

**TV**  
**14**  
**SV**

**BVG**  
**BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY**

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TEASER

FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door UNLOCKS and a tired-looking man we will come to know as BLAKE steps inside carrying a bucket. He moves through the small, dark apartment, sets the bucket down in a corner and throws his keys carelessly onto a set of drawers.

Not bothering to turn on any lights, he sits himself down on the edge of a double bed which takes up most of the room and EXHALES.

Across the others side of the room, a FEMALE HAND moves INTO FRAME and delicately pushes a button on a stereo system. We ADJUST slightly to take in the full sight of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN dressed in only a red silk robe, looking seductively glamorous but also a little rugged.

The gentle piano sounds of "Past, Present, and Future" by the Shangri-Las begins to play from the stereo.

The Beautiful Woman steps up behind Blake, who barely reacts, and begins touching the side of his head with her fingers in something of an erotic massage.

As the music continues we CUT TO:

EXT. STONE WALL - NIGHT

We see Blake again, the music overlapping, seeming to apply paint to the walls from his bucket that we have already seen.

He moves in large arcing sweeps up and down and across the wall, periodically dipping back into his bucket.

INTERCUT SCENE  
WITH:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We seamlessly return to Blake and the Beautiful Woman, now both undressing and beginning to embrace as the music serves to form a cohesive montage:

*"...the past is filled with  
silent joys and broken toys,  
laughing girls and cheating boys..."*

EXT. STONE WALL - NIGHT

Blake's movements against the wall are now more rapid, more fervent, as liquid is applied to the cold surface. The design is abstract, but the color is now unmistakably a deep red.

His hands delve back and forth into his bucket with an increasing rapidity.

*"...was I ever in love?  
I called it love,  
I mean, it felt like love..."*

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A graceful TRACKING SHOT takes us around the bed in a semi-circular motion, now with Blake and the Beautiful Woman beneath the sheets, moving passionately.

We move closer on the long blond hair of the female, clearly the instigator of the sex, as she positions herself on top of Blake.

*"...don't try to touch me,  
because that will never, happen, again..."*

EXT. STONE WALL - NIGHT

We echo the graceful TRACKING SHOT to the beats of the music to see Blake's painting now covering almost all of the wall. He's moving with incredible speed and excitement now, throwing shades of red all over.

*"...shall we dance..?"*

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We now TRACK with the same motion only in the opposite direction, as the bedroom scene continues with a passionate intensity.

In a QUICK CUT our perspective changes to DUTCH ANGLES as we see blood inexplicably pouring from the bedroom walls and all over the bedsheets.

*"...tomorrow, well, tomorrow's a long way off,  
maybe some day I'll have somebody's hand..."*

EXT. STONE WALL - NIGHT

Sweat pours from Blake's forehead and he steps back from his work, allowing us to see a hideous creation of deep red.

He stands admiring it and tosses whatever implement he's been using back down into his bucket, which now rests at his feet.

*"...maybe somewhere,  
someone will understand..."*

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Beautiful Woman, still on top of Blake, flings her head back in ecstasy, allowing her blonde hair to sweep up and down in a billowing motion of satisfaction.

There is now no sign of blood on the walls or anywhere else, everything is as it was.

We PULL BACK away from the couple and move slowly down the room, drifting gently with the music, washing over discarded clothes until we come to FIND

THE BUCKET

still resting at the end of the room where Blake left it when he entered.

We move above it and TILT DOWN to reveal the contents...

A puddle of red liquid that is now evident to not be paint, but blood.

A chicken's foot rests inside, the implement used as a paintbrush, propped up amongst the soup of animal guts.

We HOLD on this image as the music resolves in its final cadence:

*"...I don't think it will ever  
...happen...  
...again."*

And we FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN  
TITLES

# MILLENNIUM

"MUSE"

starring  
Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by  
Chris Carter

Guest Starring  
Kate Vernon

Jonah Lotan

Alberta Watson

Dominic Zamprogna

Gene Dynarski

and  
Patricia Wettig

Theme by  
Mark Snow

Art Director  
JT Vaughn

Co-Producer  
Angelo Shrine

Producer  
Brendan M. Leonard

Producer  
Jeremy Daniels

Written by  
Jeremy Daniels

ACT ONE

BLACK

OVER which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"The world is but a canvas to the  
imagination."

-- Henry David Thoreau

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A brief shot to establish, before we move

INT. MIRANDA GRAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK sits opposite of MIRANDA GRAFF. They are in the middle of a conversation already. She has file folders out on the desk in front of her.

MIRANDA

You don't want to talk about it,  
I do. Your "gift".

Frank tilts his head, focusing.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I mean, your reputation alone  
precedes you. Some of the things  
I've read here, by other  
officers, your superiors. It's  
really outstanding. I mean, they  
say you're psychic--

FRANK

(defensive)

No.

MIRANDA

Then why don't you explain it to  
me.

Her comments and tone are very personal and go beyond simple doctor/patient relationships but not to the point of unprofessionalism. She is friendly to the point of almost flirtatious at times.

FRANK

(hesitates)

It's internalization.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's about connecting the dots, assembling my experience into a narrative by imagining how it will play out. There is nothing supernatural about it.

MIRANDA

That's very interesting, Frank.

FRANK

It's what you're doing here, they would have called you a mind reader a thousand years ago. I'm not a psychic.

MIRANDA

You don't see things, in your head? Because they say you've said that. That you "see" things.

FRANK

Everybody sees things in their head.

MIRANDA

But you see things differently.

FRANK

Everybody sees things differently too.

MIRANDA

But you see things more clearly. You see things in a way that most people can't.

Frank says nothing, as if he's been trapped. His cell phone RINGS and he answers it. Off Miranda's disappointed reaction we

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - DAY

There are cop cars and police lines surrounding the building.

