SECOND SIGHT

by
Gerald Cuesta and Michael Cuesta

Based on the BBC1 series by Paula Milne

1 25 13

FADE IN:

A BLUE MORPHO BUTTERFLY gracefully flutters through EMERALD GREEN FOLIAGE and EXOTIC FLOWERS. The Morpho's wings magically change color: Metallic silver morphs to a calming baby blue, suddenly mimics the color of a roiling sea, then segues to a deep scarlet. The Morpho flutters down onto the outstretched hand of --

SCOUT TANNER (10). Vivacious, hair done up in pig tails. The image FREEZES. Scout's smile. The butterfly's wings frozen in mid flutter. All perfectly framed.

REVEAL: We're looking through the screen of an iPhone in CAMERA MODE. We come around to the back of the phone, reveal: Scout's dad, ROSS TANNER (36).

TANNER
A masterpiece for your Facebook.

INT. AUDUBON BUTTERFLY GARDEN/NEW ORLEANS -- DAY.

Tanner and Scout tour the VICTORIAN GARDEN/CONSERVATORY, a virtual fairy tale setting. There's a hint of the street in Tanner's gait. He's travelled more than a few rough roads, seen the worst the world has to offer; but right now... he's locked in the moment, grateful for his time with his daughter. Scout. She talks in a rush, runs down a list of all the things she wants to do with her dad.

SCOUT
And after we visit the Grand Canyon we can go to Hollywood. I so want to see Channing Tatum. And then we'll fly to New York --

TANNER
(Laughs)
Whoa, pig tails!

He playfully tugs at one of her pig tails.

SCOUT
Don't call me that! You're so childish!

Scout playfully elbows her dad, continues with her litany.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
So when we fly to New York, we'll see the Empire State Building --

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Um... Dad's frequent flyer miles, they're not so frequent.

SCOUT
-- and then we can, like, see where the super model's party. And after New York, you can take me to Philadelphia.

TANNER
(caught off guard)
Philadelphia?

SCOUT
You know. Where you keep the hidden things.

She stares at him oddly, then flashes a conspiratorial, '*I know things you don't think I know*', grin. Tanner goes to say something as -- a rabble of BLUE MORPHO'S flutter past. Scout turns on a dime, races after them. Tanner watches his daughter. The *Philadelphia hidden things* mention weighs on him.

Scout climbs up onto a mossy boulder, giggles, as a few morphos flutter about.

SCOUT
Hurry, daddy. Take a picture!

Tanner shakes off what was bothering him, kneels down, readies his phone, frames up the photo. As he looks through the screen --

-- He sees HIMSELF. His *DOPPELGANGER*. Looming over Scout. Staring back at him. Suddenly, The SOUND of the room falls away. Tanner quickly lowers the phone, sees --

-- No more DOPPELGANGER. Something BLACK and AMORPHOUS rises behind Scout then transforms into... a swirling mass of PITCH BLACK BUTTERFLIES. They circle Scout like birds of prey about to strike.

TANNER
Scout, hon, come to me.

Scout flashes unease. Jumps off the rock. But before her feet hit the ground... the swarm attacks! She tries to shake them off. But they keep coming. An onslaught. In less than a second she's completely hidden by a vortex of hundreds, if not thousands, of beating black wings.

TANNER
Scout!!!

CONTINUED: (2)

Tanner rushes in, furiously swats at the butterflies. Through the mass of black, rapidly beating wings he catches fleeting glimpses of his daughter: **eyes wide with terror, mouth agape in a silent scream.** He reaches through the mass, grabs her hand, pulls and -- Someone, or *some thing*, shrieks! The butterflies retreat as quickly as they attacked and --

Tanner stands, hand empty, his daughter... gone. He looks to the ground. He sees a silhouetted outline of his daughter on the ground, akin to a crime scene body outline. Creepy. He shrieks --

-- AN EYE OPENS. Wide. Frightened. We CUT TO --

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING.

Tanner lays in his bed on his side, heart pounding. A bad dream. The shriek morphs into... the shrill ring tone of a cell phone. Tanner sits up. His wide-eyed gaze lands on the wall in front of him. For a beat... the wall seems to move, breathe... Tanner flicks a switch behind his bed. The room floods with bright light from all different angles. Tanner sees -- the wall is just a wall.

The cell phone stops ringing. A deep breath... he's been through this before. He rubs his face, grabs his cell. There's a message from someone named GEMMA. He presses CALL BACK.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS. CANAL STREET. DAY

A misty late winter rain slicks the streets. GEMMA ROAN, (32), bookishly attractive, but not someone to mess with (there's a scarred anger brimming behind the eyes), moves past a STREET CAR, makes her way to her NISSAN parked along Canal Street. She answers her cell. (*She speaks with a slight Southern lilt, Tanner is pure northeast.*) INTERCUT with Tanner in his APT.

GEMMA
'Morning, boss.

TANNER
(weary)
What and where?

GEMMA
Dead male. Lower Garden District. Bashevis and Sammy are the primaries. They're working the scene. But, happy day, we may already have a suspect. The vic's fiancee'.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Let's get a jump on her. She at the crime scene?

GEMMA
No. Her place. Warehouse district. Name is Anna Landholt.

Tanner's ear prick.

TANNER
As in Fredrick Landholt?

GEMMA
Yep. The one percenters one percenter. His daughter.

TANNER
Swing around. Be downstairs in five.

GEMMA
(annoyed)
Christ, Tanner... *again?*

TANNER
Car's still in the garage. Sorry.

He disconnects before Gemma can reply. We stay on Tanner, come out wider and see: a STUDIO APARTMENT. Cold. Everything in perfect order. The source of the bright light: six bright tensor lamps set up in different corners, aimed at different parts of the room. Tanner reaches for some clothes, gaze going to the wall. He holds, unblinking, like he's waiting for it to start moving again.

INT. BATHROOM/TANNER'S STUDIO APT. -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner stands in front of the mirror, eyes wide and fixed, a man psyching himself up to deal with what's ahead. He slides open the medicine cabinet. TIGHT ON: a PRESCRIPTION VIAL. AZATHIOPRINE. Immune Suppressor for OCULAR (EYE) DISORDER. Off Tanner as he pops two pills --

CUT TO:

A STILL, SHADOWY, SLIGHTLY BLURRED IMAGE, as if we're looking through an old time CAMERA OBSCURA. We get tighter on the image. Clarity comes. It's a BEDROOM. Shards of orangey light reflect off something dark on the floor.

As we get closer, reveal: a morning sun reflecting off a LARGE POOL OF BLOOD. We hear Gemma speak OFF-CAMERA

CONTINUED:

GEMMA (O.C.)
The vic's name is Mark Wykoff.

We CUT TO: a 20-something MALE HIPSTER, shirtless, face down in the blood. He flickers in and out of focus.

GEMMA (O.C.)
His cleaning lady found him. She has her own key. Let's herself in every other Monday morning.

We keep pushing in until we're super tight on the back of the man's head. Perfect focus. The man's head is SMASHED IN. OBLITERATED. Reveal, we're --

I/E. GEMMA'S NISSAN -- MOVING.

Gemma drives. Tanner is in the passenger seat, looks hard at CRIME SCENE PHOTOS on an iPad mounted to the dashboard. He flicks his fingers, moves on to another photo.

On the screen: A BLOOD SPLATTERED DRESSER MIRROR. PHOTOS taped to the mirror. In the mirror's reflection: COPS and FORENSICS. Frozen in time.

GEMMA
Seems Wykoff was a jazz pianist. Played the local clubs.

Tanner widens the image. Keep his gaze fixed. One photo is a digital print of Mark and an attractive, 20-something woman in a retro PAGEBOY HAIRCUT on the beach. The other: a faded Polaroid of a gleeful LITTLE GIRL IN A HOODIE, tossing leaves into the air. Tanner holds on the photo -- he's thinking of his daughter. The nightmare.

TANNER
When were the nuptials set for?

He takes out his cell. Gestures for Gemma to keep talking. Speed dials a call. Gemma flickers annoyance --

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Cleaning lady said next Saturday --

Voicemail kicks in on the other end of Tanner's cell.

SCOUT (OVER CELL)
This is Scout. Leave a message!

GEMMA
-- and his bachelor party was last night.

Off Scout's voicemail beep --

CONTINUED:

TANNER (INTO CELL)
Hey Pig Tails... I mean, Scout. It's dad. Just... missing you. Can't wait for breakfast tomorrow. Ham Hocks 'r' us. Love and miss you much.

He disconnects.

GEMMA
Did you hear a word?

TANNER
Cleaning lady said Mark Wykoff's wedding to Anna Landholt was next week. His bachelor party was last night. What I still haven't heard... is why Anna Landholt is a suspect.

GEMMA
It's a weird one...

Off Tanner as he waits to hear more --

EXT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S BLDG/WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- DAY.

The rain pounds outside the classic, early 20th century warehouse converted into a super chic residency. Art galleries, restaurants and boutiques line the surrounding streets. New Orleans' version of SOHO. Two COP CARS and an AMBULANCE are parked out front.

A BLACK MERCEDES is up on the curb, front bumper smashed into a street light. Two JR. DETECTIVES examine the car.

Gemma's Nissan pulls in. Tanner and Gemma get out. Tanner moves with purpose, in his element, gives the Mercedes a glance as he moves for the building.

INT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S LOFT -- DAY.

Modern. Large. Airy. Screams *MONEY*. Tanner and Gemma enter a long corridor. The walls are lined with fine art, both modern and classical.

GEMMA
Hmm.... Rich is *nice* --

TANNER
-- And easy when you don't earn it. Landholt's are old N'awlin's money. Never had to lift a knuckle for a nickle.

CONTINUED:

Up ahead in the LIVING ROOM we can make out some activity, people talking. Tanner moves down the corridor, Gemma just behind him. She notices: Tanner lightly brushes the fingers of his left hand along the wall as he walks.

His fingers brush up against the frame of a PAINTING that hangs in the corridor. He looks at the painting. Done in the dark, moody, baroque style of the 18th century, it depicts A WOMAN SPLAYED OUT ACROSS A BED. There's another figure in the painting, something DARK and GROTESQUE, but its blocked out by Gemma's reflection as she passes. Tanner holds a beat, then moves on.

