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**DUE TO SOME GRAPHIC VIOLENCE AND MATURE
CONTENT, READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED**

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NEW YORK - NIGHT

We are CLOSE on the image of an ornately carved crucifix, its dense wood depicting Christ nailed to the cross. We PULL BACK away from this to behold the rest of the church.

It is a large building with an elaborate altar covered in expensive-looking religious artefacts. There is a set of stalls for a choir in front of it, followed by many rows of pews for the congregation. Artistic stained-glass windows line each side-wall, along with candles and tapestries.

It is in every way a typical Catholic church.

We come to rest on the face of a young altar boy preparing to leave. He is JODY (16), pretty slim and timid with relatively long blond hair that falls in his face.

As he heads toward the exit, he is approached by FATHER REED (60s), a Priest in standard black robes and white hair but with a down-to-Earth and non-patronising demeanor.

REED

Heading back to the shelter,
Jody?

JODY

Yes, Father.

The old man notes a certain level of discomfort in the young boy's face.

REED

Is everything alright?

JODY

(timid)
Everything's fine.

REED

I know things aren't ideal at the shelter, but we all make the best of things, don't we? Get yourself back and have a good hot meal.

(beat)

Is your brother leaving with you?

JODY

(hesitant)
No, he's...
(MORE)

JODY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'll see him there later.

REED

Okay, son.

The Priest gives him a reassuring smile and departs. As he steps away, he is replaced in frame by LEON (17), another young altar boy with darker hair, looking scrawny and slightly dishevelled.

Jody sees him, but attempts to turn away rather than approach him. Leon makes sure he catches up instead.

LEON

What are you doing?

JODY

I'm going back.

LEON

What about Alex? Aren't you gonna wait for him?

JODY

He'll catch up. He's fine.

LEON

(intense)

You know that's not true.

JODY

I'm tired. I just want to sleep.

(beat)

Leave it alone, Leon.

Jody steps away and moves out of the church, leaving Leon to stare after him. He takes a breath and turns to walk back down the church aisle and into

INT. VESTRY - CHRIST'S CHURCH

There are a few stragglers from the choir gathering their things and leaving. Leon scans the room to locate ALEX (13), a younger boy with blond hair, vaguely resembling Jody. He is sat beside another white-haired Priest named FATHER McCLINTOCK (60s), who places a hand on his shoulder.

LEON

Alex, are you ready to go? Your brother's been waiting for you.

ALEX

Yeah, I guess so.

There is an exchange of glances between Leon and the Priest that speaks to a deeper subtext.

MCCLINTOCK

Hello there, Leon. Alex and I have just been talking about the wonderful work he's been doing with the choir. We're all very impressed.

Leon moves over and takes the younger boy by the arm.

LEON

C'mon, Alex, it's time to head back. We don't want to miss dinner.

MCCLINTOCK

It's alright. Father Gregory has kindly offered to walk Alex back to the shelter. That will give you and I chance to talk.

Father McClintock nods in the direction of the door to the vestry, where another male Priest is standing waiting.

LEON

But...

MCCLINTOCK

Go on now, Alex.

The younger boy happily moves away with Father Gregory and departs.

Leon is left to stare back across intensely at the smiling Father McClintock.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

We TRACK ALONG the dark city streets, puddles of recent rain-water all around, old newspapers littering the dirty sidewalks, steam rising from nearby broken pipes.

From somewhere in the distance we hear

A HOWL!

The sounds of agony from an off-screen location, followed by

A SCREAM!

More sounds of intense pain as we TRACK AROUND the side-alleys in search of the source. There are several more HOWLS and SCREAMS as we come to rest on the opening to an alleyway off one of the main roads.

TIME DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. THE ALLEWYAY

The exact same shot, now with a POLICE PATROL CAR in foreground with its red-and-blues illuminating the dank clearing between several tall buildings.

Two COPS make their way forward with their flashlights ready, as one talks into his radio.

COP #1
Unit five fifty-five, we got a report of a disturbance off of eighth street. Proceeding on foot.

The two officers move ahead slowly, scanning the area with their flashlights. They get to the far end of the alleyway where something catches their attention.

There is blood on a set of wooden planks that have boarded up an area of the alley. The flashlight moves along further to reveal

A HAND

with a nail through the palm attaching it to the boards on the wall.

The flashlight beam gradually moves further along to find the outstretched arm and the battered and bloodied body of the victim.

We move out wider to see that the dead man is nailed to the wall of the alley, with a circle of barbed wire around his forehead and a large gaping wound to his side.

The man has been crucified.

COP #2
Sweet Jesus...

Both officers drop their jaws at the terrible discovery.

As we take in one final shot of the victim, we can now see that beneath all the blood he is wearing a dog-collar. It is Father Gregory.

OFF the horrific image of the crucifixion we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"GOLGOTHA"

starring
Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by
Chris Carter

Also Starring
Brittany Tiplady

Guest Starring
Jesse Head

Ralph Wait

Brady Corbett

Donnelly Rhodes

Zachary Winard

and
Patricia Wettig

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Written by
James Jordan

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

“Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.”

-- Freiherr von Logau Friedrich

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NEW YORK - DAY

A brief ESTABLISHING SHOT of the large church, heavy rain falling over it from above.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

The church aisles are now traversed by BRAD LOCKE, looking slightly out of place in his suit and trench coat. At the top of the church, just before the altar, a choir of mixed ages is fully assembled singing the traditional hymn "Abide With Me".

Locke takes a moment to stand and take in the sounds. As we TRACK ALONG the rows of the choir, we see Leon, Jody and Alex amongst their ranks. There are several other boys of their age, plus a few older men and women.

Locke's eye shifts to find Father Reed approaching him.

REED

You're the detective that called?

They both extend hands and shake.

LOCKE

Locke. Detective Brad Locke.