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The entire building has been severely vandalized. There are broken windows, blood stains, and blood paintings covering the walls and many of the paintings and sculptures. It's repulsive. BRAD LOCKE is talking with a few officers with note pads out as Frank enters.

LOCKE

I might have called you down here too hastily, Frank.



As Frank approaches he buttons up his brown jacket and is looking intently around the room.

FRANK

What happened here?

LOCKE

Vandalized. It's animal blood. Yeah. Pigs and chickens mostly from what we've been able to tell. The curator came in to the building this morning, this is what he saw. He was pretty spooked, to say the least.

The CURATOR is off to the side in the building, he's an old man, late 60s. He looks at the priceless art, now destroyed, shaking his head in disapproval.

Frank makes his way around the building, studying the "graffiti". Locke follows him.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Look, Frank I don't even know why I'm here. Like I said, everyone was a bit spooked by this and over reacted.

Frank is drawn to one blood painting in particular. He stares at it for a while. It's very sensual and violent, depicting nude, monstrous women. One resembles the Gehenna Devil. It contains blood lip-stick kisses.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

What is it Frank?

FRANK

I don't know yet.

LOCKE

(frustrated)

Okay, well when you do--

FRANK

I think it's important that we find this man as soon as possible.

LOCKE

Man? It's unlikely one guy busted in here and did this all by himself. The amount of blood alone would be too much for one person to carry in.

FRANK

You're right.

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

But this is the act of one man.  
Look at all these paintings,  
they're done by the same man.  
It's clear.

LOCKE

Is it?

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Images of a woman's silhouette dancing seductively!
- A woman laughing in delight
- Paint brushes, painting with blood
- The Gehenna Devil's reflection in blood/paint

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

To me it is.  
(beat)  
This is some kind of statement.

LOCKE

(somewhat cynical)  
What kind of statement Frank?

FRANK

(lost in thought)  
I'm not sure yet.

CURATOR (O.S.)

He's right.

Frank and Locke turn to the old man who has been listening to their conversation.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

And I think I know who it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWANK RESTAURANT VALET PARKING - EVENING

The valet is the man last seen in the teaser, his name-tag reading 'BLAKE'. He's more clean cut and fresh faced compared to the last time we saw him, wearing a uniform. He's outside with another valet named RONNY about the same age.

RONNY

Damn man, it's cold as all hell  
out here.

BLAKE

(absently)  
Yeah.

RONNY

It's about time I got myself  
another job, man. How's that art  
school stuff going?

BLAKE

I'm not going anymore.

A black sedan comes pulling up

RONNY

(excited)

Here comes your girl, boy.

BLAKE

(playfully)

Shut up.

The sedan pulls up and an older, distinguished man rolls down the driver side window and hands his keys to the Blake. The Beautiful Woman last seen in the teaser sequence gets out of the passenger side. She says nothing but makes eyes with Blake as she and her husband enter the Swank Restaurant.

RONNY

You ol' dog.

Blake gets in the car. He notices, in the passenger seat, the local paper. The vandalization has made front page. There are lip stick kisses on it like the ones at the museum around a picture of Frank at the crime scene. He smiles devilishly, looking at the paper in satisfaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Frank and Locke are on the porch of an apartment house. It's a relatively nice neighborhood filled mainly with college students.

LOCKE

I don't think this is the guy.  
Some disaffected art student?  
Even if it is, there's plenty of  
other guys who could be doing  
this door to door stuff, Frank.

FRANK

Let's just talk to him.

LOCKE

I think we're wasting our time  
here, Frank. The Curator knows of  
some angry young artist? C'mon.

FRANK  
(becoming irritated)  
Let's just talk to him.

Locke knocks again. No response. Ronny, the Valet from earlier, pulls up in his car. He's also Blake's roommate.

RONNY  
Hey, what's going on?

FRANK  
You live here?

RONNY  
Depends.

Locke reveals his badge to the Ronny.

LOCKE  
We want to talk to Blake  
Williams.

RONNY  
So do I. I don't know where he's  
been since last night.

FRANK  
What happened last night?

RONNY  
He went home with his old lady,  
this swank chick he met at work.

LOCKE  
Where was he two nights ago?

RONNY  
Man, what's this about?

FRANK  
The vandalizing of the art museum  
two nights ago.

RONNY  
I don't know anything about that.  
What, don't you guys have nothing  
better to do? There's people out  
there committing real crimes, you  
know?

LOCKE  
Yeah, alright. If you see him  
tell him we were here.

Locke hands him his card then begins to make his way back to the car with Frank.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

He's right you know Frank, this is a waste of time. I checked this kid out, I'm done.

FRANK

This isn't though.

LOCKE

I have people to answer to, Frank, and I can't be wasting time chasing down every hunch you have.

FRANK

I don't expect you to. But I'm getting tired of waiting until the bodies start piling up to act. Those paintings are a statement of a man getting ready to act.

(beat)

If he hasn't already.

INT. BEDROOM OF RICH YUPPIE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Blake works over the newspaper in only his boxers while the Beautiful Woman lays in bed. In only her panties, she holds the bead sheet over her breasts.

BLAKE

(quoting the paper)

"Destructive vandalism with no apparent meaning". You hear that?

She gets out of bed, still holding the sheet across herself and from behind him, puts her hands on his chest.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's right. It's too much.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

No, it's never too much.

BLAKE

I feel like a god-damned mad man. I mean look at this. Pig's blood? Chicken guts?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You're letting them get to you. You're letting their view block yours. You have a gift, baby. You see things the way others don't. You have to follow that vision as far as it will take you. That's the plight of all the greats.

(MORE)

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're a genius Blake, the world  
can be yours. The world can be  
ours.

(beat)

Besides, don't you remember how  
good it felt?

The two turn to each other and begin to passionately kiss.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

We don't have much more time.  
He'll be coming home from lunch  
soon.

