
fucking disgrace.

GASPS from the crowd.

Cullen wobbles to his feet.

CULLEN  
Hey, everybody, raise your  
glass --

GRANIA  
That's enough, Cullen!

CULLEN  
Not even close, mom. Raise  
your glass to the first Fol --

Ailleen grabs Cullen's arm.

AILLEEN  
Cullen --

Cullen shrugs her off.

CULLEN  
The first Foley to quit the  
force.

SEAMUS  
Go sleep it off, Cullen.

CULLEN  
The first Foley to wimp out.

SEAMUS  
Enough!

CULLEN  
The first coward in the Foley  
family --

SEAMUS  
Shut up!

Seamus leaps up, stampedes across the tabletops.  
Dishes fly.

GRANIA  
Seamus! No!

Seamus dives, sends Cullen sprawling across the lawn with a cross-body block.

The two brothers roll in the grass.  
They punch, scratch, kick.

Tarralyn, Aileen, and male guests descend on the street fight, pull the two apart.

CULLEN  
You're a feekin' quitter,  
Seamus! And Dad paid for it.

SEAMUS  
Shut up, lush.

DRIVEWAY - LATER

Seamus gets into the DeVille, slams the door.

INT. CADILLAC

Seamus brushes dirt from his grass-stained black priest suit, checks the scratches on his face in the mirror.

He starts the car, jams it into reverse.  
A KNOCK on the passenger side window.  
Seamus hits the electric button, lowers it.

TARRALYN

Sticks her head into the car.

TARRALYN  
Are you okay?

SEAMUS  
I'm fine.

TARRALYN  
So much for turning the other  
cheek.

SEAMUS  
I'm in no mood for humor,  
Tarralyn.

TARRALYN  
Me neither. Got a minute?

Seamus nods. She climbs into the passenger seat and shuts the door.

She opens a bag of potato chips, offers some to Seamus. The Priest shakes his head. Tarralyn munches.

TARRALYN  
Most people don't know that us  
Forensics gals are also  
trained detectives.

SEAMUS  
I was on the force, remember?

TARRALYN  
Yeah, well, then you probably  
remember that detectives are  
trained to read body language.

SEAMUS  
Your point?

TARRALYN  
My point is the look on your  
face when you saw those crime-  
scene photos on the desk in  
the study.

SEAMUS  
And just what kind of look was  
that?

Tarralyn studies his eyes.

TARRALYN  
Recognition.

Seamus sighs, drained, he rests his forehead on the padded steering wheel for a moment.

SEAMUS  
Her name is Erin Lynch. She  
was a parishioner at St.  
Jude's.

TARRALYN  
Pretty big parish, isn't it?

SEAMUS  
I suppose. So what?

TARRALYN  
So, do you know all of your  
parishioners by name?

SEAMUS

Just what is that supposed to mean?

TARRALYN

Just asking. Funny that you just happen to know that particular parishioner's name, and she just happens to be a primo piece of ass, and she just happens to wind up crucified in Waterfront Park with a hole in her pretty little head.

SEAMUS

You can't possibly think --

TARRALYN

Where were you last night?

SEAMUS

Get out of my car, Tarralyn.

Tarralyn opens the door, climbs out of the Cadillac.

TARRALYN

We go back a long way, Seamus. I'm trying to help you. I thought we might do this the easy way.

SEAMUS

I was hearing confessions.

Tarralyn gets back into the car, sits, shuts the door.

TARRALYN

Can anyone corroborate that?

SEAMUS

Yes ... I mean no.

Tarralyn munches some chips.

TARRALYN

Which is it?

SEAMUS

Not without violating the sanctity of the confessional, and you know I won't do that.

TARRALYN

I understand your dilemma,  
Seamus. But think about it  
carefully. Don't let a moth-  
eaten religious tenet bring  
you down.

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

Ailleen and Cullen sit at a picnic table. Ailleen soaks a  
napkin in a bowl of water, cleans Cullen's facial wounds.

CULLEN

Ow.

AILLEEN

I've seen brothers go at it  
before, but you and Seamus  
take it to a new level.

CULLEN

He's a blot on the Foley name.

AILLEEN

So he became a priest. What's  
so terrible?

Cullen grabs her hand.

CULLEN

He was a cop and he quit.

AILLEEN

Why? He must have had a good  
reason.

Cullen softens his grip. They hold hands.

CULLEN

His wife, Vivian, died in an  
accident.

AILLEEN

Oh, God. I'm sorry.

CULLEN

Vivian was a beauty. The best.  
Seamus said he could never  
love another woman. Next thing  
we know, he runs away to the  
seminary.

AILLEEN  
I'd give anything to be loved  
like that.

CULLEN  
He just left one night.  
Understand? Bolted. He was  
supposed to be Dad's backup on  
a stakeout. We knew they were  
gonna hit P.J.'s, we just  
didn't know when. When Seamus  
didn't show for his shift, Dad  
went anyway. Alone. If Seamus  
had been there like he was  
supposed to be ...

AILLEEN  
Your father might still be  
alive.

Cullen's look says it all.  
He softens, smiles, touches her cheek.

CULLEN  
Mind if I ask you a personal  
question?

AILLEEN  
Ask anything you want,  
partner.

CULLEN  
Last night, when you kissed  
me, was that just detective  
work, or did you mean it?

Ailleen takes his hand, kisses it.

AILLEEN  
What do you think?

She kisses Cullen tenderly on the lips.

AILLEEN  
C'mon, slugger. I'll take you  
home.

INT. KITCHEN

Grania, alone, dries the last pot, files it away into a  
cupboard.

She removes her apron, trundles into the deserted

## LIVING ROOM

Grania heads for the stairway up to the bedroom floor and stops for a moment.

She walks over to the picture on the wall of her late husband in uniform with Cullen and Seamus.

She lays a loving finger on the photo.

GRANIA

Five years, James. And I still miss you everyday. I snuck a peek at the photos of that poor dolly. So young. So pretty. I pray Cullen catches that monster.

She touches Seamus' image, then Cullen's.

GRANIA

The bad news is they inherited your temper, James. The good news is they inherited your backbone, too.

She kisses the photo.

She takes a step, stops in front of the picture of Seamus with the beautiful woman on the mountaintop.

She touches it.

GRANIA

You sleep well, too, Vivian.

## EXT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S SALOON - NIGHT

The gin mill simmers in the hot summer night. Above the door, two neon women embrace.

## ALLEYWAY

Behind the dumpster, Doreen Fagan shares a spliff with multi-pierced GLENDA O'GORMAN (20s), rail-thin, black leather, crew cut.

GLENDA

Calm down, Doreen. Give us a drink.

Doreen flips open the crucifix-shaped clasp of her pocketbook and pulls out a silver flask. Glenda grabs it.

Glenda takes a long pull, hands the flask back.

She strokes Doreen's hair.

GLEENDA

You just scared yourself, baby, that's all. You don't mean this.

DOREEN

I do mean it, Glenda. I'm Catholic. A good Catholic. I don't want to go to hell. I've made my peace with God.

Glenda strokes her cheek.

GLEENDA

Remember your first time with me? Your first big "O"? That night on Harborside pier?

DOREEN

Yes. It was beautiful.

Glenda moves closer.

GLEENDA

It always will be.

DOREEN

Father Seamus says I have to go back to my --

GLEENDA

You can't go back to that lout Mannus.

DOREEN

Mannus is my husband.

GLEENDA

Did Mannus ever make you feel the way that I make you feel? Did Mannus ever make you feel anything besides a small, flaccid cock for five seconds?

DOREEN

No, but --

GLEENDA  
Does he know about that funny  
little fetish of yours?

DOREEN  
Glenda, please --

GLEENDA  
That little nipple thing you  
love?

DOREEN  
Please, don't --

Glenda grabs her head, kisses her hard on the lips.

Doreen clutches the flask, backs away.

DOREEN  
I love you, Glenda, but Father  
Seamus says we're ... we're a  
sin.

GLEENDA  
Shut up about that fuckhead  
Father Seamus Foley! He told  
you we were a sin? What the  
hell does he know? I hate the  
whole bloody Foley family.  
Nothing but pig cops and nosy  
priests. Get back over here,  
Doreen!

DOREEN  
No! It's over.

GLEENDA  
I'll make you "O" until your  
knees turn to rubber,  
dollface. Come on, baby. Right  
here. Right to daddy. Right  
next to Sweet Kathleen's.

DOREEN  
No!

GLEENDA  
You know I can do it. You know  
you want it.

Doreen turns and runs headlong out of the alley.

DOREEN  
NO!

GLEENDA  
DOREEN!

She hurls the spliff against the wall, kicks a garbage can.

GLEENDA  
Stupid bitch.

EXT. CULLEN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Old, brownstone structure. An unmarked police sedan sits parked in the dark, foggy heat.

INT. POLICE SEDAN

Cullen and Ailleen kiss and embrace in the front seat.

CULLEN  
I have some twenty-year old  
Bushmills inside.

AILLEEN  
Are you trying to seduce me,  
Cullen Foley?

CULLEN  
You should be a detective.

AILLEEN  
I think we could have a really  
good thing going here, Cullen.  
Let's just take it nice and  
slow for now, okay?

CULLEN  
(smiles)  
See you tomorrow, partner.

Cullen opens the passenger door.  
Ailleen grabs his arm.

AILLEEN  
Cullen?

CULLEN  
Change your mind?

AILLEEN

(laughs)

Maybe you should hitch a ride  
on that old high-and-dry wagon  
for a while. Take it easy for  
a bit, you know?

CULLEN

Maybe you're right.

He kisses Ailleen again, hops out of the car and shuts the door, then sticks his head back in the open window.

CULLEN

Sobriety. What a concept.

Ailleen laughs and waves, then puts the sedan in gear and pulls away.

EXT. HARBORSIDE PIER - NIGHT

The Manhattan skyline emits a dull glow across the Hudson. A foghorn moans from an unseen ship.

Doreen Fagan walks through the fog along the decayed, creaking wooden planks.

She stops, pulls the silver flask out of her pocketbook, unscrews the top and takes a swig. She shivers as the alcohol hits home.

She kneels, stands the flask on the pier next to her.

She tenderly strokes the crucifix-shaped clasp of her pocketbook, opens it, and takes out the picture of St. Jude.

She folds her hands around the picture and bows her head.

DOREEN

Oh my God, I firmly resolve,  
with the help of Thy grace --

A CREAK from the wooden planks behind her. She whirls, scans the shadows. Nothing.

She relaxes, closes her eyes.

DOREEN

... with the help of Thy  
grace, to sin no more --

Another CREAK, louder, closer.  
Doreen struggles to her feet. She looks left and right.