REED

Like I told you on the phone, I don't know how much help I can be. We've all already given our statements to the police.

LOCKE

Well I apologize for making you go through it again. Is there somewhere we can talk?

REED

Please. This way.

He directs Locke to the back of the church and they begin to walk toward the vestry together.

ANGLE ON - LEON

as he continues singing with the others, only now his eyes move to watch Locke and Father Reed as they go.

CUT TO:

INT. VESTRY - CHRIST'S CHURCH

Father Reed pulls up two wooden chairs for himself and Locke. The room is empty, with the walls shutting out the distractions of the choir to a more distant sound.

LOCKE

First I'd like to say I'm sorry for your loss.

REED

Thank you.

LOCKE

Were you close to Father Gregory?

REED

On a personal level? Not to a strong degree. But we're all a close knit family here.

LOCKE

You're referring to all the Priests?

REED

All of us. The Priests, the congregation, the boys from the shelter.

LOCKE

The shelter?

REED

Yes. We run a shelter for orphaned and homeless children in town, not far from the church. There are a lot of deprived kids in the area, and the resources of the community only go so far.

(MORE)

REED (CONT'D)

We give them a place to stay,
food, clothing, and they help out
here at the church.

LOCKE

That's commendable.

REED

Don't misunderstand. It's not
all smiles and sunshine. The
Church's funds can only do so
much, but it's better than the
alternative, right?

Locke shifts uneasily in his chair, somehow affected by
this discussion.

LOCKE

I know this may seem like a
stupid question, but can you
think of anyone who would want to
kill Father Gregory?

REED

(harsh)

No. Certainly not in the manner
that he was...

Locke acknowledges the extremity of the situation with a
simple shift of the eyes.

LOCKE

Because of the religious aspect
to this murder, and of course
Father Gregory's vocation, it
seems to stand to reason that
there is much more complex
psychology at work here than a
simple murder.

REED

Sure. Not to mention the time of
year.

LOCKE

Time of year?

REED

Today is Good Friday, Detective.
Or did that escape your
attentions?

LOCKE

Of course. As such, I have to
ask, is there anything you can
think of that might explain
these... details?

Father Reed hesitates for a moment, and is about to speak when...

FATHER McCLINTOCK

clears his throat at the doorway.

MCCLINTOCK

(pleasant)

Father Reed. I wasn't aware we had a visitor.

REED

Father McClintock. This is Detective Locke. He had some questions about Father Gregory.

MCCLINTOCK

Yes. Such a tragedy. We take comfort in knowing that he's in a better place now.

LOCKE

You have my condolences. I was trying to shed some light on the manner in which your colleague was killed.

MCCLINTOCK

(more obstructive)

It was my understanding that the police had finished their questioning here this morning. All our statements have been taken.

LOCKE

Yes, Father. I'm just tying up some--

MCCLINTOCK

May I see your identification, Detective?

Locke is a little put out by this, but nonetheless hands over his badge.

LOCKE

Like I said, I'm just trying to better understand why something so cruel and brutal was done to someone on the streets of New York.

MCCLINTOCK

(studying the ID)

It says here, Detective, that you're based with the police department in Washington, D.C.

LOCKE

(busted)

That's right.

MCCLINTOCK

Well, unless I'm very much mistaken, I don't believe your New York counterparts would be all too pleased to find you stepping on their toes.

(beat)

Nor your superiors in the capital, come to mention it.

REED

He's just trying to solve this, maybe stop it from happening again.

MCCLINTOCK

I hope you don't find me too rude, Detective Locke, but this is a troubling time for everyone, and the last thing we want to do is to relive things over again. I'm sure you understand.

(beat)

Please.

He opens up his body to make room at the doorway, and extends an arm in the direction of the exit.

LOCKE

Sorry to intrude.

Locke makes his way out of the vestry, along the aisles of the church and outside.

We PAN OVER to find that the choir is now dispersing, and that Leon is now standing with Jody.

JODY

Did you hear about what happened?

LEON

Yeah.

JODY

(shocked)

They're saying he was crucified.

LEON

Maybe he got what he deserved.

JODY

But something like this... it's unbelievable.

LEON

Did they question you?

JODY

No. But Father Gregory walked Alex back to the shelter that night. I told him not to say anything.

LEON

Is he... okay?

JODY

Yeah. We've just got to stay out of this.

He looks over his shoulder back to his brother, and sees Alex talking with Father McClintock.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

FRANK BLACK is sitting at his kitchen table with a newspaper stretched out. He wears a pair of spectacles to read it. Though he is engrossed in an article from the middle of the paper, we see on the front page one of the smaller headlines:

'PRIEST FOUND CRUCIFIED IN NEW YORK'

Frank notices JORDAN BLACK in his peripheral vision, crossing the hallway.

FRANK

What do you fancy for dinner tonight?

JORDAN

Huh?

FRANK

Dinner. Tonight.

JORDAN

Oh. We've got to have fish tonight.

FRANK

We do?

JORDAN

Yeah. You're not supposed to eat
meat on Good Friday, remember?
You have to have fish.

Frank is a little surprised by his daughter's orthodoxy,
but in a pleasant way, somehow evoking the memory of her
mother.

FRANK

Of course.

JORDAN

Unless... you don't want to.

FRANK

No, that's fine. Fish it is.

(beat; hesitant)

Listen, what would you say if I
asked Dr Graff to join us
tonight... that is, if you--

JORDAN

Miranda? Great idea. Go for it.

Frank is pleased by her reaction, sensing that she's trying
to encourage him, but unsure if he can trust his instincts
on this one.

FRANK

Yeah?

JORDAN

(playful)

Yeah. She's probably a better
cook.

Frank laughs with his daughter when the phone in the
hallway begins to RING. He goes to answer it with a broad
smile.

FRANK

Frank Black.