BLAKE

What about tonight?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

It's time to act.

BLAKE

Act?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

To take it a step further.

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

Frank is coming through the door of the building just as  
the Curator is about to lock it up. All the police have  
gone but their yellow tape remains.

FRANK

Hi, we spoke earlier. My name is  
Frank Black.

CURATOR

Yes, I remember. Did you talk to  
Blake?

FRANK

No, we couldn't reach him.

CURATOR

(troubled)

I don't know what else to tell  
you.

FRANK

Tell me about his work. What do  
you think of it?

CURATOR

So you think it's him? That he  
did this?

FRANK

You're the one who thinks it is.

CURATOR

He has a wild imagination. I first met him about a year ago when his class came here for a visit. He was the only one in his class, the only one I've ever met or came across that stood out. He has "it", you know?

(beat)

I spent a large portion of my life early on trying to be a great artist. It was at some point, after my wife and kids, that I realized you can't become a great artist -- you just are one or you're not. And I'm not. I accept that. But this kid, this kid is one. He got "it" because he has "it".

(beat)

We became friends and I would teach him about all kinds of art history but in reality I wanted his take on the things I was showing him. But I haven't seen him for a few weeks now. He's taken up with a married woman. He's dropped out of school. He's lost and I'm worried about what path he'll allow his mind to take. I don't know if that makes any sense to you.

FRANK

It does.

CURATOR

They say to understand an artist you have look at his art.

The old man looks around at blood paintings in bewilderment.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

But I don't think you can really know a man like this.

FRANK

What do you think he's doing?

CURATOR

(with sincerity)

I think he's building up to something.

FRANK

Who's the woman he's been seeing?

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT BUS - NIGHT

Blake sits in the back of the bus across from a HOMELESS MAN. They are the only two on the bus. Blake watches the Homeless Man for some time.

The bus stops. The Beautiful Woman gets on. She is dressed to the nines, very out of place on the bus. The BUS DRIVER notices her as she makes her way to Blake and sits next to him, directly across from the homeless man.

BLAKE

(to the Homeless Man)

Do you believe the road of excess  
leads to the palace of wisdom?

HOMELESS MAN

What?

Blake moves up closer to the man, right close to his face.

BLAKE

(repeating, slower)

Do you believe that the road of  
excess leads to the palace of  
wisdom?

HOMELESS MAN

What the hell are you talkin--

And Blake suddenly STABS the man in the stomach.

Blake is shocked by what he's done initially, but then after a moment of hesitation he continues stabbing the man with more ferocity.

Blood is shooting out everywhere as the Beautiful Woman watches in satisfaction. The bus driver looks back and witnesses the entire thing. She slams on the breaks to stop the bus and bolts out the door.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

We've got to go now, honey.

Blake grabs her, he's covered in blood now, he kisses her and the two are now covered in blood together. Invigorated and alive the two begin to paint the walls with human blood.

CUT TO:



EXT. STREET

The Bus Driver flees down the street and runs into Frank who is coming from the opposite direction. She collapse into his arms, which appear open to her.

FRANK  
What's going on?

BUS DRIVER  
(out of breath)  
Back there, my bus, they were  
killing him.

FRANK  
Stay here.

And Frank runs down the block. The parked bus is still there but no one can be seen inside it.

The streets are completely calm and still he approaches. He braces himself and buttons his jacket up to the top before he enters the bus.

No one is inside, but they left a monstrous crime scene. There is no body left. The walls are smeared in similar blood paintings as the last crime scene, though human this time. And on the back wall of the bus the message written in blood: "Masterpiece, incomplete."

OFF of Frank's disgusted reaction we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

There are police cars around the bus and police lines, a familiar sight. Locke is there now too. By the amount of bodies around, it's clear that it's a murder investigation now.

LOCKE  
Jesus, Frank I'm--

FRANK  
Don't.

LOCKE  
What were you doing down here anyway?

FRANK  
I talked to the Curator, he told me that Blake had been seeing a married woman. He didn't know who she was but that he thought she lived on this side of town, that Blake had been disappearing over here lately.  
(beat)  
I decided to follow up on a hunch.

LOCKE  
Alright.

FRANK  
He works at a parking garage, he's a valet.

LOCKE  
Yeah?

Frank motions behind Locke. There's the upscale restaurant, Swank. Next to it is the parking ramp were we last saw Blake and his friend Ronny.

FRANK  
That's where he works.

LOCKE  
We should check the guest book last night.

Frank nods in approval.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

What about all this here?

FRANK

It's the same thing, taken to another level. Some of the blood paintings are even the same.

LOCKE

What about trace evidence?

Frank enters the bus as Locke follows behind him. They have to maneuver their way under the police tape.

FRANK

Most of these have been identified as Blake's. But these here, these haven't been identified at all.

There are blood lipstick kisses like the ones we've seen before.

LOCKE

The mystery woman?

FRANK

I think that if we find her, we find the killer.

LOCKE

Frank, I'll humble myself in front of you. You knew this was coming. But I don't know how I can justify searching for this mystery woman to myself or to my superiors when we clearly know the murderer.

FRANK

But you don't know the murder, because if you did you would know that what's driving him is coming from without. If you find the source, you find the man.

(beat)

These crimes are the act of a solitary man, a solitary vision, but someone else is present at each crime scene. His driving force.

LOCKE

You might be right, but I've got leads to track down. How hard can it be to find this man?

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You want to find this woman, I  
won't get in your way, but I  
think focusing on this man is the  
primary concern.

Locke walks away from Frank in a hurry and joins up with a  
pair of detectives.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Blake is sitting alone in the dark of his living room with  
all the blinds drawn shut. Drawings and paintings similar  
to the ones he has been doing in blood lie scattered about.  
The darkness is broken when his roommate, Ronny enters.