The corridor opens up into an immense LIVING ROOM. Gemma snickers as she spots: DETECTIVE PAUL GIROUX (30s), somewhat self-consciously hip and full of himself, involved in a semi-heated discussion with an older, ham faced EMT on the far side of the room. Gemma doesn't care for Giroux, whispers to Tanner --

GEMMA
Of course the eager beaver shows first, acting like he's boss.

Tanner is amused by Giroux's obvious need to impress and play the boss. He listens in as an anxious Giroux gets snippy with the older EMT. The EMT exits into another ROOM. Giroux spots Tanner and Gemma. Registers them with the look of a man who harbors a minor suspicion.

GIROUX
You're here. Good. I haven't been able to question the suspect yet --

GEMMA
Which makes sense, since you're not in charge.

GIROUX
(ignores the comment)
-- The EMT's are still with her, but it's taking a dog's year to --

TANNER
Let the process be the process. Word is a friend called this in?

Giroux gestures to his left -- A STATE OF THE ART KITCHEN: Leaning against a counter: CAPRICE (late 20s) EURO ARTSY, half BUTCH, half BAUHAUS GOTH. She's somewhere between bored and shaken.

CONTINUED: (2)

GIROUX
Caprice Dipietro. She's been staying with Anna. Says she woke up at 6:30 this morning, heard Anna screaming her fiancee's name, our vic, over and over. She checked on Anna and... after what she found she called 911.

The EMT sticks his head back into the room, relieved to see that Tanner's in charge.

EMT
She's good to talk now.

TANNER
Giroux. Cover Caprice. Gemma with me.

INT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner, Gemma and the EMT enter the room. It's huge, sparse. White on white. In the center, a large FOUR POSTER BED. TWO FORENSICS block Tanner's view. They part ways, reveal... a crouched over WOMAN in a white, silk nightgown. Head bowed, she hugs herself, softly sobs.

Tanner slows his pace as he approaches her. We see: his eyes widen, he doesn't blink, focuses hard.

TANNER
Anna Landholt?

Anna slowly comes out of her crouch, gaze going to Tanner. Attractive, in a vulnerable, troubled way, she sports a retro, PAGEBOY HAIRCUT -- she's the woman from the Polaroid on Mark's mirror -- (think a haunted Audrey Tautou). Her face is wet with tears; but the most striking thing: the front of her nightgown... is splattered with a great amount of BLOOD. The sheets and comforter she sits on are caked with blood as well.

Anna looks directly at Tanner. She reaches out to him with a trembling hand.

Tanner flinches. He pulls away so not to be touched. His eyes go wide. Intense. Troubled. WE CUT TO:

TANNER'S POV: Looking through his eyes, it's as if we're looking at a living, breathing, HAUNTINGLY FADED DAGUERREOTYPE. The blood splattered white night gown appears PHANTASMAGORIC, THE DARK SPLATTERS OF BLOOD SEEM ALIVE, BREATHING, MOVING.

CONTINUED:

Anna’s entire body trembles. She cries out --

ANNA
What’s happened... ?

As she sobs into an hysterical breakdown --

ANNA
(sobbing)
What have I done?!!!

END TEASER

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

TIGHT ON: B&W CCTV IMAGES of Mark Wykoff walking through his otherwise empty lobby. Time Code 3:12 am. The IMAGE FAST FORWARDS to -- ANNA entering the lobby in her silk nightgown. She moves slowly, eerie, face blank, arms stiff at her side. We see, a key on a chain dangles from her RIGHT HAND. Time code. 3:27 am.

CCTV IMAGES: FAST FORWARD: Anna leaving the lobby. Again, she moves slow, blank, arms stiff at her sides, but now... she's splattered with blood. The image freezes. Reveal, we're --

INT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S APARTMENT -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tanner, Gemma and Giroux have been watching this over Gemma's iPad. Tanner leans in close, intense, wide-eyed.

GEMMA
I sent the rest of the footage back to base to be combed through.

Tanner nods, the eeriness of the video sticking.

INT. KITCHEN/ANNA LANDHOLT'S APT. -- LATER.

Giroux interviews Caprice, who has a touch of a Northern Italian accent.

CAPRICE
I flew in for the wedding... Anna and I met in Florence. We studied 19th century classicists.

GIROUX
The last time you saw Anna, before she woke up screaming?

CAPRICE
Around 11 last night. I passed her room on my way to the kitchen for a glass of water. The door was open. She was on the phone with Mark. He was at his bachelor party. She joked with him about not having too good a time. On my way back to my bedroom I heard her say she loved him...

INT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S LOFT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner and Gemma come back in. The EMT meets them.

CONTINUED:

EMT
Gave her a shot of ativan. Calmed her down a bit.

Tanner kneels in front of ANNA. She's still on the bed. Hugs herself. A bit out of it. Numbed by shock and the drug.

TANNER
Miss Landholt...

ANNA
(low)
Mark... is gone?

TANNER
His body was found this morning in his apartment.

She trembles. Takes in all the blood...

ANNA
My... God...

TANNER
The blood... it isn't yours. You haven't been wounded. No internal issues. But... you *were* at your fiancee's last night.

ANNA
Was it... *me?* Did... I... do *this?*

TANNER
You don't remember being there?

Anna has trouble getting words out.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Take your time.

ANNA
All I've ever wanted... was a normal life...

TANNER
Of course.

Beat.

ANNA
I sleepwalk. Ever since childhood...

Tanner holds on that, then --

CONTINUED: (2)

TANNER
There's a car crashed in front of your building, a black Mercedes --

ANNA
-- It's mine. So... If you say I was at Mark's last night... then I was, and that could mean...
(breaks down)
... Oh, God...

Tanner holds on this sad spectacle when -- A MAN'S loud, commanding voice cut through --

MAN (O.S.)
Where is my daughter?!

Tanner looks to the doorway as -- FREDRICK LANDHOLT pushes his way in. Sixty years old, in excellent shape, the man oozes entitlement.

FREDRICK
Anna, don't say another word.

ANNA
I want to talk!

FREDRICK
No!

Anna recedes into herself as Fredrick steps up beside her. He kisses her head as if she were an infant.

TANNER
Mr. Landholt --

FREDRICK
(to Tanner)
We will not be answering any questions until our lawyer has had a chance to speak with her.

TANNER
Of course. But... Mark Wykoff was found murdered this morning --

FREDRICK
Did you *hear* what I said?

TANNER
Did you hear what *I* said.

FREDRICK
I want you and your crew off my property --

CONTINUED: (3)

TANNER
Your daughter may be wearing her fiancee's blood which makes this apartment a potential crime scene.

FREDRICK
Detective --

TANNER
-- Ross Tanner.

FREDRICK
One phone call and I make your day hellish, Mr. Tanner.

Tanner holds on Fredrick, as if he's amused by the man's arrogance.

TANNER
Make it.

Gemma and Giroux enter from the kitchen, observe the standoff. Tanner holds his gaze without blinking. Fredrick flinches first.

FREDRICK
I'm taking my daughter home with me where she will meet and speak with our lawyer. Until then --

TANNER
-- We're treating the apartment as a crime scene and we'll need Anna's nightgown.
(Yells)
Gemma!

He doesn't notice that Gemma is right next to him, as if his periphery vision is off. Awkward beat. He turns slightly --

TANNER (CONT'D)
(to Gemma)
Grab a forensic, take Anna to the bathroom, bag her dress.

Gemma puts on gloves, carefully helps Anna up off the bed. Anna's frightened and confused gaze flits between her father and Tanner. She holds on Tanner with an odd, pleading look --

EXT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S BLDG. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. -- DAY

The rain lessens. Gemma and Tanner walk to her car.

CONTINUED:

GEMMA
What I had to do not to smack the smug off that *one percenter* son of a bitch's face.

TANNER
Evict him from your head.

He stops. Holds on Anna's car as forensics continue their sweep of it.

TANNER (CONT'D)
You buy this whole driving to the murder scene and back while asleep?

GEMMA
Think it's a ruse?

TANNER
I've heard stranger. Let's find out if she ever sought treatment.

GEMMA
Ok... But speaking of driving. Us showing up together on scene all the time... I know I owe you, Tanner, majorly; but the new guy, Giroux, I can see him painting dirty pictures --

TANNER
Let him paint. My car is in the garage. Common knowledge.

GEMMA
For two weeks? C'mon! Get a new mechanic, for chrissake.

TANNER
It'd break her heart.

GEMMA
Your mechanic is a woman?

TANNER
And a fine one. Woman. Not mechanic.

He winks. Gemma keeps up the hard facade, but we see, underneath... she likes Tanner pushing her buttons.

I/E. GEMMA'S NISSAN -- MOVING.

They drive down the street, away from Anna's building. We see: ROAD WORK ahead. The traffic comes to a crawl. A ROAD CREW WORKER flags them down, sends them towards some DETOUR SIGNS.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON: Blood everywhere. Mark Wykoff's destroyed head. Like a pumpkin that met a sledgehammer. Reveal --

INT. BEDROOM/MARK WYKOFF'S APARTMENT -- DAY.

Forensics does a sweep. Between the bed and a wall: Tanner and Detective DANIEL 'Manischewitz' BASHEVIS (35) lean over MARK WYKOFF'S body. Bashevis is an easy going family man, an Orthodox Jew from a long line of Louisiana Orthodox.

BASHEVIS
-- No murder weapon found. But, until we hear from the coroner, forensics rule it blunt force trauma.

DETECTIVE SAMANTHA (SAMMY) WILDE (40s), steps up behind them; a gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men and liquor.

SAMMY
More like death by Gallagher.

BASHEVIS
Sorry, who?

TANNER
Gallagher. 80's prop comic. Had a fetish for sledgehammers and watermelons. Got to bone up on your Comedy Central reruns, Manischewitz.

BASHEVIS
You do this job and raise three kids, then let me know how much time you have for TV.

SAMMY
Reason 299 why I don't have kids.

Gemma enters the room hanging up her phone --

CONTINUED:

GEMMA
Just spoke with a Danny Becker. He's the friend who arranged the bachelor party. Says the last time he saw Mark was around 2:45 in the AM. He's willing to come in. Will bring a list of the other attendees.

TANNER
The party was held where?

GEMMA
The Maison Bourbon. Mark had a bi-weekly solo piano gig.

Tanner takes in the info, scopes the room. He moves for an OPENED WINDOW. It's stopped raining. The sun comes out. Tanner spots TWO IVY ENTWINED CLAY DRAINAGE PIPES, only a few inches apart, that run down past Mark's second story window from the roof to the ground below. He focuses hard, then calls out to Bashevis.