There is only silence from the other end of the line.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

DIAL-TONE. Since Frank is in a good mood, he just shrugs
and replaces the handset without getting frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

He has his cell phone in his hand, but throws it down on
the passenger seat.

He picks up an open file-folder in his lap instead and continues flicking through crime-scene photos.

He throws it down into his lap again and EXHALES in frustration.

He reaches for his cell phone again. Starts dialing. Then stops.

He cancels the number but keeps hold of the phone. He looks out across at the Church from across the street in a long contemplative gaze.

He looks back down at the phone and starts dialing again.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

The phone in the hallway begins to RING again, and this time it's Jordan who is quick to answer.

JORDAN

Hello?

LOCKE

(caught off-guard)

Frank, please.

Jordan holds the phone away from her.

JORDAN

Dad, it's for you.

Frank tucks his newspaper under his arm and walks out into the hallway to take the phone.

We stay on Jordan as she moves away and watches from the end of the hall. She looks on with concern as Frank's face changes to what he's hearing, then looks down at the newspaper front page.

Off Jordan's reactions to the conversation we cannot hear

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - NIGHT

We are in a large communal dorm room filled with rows of single beds. It's anything but lavish, just the basics. The walls are old and damp, the views from the little windows unremarkable, and the general atmosphere is cold and anything but homely.

Leon approaches Jody in a corner of the room, while the younger boy, Alex, gets ready for bed in B.G.

LEON
Hey. Jody.

JODY
What?

They both keep their voices down, not wanting to be overheard.

LEON
I've been thinking. If those police people come back... if they ask us more questions about what happened to Father Gregory...

JODY
What?

LEON
Maybe we should tell them. You know, about... what it's like here.

JODY
No way, Leon. I told you before. It'll only make things worse. That's the last thing I want.
(beat)
I don't want that for Alex.

He looks over at his brother behind the two of them and starts to move out into the hallway.

Leon follows and grabs him by the arm.

LEON
It's Alex I'm thinking about. Don't you think we have to do something, say something... before it's too late?

Jody pushes him back.

JODY
I said no! Okay? Just drop it.

As Jody gets free of Leon's grip, he goes back to join the others in the main communal room.

We linger on Leon's reaction for a BEAT, then RACK FOCUS onto

FATHER McCLINTOCK

who has appeared in the hallway, looking across at him.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank is now joined in the hallway by MIRANDA GRAFF. She takes off her overcoat and folds it over her arm.

FRANK
(affectionate)
Thank you for coming.

MIRANDA
It's my pleasure.

FRANK
I hope you don't think I'm taking advantage of you, asking you to stay with Jordan for a few days.

MIRANDA
Well I didn't think that for a second. It'll be a good chance for us to get to know each other better, spending a night under the same roof.

Miranda instantly becomes uncomfortable with herself, wondering about what Frank's thinking and whether she's saying the right things.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Jordan and I, that is. I'm talking about me and Jordan.

FRANK
Right.

MIRANDA
Do you think you'll be able to catch this guy, up in New York?

FRANK
I hope so. Really I'm just helping out.

MIRANDA
But your friend at the police department... he called you specifically, didn't he?

FRANK
Yes, but he tried to make it seem like he wasn't really asking for help.

They almost laugh together, but not quite.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I should only be a couple of
days. Maybe we can get together
properly when I get back?

MIRANDA
Absolutely.

We ADJUST to see Frank's overnight bag on the floor beside
the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - NIGHT

It is now dark, and most of the boys are asleep in the rows
of beds. The silence is broken by the sound of footsteps
tapping on the cold floor.

We see the black shoes stepping forward, and TILT UP to
find Father McClintock approaching. He moves delicately
toward one of the beds and sits himself down on the end of
it.

We MOVE UP to see that Alex is lying in the bed, not quite
asleep.

MCCLINTOCK
(whispering)
Alex? Alex, are you awake?

He moves around slightly to look up at the priest.

ALEX
Father McClintock?

MCCLINTOCK
Ssh. It's okay. I just wanted
to check on you tonight. Make
sure you were alright after what
happened to Father Gregory.

ALEX
I'm okay.

MCCLINTOCK
You're a very brave boy. I want
you to know that we're the ones
looking out for you. You're one
of the special ones.
(beat)
Very special.

He touches Alex on the cheek, leaving his hand there a
little longer than he should be.

We ADJUST to see Jody in the adjacent bed. He faces away from them and keeps very still, hearing everything, then shuts his eyes tightly.

Further along the rows, Leon keeps his eyes open. He is at a further distance and cannot be seen in the darkness. He keeps a worried gaze on Alex's bed, where Father McClintock remains perched on the end.

OFF this troubling image we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NEW YORK - DAY

A different style of building than what we are used to seeing. Its entrance is right on the side of the street, cars parked on the curb in front of it.

Frank Black walks over and is about to enter the building when

LOCKE (O.S.)

Frank!

He stops and turns to find Brad approaching him from down the street.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Hey. Thanks for coming out.

Frank nods.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I could have handled it, but I figured, if you had some free time or some ideas... it couldn't hurt.

FRANK

Right. Are we going inside?

Frank is about to turn back toward the building but is stopped by Locke.

LOCKE

Er, no. Actually, I think it would be a better idea to get right out there. There's some people at the Church I think we should interview.

Frank isn't stupid. He has a good idea why Locke doesn't want to go inside, but is content to just focus on the case.

FRANK

No. I need to see the crime scene.

LOCKE

Okay. We can do that.

Locke points him the direction of his car parked a short distance away.

FRANK

Brad, can I ask? Why are you up here on this case?

LOCKE

(lying)

I was just in the neighbourhood.

Frank doesn't buy it.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

C'mon. We better get going before they have everything cleared away.

Frank nods and walks toward the car with Locke.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Locke's car pulls up and he exits with Frank. We are now at the crime scene from the teaser. The opening to the alleyway from the street is marked across by police tape. A few OFFICERS stand guard beside it.