RONNY

Jesus, Blake where the hell have  
you been?

BLAKE

Out.

RONNY

Rent's due, man.

Blake throws a large wad of cash onto the coffee table.  
Some of them are hundred dollar bills.

RONNY (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Alright, that works. The perks of  
your lady friend?

Ronny moves in to pick up the wad of cash.

BLAKE

I've made a terrible mistake.

RONNY

Hey, you know what they say about  
Love and War.

BLAKE

(frustrated)

You don't understand.

RONNY

(sarcastic)

Yeah right, 'misunderstood  
artist'. I don't have beautiful  
women throwing sex and money at  
me every which way I turn, sounds  
horrible.

BLAKE

That's not what this is about.

RONNY

Oh, right. Your art.

BLAKE

(sullen)

Yeah, right. My art.

RONNY

Yeah, by the way you had some cops down here the other day asking about that "art" at the museum.

BLAKE

What cops?

RONNY

I don't know. One looked like a regular detective, I've got his card around here somewhere.

He shuffles through some magazines and papers on a desk and hands Blake Locke's card.

BLAKE

Who else was with him?

RONNY

What?

BLAKE

You said cops, who else was he with?

RONNY

I don't know, it was some old grizzled looking guy. The kind you sometimes see on TV hanging around with cops and helping 'em catch guys.

BLAKE

(excitedly)

Like a profiler?

RONNY

Yeah, kinda like that. Why?

Blake grabs his jacket and is preparing to leave, now seeming more motivated.

BLAKE

I got to go.

RONNY

(serious)

Have you seen the news today?

BLAKE  
(smiling)  
I don't watch the news, too  
depressing.

As Blake leaves, Ronny sees that the newspaper was in front of him on the coffee table, the one detailing the bus murder. He's visibly troubled but then he remembers the cash.

INT. SWANK RESTAURANT - DAY

Frank is talking with the Matre D at the up scale restaurant.

MATRE D  
I'm sorry sir but our guest lists  
from the last week seemed to have  
been misplaced.

FRANK  
(aggravated)  
Misplaced.

MATRE D  
Yes.

Frank holds up a photo of Blake.

FRANK  
What about his man, do you  
recognize this man?

MATRE D  
No, sir I'm sorry I don't.

FRANK  
(indignant)  
No? Because he works just across  
the street. He's a valet that has  
a contract with this restaurant.

MATRE D  
(polite)  
Sir--

Frank is becoming more aggressive with each of the Matre D's responses.

FRANK  
You wouldn't have seen him with  
any of your customers?

MATRE D  
Sir, I really don't see what the--

FRANK

(interrupting)

Because this man is a murder suspect, which would dwarf your concerns of trying to protect your customer's more trivial affairs.

(beat)

Time is of the essence.

The Matre D gets it and gives in.

MATRE D

The rumor is he's been seen with one of our major clients in...

(beat)

...an inappropriate way. Though, I'm not one for gossip.

FRANK

(severe)

Yeah, well this has gone beyond gossip. I need a name.

OFF of the Matre D's conceding face we

CUT TO:

EXT. SWANK RESTAURANT - EVENING

Cars are coming and going as the upscale customers are filing in.

INT. SWANK RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

There's a bit of commotion from the regulars, middle aged and grey haired customers, as the Beautiful Woman arrives - not on the arm of her husband but on the arm of Blake.

Nobody, says anything to their faces, because they're polite. They are polite, these polite people.

She's drop-dead gorgeous as always. Hand in hand they whisper back and forth to each other as they are escorted to their table.

BLAKE

This place is disgusting.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

American decadence at its best.

They sit down at their table in the dimly lit, chandelier dining room. Blake appears nervous, though it's unclear why.

BLAKE

I don't know about this.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(sternly)

It's not time for cold feet,  
honey.

BLAKE

I mean, these people deserve to  
die, but I don't--

He adjusts himself in his seat. As he moves we can see that  
under his overcoat he has two pistols holstered under his  
arm.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

But what?

She runs her hands through his hair and across his chest.  
Everyone in the dining room is watching here and there out  
of the corner of their eyes and whispering about it under  
their breaths.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

You remember how it felt? The  
world is your canvas. You won't  
get caught.

(beat)

Not as long as you're with me.  
You've witnessed my power.

This seems to hit home and whatever fear was holding Blake  
back seems to disappear. He becomes more confident.

Just then, a WAITER spills the wine glasses he was carrying  
all over Blake. He gets up, totally covered.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

(ferocious)

You son of a bitch!

The waiter is somewhat taken back by her anger.

WAITER

I'm very sorry ma'am

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(out of control)

You're apologizing to me when you  
should be apologizing to him, you  
damn fool.

She's making a scene as everyone else turns around to  
watch.

BLAKE

No, it's alright, it's all right.



WAITER

Sir, I'm sorry please this way,  
I'll escort you to our washroom.

And he does that. Out of the dining area and off to the side he takes Blake to the bathroom.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Right here sir, and again I am  
very sorry.

Blake enters the bathroom. The waiter continues down the hall a bit and around the corner out of sight is Frank.

WAITER (CONT'D)

(hesitant)  
He's in the bathroom now, sir.

FRANK

Thank you. You might have just  
helped save some lives.

Frank buttons up his green field jacket to the top. Off of the waiter's surprised and apprehensive face we

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

The bathroom is dimly lit like the rest of the restaurant. Frank locks the door behind him as he enters.

Over the sink, Blake, in an undershirt, is too occupied to notice as he's trying to wash the wine out but to no avail.

His guns are visible, he is brazen now. This gives Frank a bit of time to settle into the room and find his footing.

A moment later, Blake turns to see who has entered the room. He seems to recognize Frank, drops his shirt he was holding and puts his hand on his holster.

FRANK

Hey, hold on.