DOREEN  
... and avoid the near  
occasions of sin. Amen.

She reaches down, picks up the flask.

A RAT

Darts out of the shadows. Doreen screams.  
The blur of a hissing alleycat on the rodent's heels.  
The hunter and prey vanish into the mist.

Doreen grabs her heart, gasps deep breaths.

She takes another pull from the flask, puts it back down on  
the pier. She folds her hands and raises her eyes to the  
night sky.

DOREEN  
Oh my God, I am heartily --

Her eyes grow wide.

DOREEN  
No!

She ducks, raises her hand.

THE ICE AXE

Swoops down, impales her palm.

DOREEN  
Ahhh!

The gloved hands rip the weapon free.

Doreen clutches her blood-spurting hand.  
She stumbles across the pier in panic.

DOREEN  
Oh my God ... Oh my God ...  
I'm sorry ...

Footsteps accelerate behind her.

DOREEN  
For having offended --

The curved ice axe scrunches into her temple.

She collapses onto the pier.

Blood spreads across the wooden planks.

Gloved hands rip the ice axe free and roll Doreen's corpse onto its back.

One gloved hand positions a steel spike over Doreen's wounded palm, another raises the blunt-end of the axe.

A HOMELESS MAN

Wearing faded, ragged Gulf War era fatigues stumbles onto the pier, intoxicated.

He holds a pint of whiskey up to the skylights of Manhattan. Checks the contents. Empty.

HOMELESS MAN  
Nothin' never lasts.

He hurls the bottle. It splashes into the river.

He stumbles forward a few steps and falls down next to Doreen's flask and pocketbook.

He spots the flask, smiles.

HOMELESS MAN  
Thank you, Jesus.

He passes out.

Hurried footsteps. The gloved hand scoops up Doreen's pocketbook.

EXT. CULLEN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The brownstone building simmers in the smoggy morning heat.

The unmarked police car pulls up in front. Cullen comes out of the townhouse front door, strides to the vehicle and climbs in.

The car pulls away.

INT. UNMARKED CAR, MOVING

Ailleen at the wheel.

Cullen rubs his temples in the passenger seat.

AILLEEN  
Irish flu?

CULLEN  
Mild case.

AILLEEN  
You lay off the Bushmills?

CULLEN  
Not by choice. The bottle was  
empty.

AILLEEN  
You were trying to seduce me  
under false pretenses?

CULLEN  
(laughs)  
All's fair. How did Tarralyn  
identify her?

AILLEEN  
She didn't say. But guess  
what? Once we knew who she  
was, we find out her hubby  
stayed home from work today  
and filed a missing person's  
report.

CULLEN  
He doesn't know?

AILLEEN  
If you believe him.

CULLEN  
Let me guess, we're the  
messengers.

AILLEEN  
You got it.

Cullen shakes his head.

CULLEN  
Sometimes I hate this job.

INT. LYNCH HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Upscale, affluent dwelling.

Well-dressed PATRICK LYNCH (50s) leads Ailleen and Cullen into the room.

PATRICK

Thanks for being so prompt. I just filed the report this morning. I'm worried sick. She's never done this before. Can I get either of you anything to drink?

CULLEN

What kind of scotch --

He gets a dagger-laden look from Ailleen.

CULLEN

Nothing, thanks.

Patrick picks up a large, framed photo of a smiling Erin Lynch from the coffee table and hands it to Cullen.

PATRICK

Here, you can keep this. It's very recent. It was taken just a few months ago while we were vacationing in St. Martin. Ever been on the French side? It's beautiful. Erin got such a kick out of the clothing optional beaches.

CULLEN

Mr. Lynch --

PATRICK

Call me Patrick, please. You know, she is something of a party animal. I mean, she stays out and has a few pops sometimes with her friends after work. Hell, so do I. Who doesn't, right? Sometimes she rolls in after midnight, even pulls an all-nighter every now and then, but this is two nights in a row. Why doesn't she call? She always calls! Oh God, what if something has happened?

AILLEEN

Sit down, Patrick. Please.

They all sit.

PATRICK

She was cheating on me. Did I tell you that? It had been going on for a while, apparently. I suspected, but never said anything. Just the other night she told me all about it. Cried her eyes out. She said she was going to confession at St. Jude's and then end it. Of course, I forgave her completely --

CULLEN

Erin is dead, Patrick.

Patrick freezes in mid-sentence.

AILLEEN

She was murdered.

Anguish on Patrick's face.

CULLEN

We're sorry.

Patrick breaks down, moans, clutches the portrait of Aileen to his chest.

Cullen and Aileen exchange a "not a great time for questioning" look.

PATRICK

(hysterical)

She said his name was Jacob something. Jacob Kedem. That bastard! Oh, God ...

INT. POLICE TARGET RANGE

Cullen slides rounds into his .357 Magnum revolver.

CULLEN

Why do you carry that toy gun?  
Get a real piece.

Aileen slaps a clip into her Glock 9mm automatic.

AILLEEN

You gonna talk or shoot?

They put on sound suppressors over their ears, aim at the targets down range, and blast off six shots rapid-fire.

They remove the sound suppressors and use the pulleys to run the targets back to them.

Cullen's target has large bullet holes all over the place.

Ailleen's has a tight group of smaller holes, dead center.

AILLEEN

Some day you guys will get it.  
Size doesn't matter.

CULLEN

Show off. Let's see if  
Tarralyn's come up with  
anything.

INT. POLICE STATION, TARRALYN'S OFFICE

Tarralyn clicks away on a computer keyboard. Cullen and Ailleen stand behind her.

TARRALYN

Looks like we won the lottery.

She turns to Cullen.

TARRALYN

Jacob Aaron Kedem. Works at  
the same accounting firm as  
the late Erin Lynch.  
Harborside Financial Center.  
High-class outfit.

CULLEN

Let's go see if Mr. Kedem can  
amortize an alibi.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Cullen and Ailleen approach the prim RECEPTIONIST.

CULLEN

Is Jacob Kedem in?

RECEPTIONIST

And you are?

AILLEEN  
He's Foley. I'm MacGolgan. Our  
first names start with  
"detective".

The Receptionist pokes the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST  
A Mr. Foley and a Miss  
MacGolgan to see you, Mr.  
Kedem.

JACOB  
(intercom)  
Who?

RECEPTIONIST  
Just get out here!

MOMENTS LATER

Jacob Kedem strides into the room in all of his pin-striped  
splendor.

JACOB  
Do you have an appointment?

Ailleen produces her JCPD shield.

AILLEEN  
Better. We've got badges.

INT. JACOB KEDEM'S OFFICE

Cullen, Ailleen, and Jacob march into the office.

JACOB  
What's this all about?

Ailleen lays a polaroid of Erin Lynch's crucified corpse on  
Jacob's desk.

Jacob turns white, collapses into his executive chair.

JACOB  
Holy shit. Erin ...

CULLEN  
I guess we can skip the  
questions about whether you  
knew the victim. Mind telling  
us about the last time you saw  
her alive?

JACOB

It was a couple of nights ago.  
We made love for the last  
time.

CULLEN

How'd you know it was the last  
time?

JACOB

Erin informed me she was  
breaking up with me.

AILLEEN

Where?

JACOB

Harborside Marriott.

CULLEN

You left together?

JACOB

No. Erin dressed while I tried  
to talk her out of ending it.

CULLEN

Did she say where she was  
going?

JACOB

Confession. God, I hate  
religion.

AILLEEN

Can anyone corroborate that  
you remained at the hotel?

JACOB

The bartender sure can. And  
the doorman. I fell on my ass  
trying to climb into the cab.

AILLEEN

Mind telling me where you and  
the victim made love for the  
first time?

JACOB

(frowns)

Waterfront Park. Why?

Ailleen and Cullen exchange a look.

INT. ST. JUDE'S - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Ancient SISTER ROBERT dozes peacefully at the receptionist's desk.

Seamus approaches. He knocks softly on the desktop. Sister Robert splutters awake.

SISTER ROBERT  
Oh, Father Seamus, excuse me,  
I was doing my meditation.

SEAMUS  
I'm sorry to disturb you,  
Sister Robert. Is Father Hugh  
available?

SISTER ROBERT  
He was in his office a couple  
of hours ago. I didn't see him  
leave.

INT. FATHER HUGH'S OFFICE

Gray-haired FATHER HUGH (60s), the parish pastor, reclines at his ornate oak desk. He reads a paperback: "ST. JUDE: WAS HE JUDAS ISCARIOT?".

A knock on the door.

FATHER HUGH  
Yes?

The door opens. Seamus walks in.

SEAMUS  
Excuse me, Father Hugh. Do you  
have a minute?

FATHER HUGH  
Seamus, my boy. Come in, come  
in. Sit, please.

Seamus sits down in a high-backed wooden chair.

Father Hugh raises an eyebrow at the wounds on Seamus' face.

FATHER HUGH  
Cut yourself shaving?

SEAMUS  
Something like that.

FATHER HUGH  
(motions to the book)  
Look at this. Do you believe  
some people actually think our  
beloved St. Jude was the two-  
faced bastard that double-  
crossed the Son of God?  
Preposterous!

SEAMUS  
I'll say.

FATHER HUGH  
But that's not why you're  
here, is it? What's on your  
mind, son?

SEAMUS  
I need to clarify something  
about the sanctity of the  
confessional, Father.

FATHER HUGH  
Clarify? Well, there's really  
not much to clarify on that  
one, is there? Within the  
sanctity of the confessional,  
the priest offers advice,  
instruction, admonition, and  
penance as a means to bring  
about renewal and rebirth.  
Without the trust in this  
sanctity, without obedience to  
God's command to be absolutely  
discreet, our ability to  
spiritually renew would  
crumble. The legislatures of  
almost all states recognize  
this, so does the Supreme  
Court and the United Nations.

Seamus gets up and paces.

SEAMUS  
What if I were able to prevent  
a terrible misunderstanding by  
revealing the identity of a  
parishioner who was in my  
confessional two nights ago.

FATHER HUGH  
Out of the question. I'm  
surprised you'd even ask.

SEAMUS  
But I wouldn't reveal anything  
that was said, just the simple  
fact that I was hearing the  
parishioner's confession.

FATHER HUGH  
Absolutely not.

SEAMUS  
But our parishioners see each  
other entering and leaving the  
confessional all the time.

FATHER HUGH  
That's true. And if a lay  
person saw the parishioner in  
question and revealed it,  
that's fine. But you, the  
confessor, must not. It goes  
against canon law. Plain and  
simple.

SEAMUS  
So, by that rationale, if the  
parishioner revealed that they  
were confessing to me at such  
a date and time, that would be  
okay?