TANNER
Was this window open when you arrived?

BASHEVIS
It was.

TANNER
Have forensics check the drainage pipes. Someone could have shimmied up and in. Also: any shoe or boot prints down below.

Bashevis nods, goes over to talk to the forensic team. Tanner puts his gaze back out the window. He blinks, rubs his eyes --

TANNER'S POV: The sun is now out full. Across the street in a SMALL PARK, Tanner sees: the SILHOUETTED IMAGE OF A WOMAN. The sun streaks the edges of thick blonde hair. SMOKE wafts around her. There's an almost angel rising from the ashes quality to the image. Yet it's obvious to Tanner that the woman is watching the building.

ANGLE ON TANNER: He holds on the woman. Unblinking.

EXT. MARK WYKOFF'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner exits the building, walks across the street to the park. The blonde woman is gone. Tanner moves to where she was standing. He stops. Looks. A beat. He SMELLS something strong. Sniffs. He looks down.

CONTINUED:

A cigarette butt. He kneels down. Picks up the butt with a gloved hand. He brings it as close to his eyes as possible, reads: **Honeyrose Ginger.**

I/E. GEMMA'S NISSAN/ FRENCH QUARTER -- MOVING.

Gemma drives. Tanner in the passenger seat. Thinks. A million miles away. Then --

TANNER
Look into whether any of Mark's relations or friends smoke Honeyrose Ginger cigarettes. A woman was watching the building. She left a trace.

GEMMA
Will do.

Tanner holds on the intersection as they approach.

TANNER
Pull over.

GEMMA
Why?

TANNER
I need to walk. Clear my head.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Gemma's car pulls over in front of the old stone wall. Tanner exits the car. Gemma has the feeling something's up. She holds on Tanner as he walks ahead of her down the narrow street. Gemma slowly drives past --

I/E. GEMMA'S NISSAN -- MOVING.

She passes Tanner, eagle eyes him in her rearview mirror. When she's about 20 yards in front she sees him suddenly skirt across the street... and into an ALLEYWAY.

INT. LONG ALLEYWAY -- DAY.

Tanner walks down a long, narrow alley. He quickens his pace. His ears pick up on dissonant hints of music. Trumpets, Trombones, etc. At first the music bounces off the narrow alleyway walls, a distant mess of noise; but the closer Tanner gets to the end of the alley the louder the music gets, the more it begins to gel.

TANNER'S POV: the alley's exit appears as a blur of harsh light, broken up by skirting shadows.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TANNER: He exits the alley onto --

BOURBON STREET: The dissonant, distant music explodes to ear splitting volume, morphs into a Brass Band melody. Tanner finds himself pushing his way through a ROVING BRASS BAND followed by a group of DRUNKEN TOURISTS. He passes an OUTDOOR CAFE'. Closes his eyes, takes in the smells.

We visualize what he smells: Steamed crawfish lifted in strainers from large pots. Fresh bread out of ovens. Tanner's energy pick up. He moves with purpose. His ears take in the music. Then... the sound of the crowds. Snippets of banal conversation. Snippets of excited conversation. Everything amped. He opens his eyes, in a zone, lost and in love with the sensory overload. God, he adores this city. Suddenly...

... a DARK FIGURE skitters LIGHTNING FAST through the crowd on ALL FOURS... vanishes into the crowd. Tanner goes pale, stops in his tracks. What the hell was that? His eyes dart about. There's nothing odd... outside of another day on Bourbon street.

CUT TO:

MACRO SHOTS ON TANNER'S EYES. JERKING. BLINKING. DILATING. DROPS PUT IN. AN OPTICAL REFRACTOR. BLEEPS OF RED LIGHTS.

ANGLE ON TANNER as -- the OPTICAL REFRACTOR is removed from his eyes. We see his face in full. Eerily focused.

INT. DR. SERAFINE CALLIER'S OFFICE -- LATER.

The office is loose and relaxing. Exotic plants. Rich hued Creole art on the walls. Meditation-Spiritual books and Holistic healing studies line the shelves. As for Dr. SERAFINE CALLIER (40s), African Creole, she exudes a warm, earthy quality.

DR. CALLIER
You're still experiencing the haziness, shadows, flashes of light, things coming in and out of focus?

TANNER
Comes and goes.

Sensing his tension, she leans in, softly smiles.

DR. CALLIER
I told you. It's okay. You're *not* going blind, Ross.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DR. CALLIER (CONT'D)
Azoors Syndrome. It’s like a a fog that blows in from time to time But you can learn to manage it.

She writes something down on her pad. Tanner *is* relieved but something re: *the THING on the street*, weighs on his mind. He’s nervously taps his legs. She notices.

DR. CALLIER(CONT’D)
How’s the job?

TANNER
Hasn’t been affected.

She holds on him for a beat, looks into his EYES.

DR. CALLIER
You’re seeing things, aren’t you?

TANNER
(surprised)
How did you know?

DR. CALLIER (CONT’D)
A typical side effect to Azoors is called Charles Bonnet Syndrome. It causes hallucinations.

TANNER
(mutters)
Now you’re telling me this.

DR. CALLIER
How often have you hallucinated?

TANNER
Enough to creep me out. So we treat this, how?

DR. CALLIER
We continue treating the Azoors. As far as the hallucinations... they can just suddenly stop occurring, and never return.

TANNER
In the meantime?

DR. CALLIER
Consider yourself the recipient of a gift.

TANNER
(snickers)
Gift?

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. CALLIER
You're not the first patient I've treated with this. And, yes, I believe it can be a great gift. A new way of seeing and sensing the world. Hallucinations come from the subconscious. Think of them as signposts that can lead you to people, places, to things that your conscious mind never could.

Off Tanner -- he's thinking about the dark, crouched over shape he saw skittering down Bourbon street.

EXT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S BLDG -- DAY.

A taxi pulls up out front. Tanner gets out.

INT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S APARTMENT -- DAY.

Empty, but marked as a crime scene. Tanner enters, ALONE. Gloves on, he flicks on as many lights as possible.

He makes his way down the corridor to the PAINTING he saw earlier. Without a reflection blocking it, Tanner is able to focus on the dark, figure hovering over the woman. It's actually a GROTESQUE TROLL-LIKE THING, an INCUBUS. It crouches atop the sleeping woman, an evil, frowning gaze fixed on us. He holds on it --

Is this the dark, crouched over thing he saw on Bourbon street?

LATER: LIVING ROOM: Tanner moves slow, touches the walls, things on shelves. He passes a mantle of FRAMED PHOTOS. They show Anna with Mark. Anna at a bar with friends. Anna as a little girl on a swing wearing a dark hoodie. Tanner realizes: the Polaroid of the little girl in the hoodie tossing leaves into the air taped to Mark's mirror was of Anna. He speaks into his cell recorder --

TANNER (INTO CELL)
No family photos.

He turns away from the photos and spots, on the edge of the runner: a closed BIRTHDAY CARD. Next to the card, an OPENED ENVELOPE. The envelope is addressed to Anna Landholt. No return address. Postmarked: Cameron Parish.

He looks to the colorful birthday card -- a cartoon of a fairy tale princess on the front, HAPPY BIRTHDAY LITTLE PRINCESS in sparkly writing. Tanner carefully opens the card with a pen and reveals --

CONTINUED:

VIOLENTLY SHREDDED PHOTOS OF ANNA AS A LITTLE GIRL. ANNA in a HOODIE. In the torn sections where we see little Anna's face, her EYES HAVE BEEN SCRATCHED OUT.

INT. TANNER'S SQUAD ROOM -- LATER DAY.

Tanner listens intently as his team runs down where they are. The info and questions come at us fast --

SAMMY
Coroner puts the time of death between three and four.

BASHEVIS
Toxicology confirms: the blood on Anna's dress, as well as the blood found in her car, is a match to Wykoff.

Giroux slaps his desk in victory.

GIROUX
Pencils down then! The toxicology report. The video. What more do we need? Consider me sold.

TANNER
Don't go breeding reptiles.

GIROUX
Excuse me?

GEMMA
William Blake: "The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water and breeds reptiles of the mind."

SAMMY
Sort've our motto. Never understood it much either.

Giroux leans back, chastened. Tanner is in full boss mode. Mind clicking.

TANNER
Anna's sleepwalking --

GEMMA
A sleep specialist, Dr. Gerard Weld, treated her since she was a kid. He confirmed that she'd driven to Mark's while asleep on at least two occasions.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
The CCTV footage. Who else entered and left the building that day?

SAMMY
Just the neighbors. And the cleaning lady. All questioned. All alibis tight as a tick.

TANNER
Ok. Mark arrived home at 3:12 am. Anna arrived 15 minutes later. Coroner puts the time of death between 3 and 4 am. The murder weapon --

BASHEVIS
Still no 20 on it. But considering the damage done to Wykoff's head, the lab says it was a large, heavy instrument.

TANNER
Anna Landholt weighs what?

GEMMA
110. In cement shoes.

BASHEVIS
Another thing: the lone piece of Wykoff's skull not turned to gumbo... the lab found an odd puncture wound. Like from a shark's tooth.

SAMMY
So we're looking for a psychotic land shark.

GEMMA
Whatever the weapon, the CCTV videos don't show Anna carrying anything but a key when she enters or leaves the building.

TANNER
Possibility, Mark was murdered before Anna arrived.

GIROUX
If there is someone else... how'd they get in undetected if everyone on the CCTV video is cleared?

CONTINUED: (2)

TANNER
Drainage pipes. The window was open. It's only two stories. Fifteen feet. Someone strong enough could have climbed up the pipes, with the murder weapon, killed Mark, exited the same way.

BASHEVIS
The pipes are filthy with a century of prints. The ground below turned up bupkis.

TANNER
Still. Possibility. Another thing: Anna Landholt has an enemy.

He motions -- to the SHREDDED PHOTOS OF ANNA AS A LITTLE GIRL, HER EYES SCRATCHED OUT. They're carefully spread out over a desk. Tanner crosses to the desk.

SAMMY
Card, envelope and photos all came back negative print wise. Envelope was post marked from Cameron Parish. Could've been deposited in any corner box.