BLAKE

I can't believe you're here, it's  
just like I've imagined.

FRAN

I'm here to help.

BLAKE

Yeah?

Blake seems to be calmed by this.

FRANK

Yeah. So take your hand off that gun so we can talk.

Blake, shaking his head is clearly troubled.

BLAKE

No, I think the time for talking is done.

Blake pulls his gun on Frank. Off of Frank's distressed face we

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT

It's all dark, the door is kicked in and light fills the room.

Locke and his pair of officers come barging through the door, but the room is empty. Locke takes a quick look around the room. The paintings we saw earlier are gone. The place looks completely unremarkable.

Off of Locke's frustrated face we

HARD CUT BACK  
TO:

INT. SWANK BATHROOM

We resume the stand off.

BLAKE

(genuinely surprised)  
I wonder, how did you find me?

FRANK

By tracking down your muse.

The usage of the word "muse" catches Blake off guard. Frank notices this, he now has the upper hand.

BLAKE

I don't know what you mean.

FRANK

Yes you do.

Blake is shaking his head again. As if responding to his own inner torments he continues.

BLAKE

It's too late. And don't lie to me and pretend that "it's never too late."

FRANK

You're right, time is always running out. You've acted. The question you have to answer now is what are you going to do with the situation laid in front of you. How are you going to deal with the mistakes you allowed yourself to make.

This hits home, Frank is able to reach him, it seems.

HARD CUT BACK  
TO:

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT

Some time has elapsed. The officers have gone through the building searching for any kind of evidence. One of the CSI OFFICERS approaches a very frustrated Locke.

OFFICER

Nothing sir.

LOCKE

(angry)  
Nothing?

OFFICER

We've found nothing here to link this kid to either the vandalizing of the museum, let alone the bus murder.

Locke paces around a bit trying to think.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

So we've got no reason to be here, sir.

He waits as Locke continues pacing around.

LOCKE

(angry)  
There's got to be something. This doesn't make any sense.

Locke walks away from the officer and after another moment of thought on what to do next he dials his phone.

CLOSE UP OF LOCKE'S CELL PHONE

It reads "FRANK".

It rings three times and no one picks up.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

We can see the vehicle is moving from inside, and the top is down. Blake drives with the Beautiful Woman beside him, revelling in the feeling of the wind blowing through her hair.

CLOSE UP ON FRANK'S CELL PHONE

It's in the back seat of the car RINGING and reads "LOCKE".

In the passenger seat the Beautiful Woman turns to see the phone screen light up. We can also see Blake's painting and supplies have been crammed into the back seat area.

CAMERA REVEALS:

Frank lying bound and unconscious in the back seat.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
His phone's ringing. It says  
"Locke".

BLAKE  
Hand it to me.

She reaches passed Frank's limp body, he has a bruise on his temple, presumably pistol whipped. Blake receives the call.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
Frank?

BLAKE  
No man, it looks like you're on  
your own.

He looks back at the Beautiful Woman and smiles as he adds

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
And make sure you put everything  
back before you leave.

He hangs up as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAWN

At Locke's desk, officers are busy around him as he prepares to assemble an investigation team. Danner approaches him from her office. He knows what's coming.

DANNER

Locke.

LOCKE

Yeah.

DANNER

We've got a situation here now.

LOCKE

We do. I'm assembling a team here. We've got the man, the phone number, the woman he's with. It's jut a matter of time.

DANNER

What I want to know is what was Frank Black doing there.

LOCKE

He's working with me.

(beat)

Following up on a lead.

DANNER

I don't want Frank Black flashing P.D. credentials at civilians and getting himself killed.

LOCKE

(defensive)

Yeah, well with all due respect I think Frank might have saved some lives. From what we've been told by the staff at the restaurant, the suspect was armed.

DANNER

If that's true then we should have been there with back-up and done this correctly.

(beat)

What about his phone?

LOCKE

The killer answered, he knew who  
I was. I don't know how he knew.

There's a moment where Locke licks his wounds.

DANNER

(severe)

Well, get creative. Get him out  
alive.

And she walks away back to her office. Locke goes back to  
his officers. They want answers from him. He abandons them  
and darts out of the office and we quickly

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CONVERTIBLE

Frank is coming to in the back seat, his hands tied in  
front of him. From where he is situated he can make out  
Blake in the driver's seat. He can't see who's in the  
passenger seat.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The Beautiful Woman dancing seductively in blood!
- A painting of blood forming the face of Blake!

RESUME SCENE

The Beautiful Woman turns to look at Frank.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(hesitant)

He's awake.

FRANK

What are you doing Blake?

BLAKE

You should know more than anyone,  
Frank.

FRANK

You know me?

BLAKE

The way you know me.

Frank looks around a bit, still bound, he sits up and sees  
the blood paintings, the lipstick kisses.

FRANK

Your work.

BLAKE  
(proudly)  
Yes.

FRANK  
I talked to the curator at the  
museum.

Frank makes eye contact with the Beautiful Woman. She says nothing and in fact, she seems to be less bold in Frank's presence.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
He thinks you've let your  
imagination get the better of  
you. You've gone too far.

BLAKE  
There's no such thing as too far.

Frank tries another approach.

FRANK  
What are you planning? What am I  
doing here?

BLAKE  
Well, I wanted you know how it  
feels. I want to show you.

FRANK  
How what feels, Blake?

BLAKE  
To be on the other side.  
(beat)  
All I ever wanted was to make an  
impact on the world. My art was  
the only way I could do that. Now  
I have.

FRANK  
What do these paintings mean?

BLAKE  
You know what they mean.

FRANK  
They mean... they mean nothing  
but impulse, unchecked by  
restraint.

Blake is pleased with Frank's analysis, he smiles and smacks his hands on the wheel.