FATHER HUGH  
I don't like it, but I suppose  
it wouldn't break any rules.

Seamus turns to leave.

SEAMUS  
Thank you. Father.

FATHER HUGH  
What's this all about, Seamus?

SEAMUS  
Nothing, hopefully.

INT HARBORSIDE MARRIOTT, BAR

The BARTENDER holds a photo of Jacob Kedem, looks across the bar at Cullen and Ailleen.

BARTENDER  
What's he done?

CULLEN  
Maybe nothing. Was he in here two nights ago?

BARTENDER  
Rolled in around seven P.M. Seemed depressed about something. Ordered a dry martini and chugged it. Had six more before he left when we closed the place at one A.M.

AILLEEN  
Six more? What kind of shape was he in?

BARTENDER  
Piss-poor. I had to help him out to the main entrance. The doorman called a cab for the sorry bastard.

EXT. HARBORSIDE MARRIOTT - DAY

Cullen and Aileen march out of the main entrance and climb into the unmarked police sedan.

INT. POLICE SEDAN, MOVING - DAY

Cullen drives. Ailleen rides shotgun. She studies her notebook.

CULLEN  
Thoughts?

AILLEEN  
His story checks with the bartender and doorman, but Jacob Kedem is a jilted lover. He could have found a way.

AILLEEN(cont'd)

Let's face it, he's boffing a primo piece who all of a sudden gets religion. Pigs like Kedem have killed for less.

CULLEN

My gut tells me Patrick Lynch is the kind of guy that could do his wife.

AILLEEN

He is a high-strung cuckold, isn't he? The DNA results will be interesting.

CULLEN

So what if they match? A married man fucks his wife --

AILLEEN

Makes love to his wife.

CULLEN

Fine. What does that prove? Nothing.

AILLEEN

I'm betting Jacob Kedem is the DNA match. The animal probably voted for Clinton. Twice.

CULLEN

So Kedem screwed a married woman. That doesn't make him a murderer.

AILLEEN

You're right. It makes him worse.

CULLEN

Either way the DNA's a zero. Kedem admits they made love that night.

AILLEEN

But denies killing her. Bullshit, in my book.

DISPATCHER

(on radio)

Control calling for detectives Foley and MacGolgan.

Aileen grabs the dashboard mike.

AILLEEN  
This is MacGolgan.

DISPATCHER  
Detectives needed at  
Harborside Pier --

Cullen flips on the SIREN, hits the gas.

EXT. HARBORSIDE PIER - DAY

Tarralyn and her forensics team dust for clues around Doreen Fagan's corpse.

Cullen and Aileen approach.  
Aileen flips open her Zippo. Lights up a Virginia Slim.

Cullen kneels, studies Doreen's blood-soaked scalp.

CULLEN  
(to Tarralyn)  
Let me guess. An awl of some  
sort?

TARRALYN  
You detectives are so sharp,  
no pun intended. See her palm?

CULLEN  
Yeah. There's a name for that.  
What do they call it again?

TARRALYN  
Stigmata. But I doubt that's  
what this is.

CULLEN  
What do you think we're  
looking at?

TARRALYN  
Crucifixion, interrupted.

CULLEN  
How long has she been here?

TARRALYN  
There's some rigor. She's  
getting cold. My guess is she  
was offed sometime last night.

TARRALYN(cont'd)  
We'll know more after the  
workup.

Ailleen drags on the cigarette.

AILLEEN  
Who found her?

Tarralyn motions to the sweating, old, fatigue-clad  
HOMELESS MAN who clutches Doreen's silver flask.

Cullen walks over to him.

CULLEN  
What'cha got there, General?

HOMELESS MAN  
It's mine.

Cullen flashes his badge.

CULLEN  
Mind if I take a look at it?

The Homeless Man reluctantly hands it over.  
Cullen lifts it up into the hazy sunlight, checks it out.

CULLEN  
Solid silver. You must've  
saved up lots of panhandling  
dough for this, huh?

HOMELESS MAN  
Mine.

CULLEN  
Are your initials "D.F."?

HOMELESS MAN  
None of your business. Give it  
back.

CULLEN  
(motions to Doreen's  
corpse)  
You know what I think,  
General? I think we're gonna  
find her fingerprints all over  
this. Yours, too. That would  
make you a suspect, wouldn't  
it?

HOMELESS MAN

Hey! I called nine-one-one when I found her. I'm a good citizen. I'm a fucking veteran!

CULLEN

Sure you are. You know what? I'll bet you made that nine-one-one call just to throw us a curve. Happens all the time.

Fear on the Homeless Man's face.

HOMELESS MAN

(motions to the flask)

You can keep it.

CULLEN

Oh, I wouldn't dream of it. It's yours, isn't it?

HOMELESS MAN

It's not mine.

CULLEN

No kidding? Where'd you find it, Sarge?

The Homeless Man points across the pier.

CULLEN

(to Tarralyn)

Pocketbook?

TARRALYN

None.

Ailleen turns to the Homeless Man.

AILLEEN

Gee. I wonder what could have happened to it?

HOMELESS MAN

I didn't touch nothin'! I'm a soldier. I ain't no thief.

CULLEN

Easy, Patton.  
(to Ailleen)  
He's harmless.

TARRALYN

We found this clutched in the  
victim's hand.

She hands Ailleen the bloody St. Jude holy card.  
Ailleen studies it.

AILLEEN

Tarralyn, how did you I.D.  
Erin Lynch?

TARRALYN

I didn't. Seamus did.

CULLEN

What?

TARRALYN

From the crime scene photos we  
had spread out on the desk in  
the study the day of the  
barbecue. I didn't want to  
tell you this, Cullen, but now  
I think I'd better.

CULLEN

Tell me what?

TARRALYN

Seamus didn't exactly  
volunteer the information. In  
fact, I had to pull it out of  
him after the barbecue.

AILLEEN

Then, this holy card makes  
matters more ...

TARRALYN

Interesting?

CULLEN

Son of a bitch!

Cullen storms off toward the police sedan.

Ailleen and Tarralyn race after him.

TARRALYN

You're not going to St.  
Jude's, Cullen. Not like this.

CULLEN  
Oh, yes I am.

TARRALYN  
Cullen --

AILLEEN  
I'll handle this, Tarralyn.  
Cullen, you've got to cool  
off. Let Tarralyn and me  
interrogate Seamus.

CULLEN  
He knows something he's not  
telling us, Ailleen. I'll  
goddamned beat it out of him  
if I have to.

Ailleen grabs his shoulders, stops him.

AILLEEN  
Please, Cullen, no. Take  
General Westmoreland over  
there down to the station and  
see if he remembers anything.  
Do it for me. For us.

EXT. FAGAN HOUSE - DAY

Older dwelling in mild disrepair. "FAGAN 1352 Newkirk" on  
the mailbox.

The black Sedan DeVille rolls to a stop in front.

Seamus gets out of the Cadillac, walks to the front door  
and knocks.

MOMENTS LATER

Barrel-chested MANNUS FAGAN (40s) opens the door. Mannus  
sports a red beezzer crafted by thousands of late nights and  
cheap whiskey.

MANNUS  
Father Seamus? What are you  
doing here?

SEAMUS  
Hello, Mannus. I'm looking for  
Doreen. I need to talk to her.

MANNUS  
Makes two of us. Come on in.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Tarralyn drives, Ailleen in the passenger seat.

TARRALYN  
Ailleen, let me ask Seamus the  
questions, okay?

AILLEEN  
I get the feeling you and  
Seamus have a history.

TARRALYN  
(smiles)  
Cullen told me you were a good  
detective.

AILLEEN  
How far back does it go?

TARRALYN  
High school.

AILLEEN  
How deep?

They ride in silence for a few moments.

TARRALYN  
Do we have a deal?

AILLEEN  
If you satisfy my curiosity.

TARRALYN  
It's really none of your  
business --

AILLEEN  
Anything that helps me see  
into the good Father's psyche  
is my business. Besides, I'm a  
naturally nosy broad.

TARRALYN

Junior year at St. Aloysius.  
We lost our virginity together  
in the back seat of his  
father's Chevy Impala. More  
information than you needed?

AILLEEN

You still have a thing for  
him, don't you?

Tarralyn drives, doesn't answer.

AILLEEN

Did you know Vivian?

TARRALYN

She was a year ahead of us.

AILLEEN

I guess you weren't exactly  
dancing a jig at the wedding.

St. Jude's looms up through the windshield.

AILLEEN

One more question. If you  
can't have brother "A", what  
about brother "B"?

TARRALYN

No comment.

Tarralyn parks the sedan in front of the church.

TARRALYN

Do we have a deal about  
Seamus?

INT. ST JUDE'S - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Sister Robert snores peacefully at the desk.

Ailleen and Tarralyn approach the desk. Ailleen carries a  
large manila envelope.

Tarralyn clears her throat. Sister Robert snores. Tarralyn  
ahems louder. The Nun snorts.

Ailleen looks down and kicks the desk.  
Sister Robert bolts awake.

SISTER ROBERT

Yes, yes, yes. Please excuse me. I was just meditating. Oh, my goodness, look at the time. Yes, yes, may I help you?

AILLEEN

Is Father Seamus available, Sister?

The Nun checks a log book on the desk.

SISTER ROBERT

Well, will you look at that. I don't even recall seeing him leave. It seems Father Seamus has gone to pay a visit to a Mrs. Doreen Fagan at thirteen-fifty-two Newkirk. Strange, this isn't my handwriting.

Tarralyn scribbles in her notepad.  
Ailleen pulls a polaroid out of the envelope.

AILLEEN

Mind telling me if you recognize this person, Sister.

She lays the photo on the desk.

CU: PHOTO

A bloody head shot of Doreen Fagan.

SISTER ROBERT

Grabs her head with her hands and shrieks.

AILLEEN

Easy --

The Nun screams bloody murder.

FATHER HUGH

Rushes into the reception area.

FATHER HUGH

What in blazes --

Sister Robert hyperventilates.  
Father Hugh massages her shoulders.

FATHER HUGH  
 (soothing)  
 It's all right, Sister Robert,  
 it's all right. I'm here. Calm  
 down, now.

Sister Robert calms down a little.

FATHER HUGH  
 There, easy now, that's  
 better.

The Nun holds her heart, breathes deep.

AILLEEN  
 I'm sorry, Father, we were  
 just trying to --

Father Hugh spots the photo on the desk.

FATHER HUGH  
 (shouting)  
 Good God in heaven! That's  
 Doreen Fagan!

Sister Robert screams louder than ever.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Cullen studies a police report. The Homeless Man sits  
 across from him.