Tanner leans over for a closer look at the photos. With a gloved hand, he lifts a piece of a torn photo to match another. He places it down but misses the edge of the table. It falls to the floor. Giroux takes notice. Tanner scoops up the photo fragment, jokes to himself.

TANNER
Dropping things like a rook Saint's receiver.
(to Sammy)
Have these photos scanned and reconstructed.
(to team/in charge)
Anna may be guilty. Maybe not. Anna's house guest, Caprice Dipietro. The guys at the bachelor party. Get to know them. Also, the Landholts. Gotta be a fun house full of skeletons swinging in that closet.

A short COP, HARRY EARLES, sticks his head into the room.

EARLES
Anna Landholt's come in for questioning. Lawyered up. With the father too.

CONTINUED: (3)

Off Tanner -- speak of the devil.

EXT. HALLWAY/NOPD POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner moves down the hall, fingers brushing along the wall. He passes the COMMANDER'S OFFICE. EDGAR ULMER (50s), POLICE COMMANDER first district, steps out.

COMMANDER ULMER
Ross --

Tanner holds up. His hand surreptitiously leaves the wall. He really doesn't want to talk to his boss.

TANNER
Commander Ulmer.

COMMANDER ULMER
This Landholt thing. Been getting calls. The mayor. Society shits galore. The man has friends. Tread careful.

TANNER
Always.

COMMANDER ULMER
Like when?

Off Ulmer -- Tanner is his loose cannon. But the best he has.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY.

Tanner sits across from Anna, her lawyer TRACE RESCH (40s), a polished, measured rep for the upper crust, and her father, Fredrick. Anna talks, a wounded doe. Fredrick keeps a very focused eye on her. So does Tanner.

ANNA
I'd see Mark play at some clubs and his music... it was so... he played with such passion. Life, the ups and downs, in every note. But always hopeful. Until I met Mark, all I knew was the bubble of entitlement my father built around me --

FREDRICK
Anna --

RESCH
Let her speak, Fredrick.

CONTINUED:

Fredrick bristles, but shuts up. Anna continues.

ANNA
Mark punctured that bubble. He taught me how to breathe in the real world... My father... he didn't approve of Mark.

FREDRICK
Baby...

ANNA
It's true, daddy.

FREDRICK
(sighs/to Tanner)
I regret Mark's death terribly and, while he was a man of genuine talent, I was worried that he could never provide and care for Anna in the way that she has been accustomed --

ANNA
I didn't care!

FREDRICK
-- and *needs.*

TANNER
The sleepwalking.

Anna goes to say something. Fredrick grabs her hand. Quiets her. Looks to Resch, who takes over.

RESCH
Which brings us to this... Understand that, even if you do uncover evidence directly linking Anna to this horrible crime, there are binders full of legal precedent establishing that a sleepwalker cannot be held accountable for their actions --

TANNER
(knowing)
-- while they're asleep.

INT. HALLWAY/NOPD POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner steps out of the interrogation room. He looks down towards the ELEVATORS. The area is murky. A fluorescent ceiling lamp out. He sees -- Fredrick holds Anna's coat out to her. She stares at the floor. Tanner holds on Anna as Fredrick places her coat over her shoulders. Tanner flinches as if he's having one of his episodes...

CONTINUED:

We CUT TO: TANNER'S POV: A colorless, faded image... Fredrick appears to have more than two hands as he puts the coat around Anna's shoulders. Then Fredrick's hands are on his daughter's back, her hips, stroking her neck, passing over her breasts. Lascivious like, their bodies become two intertwined blurs, faces melding into a sick, nightmarish silhouetted kiss.

ANGLE ON TANNER: Watching. Eyes unblinking.

END ACT ONE

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

INT. MONITORING ROOM/TULANE SLEEP CENTER -- NIGHT.

Monitors line a wall. On each MONITOR: B&W CCTV images of SLEEP SUBJECTS hooked up to wires and machinery in a LAB-LIKE setting.

DR. WELD (60s) confers with Tanner and Gemma. He watches on Gemma's iPad: the CCTV video of Anna sleepwalking into the lobby of Mark's building.

DR. WELD
See how she opens the door, how she knows exactly where she's going. She's obviously made this walk many times.

TANNER
Could Anna really have driven to Mark's while asleep?

DR. WELD
If it's a route she's travelled many times, which it is, then yes. It would become stored in her subconscious. Like a GPS lodged in the back of her mind. Parasomniacs like Anna can pretty much do anything while asleep that they do while awake. They just won't have any memory of doing it.

GEMMA
The causes behind Parasomnia?

DR. WELD
Extreme anxiety. Unresolved issues. Repressed memories.

Tanner holds on this, then --

TANNER
(re: hallucination of Anna w/her father)
When her father brought Anna in for treatment, did you ever notice anything odd between them?

Gemma shoots him a look: 'why is he going there?' Dr. Weld flickers anxiety over the questioning.

CONTINUED:

TANNER (CONT'D)
Fredrick Landholt is a major benefactor to this center, I know. But... I need an answer here.

A beat, then --

DR. WELD
I did find it odd that he would stay overnight during my sessions with Anna, here... in the observation room.

Off Tanner --

I/E. GEMMA'S NISSAN -- MOVING/LATER.

Gemma drives. Tanner sits in the passenger seat, silent, lost in thought. They pull up in front of Tanner's modest apartment complex. A beat, then --

TANNER
I want your focus on Fredrick Landholt. Check into any reports or rumors of sexual abuse.

GEMMA
Other than what that doctor said, what's making you go there?

TANNER
Something I notice when I see Anna and Fredrick together.

Off Gemma as Tanner exits --

INT. LIVING ROOM/MARILYN TANNER'S HOUSE -- DAY.

The next morning. A warm three bedroom on St. Charles. The antithesis to Tanner's cold, divorce' studio. MARILYN TANNER (35), an attractive college professor with a Dead Head vibe, packs books into boxes. Tanner stands in the corner, watches her. He's got a case of bed head, looks tired. We see in his eyes: he still cares for his ex.

TANNER
-- I thought the move wasn't until next month?

MARILYN
Getting a head start.

TANNER
So... you're really set on marrying this guy?

CONTINUED:

MARILYN
Yes, Ross. I'm really set on marrying *that guy*.

TANNER
C'mon, Mar. What does Bruce have that I don't? Besides big oil money and two Porsches?

Marilyn smiles. A warmth still exists between the two.

MARILYN
Bruce is a good man, Ross.

TANNER
I'm a good man.

MARILYN
You are. You're also a cop who is married to his job. And I just wasn't prepared for what that meant. You know that.

Tanner holds on his ex with a sad smile. A beat then --

SCOUT (O.C.)
Hey, dad!

Tanner looks to the doorway. He blinks hard, we see he's having an episode --

TANNER'S POV: At first Scout is a shadowy haze, but then... while everything around her remains hazy, she comes into crystal clear focus. Colors become more vivid. It's as if the world has fallen away, and Scout is all that's left. It's almost unreal. She's in hyper-focus.

INT. MOTHER'S RESTAURANT -- DAY.

A New Orleans classic. Tanner and Scout eat a breakfast of eggs, ham hocks and grits. Scout isn't exactly the vivacious little girl from Tanner's nightmare. She's more on the precocious side, wise beyond her years. Also: no pig tails. Her hair is shoulder length. Tanner smooths out his bed head hair --

TANNER
(re: his hair)
Looks like I just woke up.

SCOUT
Cop's have the hardest jobs.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
(laughs to self)
Sometimes.
(beat)
Mom's have the hardest job too, you know.

SCOUT
She told me that last night.

Tanner figured so.

TANNER
So. How do you feel about moving in with Bruce?

SCOUT
Ok. I mean, he's got this big house by the river. Sometimes mom and him go cruising on his boat at night.

TANNER
They leave you alone?

SCOUT
I'm 10, dad!

TANNER
Okay. It's just...

SCOUT
What? I take care of myself. I have all the books you bought me and Wyclef Jean to keep me busy.

TANNER
Wow. It's just that... it's not easy being an only child. You're a tough chick.

SCOUT
You and me both!

Cheers. She lifts her water glass and clinks Tanner's glass. Tanner smothers his grits with DEVIL HOT SAUCE.

TANNER
But you're happy, right?

Scout hesitates, sips her water, then --

SCOUT
Yeah... it's just that I'll never know Bruce like I know you.

CONTINUED: (2)

TANNER
(playful)
Yeah? What do you know about your pops?

SCOUT
I know you put too much *Devil* on your grits.

Tanner holds up in mid pour, looks down. Sees his grits completely covered in Hot Sauce. He grins. "*What the hell.*" He eats it, regardless. The heat makes his eyes bug. Off Scout -- giggling.

EXT. WILLIAM HENRY PRATT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY.

Tanner and Scout walk up to the OLD GOTHIC structure on the edge of the FRENCH QUARTER. School kids mill about. They stop at an ARCHED TUNNEL that leads to the school grounds.

TANNER
Next weekend we'll go to the aquarium.

SCOUT
Last time you said we'd go see the butterflies.

Tanner smiles, though we see the nightmare still lingers.

TANNER
Ok... Butterflies.

He leans over and hugs his daughter.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Love you. Scout.

SCOUT
Love you, dad.
(Whispers in his ear)
Bruce doesn't come close.

She lets go and runs towards the school. Tanner watches his daughter, moved. As Scout passes through the ARCHED TUNNEL -- something catches Tanner's eye about ten feet above Scout.

TANNER'S POV: A DARK AMORPHOUS SHAPE hovers over Scout. It appears as if it's reaching for her.

ANGLE ON TANNER: He closes and opens his eyes. It's gone.

CONTINUED:

Scout stands in the school entrance, watching, worried about her dad.

INT. TANNER'S SQUAD ROOM -- LATER DAY.

Tanner stands at the front of the room. One by one, the team fills him in.

BASHEVIS
All of the attendees at Wykoff's bachelor party at the Maison Bourbon check out.

GEMMA
I asked if any of them smoked honey rose ginger cigarettes. One of the friends mentioned smelling something like that when a bar maid came back from a smoke break.

TANNER
Staff been questioned?

BASHEVIS
Happening this evening.

TANNER
I'm going with you.

SAMMY
I followed up on Anna's house guest, Caprice Dipietro. Goth-bird flew back to Florence right after we questioned her. But she isn't at her place. Sweet chunk of gossip to chew on: one of Mark's bachelor party friends claims that Caprice and Anna had a relationship of a sapphic quality back in art school. He said Mark knew and was cool with it.