BLAKE

I've seen into the heart of man  
Frank, and I painted what I saw  
in blood all over those walls. I  
know you can see it too.

Frank shoots a glance at the Beautiful Woman, she smiles  
knowingly back at him.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A lightning-quick shot of the Gehenna Devil!

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

Where are we going?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. SWANK PARKING GARAGE

Locke rushes up to meet with Ronny, the Valet from earlier.  
Ronny is caught off guard.

LOCKE

Where is he?

RONNY

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

LOCKE

He's taken one of these cars.

RONNY

What?

LOCKE

Tell me what car he's taken.

Off of Ronny's guilty face we

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

The stolen rental car is parked outside the main entrance.  
It's relatively busy, with people coming and going to visit  
the exhibits.



INT. CONVERTIBLE

BLAKE

Alright Frank, here's what we're going to do: We're going to rob the museum, you and I. All those expensive paintings and pointlessly decadent objet d'art. And you're going to kill that man in there with this.

He reveals the butcher knife from the previous murders.

Frank looks out the window and can see the man he is referring to -- the old curator from earlier.

FRANK

Why would you want him dead?

BLAKE

It doesn't matter why, Frank. Or, it's not a matter of why anymore, I should say.

FRANK

I'm not sure I understand.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Of course you do.

She is speaking to Frank but refuses to look him in the eye, maybe because she's afraid to. She continues looking out the window.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

(continued)

Violence... Evil is the greatest creative act, unlike any other act of creation, as it's a means unto itself. It needs no reason.

FRANK

(stern)

I don't believe that.

BLAKE

Well, it doesn't really matter what you believe Frank. Get out of the car.

FRANK

You're not worried about getting caught?

Blake looks at the Beautiful Woman before he replies.

BLAKE

No.

CUT TO:

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM

The doors are kicked open by Blake. He is carrying the two pistols in each of his hands like we saw holstered in the restaurant. One is stretched out in front of him, the other partly trained on Frank who is followed inside by the Beautiful Woman.

Everyone stops admiring the various paintings and objects in glass cases, as their attention is now on Blake, of course.

BLAKE

You people all look smart enough to figure out what this is. I mean, you can't know for certain but what do we know for certain? Nothing, I guess. For instance, you're all out for a snooty day at the museum, I'm brandishing two pistols. You're probably guessing I'm going to rob you, maybe kill and or harm some of you. You would be correct.

A SECURITY GUARD steps forward, his hand on his side-arm.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

No!

And he stops.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Take that out nice and slowly, throw it on the ground and kick it on over to me.

The guard begins to do as he is told, surrounded by civilians and a potential blood-bath.

The Beautiful Woman then steps further forward with Frank in cuffs. She seems almost demure now as Blake becomes emboldened. Frank notices this.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Alright. Here's what we're gonna do. You, and you...

He motions to two of the civilians with his weapon.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

...start taking down those paintings.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I want all that pottery too. The lot. Smash open those pathetic little glass cases and get them emptied.

Blake starts tearing around the museum as he gives out instructions to the people who hesitantly obey.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR

He sits at the wheel, speeding along while holding his cell phone to his ear.

LOCKE

We got a make and model of the car they're driving from Blake's fellow parking valet.

DANNER (O.C.)

Have you passed it on the highway patrol? Checked out the traffic cams in the area?

LOCKE

We got better than that.

DANNER (O.C.)

Tell me.

LOCKE

I just got word that a silent alarm was tripped at the Virginia Art Museum. Suspected robbery in progress.

(beat)

Guess what car the cameras picked up outside?

Locke continues to speed ahead, his foot going down harder on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM

Blake continues tearing around the displays. He rips some of the expensive artwork down off the wall and smashes the frames carelessly.

He moves over to a carefully crafted vase in a glass case and...

BANG!

..fires one shot to destroy the protective covering and...

BANG!

...fires another to obliterate the vase.

Frank looks on in disgust as the Beautiful Woman begins LAUGHING to herself, revelling in the moment.

From the captive crowds, the Curator emerges to get closer to Blake.

CURATOR

Stop! Stop this. What are you doing, Blake? What's the meaning of all this?

Blake stops in his fury and turns back to the old man, gun still in hand.

BLAKE

(fierce)

Damn it, you just DON'T GET IT, do you?!

(beat)

You're pathetic. Just like the rest of these people. All this "art" -- that's not creative. That's not an expression of what's truly within.

CURATOR

This isn't you, Blake. I taught you. I know you.

BLAKE

You knew me.

CURATOR

(disgusted)

What happened to you?

BLAKE

You always said it yourself once. A great artist is only ever in wait of inspiration. Well I found my inspiration.

Blake looks over to the Beautiful Woman who smiles a devilish smile.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Or it found me.

The Curator begins to realize that Blake is no longer the man he once knew. He's both disappointed and afraid.

CURATOR

Let these people go. They've done noth---

BLAKE

Shut up!  
(beat)  
Frank, get over here.

The Beautiful Woman pushes Frank forward, almost dragging him along with her as they approach Blake and the Curator.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Time to do your part, Frank.

The Beautiful Woman moves to embrace Blake, but all the while he keeps one of his guns aimed at Frank and the Curator.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I'm so proud of you, baby.  
You're giving yourself over to  
it. You're letting it all go.  
Just like we talked about.  
(beat)  
You're so special.

FRANK

You don't have to listen to her.  
Listen to the voice of your own  
conscience.

BLAKE

Man, who do you think you are? I  
told you, it's time for you to do  
your part. You're going to kill  
him, now.

He points at the Curator with his gun again.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(to Beautiful Woman)  
Give it to him.

She presents the butcher knife to Frank once again.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Take it.

Frank hesitates, looking around at the situation.

BLAKE

(shouting)  
Take it!

Reluctantly, Frank takes the blade. The Curator looks back at him uncertainly.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Now do it. Don't think about it,  
just do it.