CULLEN  
 Mr. Timothy Lavin, ex U.S.M.C.

HOMELESS MAN (TIMOTHY)  
 And proud of it.

CULLEN  
 Vagrancy, drunk and  
 disorderly, vagrancy, drunk  
 and disorderly. I'm picking up  
 a pattern here, Timothy.

TIMOTHY  
 Nobody minded when I was  
 fighting Desert Storm.

CULLEN  
 Fair enough. Do you remember  
 anything from last night?

TIMOTHY

I can't think right now. I'm worried about tonight.

CULLEN

Let me guess. You're flat broke and they're not extending lines of credit at the liquor store these days.

TIMOTHY

Something like that.

Cullen digs in his pocket and produces a twenty. He hands it to Timothy.

TIMOTHY

It was foggy. Dark. And I wasn't exactly bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, you know? But it sure looked like there were two broads fighting it out.

EXT. FAGAN HOUSE - DAY

Ailleen and Tarralyn approach the door, badges clipped to their shirts, hands on their holstered service revolvers.

Ailleen uses the knocker just above the "1352".

MOMENTS LATER

Mannus opens the door.

AILLEEN

Mr. Fagan?

Mannus glances at the badges and motions Ailleen and Tarralyn inside.

MANNUS

Mannus. You may as well come on in.

He leads them inside and into the threadbare

LIVING ROOM

Where Seamus stands near the couch.

SEAMUS

What are you two doing here?

TARRALYN

Funny. We were just about to ask you the same thing.

SEAMUS

Where's Cullen?

TARRALYN

Be glad he's not here, Seamus.

MANNUS

Is Doreen in some kind of trouble?

Ailleen removes the photo from the manila envelope, hands it to him. Seamus looks on.

MANNUS

Oh hell, Doreen. Oh hell.

He collapses down on the couch, puts his head in his hands. His body racks with sobs.

Seamus lays a hand on his shoulder.

SEAMUS

May God have mercy on her soul, Mannus.

AILLEEN

Where were you last night, Mr. Fagan?

MANNUS

Here. Waiting for her. She said she had something to take care of after work and would be a little late. She never showed. Never called.

AILLEEN

Were you alone?

MANNUS

All alone. Just like now. And now just like forever. That bitch Glenda did this!

TARRALYN

Glenda?

SEAMUS  
You better tell them  
everything, Mannus.

TARRALYN  
Everything? Like what?

MANNUS  
She was involved with some  
bitch-dyke carpet-muncher  
named Glenda. Doreen wanted to  
make her peace with God and  
end it.

TARRALYN  
Does Glenda have a last name?

MANNUS  
I don't know. Never met her.  
If I ever do, by God I'll rip  
the tongue out of her  
godforsaken mouth!

TARRALYN  
Any idea where we can find  
her?

MANNUS  
Doreen said she met her at  
Sweet Kathleen's. That  
cesspool.

EXT. FAGAN HOUSE - DUSK

Ailleen, Tarralyn, and Seamus come out the front door.

TARRALYN  
Give us a minute, Ailleen.

AILLEEN  
Sure.

Ailleen walks a short distance down the front walk.

TARRALYN  
Just what the hell were you  
doing here, Seamus?

SEAMUS  
I had to talk to Doreen Fagan.

TARRALYN  
About what?

SEAMUS  
I can't tell you that,  
Tarralyn.

TARRALYN  
Did she?

SEAMUS  
Did she what?

TARRALYN  
Make her peace with God?

SEAMUS  
You're asking questions I  
can't answer.

TARRALYN  
Can't, or won't?

SEAMUS  
You know the answer to that.

TARRALYN  
Erin Lynch's husband says she  
went to confession at St.  
Jude's the night she was  
murdered. At least tell me if  
that's true.

SEAMUS  
Tarralyn ... I can't.

TARRALYN  
I want to help you, Seamus,  
but you've got to meet me  
halfway.

SEAMUS  
Please, try to understand my  
position --

AILLEEN (O.S.)  
Enough of this shit. We found  
this clutched in Doreen  
Fagan's hand, Father.

She holds up the bloodstained St. Jude's holy card in a  
plastic evidence bag.

TARRALYN  
I'll handle this, Ailleen --

AILLEEN  
Any idea where it came from,  
Father?

SEAMUS  
We give them away at the  
church. Lots of parishioners  
carry them.

AILLEEN  
But lots of parishioners  
aren't promiscuous young women  
who wind up crucified, are  
they?

TARRALYN  
Hey! Take it easy --

AILLEEN  
Get a lawyer, Padre. And don't  
leave the parish.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Tarralyn drives, Aileen in the passenger seat.

TARRALYN  
That was uncalled for. There's  
no hard evidence --

AILLEEN  
Cullen and I are running this  
investigation.

TARRALYN  
He's a priest. He should be  
shown some respect.

AILLEEN  
Only from the nuns he's  
banging. Drop me off by the  
liquor store.

INT. CULLEN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Cullen lies on the couch staring at photos from the Erin  
Lynch crime scene. Celtic music on the stereo.

The doorbell RINGS.

Cullen pads to the door, swings it open.

Ailleen smiles at him.

AILLEEN  
Get anything from General  
Patton?

CULLEN  
You're funny. He thinks he may  
have seen two women struggling  
but he can't be sure.

AILLEEN  
Why?

CULLEN  
At the time he was seeing  
double. Blackouts can clear  
up, though. I'll brace him  
again in a couple of days. He  
owes me. Anything from my  
brother?

AILLEEN  
Plenty.

She holds up a bottle of Bushmills.

AILLEEN  
Get a couple of glasses,  
partner. We're gonna need 'em.

KITCHEN

Cullen cracks the Bushmills open at the counter. Ailleen  
sits at the kitchen table.

CULLEN  
Ice?

AILLEEN  
My last name is MacGolgan,  
remember?

Cullen smiles, fills two tumblers with straight whiskey.  
He hands a glass to Ailleen. They CLINK.

CULLEN  
He knew them both?

AILLEEN  
No question about it.

CULLEN

What the hell was he doing at Doreen Fagan's house?

AILLEEN

He refused to say. Kept spouting that "sanctity of the confessional" crap.

Cullen sits.

CULLEN

What about Mannus Fagan. You think we can rule him out?

AILLEEN

No way. Looks like he has a temper like a mad bull. And one of the last things his loving wife Doreen did was tell him about her short-but-passionate lesbian relationship with a dyke named Glenda. He might've snapped.

CULLEN

What do we have on this "Glenda"?

AILLEEN

Her first name. That's it. Oh, and she might hang out at that lesbo dive down on the waterfront, Sweet Kathleen's.

She takes a long sip of whiskey.

AILLEEN

Job one for tomorrow. Quite a case. Two bodies, five suspects. Jacob Kedem, Patrick Lynch, Mannus Fagan, Glenda what's-her-name and ...

CULLEN

And Seamus. We should make a play to either nail him or prove he's not our guy.

AILLEEN

Forget it. Bella says to lay off. She wants us to exhaust all other leads first.

AILLEEN(cont 'd)  
Apparently harassing priests  
ranks way up there on the  
politically incorrect D.A.  
scale.

She takes a sip of Bushmills, studies Cullen.

AILLEEN  
Did you know Seamus and  
Tarralyn were lovers once-upon-  
a-time?

CULLEN  
Seamus cheated on Vivian?

AILLEEN  
No. Well, not with Tarralyn,  
anyway. I'm talking paradise  
by the dashboard light, high  
school style.

CULLEN  
Tarralyn told you that?

AILLEEN  
I told you, I'm a good  
interrogator.

CULLEN  
Think it means anything?

AILLEEN  
I don't know. Maybe nothing.  
Maybe everything.

CULLEN  
You think Tarralyn's a  
suspect?

AILLEEN  
Everybody's a suspect,  
partner. Everybody, except  
you.

CULLEN  
You've been busy, MacGolgan.  
You're quite the handful.

Ailleen gets up, sits on his lap.  
She takes his hand, puts it on her breast.

AILLEEN  
How would you know?

She tongue-kisses Cullen.

CULLEN

I thought we were taking it  
slow.

AILLEEN

We were.

LATER

Ailleen and Cullen, naked, her back against the fridge.  
Her legs wrapped around Cullen's waist, pumping.

Her hand clutches the bottle of Bushmills.

Cullen's copulating thrusts pound Ailleen's petite body  
against the fridge, dent the door.

Pots and pans topple from the shaking fridge, clatter to  
the kitchen floor.

Ailleen tosses her hair back, guzzles from the Bushmills.

Cullen's mouth yawns open. Ailleen splashes whiskey in.  
They laugh. Kiss.

Aileen's hand hits the ice dispenser. She tosses cubes  
between their glistening bodies.

BEDROOM

Cullen and Ailleen, post-coital, under the sheet. Ailleen  
rests her head on Cullen's chest. He plays with her hair.

CULLEN

Are you okay? I got a little  
carried away.

AILLEEN

I'm okay. It's the fridge door  
I'm worried about.

CULLEN

So why does an up-and-coming  
detective leave the Big Apple,  
cross the Hudson and come here  
to work in the armpit of the  
east coast?

Ailleen fiddles with the hairs on his chest.

CULLEN  
I'm sorry. You don't have to  
answer that if you don't --

AILLEEN  
Kevin.

CULLEN  
Who?

AILLEEN  
Kevin MacGolgan. He was the  
reason I left New York. He was  
my husband.

CULLEN  
What happened?

AILLEEN  
He left me for another woman.  
I couldn't stay in New York  
after that. It all reminded me  
of him. I wanted to get as far  
away as I could. California,  
maybe. But a friend in the  
department, Lieutenant  
Gillespie, had connections at  
J.C.P.D. They made me an offer  
and I took it.

She rubs Cullen's chest.

CULLEN  
I'm glad you did.

AILLEEN  
Me, too.

CULLEN  
What happened to Kevin?

AILLEEN  
One day he was there, next day  
he was gone. I never saw him  
again.

CULLEN  
I'm sorry.

Aileen climbs on top, straddles him.

AILLEEN  
Tell me about Vivian.

CULLEN

She could light up a room with her smile. Seamus was the happiest guy in the world. She was a bit of a daredevil, too. Loved fast cars and mountain climbing. Ever see that load of mountaineering gear in my mom's garage?

AILLEEN

I don't think so.

CULLEN

Well, there's a ton of it. Vivian got Seamus interested in the sport. They went on some amazing expeditions. I got dizzy just looking at the pictures.

AILLEEN

Is that how she died?

CULLEN

No. Funny enough the brakes failed on her Corvette one dry, clear night and her car went into the Hudson. She drowned.

AILLEEN

You were attracted to her.