Locke flashes his badge which allows he and Frank to duck under the yellow tape which is angled up slightly by the attending officer.

They proceed ahead to the end of the alley where the boarded-up area is still covered in blood. The body has been removed, but everything else remains as it was.

Frank fastens the top buttons of his jacket.

LOCKE

This is where they found him. Whoever did this dragged it out, made it last. You would have been able to hear the screams a block away, but thanks to the way we live now, nobody got involved. He died one of the slowest and most painful deaths imaginable before the police showed up.

Frank looks in closely at a bloody nail still hammered into the wooden boards. There are remnants of human flesh around it.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The nail being held up high
- A hand stretched out on the board
- The nail being hammered directly into the palm
- An horrific shriek of pain
- Blood spilling out of the palm as the nail drives

through all of the flesh and through to the other side

RESUME SCENE

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Any initial thoughts?

FRANK
I've witnessed a lot of violent
murders. Horrible crimes.
Depravity.
(beat)
But this is extreme.

Frank squats down to the ground to look closer at a piece
of barbed wire that has been left behind.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The barbed wire being stretched out...
- ...being wrapped around the victim's head
- The sharp spikes piercing into the forehead
- The digging, gripping wire drawing blood
- Howls of agony

RESUME SCENE

LOCKE
Clearly there are strong
religious implications here. You
think that's because of the
choice of victim?

FRANK
No. The killer is religious
themselves. The crucifixion is
deliberate, and there's a clear
attention to detail.

Frank rises and moves in closer to the masses of dried
blood that cover the boarded walls.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A spear impaling the victim's right side
- Screams of pain
- Slicing wounds going up and down the body
- Blood flowing in a linear pattern
- More screams

RESUME SCENE

FRANK (CONT'D)
The act speaks to the symbolic
sacrifice of Christ's
crucifixion, not just the ancient
method of execution in general.

LOCKE

So it's not just about inflicting
the maximum amount of pain.

FRANK

The crucifixion is to relieve
sin.

LOCKE

Who's sin? The victim's?

FRANK

Possibly. Possibly the killer's.

Frank stands back from the wall to observe the scene as a whole.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.OV.

- The nail being plunged through the right palm
- A blade slashing up and down the torso
- Howls of agony!
- Blood flowing all over the body
- Barbed wire digging in to the forehead
- Screams of pain!
- The nail being plunged through the left palm
- A spear being twisted around the abdomen
- The victim's head tossing one way and the other
- Terrifying shrieks!
- The whole body nailed to the wall, arms outstretched,
red with blood

RESUME SCENE

Frank raises a hand to his nose.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is going to get worse.

LOCKE

What do you want to do?

FRANK

It's time we got down to the
church.

Frank stares across at Locke with one of the most intense looks on his face that we have ever seen.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - DAY

Jody and Leon are now alone in the room together.

LEON

Hey. Hey! I heard all that last
night. I know you heard it too.

JODY
Not all this again.

Jody starts to walk off, turning his back on Leon.

LEON
You can't just walk away from
this. Not again.

He pulls Jody around and waves a finger in his face.

LEON (CONT'D)
We can't do this anymore. Don't
you want things to be different
for Alex? We are running out of
time.

Jody reacts more strongly than before, pushing Leon up
against the wall.

JODY
I have had enough of you trying
to run my life. Alex is my
brother, not yours.

LEON
I'm your friend. And we're in
this together. We have been
since it all started.

JODY
Just stop it. I don't want to
think about this--

Father Reed steps into the room to find them.

REED
What's going on here? What's
wrong with you two?

They let go of each other and back off.

REED (CONT'D)
Come on now. You'll be late for
choir practice.

They reluctantly head out of the room, leaving Father Reed
to stare after them in concern.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

Rain continues to fall over the ornate architecture of the
building. The sky is cold and grey, making everything
almost colorless.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

Frank and Locke are standing with Father McClintock in F.G.

The choir can be seen in B.G. but are not assembled.

MCCLINTOCK

I'm sorry. As I told you before, we've had enough of police questioning. We just want to move on.

FRANK

I understand that Father, but my concern here is that this could happen again. We'd just like to ask a few more questions in the hope of resolving this. I'm sure that's what you want.

MCCLINTOCK

I can't allow that. I am sorry, but the investigation is out there now, not in here.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me.

He passes inbetween Frank and Locke and walks away to the back of the Church.

LOCKE

He was very keen for me to leave earlier, too.

FRANK

I don't think he's the killer, but he is hiding something.

LOCKE

I didn't mention it before, but there was an investigation into possible child abuse at the shelter run by this church. It was a while ago, but everything was dropped. No allegations were made. He's probably resistant because of that.

They are approached mid-conversation by Leon who has been watching them all this time.

LEON

Excuse me. Are you two the police officers who came by before?

LOCKE

Yes. I'm Detective Locke, this is Frank Black.

LEON

There's something you need to know about.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Leon sits on one side of a simple little table, with Frank and Locke facing him on the other.

LEON

(emotional)

It started... years ago. We would have been about... thirteen I guess.

FRANK

Why didn't you come forward with this when concerns were first raised last year?

Locke looks across at Frank, a little surprised by his question.

LEON

I was scared, you know? And I didn't want to face it. Part of me still doesn't. They told us never to say anything. It just seemed easier that way.

LOCKE

Who's "they"?

Leon's eyes are glazed over. He's staring out into nowhere, not connecting with either Locke or Frank.

LEON

The priests, at the church. There's a bunch of them.

LOCKE

I know this is tough, and that you probably don't want to talk about this, but it's important.

(beat)

What is it that they did to you, and the others?

LEON

At first it was kind of like... games. That's what they'd say.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

They would watch us, and...
compare us.