Frank pauses to think for a long moment, looking into the eyes of all three parties then back down at the knife.

After a beat...

FRANK

No.

He drops the knife to the ground. He won't be involved in the violence in any way.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Aren't you going to try and use it to get at us?

BLAKE

Yeah, Frank. Aren't you even going to use it to try and get free? Maybe get close enough to slit my throat?

FRANK

No. That's what you want. That's what she wants.

Blake smiles. There is a sound of activity on the street, and he looks outside to see armed police officers in the road, securing the external area.

BLAKE

That was fast.

Frank looks outside and he can see Locke amongst the police cars. Frank is visibly upset and he quickly takes in his surroundings. There is a mass of at least twenty innocent people huddled on the floor in the middle of the museum, now a mess of destruction.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Frank.

He's holding out one of his pistols for Frank to grab.

FRANK

I don't want it.

BLAKE

The future's over Frank. Same reason I knew those cops would be here before I could leave.

FRANK

You didn't even bring anything to carry the artwork out it.

Blake smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You never planned on getting out  
of here.

BLAKE

You're good Frank, what can I  
say.

Frank looks out to the approaching cops, all assuming  
aggressive postures, the assemblage of weapons forming an  
ominous prospect.

Off his troubled expression of what is about to unfold we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - DAY

As before, cops are rushing into position, supporting their guns over the hoods of their patrol cars. Sirens flashing, radios hissing out instructions.

RADIO VOICE #1 (O.C.)  
One-zero-one-three in position.

RADIO VOICE #2 (O.C.)  
Ten-four.

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Blake is standing beside the Beautiful Woman, still holding both of his guns. Frank and the Curator stand opposite them.

BLAKE  
If you're not going to kill him, Frank, maybe one of the other good people over here will do it. What do you think?

FRANK  
You don't have to involve anyone else in this. It's not about that. You can't have what you want here.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
What makes you think he wants anything?  
(beat)  
You people. You really make me sick. You think you know everyone's mind, what everybody's thinking. But I bet you don't know my mind.

Frank looks over at her with a stern face, not wanting to get drawn into her games.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)  
No. You can get inside his head...  
(motioning to Blake)  
...but you can't get inside mine. You don't want to. You can't trust yourself. You're thinking, if you get inside mine, you might not get out again.  
(MORE)



BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Go ahead, stop fighting it. Let yourself feel it.

Frank is trying not to rise to her bait, staring across at her and trying not to betray his emotions.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The Beautiful Woman dancing in blood.
- The Gehenna devil.
- A red rain falling.
- Blake and the Beautiful Woman having sex.
- Blood falling over the walls and bed as in the teaser.
- A devilish claw slashing toward us.

RESUME SCENE

The Beautiful Woman is smiling at Frank as she caresses Blake's head.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yes. You're closer now, aren't you?

Blake is somewhat agitated by this exchange, and he pushes the Beautiful Woman off of his arm and regains a kind of focus.

BLAKE

Enough of this. Get back over there with the others. Now!

He cocks back the hammers of his two pistols, pointing them at Frank and the Curator.

Frank begins to slowly edge backwards, motioning for the Curator to do the same. Frank makes sure to stay the furthest forward, shielding the Curator as they both head back to the group of gathered captives.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM

Locke stands with his gun drawn beside the LEAD COP who squats with his arm supported over the hood of his patrol car.

LOCKE

How many do we have inside?

LEAD COP

Estimate is between fifteen and twenty. We're trying to position for a better look inside, but the layout makes it tough.

LEAD COP (CONT'D)

We can be ready to move in five.

LOCKE

No. We can't risk this turning into a bloodbath.

LEAD COP

We don't have a lot of other options here.

LOCKE

There's a man inside that works with me. He might be able to talk him down. We've got to give him more time.

LEAD COP

Look, last time I checked, I was still in charge down here.

Suddenly there is the sound of a GUNSHOT from inside the museum, which brings a rapid halt to the debate.

LEAD COP (CONT'D)

Shots fired!

LOCKE

Hold your men back.

The cop ignores Locke and brings his radio to his face.

LEAD COP

All units, prepare to move in. Wait for my signal.

Locke shakes his head in apprehension as to how this might go down.

CUT TO:

INT. VIRGINIA ART MUSEUM

We TRACK AROUND the scene until we FIND what happened with the gunshot.

One of the captive security guards lies bleeding on the ground, a gunshot wound to his leg.

Frank is close by, wanting to come to the guard's aid, but Blake makes sure he keeps back with a wave of the gun.

FRANK

Let me go to him.

(beat)

He'll bleed to death.

BLAKE

Well it's the blood that I need,  
Frank. We're going to make  
another painting. This is a  
place for art, after all.

(beat)

Time to complete this  
masterpiece.

Blake hands one of his guns to the Beautiful Woman so she can watch the prisoners while he begins smearing the human blood around the floor.

He covers his hands with it and starts throwing in onto the wall, creating streaks of human blood in a messy pattern over the once immaculate museum wall.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

This is the one. This is the one  
that he'll be forever remembered  
for.

FRANK

The only thing people will  
remember here is the slaughter.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Don't you see yet? It's all the  
same thing. He's an artist, one  
way or the other.

Frank gives a horrified look at her, then begins to notice movement from outside.

Blake is distracted in his blood painting, while the woman is focused on the captives.

BLAKE

(almost delirious)

This is it! Oh, yes. This is  
it!

There is a blast of action as the doors are RAMMED open and Locke and the reinforcements come blasting in.

Frank quickly throws his cuffed arms around the Beautiful Woman from behind, choking her with the cuffs and throwing himself and her away from the captives and down to the ground.

The cops charge in to take down a helpless Blake.

Frank removes the Beautiful Woman from his grasp, forcefully pushing her away as though it is draining to be in such close contact with her.