CULLEN

She was my brother's wife.

AILLEEN

She came on to you.

CULLEN

Do you ever give the detective shtick a rest?

AILLEEN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't --

CULLEN

The answer is yes.

AILLEEN

Did Seamus know?

CULLEN

The truth is Vivian was a  
bigtime tease, but Seamus  
thought she was as pure as the  
driven snow.

AILLEEN

You didn't take advantage?

CULLEN

Like I said, she was my  
brother's wife. Besides, I'm a  
one woman man. Never found the  
right one. That's why I'm  
still a bachelor.

Ailleen does a slow grind on top of him.

AILLEEN

We should get some sleep.

CULLEN

We've got a busy day tomorrow.

AILLEEN

Funny, I'm not tired.

CULLEN

Me neither.

Ailleen peeks under the sheet.

AILLEEN

Evidently.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cullen wears a bathrobe at the kitchen table. He sips  
coffee, reads the newspaper.

Ailleen pads into the room clad in one of Cullen's shirts.

AILLEEN

Do you know what time it is?

CULLEN

Relax. They don't exactly open  
at nine A.M. where we're  
going. Get a load of this.

He holds up the newspaper headline:

"SCARLET CRUCIFIER STRIKES AGAIN".

Ailleen takes the paper, reads for a moment.

AILLEEN  
Reporters are amazing.  
Sometimes I wonder if they  
follow us or we follow them.  
How did they get all this so  
fast?

She walks to the stove, pours some coffee.

CULLEN  
The station leaks like a  
sieve. Always has.

Ailleen grabs the handle of the dented fridge door, pulls.  
It comes off in her hand.

AILLEEN  
Uh-oh.

CULLEN  
You got me a little excited  
last night. Could you tell?

Ailleen walks over to him, tousles his hair.

AILLEEN  
I've got the sore thigh  
muscles to prove it.

CULLEN  
Sorry.

AILLEEN  
It hurts real good. C'mon,  
slugger, last one in the  
shower is a rotten cop.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Tarralyn stands in her white smock. She talks on the phone.

TARRALYN  
Lieutenant Gillespie? Tarralyn  
Tierney from J.C.P.D. Did you  
get the X-rays I shipped over?  
Good. Yeah, we've never seen  
anything like it either.

TARRALYN(cont'd)

You'll check for similar  
killings in New York? How far  
back can you go?

INT. J.C.P.D., MOTOR POOL - DAY

A rusted unmarked clunker. The starter grinds.

INT. UNMARKED CLUNKER

Cullen grinds the starter. No dice.  
Ailleen watches from the passenger seat.

CULLEN

I hate it when they give us  
this rusted piece of crap.

AILLEEN

What do you expect when we get  
to work at 2 P.M. A Lexus?  
Give the starter a rest.

She opens the passenger door, hops out.

AILLEEN

Pop the hood.

Cullen pulls the release. The hood pops open.  
Ailleen grabs a towel, lifts the hood up.

LATER

Ailleen lifts her grease-smudged face up from the engine.

AILLEEN

Now.

Cullen cranks the starter. The engine fires up.

Ailleen slams the hood shut, comes around to the passenger  
side, hops in. She wipes her face and hands with the towel.

CULLEN

Anybody ever tell you girls  
are supposed to suck at cars?

AILLEEN

Ever hear of MacGolgan  
Competition Garage in the  
Bronx?

CULLEN

The exotic car place?

AILLEEN

My ex, Kevin, owned it. I'm a quick study.

CULLEN

Man. You're good.

AILLEEN

Good? Must be slipping. Last night I was amazing.

Cullen smiles, flips the clunker into gear.

CULLEN

People can be "good" at lots of things. "Amazing" applies only to ...

AILLEEN

Making love?

CULLEN

Falling in love.

He guns the clunker.

EXT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S - DAY

The unmarked clunker wheezes to a stop in front.

INT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S

Old school, smoke-filled shot-and-beer joint turned sappho supreme. Dimly lit.

Studded, leather-clad beautiful women caress and sip wine. The bald, bearded bartender named CLEAN refills glasses.

On a pedestal behind the bar, a three foot high marble sculpture of a vulva.

POOL TABLE

Glenda lines up a shot, banks the 8 ball home.

GLEENDA

Gametime, Heather.

Long, blonde HEATHER (17) hands Glenda a five.

HEATHER

Lucky shot.

GLEENDA  
I'd rather be lucky than good.

HEATHER  
One more game.

GLEENDA  
Raise the stakes?

She kisses the young girl lightly on the lips.

GLEENDA  
For a big "O"?

She strokes Heather's cheek.  
Heather returns a nervous half-smile, then nods.

GLEENDA  
Rack 'em.

THE FRONT DOOR

Opens. Daylight streams in, along with Cullen and Aileen.  
They survey the scene.

CULLEN  
I thought Sodom and Gomorrah  
lost the war.

AILLEEN  
Half these hop-heads are  
underage.

They walk to the bar, motion Clean over.

Clean approaches with an attitude as big as his belly.

CLEAN  
Yeah?

AILLEEN  
We're looking for a young lady  
named --

CLEAN  
You blind? Ain't no ladies in  
here.

CULLEN  
Take it easy, friend.

CLEAN

I ain't your friend. And you  
smell like a cop.

Cullen reaches over the bar, grabs Clean by the shirt,  
drags him to the draft beer taps.

The women at the bar back away.

Cullen hits the tap.  
Beer sprays on Clean's face.

CULLEN

You smell like a beer, friend.  
Know what I think? I think  
half of these bitches are  
underage. And I'll bet you  
have to make up shortfall out  
of your own pocket. I'm gonna  
drown you with this fucking  
keg, fatso.

CLEAN

Okay, okay! What do you want?

Cullen shuts off the beer.  
Aileen lays the shot of bludgeoned Doreen Fagan on the bar.

Clean dries his face with a stained bar towel.

CLEAN

Mother of God. What the hell  
happened--

AILLEEN

Recognize her?

CLEAN

She was in here a couple of  
times.

AILLEEN

Recently?

CLEAN

Couple of days ago, maybe.

CULLEN

She was involved with a woman  
here. A woman named --

GLEENDA (O.S.)  
 Oh my God. Doreen. You stupid  
 bitch.

Cullen and Aileen whirl from the bar and face her.  
 Glenda gawks at the crime scene photograph.

AILLEEN  
 Glenda?

Glenda studies Aileen, smiles.

GLEENDA  
 Who's askin'?

Aileen flashes her badge.

AILLEEN  
 We need to ask you a few  
 questions.

GLEENDA  
 We? I don't think so. I'll jaw  
 with you all day, sweet cakes.  
 (motions to Cullen)  
 But the pig Foley waits  
 outside.

CULLEN  
 Do I know you?

GLEENDA  
 My father's still rotting in  
 stir because of you. I'm  
 Glenda O'Gorman.

CULLEN  
 Matty O'Gorman's daughter?

GLEENDA  
 Son.

CULLEN  
 Your father killed a man.

GLEENDA  
 So you say. I ain't fucking  
 talking to you.

CULLEN  
 Why don't we do this the hard  
 way, Glenda, down at the  
 station --

AILLEEN  
I'll handle it, Cullen.

CULLEN  
But --

AILLEEN  
Just cool it outside for a  
minute, okay?

Cullen glares at Glenda for a moment, then marches out of the bar.

Glenda takes Aileen's hand.

GLEENDA  
Step into my office, honey.

She leads Aileen past the pool table to a dark booth in the corner.

They sit. Glenda stuffs a cigarette into her mouth.

GLEENDA  
Give us a light? I left my  
Zippo over by the pool table.

Aileen produces her own Zippo, lights Glenda's smoke. Glenda takes Aileen's hand, studies the lighter.

GLEENDA  
Just like mine. Birds of a  
feather.

Aileen extinguishes the flame, pulls her hand away.

AILLEEN  
About Doreen Fagan ...

GLEENDA  
Doreen broke up with me a  
couple of nights ago. Went  
back with her husband. Some  
oaf named Mannus.

AILLEEN  
I've met him.

GLEENDA  
I haven't, thank God.  
According to Doreen he knew as  
much about satisfying a woman  
as the freakin' Taliban.

GLEENDA(cont'd)

Used to smack her around when he got loaded. But she wouldn't listen to me. Kept saying she was scared about going to hell. She really believed that crock. Foley's fuckhead priest brother poisoned her mind.

AILLEEN

Where did you go after Doreen left?

GLEENDA

Nowhere. Stayed right here and got trashed on wine until about three A.M.

AILLEEN

Was anyone with you?

GLEENDA

Only about two-dozen of my friends.

Ailleen reaches into the manila envelope and pulls out the Erin Lynch blood-streaked headshot.

AILLEEN

Ever seen her?

GLEENDA

Never. Wish I had. Must have been quite a fox when she was alive. Looks like you guys are chasing one real fucked up dude.

(twirls her nose ring)

Makes you wonder what the hell's happening to the world, doesn't it?

She reaches across the table.

GLEENDA

Do you mind? I won't bite.

She strokes Ailleen's hair.

GLEENDA

Beautiful. Like Chinese silk. Black is my favorite color. Is it all this straight?

HEATHER

Glares at the scene from the background.

AILLEEN

Flustered, struggles to her feet.

AILLEEN

Well, thanks for your --

GLENDA

Stop by anytime, Sugar. The first "O" is on me. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AILLEEN

Mind if I ask you a personal question?

GLENDA

The more personal, the better.

AILLEEN

Are you married?

GLENDA

Everybody makes mistakes.

AILLEEN

Does your husband know?

GLENDA

Dennis? He's so stoned most of the time he doesn't know his own name.

EXT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S

Cullen leans against the wall, scowls.

Ailleen comes out of the building and leans next to him.

CULLEN

Need another shower?

AILLEEN

It wasn't that bad.

CULLEN

And?

AILLEEN

She's got a rock solid alibi for the Fagan killing. Swears she never met Erin Lynch. I believe her. Where does that leave us?

CULLEN

With the two killer theory. The two that have no alibi.

AILLEEN

With an M.O. this close?

CULLEN

Try this. Let's suppose Patrick Lynch goes off the rails when he finds out Erin is boffing Jacob Kedem and offs her with an awl or something else handy from the basement workbench. Then Mannus Fagan finds out Doreen is having a sappho deal with Glenda the Gleeful in there and goes ballistic. He reads about the Lynch killing in the newspaper and does a copycat.

AILLEEN

If you're right, Glenda and Jacob Kedem may be in danger.

CULLEN

I don't think so. If our killer wanted them they'd be dead already. Besides, neither one would be any great loss.