Locke and Frank become increasingly uncomfortable, but there is something more behind Locke's eyes.

LEON (CONT'D)

One time they... they blindfolded us. They called it a "tasting game". They gave us... fruits and stuff.

(beat; tearful)

They would tell us never to bite them, just to...

(beat)

There were, like, bananas, but sometimes they would taste...

There is a shameful silence in the room before he continues, trying to maintain composure but failing.

LEON (CONT'D)

Other times they would get us together and called it "competitions". Like, speed competitions. Who could finish the fastest. Sometimes they would do the biscuit thing...

(beat)

We were just kids, we didn't know what...

Frank looks down to the ground.

LEON (CONT'D)

Then, when we were a bit older, they would... come to us at night. Say we were special, but that it was a secret.

Tears run down his face now.

Frank has to step out of the room, leaving Locke alone with the boy.

LOCKE

Hey. It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

LEON

I'm telling you now... because of Alex. We have to do something before it's too late.

LOCKE

Slow down. Who's Alex?

LEON

A kid at the shelter. My friend's little brother. He just turned thirteen. We have to do something before they start with him too.

Frank is now watching through the glass from the adjacent room.

LOCKE

Okay, Leon. We're gonna make sure that doesn't happen. I want you to know that I understand what you're going through.

(beat)

Unfortunately, from a legal position, we're going to need a little more to allow us to do our jobs.

LEON

What do you mean?

LOCKE

For the time being, it's just your word. Now I'm not saying we don't believe you. That's the last thing I'd say. But it would really be a big help if we could get a statement from some of your friends who have suffered like you have.

LEON

There's Jody, Alex's brother.

LOCKE

Good. Do you think he could talk to us the way you have?

LEON

He's... he doesn't like to talk about it. He wont.

LOCKE

Leon, do you think you could convince Jody to come in and see us?

LEON

I don't know. Maybe.

LOCKE

Alright.

(beat)

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I'm also gonna have to ask you
for some names. Was Father
McClintock one of them?

Leon shuffles for a minute, deciding what to do.

LEON

Yes.

LOCKE

How about Father Reed?

LEON

No. He's one of the good ones,
but he doesn't know anything
about... all this.

ANGLE ON FRANK

As he continues to watch from behind the glass as Locke
goes through a few more names.

LOCKE

Okay, Leon. We're going to do
everything in our power to stop
this. No matter what. I promise
you that.

(beat)

And I want you to know that
you're not alone. None of this
is your fault, and there are lots
of other people out there who
have gone through similar things.
You're doing a good thing by
speaking out.

ANGLE ON FRANK

As he realizes the depth of emotion that Locke is drawing
on in connecting with Leon.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NIGHT

It is now much later and the choir is beginning to gather
for evening practice. Leon arrives but is not dressed for
it the way the others are.

He scans the room and locates Jody.

LEON

(whispering)

Jody. I need to talk to you.

JODY

Not now.

LEON
It's important.

JODY
It'll have to wait until after
practice.

Jody doesn't stop, but goes on ahead to join the choir.
Leon is left with a troubled and uncertain expression.

He heads out of the church.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Somewhere in the darkness, a man is just regaining
consciousness. He is dazed and disoriented. As he blinks
his eyes a few times, we PULL OUT to find that his arms are
tied out to each side.

Realising his crucifix pose, he panics and begins to call
out, but he is gagged.

INTERCUT
SCENES WITH:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NIGHT

We TACK ACROSS the choir as they begin to sing. We see
Jody, then Alex, then some of the others as the upbeat tune
begins.

CHOIR
(singing)
He's got the whole world in His
hands,
He's got the whole wide world in
His hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The man is now in a complete panic, shaking wildly in an
attempt to get free.

A nail is raised in front of him, and his eyes go wide. It
is held up against his right palm and...

CHOIR
He's got the wind and the rain,
in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain,
in His hands,
(MORE)

CHOIR (CONT'D)

He's got the wind and the rain,
in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

The man struggles against his pain, still attempting to cry out despite the gag.

A length of barbed wire is unwound before him, causing him to sweat profusely. It is held closer to his head, the barbs about to make contact with the skin...

CHOIR (CONT'D)

He's got the tiny little baby, in
His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby, in
His hands,
He's got the tiny little baby, in
His hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

A spear-like implement emerges from the darkness. It trails along the ground, passing over a growing pool of blood. It is targeted against the man's side, lifted back and...

CHOIR (CONT'D)

He's got everybody here, in His
hands,
He's got everybody here, in His
hands,
He's got everybody here, in His
hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

The man's eyes have now lost all signs of life. His face is covered in blood. He's been crucified.

We PULL BACK away from the sight to see that he is dressed as a Priest. We continue backward out of the alleyway to leave the scene of the crucifixion in the darkness.

CHOIR (CONT'D)

He's got the whole world in His
hands,
He's got the whole wide world in
His hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands,
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Frank and Locke stand at the foot of a different alleyway. A stretcher is being wheeled away, the body covered by a sheet.

A number of POLICE OFFICERS stand around the scene which is a buzz of activity. Reporters are being held back at a distance and there is a bit of a crowd gathered.

LOCKE

It's the same as the last one.

FRANK

We're dealing with a severe confusion of religious faith and disillusionment. The killer wants to believe in the teachings of the Church, but their actions are dictated by the shattering of those teachings.

LOCKE

So this is connected to the abuse of the children.

FRANK

In some way, but we have to determine whether it's because of what's really happened, or what's been suggested to have happened.

LOCKE

You're not saying this kid's lying? Let me tell you, Frank, I know a little something about this kind of thing, and there's no way he was making any of that up.

FRANK

I didn't say he was.

LOCKE

I was thinking, maybe someone's trying to cover up the abuse cases by killing some of the Priests that could expose it.

FRANK

No. There wouldn't be such an elaborate method of execution.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

This draws attention rather than
diverts it. The psychology of
the crucifixion is too
deliberate.