TANNER
Get in touch with the Florentine Police. It'll be like pulling teeth, but find her. Gemma, what's up with Fredrick?

GEMMA
While I was checking into Fredrick Landholt, I came upon some interesting things about the family. Seems --

CONTINUED:

GIROUX
(cuts Gemma off)
-- Twenty years ago, Anna's mother, Serena Landholt did two years in minimum for the criminally negligent drowning death of her youngest daughter, Vida. The girl was two. Seems Serena, who was a known lush, had left her daughter in a bathtub to go mix another cocktail. When she came back the baby had drowned. After Serena was charged, Fredrick divorced her and was granted sole custody of Anna.

TANNER
Where is Serena?

GEMMA
No one --

GIROUX
-- knows. She vanished. Straight off the grid.

Gemma snickers -- "can you believe this guy?"

TANNER
Everyone out. Except for Giroux.

Sammy and Bashevis exit. Gemma holds a beat, then follows. Giroux and Tanner are left alone. Tanner stares at the floor, thinking, then --

TANNER
That's good work.

GIROUX
Thanks.

Tanner looks up, calm yet stern.

TANNER
You're new. Trying to impress. But hog the spotlight to the detriment of another team member again and I'll have you back at eighth district faster than you can say your name.

He holds on Giroux, makes sure he gets the point.

INT. HALLWAY/NOPD -- MOMENTS LATER.

Gemma is over by the coffee machine. Tanner approaches.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Ok. Two things. One: Giroux can be an ambitious horse's ass --

GEMMA
You think.

TANNER
Let it go.

GEMMA
It's gone. You don't have to baby sit me like last year --

TANNER
That was just one cop looking out for another.

GEMMA
And it's been appreciated. What's the second thing?

TANNER
What'd you find on Fredrick?

GEMMA
Nothing about sexual abuse. The mother, the other daughter, *that's* the info I uncovered.

TANNER
There may be something with the mother. Giroux plays with that bone. My radar tells me to keep digging on Fredrick. And I need *you* for that. Ok?

GEMMA
Ok.

Off Gemma -- she appreciates his trust.

INT. MAISON BOURBON JAZZ CLUB -- EARLY EVENING.

Dark, red booths, long bar, a small stage. There aren't many customers. Tanner and Bashevis enter.

BASHEVIS
I'll talk up the manager, see who was on staff that night.

Tanner nods, then slowly moves through the place, casually, almost imperceptibly, feels his way along the edge of the bar.

CONTINUED:

He notices at a nearby table: a BLONDE BAR MAID, her back to Tanner, serving drinks to an OLDER COUPLE. Tanner holds, focuses on the woman's back, her blonde hair. She turns. We see: an attractive, empathetic faced woman, mid-20s. This is JENNY BOEDUIN: the blonde woman Tanner saw outside Wykoff's apartment. Tanner breathes in...

TANNER
Spare a smoke, maybe a honey rose ginger?

Off Jenny, just a little confused, then surprised as Tanner shows her his badge --

MOMENTS LATER: Tanner and Jenny sit at a small wooden table by a window. Jenny is the kind of person you like right away. She's calm, very much in tune with herself.

TANNER
You worked the bachelor party?

JENNY
Louis and I. The bartender.

TANNER
What time did you leave?

JENNY
We both left around six. The party ended at three. It took about three hours to clean and close up. I got to the Cafe' Dumonde near six twenty. I go there for breakfast and a wind down. I left around eight, then walked home --

TANNER
-- And then passed Mark's apartment. Where you saw us.

JENNY
Yes. About eight thirty.

Tanner holds -- picks up on a LOW, SCRATCHING SOUND.

TANNER
How well did you know Mark?

JENNY
Not very. He did a solo piano gig Wednesday and Sunday. It was just hello, good bye. I'd bring him a free drink now and then.

CONTINUED: (2)

TANNER
His fiance', Anna Landholt?

The scratching -- exaggerated by Tanner's heightened sense of hearing -- becomes more pronounced.

JENNY
I met her once, briefly.

TANNER
The night of the party did you see or overhear Mark taking a phone call from Anna?

JENNY
No.

The scratching picks up in speed. Underneath the table, REVEAL: JENNY NERVOUSLY DIGS A FINGER INTO THE UNDERSIDE. Off Tanner, listening --

LATER: Tanner and Bashevis walk towards the club's exit.

BASHEVIS
The manager confirms that Jenny and Louis clocked out at six.

TANNER
Let's dig deeper on Jenny. She's hiding something.

Bashevis nods. They're both about to exit when Tanner spots a reflection in an ornate wall mirror: someone familiar sits in a dark CORNER BOOTH, shrouded in shadow. Tanner turns, focuses, holds --

TANNER'S POV: A silhouetted shape. A pageboy haircut. Anna Landholt?

ANGLE ON TANNER AND BASHEVIS: Bashevis follows Tanner's gaze, sees -- it is Anna Landholt sitting in the booth.

BASHEVIS
What the hell...

TANNER
Look into Jenny. I'm hanging back.

He moves towards Anna. Bashevis watches him for a beat, then exits. Tanner steps up to Anna in the booth. She meets Tanner's gaze directly.

ANNA
Detective Tanner.

CONTINUED: (3)

TANNER
I'm surprised to see you here.

ANNA
This is where I first met Mark.
It's how I want to remember him.
Practicing his passion.
(re: Tanner)
Please sit. It looks like you need
a friend. Or a drink.

Anna's seductive quality holds Tanner. He doesn't move, his gaze locked on her. She pats the plush booth. Tanner slides into the booth. He places his cell on the table. Presses RECORD. Anna holds on the cell, ready to talk.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I want to know what happened to
Mark... even if I am the one
responsible.

TANNER
Your friend Caprice...

ANNA
Do you find her attractive?

TANNER
Excuse me?

ANNA
Do you find Caprice beautiful?

TANNER
Yes. How would you describe your
relationship?

Anna grins, knows where he's going with this.

ANNA
A wonderful person who entertained
a college girl's curiosity.

TANNER
Was she jealous of you and Mark?

ANNA
No. She was happy for me.

TANNER
She said you made a phone call to
Mark during the bachelor party.
She put it somewhere between five
and ten minutes.

CONTINUED: (4)

ANNA
Yes. I called to say I loved him.

TANNER
Tell me about your sleepwalking.

She sips her drink, recites with a bitter snicker --

ANNA
"*Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state*". If only.

TANNER
Did the sleepwalking begin after your sister died?

ANNA
Before. But I do remember that evening, waking up at the edge of the swamp on our estate, my father screaming my name, then seeing the police, an ambulance... and then the news that little Vida had drowned in the bathtub.

TANNER
Your mother...

ANNA
An externally beautiful woman with a fondness for gin and a deep resentment of motherhood. I haven't seen her since she was released from prison. But I do receive a somewhat disturbing birthday card every year. Just got one for my 27th last week, in fact.

TANNER
We have it.

ANNA
Maybe you'll find her and we can have a nice Landholt family reunion.

A bitter smirk. She finishes her drink, motions to Jenny for another.

TANNER
Your relationship with your father?

CONTINUED: (5)

ANNA
Fredrick has always treated me like something out of his beloved art collection -- a *possession* -- more than as a daughter. I don't have many cuddly memories with daddy.

Jenny places Anna's drink down, goes back to the bar. Anna holds on Jenny for a beat, comes back to Tanner.

ANNA
Have you ever had a dream where something demonic enters your room and tries to suffocate you?

Tanner finds the question odd, but...

TANNER
Not exactly.

ANNA
I started having the dream as a child... almost every night.
(looks directly into Tanner's eyes)
You understand pain and loneliness, Detective. It's in your eyes --

She touches his hand. Tanner holds -- she's getting too close to something. And then...

WE CUT TO: TANNER'S POV: Like how it happened with SCOUT, the world around Anna Landholt falls away. She seems to move forward, away from the blurs of the background. Her skin tone, the colors of her clothes and hair, all become super vivid. Hyper-focus.

ANNA
In fact, I believe you see the world through your loneliness...

Off Tanner -- he's thrown. He gently pulls his hand away.

END ACT TWO

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT THREE

DARKNESS, then -- sparks of light on the periphery.

ANNA (O.C.)
"Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state..."

A tape rewinds.

INT. DR. SERAFINE CALLIER'S EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY.

Tanner with his EAR BUDS in, sits in an examination chair, a pair of large, thick BLACK GOGGLES over his eyes. Wires flow from the goggles to a laptop computer, measuring light waves. He replays the recording of Anna over his cell --

ANNA (RECORDING)
"Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state".

INT. DR. SERAFINE CALLIER'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Angle on Tanner. Dr. Callier listens intently.

TANNER
Yesterday when I looked at my daughter, it was like the entire world, behind her, just fell away. She's was in perfect hyper like focus. Her features like I've never seen so clearly...

DR. CALLIER
Your subconscious, your inner eye, is filling in the picture for you, filling in the parts your vision misses. Completing the picture for you. It usually occurs when the Azoor sufferer is looking at something they have a deep emotional connection to.

TANNER
That explains Scout. She's my world, but then... the same thing happened with this other person. Someone I don't know very well.

DR. CALLIER
Perhaps there's something about this person you identify with.

CONTINUED:

Tanner holds on this. Then, almost to himself --

TANNER
She lost a sister when she was very young.

Dr. Callier holds on Tanner. She can see a painful memory bubbling up. She gives him the time, then --

TANNER
I lost a brother. My identical twin. Neil. We were from Philly. When we were 10, he was adopted by some rich folks down here. I got stuck in the foster family shuffle. When I was sixteen I was told that Neil, and his *family*, had all died in a fire.

Off Tanner -- the memory of his brother hurting.

INT. HALLWAY/NOPD -- LATER DAY.

Tanner walks down the hallway. Ear buds in. Eyes-wide. Listens to his recording of Anna.

ANNA (RECORDING)
"*Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state*".

Giroux approaches him. Tanner stops. Gaze fixed. Takes out his ear buds.

GIROUX
Got some Mommy news.

TANNER
Entertain me.

GIROUX
Seems, after her release from minimum, Serena remained in the city for a few. Haunted the Napoleon House. A bartender told me she was banned 15 years back. Said she'd get sloppy drunk. Upset the other customers with vicious rants about <u>how</u> her little bitch daughter, Anna, destroyed her life. And that one day she'd get back at her. Seems to have vanished after that.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Maybe she's changed her name. Check into the last time a credit card was used by Serena --

GIROUX
Way into it. Looking into old bank records too, her last withdrawal.