AILLEEN

The only alternative is ...

CULLEN

Yeah. Seamus. The only suspect that knew both victims.

AILLEEN

And both went to confession right before they bought it.

CULLEN  
One thing at a time. Let's go  
get Tarralyn's take on the two  
killer theory.

INT. J.C.P.D., FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Cullen and Aileen enter the lab and approach a white-smocked POLICEWOMAN peering into a microscope.

CULLEN  
Where's Tarralyn?

POLICEWOMAN  
Detective Tierney said she had  
to do some off-site research  
on the Scarlet Crucifier case.  
She said she'll be back in  
about a half hour.

Cullen turns to Aileen.

CULLEN  
Want to try your luck with  
that peashooter again?

AILLEEN  
You're a glutton for  
punishment.

CULLEN  
Talk is cheap. Loser buys the  
Bushmills.

INT. TARGET RANGE

Cullen and Aileen wear sound-suppressors, aim their weapons with both hands, simultaneously fire six quick rounds.

They use the pulleys to wheel the targets back to them.

Cullen takes his target down. Six big holes all over the place.

Aileen hands him her target. A tight cluster on the bulls eye, almost a single bullet hole.

CULLEN  
Jesus.

AILLEEN  
The liquor store closes at  
ten, slugger.

TARRALYN (O.S.)  
Sorry you had to wait.

CULLEN  
Me, too.

Tarralyn enters the range. She carries a "Sports Authority"  
plastic shopping bag.

CULLEN  
We have a theory, Tarralyn. We  
need your opinion.

TARRALYN  
Let's hear it.

AILLEEN  
Two killers.

INT. FORENSICS LAB

Tarralyn stands in front of a dark X-ray viewing screen.  
She faces Cullen and Aileen.

TARRALYN  
Good theory, guys, but there's  
not a snowball's chance that  
it's correct.

CULLEN  
What makes you so sure?

Tarralyn flips on the X-ray viewing backlight.

TWO HUMAN SKULL X-RAYS

The one on the left labeled "LYNCH - FRONT"; the one on  
the right: "FAGAN - FRONT".

Tarralyn points to a straight wound into the skull on each  
picture.

TARRALYN  
You can see where the weapon  
entered each brain through the  
temple and made identically  
shaped straight wounds.

CULLEN

So what? Anybody can buy an awl in a hardware store. There probably isn't a homeowner in the city that doesn't have one. Hell, I've got one in my basement.

AILLEEN

Both Patrick Lynch and Mannus Fagan own houses, Tarralyn.

TARRALYN

Problem is, it wasn't an awl. If we look at it from a different perspective ...

She removes the two X-rays and replaces them with two new ones labeled "LYNCH - TOP" and "FAGAN - TOP".

TARRALYN

It's not so straight after all.

The top view shows that the fatal wounds curve toward the back of the skull.

CULLEN

What the hell leaves a footprint like that?

TARRALYN

Good question. Had us stumped for a while. Then I watched a show on the Discovery channel last night about the most dangerous sports on earth and it hit me.

Tarralyn opens the Sports Authority bag and pulls out  
AN ICE AXE

Tarralyn lifts the axe up and down, feels its heft.

TARRALYN

This is a Grivel Pamir ice axe. I got it on loan from The Sports Authority. Carbon steel head, teeth half the length of the curved pick, quite a weapon if you want it to be.

She lays the curved head on top of the wound on Erin Lynch's X-Ray.

TARRALYN  
Perfect fit.

She moves the head to the Doreen Fagan X-ray.

TARRALYN  
On both. Notice that both wounds curve toward the back of the skull.

AILLEEN  
They were attacked from behind?

TARRALYN  
Never knew what hit them. I'll bet the blunt end was used to drive in the crucifixion stakes.

Ailleen takes the ice axe. Feels its weight.

AILLEEN  
Sports Authority? What sport uses something so medieval?

Cullen slumps into a chair.

CULLEN  
Mountain climbing.

AILLEEN  
Oh, God.

TARRALYN  
I'm sorry, Cullen. There's one more thing.

CULLEN  
What?

TARRALYN  
The wounds aren't particularly deep for a weapon like this.

AILLEEN  
A dispassionate male, unsure of what he's doing.

Cullen stands, takes a closer look at the x-rays. He turns to Tarralyn and Ailleen.

CULLEN  
Or a female.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grania dusts the pictures on the wall. She kisses her finger and touches the photo of her dead husband in uniform with Cullen and Seamus.

GRANIA  
How are you today, James?

She dusts the next photo, Seamus and his late wife posing on the mountaintop. She kisses her finger, touches it.

GRANIA  
And how are you, Vivian?

The doorbell rings.  
She shuffles to the front door, swings it open.

GRANIA  
Cullen! What a nice surprise.  
And Ailleen, too. Come in,  
come in, I'll make some tea.

Cullen and Ailleen enter the room.

AILLEEN  
Nice to see you again, Mrs.  
Foley.

She kisses Grania on the cheek.

GRANIA  
And you too, dear. Are you  
keeping Cullen out of trouble?

AILLEEN  
Well, actually ...

CULLEN  
This isn't a social call, mom.

GRANIA  
Oh?

CULLEN  
Is Seamus' and Vivian's  
mountain climbing stuff still  
out in the garage?

GRANIA  
I don't know. I guess so.

Cullen and Aileen cut through the living room to the  
garage door with Grania on their heels.

GRANIA  
It's probably still there.  
Seamus hasn't touched the  
mountain climbing equipment  
since Vivian's accident.

CULLEN  
Right.

They reach the door to the garage. Cullen turns to her.

CULLEN  
Wait here, mom.

GRANIA  
What are you looking for,  
Cullen?

CULLEN  
Just wait here, okay?

He opens the door.

INT. GARAGE

Cullen closes the door, flips on the light.

Aileen takes his arm, points to an old, red wagon.

AILLEEN  
That is so cute. I remember  
the first time I saw it. I  
imagined Grania pulling little  
Cullen around town.

Cullen points to a pile of mountaineering gear.

CULLEN  
There it is. Let's get  
started.

LATER

Cullen and Ailleen rummage through ropes, mountain shoes, pitons, harnesses.

AILLEEN

Cullen!

She holds up an ice axe.  
Cullen digs frantically in the area where she found it.

AILLEEN

What's wrong? We found it.  
Seamus is innocent.

Cullen stops, turns to her.

CULLEN

There were two.

LIVING ROOM

Cullen and Ailleen kiss Grania goodbye.

GRANIA

Are you sure you can't stay  
and visit? I'll bake some  
fresh cookies.

CULLEN

Sorry, mom, we've gotta run.

He starts out the door, then stops.

CULLEN

Mom, do you think Seamus has  
been acting strange lately?

GRANIA

No more than usual, Cullen.  
(she looks at the photo on  
the wall)  
He still pines for Vivian, I'm  
afraid. He loved her so. And  
he carries the guilt for  
James.

CULLEN

He should.

GRANIA

I've forgiven Seamus, Cullen.  
I wish you could.

INT. POLICE SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

A grim Cullen drives. Ailleen in the passenger seat.

AILLEEN

How sure are you that Seamus didn't know Vivian was a tease?

CULLEN

Not half as sure as I was a few minutes ago.

AILLEEN

Could she have been cheating on him?

CULLEN

It's possible.

AILLEEN

And now he's taking revenge against women that confess adultery? Is that possible?

Cullen drives in silence.

AILLEEN

Is it possible Vivian's death wasn't an accident?

CULLEN

Anything's possible. We've got to convince Bella to okay the play.

INT. BELLA DANOLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Cullen and Ailleen sit in front of Bella, the buttoned-down, ivy-league, Jersey City District Attorney.

AILLEEN

You're right, ma'am, it is all circumstantial with a lot of guesswork. That's why we want to put a move on him.

BELLA

How do you feel about this, Detective Foley? After all, he is your brother.

CULLEN

If he's guilty, he'll pay. I don't care if he's the pope.

BELLA

My gut tells me to get you the hell off this case --

CULLEN

Please --

AILLEEN

With all due respect, ma'am, Cullen has worked really hard on this, and it would take days to bring a new detective up to speed.

BELLA

You're willing to be the bait, MacGolgan? It could be dangerous.

Ailleen smiles at Cullen.

AILLEEN

My partner will watch my back. I won't have a thing to worry about.

BELLA

I'm not saying you can and I'm not saying you can't. But I am telling you two things. First, the pressure from the public and the media to catch the Scarlet Crucifier has reached the boiling point, otherwise I'd yank your ass off the case, Foley. Second, if you two blow this and word gets out, I'll deny we ever had this conversation.

INT. HALLWAY

Cullen closes the door to Bella's office, turns to Ailleen.

CULLEN

Thanks.

AILLEEN

For what?

CULLEN  
For sticking up for me in  
there.

AILLEEN  
That was nothing, partner.  
(takes Cullen's hand)  
I'd kill for you, Cullen.  
Don't you realize that?

Cullen kisses her.

CULLEN  
Stay over tonight. I'll buy  
the Bushmills.

AILLEEN  
That's what I'm afraid of,  
slugger. I've got to get some  
sleep. We'll have a major  
celebration tomorrow night.  
When this is over, okay?

EXT. HARBORSIDE PIER - NIGHT

Timothy Lavin staggers through the darkness near the edge  
of the water. He swigs from an almost full liter of cheap  
whiskey and mumbles to himself.

TIMOTHY  
That cop was all right. Yes  
sir.

He takes another swallow. Smiles.

TIMOTHY  
Haven't felt this good in a  
long time.

THE ICE AXE

Crashes into his temple.

The gloved hands rip the weapon free and shove Timothy off  
the edge of the pier. The corpse splashes into the Hudson.

EXT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S - NIGHT

Glenda and long-blond Heather come out of the Saloon.  
Glenda leads Heather by the hand around the corner of the  
building.

EXT. ALLEY

Glenda gently pushes Heather against the wall behind the dumpster, strokes her hair and kisses her neck.

HEATHER

What about that other lady?

GLEENDA

What other lady?

HEATHER

That policewoman. You touched her hair.

GLEENDA

I was just kidding, baby. Just wanted to watch her squirm a little. Now, let's see if you're a natural blonde.

Glenda unbuttons Heather's blouse.  
Heather laughs, nervous.

GLEENDA

You're trembling.

HEATHER

It's my first time. With a woman, I mean.

GLEENDA

I've got a little something to help us relax.

She pulls a spliff out of her jacket.

GLEENDA

This'll calm you down.

She pats her pockets, frowns.

GLEENDA

Damn. I left my Zippo by the pool table.

HEATHER

I'll go get it.

GLEENDA

Get us a couple of beers, too, baby.