LOCKE

What then?

FRANK

I think if we investigate
further, we'll find that this
victim and the previous one were
both perpetrators of abuse at the
church.

(beat)

Someone is outraged -- morally,
spiritually. Crucifixion
punishes them for their sin, and
symbolically erases sin as with
the crucifixion of Christ.

LOCKE

I think we should be looking at
the other Priests.

Frank nods as the body is loaded into an ambulance and
driven away.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - DAY

Frank and Locke are striding down the hallway to approach
Father Reed who stands waiting.

LOCKE

Father Reed, this is Frank Black.
He's working with me on this
investigation.

FRANK

Thank you for agreeing to see us.

REED

Father McClintock wont have it,
but if we stay out of the way we
should be able to talk.

LOCKE

That's part of what we want to
talk about. Father McClintock.

Frank has started wandering away from the conversation. He
moves down the hallway and out into the communal bedroom.

Locke stays with Father Reed but looks after Frank,
wondering what he's up to.

Frank takes a long look around the now empty room, considering the row of beds and meagre possessions that surround them.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- One of the boys in bed
- Father McClintock towering over him...
- ...removing his shirt
- The heavy body of the man forcing himself down upon the boy
- The face of Alex, crying

RESUME SCENE

Locke is now standing in the entrance-way.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah.

LOCKE

You ready?

Frank turns away and heads back out with Locke to see Father Reed.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

The boys are walking toward the back of the church, dressed in full choir regalia, having finished another practice.

Leon trots up behind Alex.

LEON

Alex. Remember what I said.
We're staying up late tonight.
For Easter. No going to bed
early, okay?

ALEX

But if Jody says--

LEON

Never mind what Jody says. Not
Father McClintock either. If he
says to go to bed early, you
don't do it. Okay? Not tonight.

ALEX

But we'll get in trouble.

LEON

No we wont. Everything's gonna
be fine. I'm gonna make sure.

Along with most of the other boys, they have now reached:

INT. VESTRY - CONTINUOUS

They begin to get changed out of their choir robes into
their regular clothes.

We move back to see them from a further distance, where the
sounds of their voices are somewhat softer and muted. As
we ADJUST slightly it becomes apparent that this is

FATHER McCLINTOCK's P.O.V.

He is watching from behind some kind of covering, looking
through a slight hole in the wall. Wherever he is, it is
dark and confined -- some kind of hiding space.

HIS P.O.V.

Showing ALEX getting undressed, though the view is obscured
slightly by darkness at either side of the frame,
demonstrating the concealed view.

Only one dot of light strikes Father McClintock's peeping
eye, the light from the spy-hole, leaving the rest of him
in darkness.

There is a hint of motion from his hand, and the sounds of
HEAVY BREATHING. We don't need to see what he's doing. We
know what he's doing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - DAY

Father Reed is sitting talking with Locke and Frank in one
of the empty, non-descript rooms of the shelter. There is
only a wooden table and a few chairs, while rain falls
heavily over the windows in B.G.

REED

I suspected something was wrong.
I knew a lot of the kids didn't
much like Father McClintock, but
I never imagined it could have
been anything like this.

LOCKE

Did none of the boys ever come to
you with complaints? Anything?

REED

No. If they had I would have
done something about it.

LOCKE

Would you?

Frank interjects at this point, the antidote to Locke's hostility.

FRANK

Father Reed, you should know that the boy in question hasn't implicated you in any of the abuse here.

REED

I should certainly think not.

LOCKE

Tell me, where were you last night?

REED

At home. Why?

LOCKE

And what about the night of Father Gregory's murder?

REED

I hope you're not suggesting what I think you are.

LOCKE

Look, we're after someone who is of a religious conviction who is outraged enough at these crimes to be crucifying your fellow Priests. Now, maybe you fit that bill. Maybe I wouldn't blame you. Or maybe you don't fit it because you're one of the sick bastards who's been having their way with these kids. These boys. These innocent, young, boys.

(beat)

One way or another I'm gonna make sure that everyone in this place pays for that.

He rises from the table and charges out of the room, leaving Frank to stare after him.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Jordan and Miranda sit happily together in the kitchen. Jordan holds up a crumpled newspaper, examining the back page.

JORDAN
Sorrow for and purpose of
amendment of sin.

MIRANDA
How many letters?

JORDAN
Ten. Third letter is 'n'.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

Jordan is filling out a crossword, about half-way done.
Her pen rests across a block of then in the centre.

RESUME SCENE

MIRANDA
Hmm. Would it be cheating to
reach for a dictionary?

JORDAN
Of course it would.

They are interrupted by the RING of the phone in the hall.

MIRANDA
I'll get it. See if you can get
me another letter to help us out.

She walks out into the hallway and picks up the phone.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Hello.

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - DAY

Frank is standing out in the corridor with his phone to his
ear.

FRANK
Hi. It's me.

MIRANDA
Oh. Hi, Frank. You want to talk
to Jordan?

FRANK
Actually, I needed your help on
something, if that's okay?

MIRANDA
If I can.

FRANK

In dealing with children who have been sexually abused, have you ever known there to be severe acts of violence in retaliation?

MIRANDA

You mean from the victim?

FRANK

Yes.

MIRANDA

Well, as far as I know it's pretty rare. At least at the time the abuse is happening. Sometimes years later, after the victim has grown up and comes back to search for his or her abuser. But normally, victims tend to suffer in silence, afraid to tell anyone about it or even to speak up against their abusers.

FRANK

What about the psychology of a larger group? Abuse in children's homes and things like that, where there are other victims at stake.

MIRANDA

Er, I really couldn't say about that kind of thing, Frank. I'm just a therapist, remember. As much as I'd like to be able to offer that kind of insight, it's a little outside of my area.