TANNER
Keep on it.

He puts his ear buds back in, moves past Giroux who watches after him. Tanner didn't blink once during their entire conversation.

INT. TANNER'S SQUAD ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Gemma is on her laptop, engrossed in something that we don't see. Giroux steps up beside her.

GIROUX
Anything on the incest angle? I'm sure you tried Anna's pediatrician, her psychologist --

GEMMA
I'm not a tyro and you're not my boss. What do you want?

Gemma closes her laptop, wants him to go away. Giroux makes sure Tanner isn't coming out of his office, then --

GIROUX
Why are you always driving Tanner?

GEMMA
His car --

GIROUX
-- is in the garage. For eternity. Is everything alright with him, or are you two... y'know... ?

Gemma locks eyes, ready to tear into the guy, then...

GEMMA
Don't you have work to do?

She scoops up her lap top, heads for Tanner's office.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner leans over his desk. Eyes closed. Ear buds in. Plays back the recording he made of Anna --

CONTINUED:

ANNA (RECORDING)
... My *father, he treated me more like something out of his beloved art collection, a possession...* ***(REWINDS)*** *... a possession...*

Gemma storms into the office without knocking. He pulls out his ear buds.

TANNER
Grand Central Station is thirteen hundred miles north.

GEMMA
Giroux is asking questions. About us.

TANNER
I'll deal with Giroux.
(re: her lap top)
You found something?

GEMMA
Nothing on the incest, but I uncovered an interesting tidbit: Fredrick Landholt is an expert on, and collector *of,* medieval weapons.

She opens her lap top, turns the screen to Tanner. On the screen: A PHOTO from a MAGAZINE PROFILE on FREDRICK LANDHOLT: It shows him at a lectern, giving a symposium in a MUSEUM. Behind him: a large DISPLAY CASE of MEDIEVAL WEAPONS.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Remember when Bashevis said one of Wykoff's skull fragments had a puncture wound that looked like it was caused by a shark's tooth?

She blows the photo up, focuses on the display case. We see: all sorts of nasty instruments, sharp, spiked, brutal. Off Tanner as he holds on the ancient weapons.

EXT. THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- DAY.

A large, palatial PLANTATION HOUSE. A perfectly kept lawn leads to the edge of a swamp lined with artistically landscaped willows and cypress trees. Gemma's car pulls into a long circular driveway. Tanner and Gemma get out. Gemma whistles in amazement over the expanse of wealth.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Back in the day he'd have a moat to keep rabble like us out.

INT. LIBRARY/THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER.

A butler, RICARD (60s), leads Tanner and Gemma into the library. Old world style. Floor to ceiling book shelves. Classic paintings. Museum style display cases. An ARCANE ARTIFACT COLLECTOR'S dream.

RICARD
Mr. Landholt will be with you presently.

TANNER
Excuse me, the room Anna is staying in, where is it in relation to Mr. Landholt's bedroom.

Ricard isn't sure he should be answering that question. Tanner motions to the badge clipped to his belt.

RICARD
Anna is staying in her childhood bedroom. It abuts the master bedroom. As it always has.

Tanner nods in thanks. Ricard exits. Gemma rolls her eyes at the 'Butler from a different era'. They walk over to a large, GLASS DISPLAY CASE. Tanner leans in close --

In the case: a collection of MEDIEVAL DAGGERS and SWORDS. The centerpiece of the display is a 10 inch long MACE with what resemble SIX STEEL SHARK TEETH protruding from an onion shaped head.

Tanner and Gemma exchange looks. Bingo! Tanner turns away. His gaze lands on something across the room --

-- An ORNATELY FRAMED, LARGER VERSION of the PAINTING in Anna's loft. Tanner steps in close, Gemma right behind him.

TANNER'S POV: The troll creature's evil frown breaks into a slow, wicked grin. The sleeping woman's mouth opens wide... into a silent scream --

FREDRICK (O.C.)
My daughter is sleeping.

Tanner snaps out of his hallucination, turns, focuses on Fredrick -- arrogant, omnipotent.

CONTINUED:

FREDRICK (CONT'D)
She will not be answering any questions. But on the advice of my attorney I will. As long as they pertain to me and me alone.

TANNER
Perfect. Where were you the night of Mark's bachelor party?

FREDRICK
Dining with the mayor. Your boss.

TANNER
Afterwards?

FREDRICK
I arrived here a little after eleven. Returned some emails. Had a Scotch. Then retired. My man, Ricard, will attest to that.

GEMMA
Maybe you left after '*your man*' retired.

FREDRICK
Yes. Then drove to Mark Wykoff's apartment and bludgeoned him to death. You're fishing, Detectives. Luckily you're not real fishermen, or else you'd starve to death.

Tanner holds on Fredrick with a wide-eyed grin -- the arrogance, again, is almost amusing. He motions to the MACE in the display case.

TANNER
Weapon of *past* destruction?

FREDRICK
A flanged mace. Used in the Battle of Hastings. Light. Easily concealable. Yet, the balance between the head and handle made it capable of inflicting great damage; an extremely efficient and brutal killing instrument.

GEMMA
Who has the keys to the case?

FREDRICK
Me. And the mace hasn't left it in over twenty years.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

FREDRICK (CONT'D)
Yet I suppose you're considering it your murder weapon.

TANNER
No. Doesn't fit the forensic report.

FREDRICK
Fine then. Anything else I can *educate* you in?

Tanner gestures to the painting.

TANNER
Anna has the same painting.

FREDRICK
A repro I gave her one Christmas. This, *of course*, is the original. Anna was always fascinated by it.

Frederick steps up to his painting, loses himself in it.

FREDRICK
The Nightmare by John Henry Fuseli, an 18th century swiss artist of the baroque school. Critics have many interpretations. But the truth comes from a very little known letter that Fuseli wrote to a friend regarding the painting's inspiration. A young woman. Someone who, if Fuseli was involved with, would have caused great scandal. But he was obsessed with her. Fantasized about invading her dreams. Of owning her. Making her his and his alone. His possession.

Off Tanner --

EXT. THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER.

Tanner and Gemma exit the house, cross the driveway for Gemma's car. Tanner makes a call.

TANNER (INTO CELL)
Manischewitz, hey, I need a search warrant for the Landholt estate. I think we've seen the murder weapon. And alert forensics. Want a sweep of the house. Put a rush on.

CONTINUED:

He disconnects. Looks to Gemma --

TANNER
Good work.

He makes his way around the house towards the SWAMP. Gemma follows. They stop at the edge of the swamp. Tanner stares out.

TANNER
This is where Anna was sleepwalking the night her sister died.

An ALLIGATOR slowly submerges. Tanner holds on it... as if he's not sure it's an hallucination or not.

At the house: Anna stares at Tanner from an UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

Oblivious to Anna, Tanner shifts his gaze away from where the Alligator was back to Gemma.

TANNER
Anna told me about a recurring dream. A creature coming into her room and suffocating her. To Anna, Fredrick is the creature in the painting.

GEMMA
Plays into the sexual abuse theory.

TANNER
Fredrick sees Anna as his property.

GEMMA
But why would he just lay it out on the table for us -- the painting, the mace?

TANNER
Doesn't think people like us can touch people like him.

GEMMA
Ok... so Fredrick climbed the drainage pipes with the mace --

TANNER
-- and killed the man who dared to take away his prized possession.

CONTINUED: (2)

GEMMA
And Anna sleepdriving to Mark's?

TANNER
Could be coincidence. She'd done it before.

GEMMA
So... you're ruling out the mother, Caprice, *and* Anna?

TANNER
Not ruling out anyone. Just following the current sign posts.

He returns his GAZE to the swamp, something weighing on his mind. Gemma watches his eyes, wide, oddly focused...

INT. JEAN LAFFITE'S BLACKSMITH TAVERN -- NIGHT.

The team is gathered in a private room that looks like a an 18th century blacksmith's shop. They drink and work.

BASHEVIS
Not much on Jenny Boeduin besides a speeding ticket. Seems happily married. I'll keep digging.

Tanner nods, turns to Sammy.

SAMMY
I found our Goth-bird Caprice in Florence. She's willing to come back for questioning. She flew like a peregrine falcon because her mom was ill. Throat cancer. Checks out.

TANNER
Caprice goes on the back burner.

Bashevis' cell rings, he exits to answer it.

TANNER
(to Giroux)
The Mommy Dearest?

GIROUX
Serena Landholt legally changed her name to Sarah Bellows. Been living in a trailer in De Soto. Phone was disconnected six weeks ago.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Take a trip. Sammy keep him company.

SAMMY
Long as boy wonder drives.
(to Gemma)
What's the deal with the Landholt paterfamilias?

GEMMA
Creepier and guiltier by the nano second.

Bashevis comes back into the room, hangs up his phone.

BASHEVIS
(to Tanner)
Strange... Jenny Boeduin just called the station. Asked to see you. Alone.

EXT. AUDUBON PARK -- LATER THAT NIGHT.

19th Century street lamps illuminate a beautifully landscaped oasis. Tanner and Jenny sit on a bench near a stream. Tanner is recording their conversation. Jenny nervously handles a lit *honey rose* cigarette. She offers a fresh one to Tanner.

TANNER
No thank you.

She struggles with what she's about to say. She also nervously looks around to see if anyone is watching them. The PARK is creepy.

TANNER (CONT'D)
So why are we <u>here</u>?

JENNY
I know you've had someone poking around and... I figured before they found anything out, it'd be best I come forward.

TANNER
(matter of fact.)
You had an affair with Mark.

Jenny holds -- a secret uncovered.

JENNY
How...

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Just a guess.

She looks around again, beat, needs to get it out --

JENNY
We cut it off as soon as Mark said he was engaged. I was Ok with it. My husband and I, we have our ups and downs, but we're trying to work things out.

TANNER
I'm no judge.

Beat.

JENNY
The other day you asked if I had heard a phone call between Anna and Mark. I *did*. He was on the phone for five minutes, maybe more, and I heard him say... "I love you. You don't have to check on me. Good night." And he hung up.

Tanner holds on her with the -- GAZE. He knows there's more.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Mark likes his sex raw. After he hung up, I told him he was the best lay I ever had. And I... I joked about continuing the affair.