Heather trots away, out of the alley.

Glenda watches until she's out of sight, then slinks back behind the dumpster.

GLEENDA  
(sotto)  
You've got a lot to learn,  
little girl.

She shrugs off her leather jacket.

GLEENDA  
I'm a great teacher.

She pulls off her black Janis Joplin t-shirt. No bra.

GLEENDA  
Daddy goes first tonight.

She unsnaps her jeans, pulls one side down a bit.  
Sans briefs.

A tin can SCRUNCHES at the alley entrance.  
Glenda smiles, leans against the wall, arches her back.

GLEENDA  
(loud)  
C'mon, Heather. Daddy wants  
his beer.

Silence.

GLEENDA  
(louder)  
Don't be nervous, Baby. C'mon,  
let's get the party started.

Nothing.

GLEENDA  
Heather?

She sticks the spliff in her mouth, steps away from the wall, folds her arms to cover herself, peers around the dumpster.

GLEENDA  
Come out, come out wherever  
you are.

From behind, a hand reaches around in front of her face.

A ZIPPO LIGHTER

Ignites.

GLEENDA

You little fox. How'd you  
sneak around behind me?

(lights the joint)

Let me show you something  
mighty fine.

(pulls down her jeans)

Like my ass?

She poses with her hands on her hips.

GLEENDA

Kiss it, baby. Lick my crack.

THE ICE AXE

Flashes in the streetlight, cracks through Glenda's skull.

EXT. SWEET KATHLEEN'S

Heather comes out of the bar with a six pack of Bud, trots  
around into the alley, goes out of sight.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Glenda? I couldn't find your  
lighter --

A crunch cuts her scream short.

EXT. P.J. RUCKER'S PARKING LOT - DAY

The four-door unmarked sedan the lone car in the lot.

INT. P.J. RUCKER'S - BAR

P.J. fills Cullen's glass with Bushmills.

P.J.

You want me to close early?

CULLEN

Yeah. It's not as if you're  
going to lose any business.

P.J.

This economy's killing me.

CULLEN  
Lower your prices.

P.J.  
Funny.

CULLEN  
You register that popgun yet?

P.J.  
Hell, no. What's in it for me?

Cullen downs the Bushmills.

CULLEN  
Close early and you win my  
undying patronage.

P.J.  
That's what I was afraid of.

Cullen heads for the door, then stops.

CULLEN  
Hey, P.J.?

P.J.  
Yeah?

CULLEN  
You close up and go home.  
There may be trouble out there  
tonight. I'll handle it.  
Right?

P.J.  
Right.

INT. AILLEEN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Ailleen zips up the skirt of an expensive dark business suit, checks her look in the mirror.

LATER

Ailleen's face loaded with heavy makeup, blue eyeliner, blood-red lipstick.

She picks up a shaggy blond wig, puts it on over her straight black hair.

She adjusts the wig in the mirror.

INT. POLICE SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Cullen drives. Aileen in the passenger seat in her blonde disguise. She dons a pair of sunglasses.

CULLEN  
Remember, P.J. Rucker's  
parking lot. It's well lit. No  
place to hide. Should be empty  
tonight.

Aileen fumbles through her purse.

CULLEN  
You're awfully quiet. Nervous?

AILLEEN  
Aren't you?

She pulls out the pack of Virginia Slims, punches the in-dash cigarette lighter.

CULLEN  
Where's the Zippo?

AILLEEN  
Don't know. Haven't seen it  
for a couple of days.

CULLEN  
Relax. He's not going to  
recognize you. I barely did.

AILLEEN  
I just hope I don't blow it.

The lighter pops up. She sticks a cig into her mouth and lights it.

CULLEN  
You never wanted to be an  
actress when you were growing  
up?

AILLEEN  
(blows a smoke ring)  
Hell, no. I was an elf in the  
eighth grade Christmas play. I  
couldn't sleep or eat for  
three days before the show.

CULLEN  
I'll bet you were a star.

AILLEEN  
I stunk.

Cullen holds her hand, squeezes it.

CULLEN  
Can you keep a secret?

AILLEEN  
From your lips to God's ear.

CULLEN  
Same thing happened to me.

AILLEEN  
Get out.

CULLEN  
St. Aloysius High. Senior  
year. We were doing  
Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

AILLEEN  
What part did you play?

CULLEN  
Marc Antony. I made it as far  
as "Friends, Romans,  
countrymen" before I barfed  
all over the stage.

AILLEEN  
You made that up.

CULLEN  
Ask Grania.

AILLEEN  
I just might do that.

CULLEN  
We'll do fine tonight,  
Partner.

INT. ST. JUDE'S - NIGHT

Seamus kneels in prayer before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. He sags. Lays his head on the marble foot of the massive statue.

Sister Robert shuffles by, stops, lays a hand on Seamus' shoulder.

SISTER ROBERT  
Can I get you something,  
Father Seamus?

Seamus lifts his head.

SEAMUS  
No, thank you, Sister Robert.

SISTER ROBERT  
A spot of tea might do nicely  
before confessions commence. A  
little solace before all those  
sins weigh heavy on your  
heart.

SEAMUS  
I'm fine.

Sister Robert touches the bags under his eyes.

SISTER ROBERT  
You need to get some sleep.

SEAMUS  
I know.

SISTER ROBERT  
Be well, Father Seamus.

Sister Robert shuffles off.  
Seamus rests his forehead back down on the cool marble.

MOMENTS LATER

Father Hugh kneels down next to him.

FATHER HUGH  
I'll handle confession  
tonight, Seamus.

Seamus jerks up.

SEAMUS  
I'm all right.

FATHER HUGH  
You're far from it, I'm  
afraid.

FATHER HUGH(cont'd)

I don't know what kind of trouble you're in, son, but I'm here for you if you ever want to confide in me.

SEAMUS

I can't, Father.

Father Hugh gets up, lays a hand on Seamus' shoulder.

FATHER HUGH

Let me do confession. You go get some sleep.

SEAMUS

I can handle it, Father. I'll feel better if I can help just one parishioner tonight.

FATHER HUGH

If you need me, you know how to find me.

SEAMUS

I'd hate to disturb Sister Robert's meditation.

LATER - CONFESSIONAL, PRIEST'S SIDE

Seamus rubs his eyes, reads from the thick pocket-sized prayer book.

CHURCH

Ailleen, in her makeup, blonde wig and sunglasses, walks down the aisle between the pews, hi-heels clicking.

She approaches the confessional, enters the parishioner's side and closes the door.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S SIDE

Seamus stuffs the prayer book into his inside cassock pocket.

He slides the screen open, blesses the air.

SEAMUS

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.

## PARISHIONER'S SIDE

Ailleen, nervous.

AILLEEN  
Bless me, Father, for I have  
sinned.

## CHURCH

Cullen walks in. Heads up the aisle.

AILLEEN (V.O.)  
It has been two weeks since my  
last confession.

SEAMUS (V.O.)  
Are you new in the parish?

AILLEEN (V.O.)  
Yes, I am.

SEAMUS (V.O.)  
I am here to help you make  
your peace with God. Nothing  
more, nothing less. Please,  
continue. Take your time.

Cullen picks a spot behind a fluted column near the  
confessional. He sits down and waits.

## CONFESSIONAL

Ailleen backs away from the screen, into the shadows.

AILLEEN  
I have committed adultery,  
Father.

## INTERCUT: SEAMUS AND AILLEEN

SEAMUS  
How long has this been going  
on?

AILLEEN  
One week. It's over. I ended  
it. I'm so sorry.

SEAMUS  
Does your husband know?

INT. BASEMENT - WORKBENCH

The reel-to-reel spins next to the metal spikes.

AILLEEN (V.O.)

Yes. I confessed everything to  
him. Now I want to make my  
peace with God.

Next to the metal spikes, Erin Lynch's photo I.D., Doreen Fagan's pocketbook with the crucifix clasp, Glenda O'Gorman's black t-shirt, and the blood-stained ice axe.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

The affair has ended?

AILLEEN (V.O.)

Yes.

CONFESSIONAL

Seamus leans close to the screen.

SEAMUS

Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis  
in nomine Patri et Filii et  
Spiritus Sancti. Say five Hail  
Mary's. Go in peace.

AILLEEN

(weeping)

I feel I must do something  
more, Father. I have sinned so  
greviouslyly.

SEAMUS

It often helps to pray at the  
scene of the transgression.

AILLEEN

P.J. Rucker's. Thank you,  
Father

SEAMUS

You had intercourse there?

AILLEEN

Yes. In the parking lot. In  
his car.

CHURCH

Cullen peers around the column at the confessional.

The parishioner-side door opens.  
Ailleen steps out, walks down the aisle.

Cullen gets up to follow her.

THE PRIEST-SIDE DOOR OPENS

Seamus peers out.

Cullen dives back behind the cover of the column.

Seamus studies Ailleen's shapely form exiting the church.

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO

Ailleen walks down the stone steps of St. Jude's.

EXT. POLICE SEDAN, PARKED - NIGHT

Ailleen, alone, in the passenger seat.  
She wipes sweat from her brow with a trembling hand.

Cullen jumps into the car on the driver's side.

CULLEN  
You okay?

AILLEEN  
I think so.

CULLEN  
P.J. Rucker's?

AILLEEN  
Yeah, like we planned. But I  
don't think he's gonna show.

Cullen starts the car, looks Ailleen in the eyes.

CULLEN  
He watched you.

AILLEEN  
What?

CULLEN  
He watched you walk out. He  
wanted to know what you look  
like.

AILLEEN

Oh my God.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Foley? MacGolgan? You there?

Cullen grabs the dashboard mike.

CULLEN

Foley here.

DISPATCHER

Two bodies found. Scarlet Crucifier M.O. Near Sweet Kathleen's. Glenda O'Gorman and an unidentified second victim.

CULLEN

Jesus. Look, we're on our way to the stake out. Send Tarralyn down to the scene, okay?

DISPATCHER

Roger.

Cullen hangs up the mike.

CULLEN

If Seamus is our man, why would he whack a couple of dykes down at Sweet Kathleen's?

AILLEEN

Could be a copy-cat or ...

CULLEN

Or what?

AILLEEN

Glenda O'Gorman was married.

CULLEN

So?

AILLEEN

So, technically, Glenda O'Gorman was an unfaithful wife.

CULLEN  
Holy shit.

Cullen starts the car and speeds away.

EXT. FOLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Seamus' black DeVille parked out front.

Seamus in his priest's cassock knocks on the front door. It opens. Pleasant surprise on Grania's face.

GRANIA  
Seamus! What a nice surprise.

SEAMUS  
I'm kind of in a hurry, Mom.