LOCKE

Frank! Are you okay?

He sits up slightly, out of breath, but nodding. He looks over to the injured security guard.

FRANK

That man needs an ambulance.

The cops huddle over Blake, forcefully putting him in handcuffs and dragging him to his feet again.

Another set of officers come to drag away the Beautiful Woman. She spits in Frank's face as she's detained and we

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM

The Beautiful Woman is sitting at a table. Frank watches from the other side of the glass as Locke questions her.

LOCKE

Polly Chandler.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(disgusted)  
What?

LOCKE

That's your name, Polly Chandler.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

That's not my name.

LOCKE

According to the prints on your finger tips it is.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

That's not what I call myself.  
I --

LOCKE

(interrupting)  
You know what, I don't care what you chose to call yourself. The fact is we've got you pinned as an accessory to murder on at least one count. And you know what? We also know your husband. We know you've got a lot to lose. Unlike your boyfriend in the other room.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(sinister)  
I am not my name.

LOCKE  
(puzzled)  
What?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
(calm)  
Nothing. I have nothing for you.

Locke leaves the room frustrated and joins Frank on the other side of the glass.

LOCKE  
Who the hell is this woman,  
Frank?

FRANK  
She's the one.

LOCKE  
The trophy wife of some uber-rich  
entrepreneur, Ronald Chandler?

FRANK  
No, no, he's the trophy.

LOCKE  
(frustrated)  
What does that even mean?

FRANK  
Don't let her leave and keep her  
out of contact with Blake.

LOCKE  
You don't want to talk to her?

FRANK  
She has nothing to tell me that I  
don't already know.

Frank and Locke's attention is drawn to Blake as he's being escorted to his cell by another officer.

LOCKE  
What about his guy?

FRANK  
(troubled)  
I don't know.

The two of them move over to talk with him before the officers take him away.

BLAKE  
You've seen her. You know.

FRANK

I've seen what she did to you.  
You can't give yourself over to  
her.

BLAKE

Of course I can. We all can.  
It's free will.

FRANK

Is it?

Locke, not understanding the conversation, is distracted by  
a slight commotion across the room.

LOCKE

What the hell is this?

The guards begin to escort Blake away as Frank and Locke  
turn to see that Ronny, the valet, has entered the station  
and is managing to push his way through toward Blake.

He's almost coming right across the path of Blake now.  
Frank starts rushing over to the guard as things begin to  
feel frantic.

FRANK

Hey.

Blake sees Ronny and is visibly alarmed. He turns around to  
see the Beautiful Woman watching, being escorted out of her  
own interrogation room, and it hits him.

Ronny is too close now, the guard gets ready but it's all  
happening really fast.

Ronny, as he's walking by, slides a knife from his sleeve  
and lunges it into Blake's stomach.

RONNY

(vicious)

The muse works in mysterious  
ways, bro.

He's jamming it in and out repeatedly as the guard and  
Frank try to pull him off.

RONNY (CONT'D)

How's it feel to be on the other  
side?

He speaks in such a way that we know it's not truly him,  
but an act done through him.

Camera is slightly OVERCRANKED as he is pulled off and  
restrained, then seems to snap out of it.

LOCKE

Someone get a paramedic!

We're still OVERCRANKED as he darts out of the room to do it himself.

Frank is left with Blake in his arms as he's trying to put pressure on the wound. He's covered in blood as it continues to leak out of Blake.

Blake puts his hand to the wound and looks at his own blood with great significance, and we're BACK TO NORMAL SPEED.

BLAKE

This isn't how I thought it would end Frank. It's not how I pictured it.

FRANK

Things don't always turn out the way we picture them.

Frank makes eye contact with the Beautiful Woman as she is escorted away. She is pleased.

BLAKE'S P.O.V.

The Beautiful Woman's image is replaced by the Gehenna Devil in handcuffs being escorted away.

RESUME SCENE

as she smiles back at him.

BLAKE

It's still not too late, is it Frank?

Frank says nothing, he doesn't need to. Blake's last bit of life fades.

Blake lies dead on the police station floor.

We PULL BACK up to the ceiling as Frank stands up and the paramedics arrive. But we know it's too late, for Blake at least. We linger on this shot for a bit.

CLOSE ON FRANK BLACK'S FACE

MIRANDA (V.O.)

Times running out Frank.

FRANK

(alarmed)  
What?

We have now moved to

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank now sits opposite Miranda, deep in thought.

MIRANDA  
Our session, it's almost over.

FRANK  
(relieved)  
Oh.

He thinks for a bit, trying to collect his thoughts and continue the conversation we are in the middle of.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is not the life I thought I would have.

Frank is unusually direct and open.

MIRANDA  
I don't think there are many people that are leading the life they thought they would be leading, Frank. But we make do.

Frank fingers his wedding band.

FRANK  
I know that there are compromises to be made.

Miranda's attention is drawn to a small painting of Blake's that Frank has brought with him -- they have been talking about the case, undoubtedly.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is not how this should have ended.

MIRANDA  
You saved many lives. This woman, Chandler you have evidence to convict her as an accessory to the murder, most surly the museum robbery attempt.

Frank understands all this.

FRANK  
People like this exist, who manipulate good into evil, who create violence as an end to itself.

MIRANDA  
I don't believe that. Nothing is an end to itself.  
(MORE)



MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Frank, you said you use your gift  
like an art. You just have to  
picture a new life, Frank.

She puts her hand to his arm in a friendly way.

FRANK

(hesitating)

I just feel...

MIRANDA

Yeah?

FRANK

I just feel like I'm afraid of  
what the next ending might be  
and...

(beat)

...and that time's running out.

With that we gently

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer  
James Jordan

Executive Producer  
Anthony J. Black

**TRIPLE FIVE**  
P R O D U C T I O N S