TANNER
Who else heard this conversation?

JENNY
I'm not sure, but... Maybe it's my guilt run wild, but Anna's been to the club every night since Mark's murder and... she's creeping me out. It's weird. Even tonight. I walk in and there she is.

Off Tanner --

INT. MAISON BOURBON -- LATE NIGHT.

A jazz quartet plays. Ethereal. Sexy. Tanner enters, scans the scene, holds on the same booth where he met Anna earlier --

CONTINUED:

TANNER'S POV: A blurred figure sits in the booth... comes into focus. Again, the world falls away, reveals... Anna Landholt. Her skin glows. Seductive.

ANNA
So... kismet?

ANGLE ON TANNER: He sits into the booth, takes his phone out, presses record.

TANNER
Expansive selection of vodkas.
(to Bar Maid)
Russo-Boutique, straight.
(To Anna)
You're still coming here... to remember Mark.

ANNA
A loved one dies the pain dissipates, but the wound never closes. I think that's something you can relate to.

A momentary weight on Tanner, then --

TANNER
Did Mark ever cheat on you?

ANNA
(wounded)
Do you know something I should?

Tanner holds a beat --

TANNER
No. Just... cop question. Have to ask it. I did speak with your father --

ANNA
Yes. I was in the house.

TANNER
You both have the same painting.

ANNA
The Nightmare. By Fuseli.

TANNER
It's your dream, Anna. A dark creature crouched on top of a sleeping woman.

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNA
Sleeping? I always thought she was dead. Killed by a spectre from the dream world...
(beat)
I suppose the painting could have influenced my dreams. But they're always so real. When I wake up, I can still feel hands on me.

Tanner holds, then --

TANNER
Did your father ever harm you... sexually?

For an instant Anna looks as if she's about to cry.

ANNA
Sometimes, I feel like my life has been one, long, awful dream. My sleepwalking. Mark. My mother. My *father*. What happened to my poor sister... How does a person keep a grip... ?

TANNER
You tie a knot and hold tight.

He smiles. His gaze locked on her.

ANNA
You <u>do</u> know what it's like.

TANNER
(changes the conversation)
"*Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state*". Where is that from?

ANNA
Some bedtime story I remember from childhood.

Anna gently reaches a hand towards his and --

ANNA (CONT'D)
What do you remember from your childhood?

They lock eye to eye like she's looking deep inside. Tanner's cell rings. He snaps out of it. Looks at his phone -- *Bashevis*.

CONTINUED: (3)

TANNER (ON CELL)
Manischewitz.
(beat)
Excellent. Be there in ten.

He disconnects. Rises from the booth.

TANNER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I have to --

The room suddenly starts to pitch and swirl -- Tanner's vertigo. He stumbles. Anna grabs his hand, steadies him. As their hands touch, Tanner's sees -- a small, strange smile plays at the corners of Anna's lips.

The rooms stops spinning. Tanner regains his equilibrium. Gently pulls his hand away.

ANNA
Are you alright?

TANNER
Shouldn't be drinking on duty.

He exits the club. Anna watches him carefully.

INT. POLICE DEPT. TUNNELS -- NIGHT

Tanner walks down the cavernous Gothic tunnels below the station house. Fingers brush along the wall. Up ahead: A sign reads, FORENSICS. His cell rings --

TANNER (ON CELL)
Yeah.

INTERCUT: TANNER in the TUNNEL. SAMMY standing in front of a ratty MOBILE HOME IN A TRAILER PARK. The door to the mobile home is open. Giroux is on his knees, back to us, eyes on something in the trailer.

SAMMY (ON CELL)
Mommy's dead.

TANNER (ON CELL)
Christ. Since when?

SAMMY (ON CELL)
I'm no coroner, but this is one long time dead shut in we're looking at. Talking months.

We see: THE INSIDE OF THE TRAILER: Filthy. Flies swarm over -- the decomposed face of Serena Landholt. Giroux holds a kerchief over his mouth, close to puking.

CONTINUED:

TANNER (ON CELL)
Alright. Get back here.

We stay on Tanner as he disconnects, troubled. Something doesn't sit right. He enters -- THE FORENSIC LAB. The FLANGED MACE is on a table. Bashevis and a forensic named HERMAN ORTIZ stand over it. Tanner eyes the mace.

BASHEVIS
Landholt raised hell when we showed up, but it was like he was more upset about us invading his space than whether or not we'd find anything.

TANNER
Did we?

ORTIZ
The handle is clean of prints. Wiped expertly. However --

He pulls a retractable MAGNIFYING GLASS down over the mace's SHARK TOOTHED SHAPED SPIKES.

ORTIZ
Blood spatter and brain residue here, and... the section of Wykoff's head that wasn't turned to mulch.

He picks up a four inch triangle of Mark Wykoff's skull. A thin incision in the center. He places one of the shark toothed shaped spikes right into the incision.

ORTIZ (CONT'D)
Perfect fit.

An ASSISTANT walks over, shows Ortiz some DATA.

ORTIZ
Also, we found traces of blood on the rug leading into Landholt's library. All a match to Wykoff.

Off Tanner -- he processes the information, still troubled by the news about Serena Landholt --

EXT. THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- EARLY MORNING

The break of dawn. Tanner and Gemma watch from the driveway as Bashevis and another COP lead an indignant Fredrick Landholt out of his house in cuffs. Landholt's lawyer, Resch, is right beside him. Frederick stops, looks at Tanner. A small fuck you smile playing --

CONTINUED:

FREDRICK
You know that I'll be out within the hour.

Bashevis lowers the rich man's head as he moves him into the back of the squad car. Tanner holds his gaze, then feels other eyes on him. He looks to the house. Anna stands at a WINDOW... watching, expression blank.

Off Tanner -- he holds on Anna. She flashes one of her sad smiles. He looks away.

END ACT THREE

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

INT. JEAN LAFFITE'S BLACKSMITH TAVERN -- NIGHT.

Tanner is alone at the bar with his thoughts and a drink. Behind him: his team puts on a buzz in the back room.

SAMMY
Ol' Fred Landholt's going to find his supposed friends wouldn't spit in his ass if his guts were on fire.

Bashevis and Giroux laugh. Giroux steps up beside Tanner.

GIROUX
I want to apologize --

TANNER
For?

GIROUX
You were right. If we didn't look beyond the obvious, we'd never have gotten Fredrick.

TANNER
Has he been sentenced?

GIROUX
No.

TANNER
Then cancel the parade.

He raises his glass as a way of saying "I want to be alone." Giroux exits. Tanner sips his drink... broods... the music playing in the bar fills his ears... rises in volume... ROY ORBISON'S "IN DREAMS"

ORBISON (SINGING)
"In dreams, I walk with you. In dreams, I talk with you. Innnnn dreams..."

Tanner bring his drink to his lips, stops --

TANNER
(To self)
"Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state..."

He smiles to himself, takes out his cell makes a call. A few rings and --

CONTINUED:

SCOUT (OVER CELL)
Dad?

INTERCUT: TANNER in the TAVERN. SCOUT in her BEDROOM.

TANNER (ON CELL)
How's my tough chick?

SCOUT (ON CELL)
(Whispers)
It's past 10:30. Mom will kill me...

TANNER (ON CELL)
Sorry, was just... I was thinking about those bedtime stories I'd read you, remember? And... well, I miss that.

SCOUT (ON CELL)
Don't be so maudlin, dad.

TANNER (ON CELL)
(laughs)
Maudlin? You learned that where?

SCOUT
Something Bruce says.

TANNER
Of course.
(beat)
Good night, hon. Can't wait to see you.

SCOUT
Night, dad. Love you.

We STAY ON TANNER as he pockets his phone. A beat, he gestures to the BARTENDER.

TANNER
Jimmy, another.

As Tanner waits for his drink. Bashevis comes up next to him.

BASHEVIS
You alright? Sammy and I, we were just thinking, you seem like you're lost alone in space or something.

TANNER
A lot on my mind is all. The case.

CONTINUED: (2)

Bashevis' cell rings.

BASHEVIS (CONT'D/ON CELL)
Hello?
(Beat/To Tanner)
For you. Marilyn.

Tanner is confused. Why would Marilyn be calling for him on Bashevis' phone? He takes the cell.

TANNER (ON CELL)
Mar?

INTERCUT: Tanner in the TAVERN, Marilyn in her KITCHEN.

MARILYN (ON CELL)
C'mon, Ross. 10:30 on a school night?

TANNER (ON CELL)
Sorry. I just --
(realizes)
Why didn't you call my phone?

MARILYN (ON CELL)
I took Scout's phone to lay into you for calling so late. I guess you thought you'd hung up. You didn't. I heard you talking with Bashevis.

Tanner pulls his cell from his pocket, sees -- he never hung up. He holds on his phone, an idea sparks --

TANNER (ON CELL)
Sorry. Won't happen again.

He hangs up, hands Bashevis' phone back to him, hangs up his own phone. He's onto something.

TANNER
(to Bashevis)
Check back into Mark Wykoff's phone logs. Find out exactly how long the call between him and Anna lasted the night of the party.

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT -- LATER NIGHT.

The small space ablaze with light. Tanner sits at his desk, on his iPad, googles: "*Where is the little girl when not awake? Victorious and glorious in her dream state.*"

CONTINUED:

A series of links pop up, all of them for an ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOK: "MAGGIE MAGNIFICENT." He clicks on one of the links. The book's cover art, done in a 'Where The Wild Things Are' style, fills the screen: A LITTLE GIRL IN PAJAMAS, EYES CLOSED AS IF ASLEEP, A SACK OF RICHES THROWN OVER HER SHOULDER, TRAIPSING ALONG THE LEDGE OF A VICTORIAN MANSION.

As he holds on the image... he gets an e-mail alert. It's from Sammy, with a PDF ATTACHMENT. The message: ANNA PHOTOS. Tanner clicks on the PDF. The torn photos of Anna have been reconstructed. We see: The first photo is of a five year old Anna leaning over a crib where an infant sleeps. Vida? The second shows an eight year old Anna peering glumly at a birthday cake. The third photo: A 12 year old Anna stares at the camera. She wears a dark, pointed hoodie, grins, wicked, eyebrows arched. Off Tanner as he holds on the photo --

INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT -- LATER NIGHT.