FRANK

Of course. It's just... sometimes I would run things by Catherine, when she worked in Victims' Services, we would...

He stops himself, realising what he's done.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

MIRANDA

No, no, it's fine. Honestly.

There is a short moment of awkwardness.

FRANK

One other thing. With adults who have suffered abuse in their past... how do they normally turn out?

He looks down the corridor to Locke who is standing a distance away, out of earshot.

MIRANDA

Usually? They either become abusive themselves, or...

FRANK

Or what?

MIRANDA

Or they go around trying to solve everyone else's problems, trying to stop any other perceived victims from experiencing any pain.

Frank again turns his eyes to Locke at the end of the corridor.

FRANK

Thank you.

MIRANDA

You want me to put Jordan on?

FRANK

No, it's okay. I'll call again later.

Frank hangs up and begins walking down the corridor to join Locke.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Brad.

LOCKE

Listen, I think we should think about getting the local PD involved with what we've got. I've been staying out of their way so far, but it'll probably be worth convincing them to bring in this Father McClintock. We can't let him stay here much longer.

(beat)

Then I want to talk to this kid Jody that Leon mentioned. We have to convince him to give evidence. The brother, Alex, is probably the key.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Both Leon and Jody are afraid for him, so we have to make it clear that the best way to protect him is to speak out and get all this out in the open. Then, hopefully, once we've got them all in the system the truth about the murders will come out too.

FRANK

Brad.

LOCKE

What?

FRANK

Are you ready to tell me why you came up here for this case? Why you're taking this one so personally.

Locke is stopped in his tracks. He realises that Frank is putting things together, and that the time has come to be honest with him.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

It's beginning to get darker in the church as Father McClintock prepares to leave.

He paces slowly down the aisle, glances at his watch, then looks back up to find Leon standing in his path.

MCCLINTOCK

Hello, Leon. Shouldn't you have left by now?

LEON

You don't tell me what to do. Not any more.

MCCLINTOCK

You ought to be careful what you say, son.

LEON

I'm not your son. No one here is.

(beat)

Especially not Alex.

MCCLINTOCK

Now what's Alex got to do with this?

LEON

You know damned well. I'm not gonna let you have him. You're not going to make his life hell... like you did for the rest of us.

MCCLINTOCK

Now just a minute--

LEON

No. Your time has come.

He pulls up a heavy candlestick from his side and...

THWACK!

He strikes the Priest right across the head, knocking him to the ground.

There are tears in his eyes and a pained look on his face as he begins dragging Father McClintock away.

OFF the sight of his black shoes being slid OUT OF FRAME we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. CHILDREN'S SHELTER - NIGHT

Frank and Locke sit together in a private room. They are now alone.

LOCKE

I never had a real family, growing up. I was raised in a series of foster homes, care centres, that kind of thing. None of them lasted very long.

FRANK

That's why you were drawn to this case.

LOCKE

In part.

FRANK

But there's more. I've noticed before, in a couple of the cases we've worked together.

There is a moment of silence.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know you can talk to me, Brad.

LOCKE

I never have before. Talked about it. Not to anyone.

(beat)

The foster homes weren't pretty. They were only marginally better than being in shelters... places like this. People don't want to face it, but child abuse is more common than you'd like to believe.

FRANK

You were a victim. Like the boys here.

Locke doesn't want to look at Frank. He keeps facing away.

LOCKE

I lived with it. For a number of years, until I was old enough... strong enough to stand up for myself. I still have the scars.

FRANK

I can tell.

LOCKE

You can't see them.

FRANK

That's not what I meant.

There is another moment of silence in the room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Why did you chose to keep it all hidden? To never talk about?

LOCKE

It doesn't make you real popular in a room full of cops. Or at the FBI Academy for that matter.

FRANK

But you pursued the job regardless.

LOCKE

Of course. This is why. This is why I do what I do.

(beat)

I don't want anyone else to ever have to go through the things that I had to. And then I see places like this. Places where people who are supposed to be in positions of trust prey on the young and the innocent. This is supposed to be a refuge from a life on the street, but they'd be better off out there than they are in here.

FRANK

What do you want to do?

LOCKE

We have to get a statement from Jody. And we have to get to Alex. We have to get enough to build a case against McClintock and the others.

(beat)

I wont let this happen. Not again.

The door to the room is then opened by Father Reed.

REED

Sorry to interrupt.

FRANK

What is it?

REED

It's Father McClintock. He's gone missing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Frank, Locke and Reed enter the church and walk along the aisle to find the discarded candlestick.

Frank picks it up to see blood on the end of it.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The candlestick being swung through the air...
- ...striking a blow on McClintock's head
- His feet being dragged away
- A crucifixion scene and a SCREAM

RESUME SCENE

Locke glances around the perimeter of the church, detecting nothing.

LOCKE

Was he alone here?

REED

Yes. He was the last one out. He was supposed to meet me afterward but he never showed.

FRANK

Let's take a look around.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK AREA - NIGHT

Only a candle illuminates the region. There is not enough light to see where we are. We can only make out the image of Father McClintock bound and gagged... in a crucifix position.

Leon steps into the light.

LEON

How does it feel now, Father? You're not in control now.

(beat)

What happened to you? You're supposed to be God's servant. You're suppose to do good. But what's left instead? Blasphemy.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

Sin. Cruelty.

(beat)

It's time you paid the price.

He approaches McClintock with a nail and a hammer.

CUT TO:

INT. VESTRY - NIGHT

Frank and Locke go over the room while Father Reed waits in the doorway.

REED

You don't think he's going to be killed... like the others?

(beat)

Whatever he might have done... no one deserves that.

LOCKE

He deserves something.

REED

We don't even know if he's guilty yet. He deserves a chance, a fair trial.

FRANK

Here.

Frank has found something. He pulls at part of the wall to reveal the hiding space we saw earlier.