He shoves his way past Grania into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grania trots to keep up with Seamus' strides.

GRANIA  
Where are you going?

SEAMUS  
Garage.

GRANIA  
Why is my garage so popular  
all of a sudden?

Seamus stops short and turns.

SEAMUS  
Popular?

GRANIA  
Cullen and Aileen were  
rummaging out there the other  
day.

Seamus frowns, then rushes to the garage door.

GRANIA  
Seamus?

EXT. P.J. RUCKER'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ailleen's high heels click on the steaming pavement as she walks away from the police sedan to a deserted corner of the brightly-lit, rain-slicked asphalt.

She kneels down and bows her head in prayer.

MOMENTS LATER

THE BLACK DEVILLE

Rolls in. Silent. Headlights out.  
The Cadillac stops behind Ailleen.

SEAMUS

Gets out of the car. He still wears his priest's cassock.

He hides behind the car and watches Ailleen pray.

THE ICE AXE

Clutched in his hand.

EXT. STREET

The unmarked sedan parked in the shadows.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN

Cullen watches Seamus stalk Ailleen.

CULLEN  
(sotto)  
Son of a bitch.

He unholsters the .357 and checks the ammo. Full load.

He quietly opens the car door and steps out, leaves the door open.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Ailleen kneels and prays.  
Seamus clutches the ice axe, hides behind the Cadillac.

Cullen approaches Seamus from behind.  
He aims the .357 with both hands.

CULLEN  
Drop the axe, Seamus.

Seamus whirls.

SEAMUS  
Cullen? What the --

CULLEN  
Drop it!

Seamus lets the ice axe fall. It clatters to the pavement.

SEAMUS  
It's not what you --

CULLEN  
Shut up.

He pulls handcuffs out of his pocket.

CULLEN  
Turn around.  
(to Ailleen)  
Cover me, partner.

Ailleen rises to her feet, draws her Glock 9mm, aims it at Seamus.

AILLEEN  
Don't bother with the cuffs.

SEAMUS  
Ailleen? It's you? I came here  
to protect her, Cullen.

CULLEN  
Yeah, right. With an ice axe.

SEAMUS  
It was the only weapon I could  
think of. I stopped at mom's  
to get it.

Cullen cuffs Seamus, spins him around to face him.

CULLEN  
Tell me something, little  
brother. Was Vivian cheating  
on you? Did you kill her?

SEAMUS  
She was having an affair. She  
told me about it. She was on  
her way home that night after  
breaking it off.

SEAMUS(cont'd)  
I didn't kill Vivian. I loved  
her. It was an accident.

CULLEN  
Yeah? An affair? With who?

SEAMUS  
He was an exotic car mechanic  
from New York. She used to  
take the Corvette there. The  
Bronx, I think. I never found  
out his name.

On Cullen's face, confusion turns into realization. He  
slowly turns to Ailleen.

CULLEN  
Kevin MacGolgan?

Ailleen steadies her aim at Seamus.

AILLEEN  
Your dear, sweet Vivian was  
nothing but a whore, Seamus.

CULLEN  
Ailleen?

TARRALYN  
(from the police sedan  
radio)  
Foley? You there?

AILLEEN  
Nothing but a slut.

TARRALYN (RADIO)  
Lieutenant Gillespie got back  
to me. There were three  
murders in Manhattan a couple  
of years ago. Same M.O.  
Crucifixions.

CULLEN  
Give me the gun, Ailleen.

AILLEEN  
It was no accident, Seamus. I  
fucked with Vivian's brakes  
while she was having the last  
fuck of her life with my  
husband. Now they're both  
pushing worms.

TARRALYN (RADIO)  
They never made an arrest.

AILLEEN  
This is just too perfect,  
Seamus. I can't believe you  
were stupid enough to go to  
the garage and bring the other  
ice axe.

TARRALYN (RADIO)  
Foley? Where the hell are you?  
You're supposed to be on the  
stakeout.

Cullen aims his weapon at Aileen.  
Aileen maintains her bead on Seamus.

CULLEN  
Easy, partner. We're going to  
get you some --

P.J. (O.S.)  
Drop it!

P.J. comes out of the shadows, his little .22 pointed at  
Aileen.

CULLEN  
P.J.! Get back.

AILLEEN  
Is he a friend, love?

P.J.  
I could've been a detective,  
Cullen. A good one. Just like  
your dad.

CULLEN  
P.J., No!

P.J.  
I could've been important.  
(cocks the .22)  
Drop the gun, bitch!

AILLEEN  
(laughs)  
Bitch, is it?

In a heartbeat she whirls, fires, whirls back to Seamus.

A bullet dead-center between P.J.'s eyes.

P.J. gets off a shot into the inky sky as he crumples to the parking lot asphalt.

AILLEEN

(to Cullen)

Help? You're all the help I need, slugger. I think I've thinned the ranks of the whoring bitches enough so you won't be tempted after we're married. We're going to be so happy.

CULLEN

Okay, sure, sure we are. Just give me the weapon.

AILLEEN

I set you up for the fall, Seamus. What happened? Couldn't satisfy that slut so she went after my Kevin?

SEAMUS

Listen to Cullen, Ailleen. Murder is a mortal sin.

AILLEEN

So is adultery.

A SIREN wails in the background, grows louder.

AILLEEN

Besides, this isn't murder, Father.

(cocks the weapon)

This is justice.

CULLEN

Drop the gun!

AILLEEN

Finished praying, Seamus?

She and Cullen fire simultaneously.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Grania races down the hallway.

## HOSPITAL ROOM

Seamus lies in the bed, unconscious, his chest heavily bandaged. He slowly comes to.

He sees Cullen adjusting his I.V.

Seamus strains forward, grabs Cullen's shirt, pulls him close.

SEAMUS

You bastard. You thought it was me.

CULLEN

You were a cop once. What would you have thought?

SEAMUS

Yeah, I was a cop. Don't you know I live with the guilt of dad's death every minute of every day?

CULLEN

Mom's coming. Let's pretend to be civil.

SEAMUS

Sure.

Seamus slumps back down against the pillow.

SEAMUS

P.J.?

Cullen shakes his head.

SEAMUS

Ailleen?

Cullen shakes his head again.

CULLEN

She was the best marksman I ever saw. When she got that shot off, I thought you were finished for sure. But ...

He picks up the thick pocket-sized prayer book, caked with dried blood, from the table next to the bed.

A BULLET HOLE

Through the center of the book, the 9mm slug protrudes from the back.

GRANIA

Rushes into the room.

GRANIA  
Seamus! Oh my God.

She sits on the bed, hugs Seamus. She sobs.

CULLEN  
He's going to be fine.

SEAMUS  
Cullen and I are going to be fine, too, mom.

Grania gathers Cullen in, hugs them both. Sobs.

GRANIA  
This is the happiest day of my life.

INT. AILLEEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cullen wears his JCPD badge on his shirt. He walks to a video recorder set up on a tripod by the bedroom window.

CULLEN  
(sotto)  
Son of a bitch.

Through the bedroom window - St. Jude's across the street.

Tarralyn enters the room.

CULLEN  
Look at this. She taped her victims as they left church.

TARRALYN  
Wait until you see what's in the basement.

INT. BASEMENT

A UNIFORMED COP with latex gloves deposits the ice axe into a large, plastic evidence bag.

Cullen and Tarralyn enter the room.

TARRALYN  
There's dried blood all over  
the pick end.

CULLEN  
She didn't even bother to wipe  
it off.

TARRALYN  
In her demented state she  
probably thought there was no  
way in hell you'd side with  
Seamus against her. Guess  
nobody ever told her blood is  
thicker.

CULLEN  
Guess not.

TARRALYN  
Get a load of this.

She leads Cullen over to the reel-to-reel tape recorder on  
the workbench. Tarralyn punches PLAY.

DOREEN (V.O.)  
Yes. I have confessed to him  
and begged forgiveness. Now I  
seek to make my peace with  
God.

SEAMUS (V.O.)  
Does your lover's wife know?

DOREEN (V.O.)  
You mean her husband. I don't  
know, Father. I don't think  
so.

Tarralyn punches STOP.

CULLEN  
My God. I thought I was  
falling in love with her.

Tarralyn hugs Cullen.

TARRALYN  
Let's go make a visit.

INT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Father Hugh and Sister Robert watch through the open confessional door as Cullen and Tarralyn scan the parishioner side with vibrating bug detectors.

CULLEN

Bingo.

He reaches under the seat and pulls out

A LISTENING DEVICE

About the size of a standard beeper.

SISTER ROBERT

My goodness.

FATHER HUGH

What is it?

Cullen and Tarralyn study the electronic bug.

TARRALYN

From your lips ...

CULLEN

... to God's ear.

EXT. HARBORSIDE PIER - DAY

Cullen and Tarralyn study the HOMELESS lying on the wooden planks in the sun. Cullen holds a hardcover book.

TARRALYN

Maybe he's sleeping it off.

CULLEN

Too early. Something's happened to him.

TARRALYN

We've got to go, Cullen. We don't want to be late.

CULLEN

Got a sticky note?

Tarralyn rummages through her purse, produces a pad of yellow notes.

Cullen sticks one on the cover of the book

THE 12 STEPS: A WAY OUT

He pulls a pen out of his pocket and writes -

TIMOTHY:

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE TWO WOMEN. TRY THIS. IT WORKS.  
YOUR FRIEND, DET. FOLEY

He lays the book on a wooden slab near the water's edge.

CULLEN

I hope he finds it.

INT. FOLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grania stands in front of the photo of her uniformed husband and two sons.

GRANIA

They're brothers again, James.  
Today's remembrance was very  
beautiful.

She kisses her finger, touches the photo.

GRANIA

Cullen and Seamus gave the  
benediction together.

She stops at the next photo, touches it.

GRANIA

Seamus is fine, Vivian.

She pads away into the

KITCHEN

Where she picks up a tray of frosted glasses and a pitcher of iced tea and carries it out into the

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

Tables with the remnants of a large barbecue gathering lie empty except for one

TABLE

Occupied by Cullen, Tarralyn, and Seamus in his priest's collar.

Grania sets the tray down.

GRANIA  
Six years, and I still miss  
him everyday.

CULLEN  
We all do, Mom.

She fills everyone's glass with iced tea.

SEAMUS  
(to Cullen)  
You sure you can handle that  
stuff?

CULLEN  
(smiles)  
You're funny.

Grania raises her glass.

GRANIA  
To family.

CULLEN AND SEAMUS  
To family.

The three clink glasses.

Tarralyn clinks Seamus' glass.

TARRALYN  
And friends.

SEAMUS  
And friends.

FADE OUT.