Tanner sleeps fitfully. Tosses. Turns. Sweat swamps the sheets. Tanner awakens with a start. A shadowy POINTY HEADED FIGURE slowly rises at the foot of his bed. Tanner holds, terrified.

TANNER'S POV: The figure rises to full height, then comes into focus. It's Anna. She's wearing a dark hoodie.

TANNER
How did you get in?

ANNA
Does it matter?

She unzips the hoodie, lets it fall to the floor, reveals... she's naked. Tanner is stuck in a place between fear and arousal as Anna crawls onto his bed and mounts him. Tanner loses himself to the moment. Anna rides him. Tanner closes his eyes, pumps. He's close to climax as Anna nibbles his ear. As the nibble becomes a hard bite, Tanner moans in pain and pleasure and --

He awakens with a GASP. No Anna. A dream. He gets his bearings, sits up and -- the TROLL THING crouches at the foot of his bed. Leering. Drooling. Pure evil!

Tanner rolls off his bed with a yelp. Face to floor, he takes deep breaths, shoots back up and -- there's no troll thing. Another hallucination. He collects himself. His security monitor buzzes. What the hell now?! He goes to the monitor. Sees on the small screen: Giroux stands in the street, anxious. Tanner presses the intercom button.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
Giroux?

Giroux looks directly into the security monitor's camera.

GIROUX
(grim)
Jenny Boeduin's dead.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET NEAR THE RIVER -- NIGHT.

A mist creeps in. A STREET CAR TRACK is now a taped off crime scene. Cops, forensics, Emts, et al. Jenny Boeduin's mangled body lays in the middle of the track. Tanner stands over her, wracked with guilt. Giroux comes up beside him with his iPad.

GIROUX
Just got the CCTV camera's downloaded.

He hits play. Tanner leans in, gaze fixed.

TANNER'S POV: From a high angle. Time code: 2:07 am. Jenny is a blonde, angelic blur. The street lights flare. Jenny is about to cross the STREET CAR TRACK when she takes a step back, waits, bored. We see the approach of a STREET CAR. A split moment before the street car passes -- a dark, pointed headed figure -- the troll? -- skirts out of the darkness and shoves Jenny onto the tracks! Jenny is slammed by the street car and, with a silent scream, dragged under. The dark, pointed headed figure scoots back into the shadows. FREEZE FRAME.

ANGLE ON TANNER AND GIROUX: Tanner looks ill.

GIROUX
She was on her way home from the club.

TANNER
(Re: CCTV video)
What did you see?

Giroux finds the question odd, but answers it

GIROUX
Someone dressed in a black hoodie shoved Jenny in front of a street car.

Tanner rewinds the video. Freezes just as the figure in the hoodie scoots out from the shadows. He blows up the image as far it will go, but he can't make out a face. As he holds on the image -- his cell rings. He answers.

CONTINUED:

TANNER (ON CELL)
Talk.

BASHEVIS (ON CELL)
The phone records indicate that the call between Anna and Mark, the night of the murder, lasted fourteen and a half minutes.

On Tanner. He's suddenly transfixed. He's looking down. Giroux watching --

TANNER'S POV: A HUGE CRACK appears in the ROAD. A BLACK ABYSS hundreds of feet deep, revealed. Tanner stands at the edge, stares into the abyss.

BASHEVIS (ON CELL)
Hello?

Tanner tears his eyes away from his hallucination.

TANNER (ON CELL)
Good work.

He hangs up. Looks back to the ground at his feet. All normal.

GIROUX
You alright?

Tanner's eyes skirt around the area as he collects himself.

TANNER
She's a fake.

GIROUX
What?

TANNER
Stay with this. You're in charge.

He moves off. Off Giroux -- watching him.

EXT. ANNA LANDHOLT'S BLDG -- NIGHT.

In front of Anna's building, we see the road work that detoured Tanner and Gemma earlier. DETOUR SIGNS all over. The road crew is shutting down for the night.

Tanner pulls up in a TAXI, rolls his window down, talks to a ROAD CREW WORKER who's packing up equipment --

CONTINUED:

TANNER
How long has this work been going on?

EXT. THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- EARLY MORNING.

Hours later. Early morn. The mist swirls around the edge of the swamp, making the already eerily beautiful landscaping even more so. The taxi pulls onto the driveway.

AT THE DOOR: He rings the door bell. Waits. Rings again. A beat. Ricard answers the door, face puffy with sleep.

TANNER
I'm here to see Anna.

RICARD
It's 5:30 in the morning, and... Oh, Lord -

Ricard stares at something over Tanner's shoulder. Tanner turns, sees -- Anna Landholt, wearing nothing but her nightgown, sleepwalks through the mist towards the swamp.

EXT. LAWN LEADING TO SWAMP/THE LANDHOLT ESTATE -- DAWN.

Tanner walks up beside Anna. He keeps pace with her, his eyes wide and focused on her face. He chuckles to himself, recites --

TANNER (CONT'D)
"Where is the little girl when not awake?" Maggie Magnificent. The sad little girl who does amazing things when she sleepwalks.

No response. She stares out into the dark like he's not there.

TANNER (CONT'D)
You're a brilliant fraud, Anna. Your mother never sent you that card. Your father... He *isn't* the monster in the painting. *You are*. Always have been. You bludgeoned your fiance' to death. The mace. You held it pressed between your arm and side. It's why we didn't see you carrying anything coming in and out of Mark's building.

Still nothing.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
C'mon, Anna. We're both too old to play make believe. Your call with Mark lasted fourteen and a half minutes, not five to ten. Mark thought he hung up his phone but he didn't, did he? You overheard his conversation with Jenny Boeduin. You weren't going to the club to remember Mark. You were watching Jenny. And you killed her. Why? Because she had a taste of what belonged to you?

Anna's mouth flinches ever so slightly. They walk closer to the swamp. Tanner gets up beside her --

TANNER (CONT'D)
But the kicker, Anna... A true parasomniac can only walk or drive a route if it's been cemented into their subconscious through repetition. But the route between your place and Mark's has been under construction since the night of the murder. You would've had to take a detour.

Anna keeps walking. Tanner stays put. Yells!

TANNER (CONT'D)
You were awake that night, Anna! You're awake now! You've been faking it your whole life!

As his voice carries -- an ALLIGATOR suddenly bursts from the swamp brush right in front of Anna's path! It hisses, mouth agape! Anna falls back, screams, turns and we see... pure terror in her eyes. She's been awake the whole time. Her eyes meet Tanner's. She knows she's been found out. Off Tanner -- exhausted and relieved.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1/NOPD -- DAY.

Anna sits still like a statue in the dimly lit room. She's seems oddly amused. '*Psycho*'. Gemma questions her.

GEMMA
Did you kill your little sister, Vida?

Anna looks up into the one way mirror --

In the VIEWING ROOM -- Tanner and Bashevis.

CONTINUED:

Tight on TANNER through the glass. Anna's reflection plays over his face like they're one. She SMILES at him. He looks away. The woman is a true psychopath.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2/NOPD -- LATER DAY.

Tanner talks with a distraught Fredrick Landholt.

FREDRICK
I lost a baby. A marriage. But Anna... she was special. My joy. My...

TANNER
Possession.

FREDRICK
Yes. But you understand that. You have a daughter, I'm told.

Off Tanner -- Fredrick sickens him.

EXT. JEAN LAFFITE'S BLACKSMITH TAVERN -- NIGHT.

Tanner and Gemma exit Gemma's car, walk towards the club. They walk in silence, then --

GEMMA
I'm not driving you because your car is in the garage. It's because you can't drive.

Tanner doesn't respond, but is suddenly uncomfortable.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
I've noticed things, Tanner. Your eyes, the way you stare, brushing your hand along the wall... You don't want to tell me what it is, Ok, but...

Gemma stops. Sincere. Softer.

GEMMA
Last year, you had my back. IA wanted my scalp. But you got it swept it under the rug and... What I'm trying to say is... no matter the thing with you, I've got your back, Ok? When you're ready to tell me what it is, I'll be ready to listen.

CONTINUED:

She leaves him with that, enters the tavern. Off Tanner -- he watches Gemma and we know -- if there's one person he's going to tell about his condition it's her. Or maybe not.

INT. JEAN LAFFITE'S BLACKSMITH TAVERN -- LATER NIGHT.

Tanner stands at the bar, amused as he watches Sammy try to force a shot of moonshine onto a laughing Bashevis.

SAMMY
C'mon, Manischewitz! It's not like it's Shabbat!

Giroux sidles up beside Tanner at the bar. There's an uneasy silence, the two men not comfortable with each other, then --

GIROUX
I know I'm not one of your favorites.

TANNER
You're new. But a little bit o'alright, I guess.

GIROUX
Thanks. Anyway, I just wanted to say... I'm glad to be a part of this team.

Tanner nods. A silence. There's something else Giroux wants to say, something uncomfortable.

GIROUX
My father, for a long time he was dropping and misplacing things, looking pale, leaning on walls for support. He just kept saying, 'oh, I'm tired, stressed.' Anything but the truth.

TANNER
You're trying to say?

GIROUX
My dad was an alcoholic. It's not my place to get into your crap, but... Maybe you should try AA.

Tanner holds on Giroux, does his best approximation of earnest.

CONTINUED:

TANNER
I really appreciate your concern.
I do. Thank you.

Giroux nods, goes to join the others. Alone at the bar, Tanner turns to the BARTENDER, a huge, wide-eyed grin spreads across his face as he raises two fingers.

TANNER
Jimmy. Make it a double.

As a grinning Tanner waits for his drink, he looks into the mirror behind the bar and --

TANNER'S POV: Slightly hazy, creeping shadows at the periphery. But in the center of it all: a familiar looking man rises from a corner booth. Suddenly -- the man comes into clear focus. It's Tanner! (Though dressed differently.)

ANGLE ON TANNER: He quickly turns. Shocked. Sees his exact double exit the tavern. Tanner blinks. He has to be hallucinating. He looks again. The man is gone.

EXT. BOURBON STREET/FRENCH QUARTER -- NIGHT.

Tanner exits the tavern, eyes out for the man. He spots him heading down a side street. Tanner holds on his double, watches as he's suddenly swallowed up by a crowd of drunken revelers coming from the opposite direction. It's as if... he just vanished.

ANGLE ON TANNER: Is he hallucinating? Or... did he just see his twin brother?

END PILOT