REED

What the hell is that?

LOCKE

Did you know about this?! Is this where you people like to watch?!

REED

(honest)

I don't now anything about that.

Frank creeps inside the small space, immersing himself in the darkness.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Alex taking off his choir robes
- McClintock breathing heavily

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

He watched them here, and became aroused.

REED

Now just a minute! You don't know that.

FRANK

There's genetic evidence. Here.

Frank shows Locke what he has noticed out of frame. He is about to declare his disgust when...

JODY (O.S.)

Is Leon here?

Father Reed spins around to find Jody standing in the doorway.

REED

Jody. You shouldn't be here.

LOCKE

You're Jody? Leon's friend?

JODY

Yes. Is he here?

LOCKE

Jody, we're going to have to talk to you... about Father McClintock, and the others. About the things they've done.

FRANK

Wait. Why are you looking for Leon here?

JODY

He was supposed to be with Alex tonight, but neither of us have seen him. No one has.

Frank looks over at Locke.

FRANK

It's him.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK AREA - NIGHT

Leon paces in front of Father McClintock who is now bleeding heavily.

LEON

You know God wont forgive you.
I'm taking your sin out of this
world, but it's going with you
straight to hell.

(beat)

Crucifixion. It's what He
suffered for our sins. But you
don't deserve His gift. You only
deserve the pain He suffered.

He brings up a string of barbed wire and begins to wrap it
around McClintock's head.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Frank, Locke, and Reed now pace with more urgency through
the church, with Jody trailing behind.

JODY

What are you saying? That Leon's
the one who's been killing the
others?

LOCKE

(to Frank)

How far could they have got?

FRANK

The blood on the candlestick
hasn't dried yet. They're close.

LOCKE

Father Reed, are there any out
buildings that the church uses?
Anything for storage nearby?

REED

No. There's nothing.

LOCKE

Think. Isn't there anywhere he
might have gone?

REED

I don't know!

They are just about to exit the church when...

JODY

Wait.

There is a tortured look on the boy's face as he is finally
ready to admit what's been done to him.

JODY (CONT'D)

There was a place where Father
McClintock would sometimes...
take us. Where he would...

Locke approaches Jody and puts a hand on each shoulder.

LOCKE

It's alright. You can tell me.
(beat)
Where did he take you, Jody?

He points to a small locked door right at the back of the church.

Frank walks up and jiggles the handle.

FRANK

(to Reed)
What is it?

REED

(confused)
There was an old wine cellar
under the church, but it's been
sealed up for as long as I can
remember.

FRANK

Do you have the key?

CUT TO:

INT. DARK AREA - CONTINUOUS

Leon is ready with a spear-like implement, about to pierce McClintock's side.

LEON

There's no forgiveness. Not for
the likes of you.
(beat)
Consummatum est.

He is about to strike when...

BANG!

The door is busted open by Locke. Light streams in from the top of a flight of stairs far above.

He and Frank rush down while Jody and Father Reed watch from above.

LOCKE

No! Leon.

He rushes down and grabs Leon before he can impale McClintock with the spear. He throws his arms around the boy, half restraining him and half embracing him.

Leon breaks down into tears, while Frank steps closer to untie McClintock who is still alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - SOME TIME LATER

Frank and Locke stand out in the rain, still in something of a shocked state. They watch as Father McClintock is taken into an ambulance on a stretcher and attended by paramedics.

A short distance behind, Leon is lead away in handcuffs by NYPD COPS. He is loaded into a patrol car, the red and blue lights of which flash across the night.

LOCKE

How is it that we save the life of this disgusting excuse for a man, while the boy's going to get sent down for who know's how long?

(beat)

Is that right? I mean, who should we really have been riding to the rescue of tonight?

FRANK

I don't have any answers for you, Brad.

LOCCKE

No? Well who does?

Frank pauses for a moment, without a response to give. He simply touches Locke on the shoulder.

In the distance, we now see Alex standing with Jody, the two of them watching the scene with Father Reed. Safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT TIMOTHY'S PARISH - DAY

On the steps of the Virginia church, a completely different sight, crowds of people are exiting into the sunshine after a service. A LEGEND tells us that it is now

EASTER SUNDAY

Amongst the crowd are Frank and Jordan, arm in arm. They head down the steps together, all smiles.

JORDAN

Thanks for coming with me.

FRANK

Are you kidding? I wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

JORDAN

But you don't like church.

FRANK

Just because I'm not religious doesn't mean I can't appreciate Easter with you. A time of rebirth. A time to appreciate families... children.

They embrace in front of the church, then walk off together to meet

MIRANDA

who is standing by her car waiting for them.

MIRANDA

Hi there. How was it?

JORDAN

Great. You could have come in with us, you know.

MIRANDA

Well, I couldn't make it, but I'm here now.

FRANK

Yes you are.

MIRANDA

So Frank, did you help your friend up in New York in the end?

Frank pauses to consider his response.

FRANK

I hope so.

The three of them walk off into the sunshine as a trio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - NEW YORK - DAY

We start from a HIGH ANGLE, looking down on the now empty church, accompanied by the gentle piano sounds of "Metamorphosis Five" by Philip Glass. One lone figure sits motionless on one of the center pews.

As we get in closer, we can see that it is Locke, still in New York.

He holds something in his hands, cradling it softly. He keeps his face as steady and unflinching as he can, but a single tear betrays his true emotional state.

INSERT - A PHOTOGRAPH

We can now see that Locke is staring down at an old and wrinkled photograph of himself as a young boy. He does not look happy in the photo.

He looks up and directly ahead into the distance, his eyes glazing over in depth of thought.

We PAN AWAY from his face and toward the direction of his eye-line. We PUSH IN toward the alter until we FIND

A CRUCIFIX

made of intricately carved wood, depicting the famous icon of Christ on the cross.

OFF this we slowly

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